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Grace Horsley Darling

The Mirror

OF

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AND

INSTRUCTION,

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ETC.

NEW SERIES.

VOL. IX.

London:

H. HURST, 27, KING WILLIAM STREET, STRAND.

1846.

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BIOGRAPHY

OF

GRACE DARLING.

THE satirical poet who rails at women has a very strong answer to his calumnies in the history of this humble but heroic female. It is very well to say their

> "Favours are but like the wind,
> That kisses everything it meets;"

but who more devoted to them than the very poets who rail and vent their spleen upon the better half of creation? Not that we hold woman to be perfect. Far from it; but Sir Robert Ayton is too hard upon them.

The history of Grace Darling is briefly told. Her noble acts of heroism live in the memory of all. Her useful life and unassuming virtues, followed by an early and regretted death, have made her one of those whose names we love to linger on. In early youth she loved the sea. She was born and bred within reach of its ennobling influence, and soon accustomed herself to court its dangers. With all the innate gentleness of her sex, it will be seen by our portrait that she combined much of masculine vigour in her appearance, derived doubtless from the constant exercise of those undaunted efforts of courage which have ennobled her before-unknown and obscure name.

It is scarcely necessary to enter into the particulars of so well known a tale as that connected with the wreck of the *Forfarshire* steamer in the autumn of 1838, which was the crowning act of her many noble exertions. We must, however, in justice to Grace Darling, remind our readers what a task it was that she accomplished. The raging sea, lashed to all the fury of a tem-

pest, is perhaps one of the most terrible sights which can appal the human mind; but

> "Others may use the ocean as a road,
> Only the English make it their abode,
> Whose ready sails with every wind can fly,
> And make a covenant with the inconstant sky:
> Our oaks secure, as if they there took root,
> We tread on billows with a steady foot."

And Grace Darling was a true child of Britain. Braving the boiling fury of the tempest, she ventured on the raging main, and by means of her little boat saved, gloriously, many lives.

Older heads than hers refused to peril their lives; for though it be true that

> "The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
> Lets in new light through chinks that time has made,"

yet often too through these chinks comes an untimely discretion, far different to the generous enthusiasm of youth. No such "new light" influenced Grace; she risked her life, and great was her reward.

We read in history of many noble and glorious acts on the part of women, who have over and over again saved principalities and kings; but the present instance of utter devotedness, amid dangers and difficulties sufficient to appal the stoutest heart, merits even greater applause than things which have more sound and less meaning in them.

During the last years of her life she resided with her father at Alnwick, a romantic town in Northumberland, not far distant from the scene of her undaunted courage. Her health, it appears, had been declining almost from the time of the memorable event; and the inhabitants of Alnwick predicted, from her appearance, that "she came there to die." This, however, was not exactly the case, as she died at Bamburgh, on Thursday, the 20th of October, 1842, aged twenty-four years. Her remains were interred in a vault in the church-yard of that place. We close this brief notice by some verses, which are beautifully descriptive of the character of Grace Darling, and illustrative of our subject: they are from the pages of a contemporary print.

> "The light-house, from the heart of storm,
> Looks down the dark wild waves,
> Where, mid a crash of wreck, the sea
> Is portioning its graves;

Where mortal hearts are quailed in death
By heaven's avenging rod,
And howl, and groan, and shriek, and prayers
Mount up the waves to God.

To God! who through the tempest pours
His gleam of mercy there,
The pillar of the rock sends forth
His answer to the prayer.
A skiff, that two bold spirits guide,
Goes dashing up the wave,
For human love, to sink, or else,
For human love, to save.

The gentle girl, of lofty soul,
Though of a lowly birth,
Whose proud old father's face looks full
Of venerable worth;
The maiden, whose unquailing heart
Storms could not daunt with death;
But when youth, hope, and love, and life,
Hung quiv'ring by her breath—

Cried "Save or perish!" and went forth,
Called by the wail of woe;
Breasted the billows wild, and braved
The roaring gulf below:—
She, who amidst the tempest shone
The angel of the wave,
Stands calm and beautiful to soothe
Those she was bold to save!"

Her death is thus announced in the *Newcastle Courant:*

"This heroic woman expired at Bamburgh on Thursday, the 20th instant, in her twenty-fifth year. She had been in a delicate state of health for a considerable time past, and her medical attendant recommended her removal from the sea. She in consequence went to reside with a friend at Woder, and afterwards removed to Alnwick, accompanied by her sister, where lodgings were engaged for them by their graces the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, by whom the greatest attention was paid to the amiable girl. Her complaint having assumed the form of decided consumption, and all hope of her recovery being abandoned, her father anxiously desired that she should return amongst her family, and she was accordingly removed from Alnwick to Bamburgh only about ten days ago."

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 1] SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1846. [Vol. 1, 1846.

THE TWEED AND ITS SPORTS.

We give a moonlight view of a scene on the Tweed, which, though not uncommon, has comparatively been little heard of in this part of the world. That noble river, rising in the parish of Tweedsmuir, in the shire of Peebles, runs in a north-easterly direction, and when it has reached the middle of the shire is computed to have fallen one thousand feet. Being near the southern border of the kingdom, in former days it was the scene of many a fierce fray between the English and Scotch. The union of the crowns and kingdoms, much as these events were formerly deplored by many an honest Caledonian, has had the happy effect of tempering the violence of those Heaven had made neighbours, and folly and avarice ferocious enemies; and restored them from the condition of banditti to be friends and good subjects of the same state.

The Tweed has been renowned for its salmon fisheries. Many thousand pounds have been received as annual rents by the proprietors of the spots most convenient for securing this delicious fish, and many acts of parliament have been deemed necessary to secure the finny race from being ensnared in their tender youth.

Though bred in the river, at certain seasons they betake themselves to the sea. Their habits are so well known that the inhabitants of places near the rivers in which they are expected to be caught, and who depend on them for their livelihood, feel no alarm when they find their waters deserted. In due time the same shoals,

> "As a hare whom hounds and horns pursue,
> Back to the place from whence she started flew,"

return to their native place, not indeed to repose, their "dangers past," but certainly, in pretty considerable numbers, to "die at home at last."

Some years since, not content with pursuing the fish with net and line, a Mr. Graham, who farmed the sea-coast at Whitehaven, adopted another course, which he termed "salmon-hunting." His method was, when the tide was out and the salmon were left in the shallow water, interrupted by sand banks, near the mouth of the river, to pursue them, armed with a three-pronged spear on horseback. This was done when the water was not more than three or four feet deep. The horse plunged into the river and advanced at a moderate pace, till the object of pursuit was within reach, when the spear was darted at the crouching salmon. The huntsman seldom missed his aim, and the fish, lifted to the surface, was run to the dry land before the horseman dismounted to seize his prize.

But the sport represented in the accompanying engraving has a somewhat more romantic character. It takes place at night, in deeper streams, and is called "Burning the water." The boat used for this purpose is generally larger than the rod fishing boats, as more room and steadiness is required. The boatman holds in his right hand the torch with which he burns the water. Three men are sufficient; one at the head, another at the stern, and the third at the centre to kill the fish, and train the fire.

The salmon spear at present in use, resembles a trident in its general appearance; made of very stout iron, there is only one barb to each prong, as two would tear the fish too much in extricating them. This weapon is fastened to the end of a pole, more or less long, according to the depth of the water in which it is intended to be used; sixteen feet is the general length, and it is not easy to see or strike a fish at a greater depth. In forcing your boat up very strong water, at every fresh thrust you must catch up the pole and put it in again quickly; for when you are not pushing the boat will recede, if the rapids are heavy, and thus you may lose way. When the moment arrives for striking, the operator, should his eye have deceived him as to the depth of water, must prepare for a ducking, as missing the fish he must go overboard. When the salmon is struck the hands should be run down the pole of the fork or trident, and lifting the animal with the head upwards will greatly facilitate his final capture. It is told of the late lord Staffa that before he came to his title, he was once drawing the Pavilion Water with John, lord Somerville, and perceiving that the fishermen in their boat had struck a salmon that was likely to get off the spear when he might attempt to lift him; in the true spirit of a Highlander, and without saying a word to any one, he plunged at once into the Tweed with his clothes on, dived down to the fish, and brought him into the boat with his hands. The sport if not very dangerous has an air of wildness and stealthy enterprise that greatly captivates some minds. It is sought in deep water, in the silence of solitude and the gloom of midnight, and often in places renowned in story, where if it were true that descending spirits have conversed with men and told the secrets of the world unknown, the "Water Burner," or "Leisterer," might almost expect a visit from one no longer of earth.

MARTIN FROBISHER'S DISCOVERIES.

In the correspondence of Sir Philip Sidney, lately published, we find a curious notice by Sir Philip of Frobisher's voyages,

in a letter to his friend, Hubert Languet. The sermon of the latter in reply, taking for his text the *auri sacra fama*, is not less amusing:

"I wrote to you," says Philip Sidney, "a year ago, about a certain Frobisher, who, in rivalry of Magellan, has explored that sea which he supposes to wash the north part of America. It is a marvellous history. After having made slow progress in the past year, so as only to pass in the autumn the Feroe Isles, and an island which he supposes to be Friesland, discovered by the Venetian Zeni, he touched at a certain island for the purpose of recruiting both himself and his crew. And there by chance a young man, one of the ship's company, picked up a piece of earth which he saw glittering on the ground, and showed it to Frobisher; who, being engaged in other matters, and not believing that the precious metals were produced in a region so far to the north, considered it of no value. But he returned home at the beginning of winter. The young man kept the earth by him, as a memorial of his labour (for he had no thought of anything else), till his return to London. And there, when one of the friends of the young man perceived it shining in an extraordinary manner, he made an assay, and found that it was the purest gold, and without any intermixture of other metal. Wherefore Frobisher went back to the place this last spring, under orders to explore that island, and, should it answer his expectation, to proceed no further. This he has done, and has now returned bringing his ships, of which he had only three, and those of small size, full laden; and he is said (for they have not yet unloaded) to have brought two hundred tons of ore. He has given it as his decided opinion, that the island is so productive in metal, as to seem very far to surpass the country of Peru, at least as it now is. There are also six islands near to this, which seem very little inferior. It is therefore at this time under debate, by what means these our hitherto successful labours can be still carried on in safety against the attacks of other nations, among whom the Spaniards and Danes seem especially to be considered; the former, as claiming all the western parts by right from the pope; the latter as being more northerly and therefore nearer; and relying on their possession of Iceland, they are better provided with the means of undertaking this voyage They are also said to be sufficiently skilled in the art of navigation. I wish, therefore, for the sake of our mutual friendship, that you would send me your opinion on this subject, and at the same time describe the most convenient method of working those ores."

Hubert Languet replies:—

"If that which you say of your Frobisher is true, he will doubtless eclipse the reputation not only of Magellan, but even of Christopher Columbus himself. Who could have expected that the extreme north would at last supply us with so great incitement to evil? You may now well despise the voyage to the Indies, since you have stumbled on that gift of nature, of all others the most fatal and hurtful to mankind, which nevertheless nearly all men desire with so insane a longing that it is the most powerful of all motives to them to incur risk. You have lately turned your lands into pastures; and in so doing have not consulted the interests of your country, for you have thinned its population. Your rulers were unwise to permit it, since the surest strength of a country is an abundant population. And now I fear England will be tempted by the thirst for gold, and rush forth in a body to the islands which Frobisher has lately discovered; and how much English blood do you suppose must be spilt in order that you may keep possession of them? There is not one of all our maritime nations which will not enter the lists against you for them. In old times, when a party of Carthaginians on a voyage in the Atlantic had been carried by a storm to some land or other, and on their return home told marvellous tales of its fruitfulness and its climate, the senate, fearing the people would be tempted by the description and leave their country, and migrate thither, put out of the way the men who brought the report, so that if any of their people should desire to go they should have no one to guide them. Do I therefore think that you should reject these good things which God in his mercy offers you, and punish the discoverer? By no means; on the contrary, I very greatly admire the high spirit, the perseverance, and even the good fortune of Frobisher, and consider he deserves great rewards. I have no doubt the first movers of the long and dangerous voyage which he undertook (whether himself or others) had an eye to the riches which the Spaniards and Portuguese have procured by their great expeditions. Since therefore he has hit the mark at which he aimed, who can be so unfair in judging the case as not to think him worthy of the highest credit? But I am thinking of you, for you seem to rejoice in the circumstance, as if it was the best possible thing for your country, especially since last spring I noticed in you a certain wish to undertake an enterprise of this kind. And if the vain hope of finding a passage which Frobisher entertained had power then to tempt your mind so greatly, what will not these gold mountains effect, or rather these

islands of all gold, which I dare to say stand before your mind's eye day and night? Beware, I entreat you, and do not let the cursed hunger after gold, which the poet speaks of, creep over that spirit of yours, into which nothing has hitherto been admitted but the love of goodness, and the desire of earning the good will of all men. You are in error, if you suppose that men naturally grow better as they grow older: the case is very rare. They do indeed become more cautious, and learn to conceal their moral thoughts and their evil affections; but if you know an old man in whom you think there are some remains of honesty, be sure he was a good man in his youth. Whenever, therefore, any feeling new to yourself shall agitate your mind, do not hastily indulge it, even if the object to which it leads you seems to be a good one; but before you give it entrance, reflect carefully what it is that tempts you, for if you set out on any course hastily, you will be compelled to wheel about, when you find you are going wrong, or (which is not unfrequent and is far worse) will refuse through false shame to confess you have gone wrong, and therefore go on with your purpose. What is the object of all this? you will say. That if these islands have fixed themselves deeply in your thoughts, you may turn them out before they overcome you, and may keep yourself to serve your friends and your country in a better way."

THE SMUGGLER OF FOLKSTONE.

A TALE OF TRUTH AND FICTION.

By Edward Portwine.

CHAPTER XIV.

When Margaret returned to her home after the adventure on Sandgate plain, she retired to her chamber deeply agitated, but with a consciousness that she had performed her duty to her sex, in precipitating Barnard to the degrading position in which she left him. Her father was from home on one of his wanderings, and therefore she was not subjected to the scrutiny of his penetrating gaze, or her looks would have betrayed that something unusual had occurred in her morning excursion. She was perfectly aware that should she reveal the insult she had received, that not an hour would have passed without deep and dire vengeance on the squire. She was, therefore, resolved to confine the outrage to her own breast, and if the circumstance was ever revealed, it should be related by Barnard and not by herself, unless compelled by his persecution to disclose the affair. Margaret had little fear that the heir would breathe a word on the subject, but would revenge himself in some way at his convenience.

Seated in her parlour overlooking the Channel, with her work before her, Margaret plied her needle in the afternoon of that day, memorable from circumstances before related.

To the events of the previous evening, she was a stranger, for her father was extremely taciturn respecting his midnight exploits, whether by sea or land, and from long habit she became accustomed to his absence, and dared not expostulate or make inquiry respecting the cause.

Tea was placed on her table by their only domestic, with fresh boiled shrimps, cottage bread, and new butter, to tempt her appetite. She put by her work in order to enjoy these delicious delicacies, but had scarcely poured out her first cup, when the door opened, and in walked Jane Gettings and Affery Jeffrey. These young ladies were greeted with pleasure, and with that heartiness which indicated the genuine friendship she bore them. Chairs were placed for her visitors, fresh cups and viands appeared on the table, and the three friends sat sipping their tea, and gazing at each other with complicated feelings.

"My dear girls," remarked Margaret, with sparkling eyes, "this is kind of you to step in to see me; I am so glad you are come. I so much desired to converse with you, after last evening's frightful adventure. I perceive, my dear Affery, that you have received no injury from the fright; but dear Jane," taking her kindly by the hand, "you appear pale; have you not recovered? I do not wonder at this, love; you are so fragile, so delicate."

Jane smiled faintly, while Affery said: "Why do you, my dear Margaret, mention the simple accident of last evening at the Cherry Gardens, and not the terrible affair of last night after we left you?"

Jane shuddered; while Miss Cumlin looked surprised, as she replied: "Simple accident do you call that which nearly cost us our lives? And to what do you allude as 'terrible,' when you left me?"

"What!" cried both, "have you not heard of our affair of last night? Did not your father inform you of it?"

"No! What can you mean? I am all impatience to be informed."

Miss Jeffrey then related the occurrences of last evening, omitting her conversation with Sarson, for which she doubtless had reasons. The consternation and wonder evinced by Margaret at the narration was intense, especially at the conduct of her father, whose timely and disinterested rescue drew tears of pleasure from her lovely eyes.

"I am concerned, my dear Affery, at the disagreeable and dangerous accident, and I am disgusted at the cowardice and cruelty of the boors who could see you suffer, and laugh at your misery. My noble, my excellent father!" Here tears again started to her eyes, while she continued, with emotion: "Ah, it is like his whole life—an existence expended, not in selfish personal gratification, but devoted to make poor humanity more happy, at the expense of name and fame. Oh, heavens! how long will he continue this career, regardless of the imputations of those who cannot understand his generous heart? But pardon me, my dear friends, this tribute to an only parent; I do sympathise with your misfortune last evening, and feel happy you have received no personal injury."

The friends gazed on the noble countenance of that fair girl with astonishment. There is a power in sterling intellect, when exhibited in the cause of the higher attributes of our nature, which commands the admiration and respect of the less gifted; and Jane and Affery acknowledged in their own hearts that Margaret appeared immeasurably their superior, not only in personal attractions, but in nobleness of sentiment, and commanding powers of mind. After a pause, Jane timidly remarked: "I do not perceive that you ought to ask forgiveness for an outburst of feeling in favour of a parent whose conduct was above all eulogium. It is an honourable and a lovely thing to perceive a daughter shedding a tear of delight at the noble conduct of her parent. Alas! I could once; but no matter."

"Poor Jane, you have no father—I no mother; we ought, and we do, I am sure, love our remaining parents with affection unalterable. But tell me, what did your beau Hamish do on this occasion?"

"He!" remarked the pouting girl, with ineffable contempt, "did what all the other creatures did—nothing. I expressed my contempt for his conduct, and declared that henceforth I would never appear in public with him, and I never will."

"Ah, ah!" cried Affery, laughing, "he will survive your horrid cruelty, for Hamish is in love with nothing but his own sweet person."

"You mistake Hamish," replied Margaret. "He loves Jane better than any other human being; but he possesses a timidity which is constitutional."

"Then I will never walk with or wed a coward, or any man who could look calmly on distress without attempting to rescue persons from a situation of imminent danger," cried the lovely girl, with heightened colour on her sweet face.

"Bravo!" remarked Affery, gaily; "none but the brave deserve the fair. Did you perceive my hero, how he writhed under the jeers of the mob?—how chafed the lion was in his toil? I can now laugh at the position we occupied, for it was indeed ludicrous; faugh, I can now smell the filth, and shall do so to my last hour." And the merry girl laughed loud and long.

"This mirth is untimely, Affery," remarked Jane, "for a braver man does not exist than captain Sarson."

"And yet I shall follow your example, and consign him to single blessedness as far as I am personally concerned; and to tell you the truth," cried the young creature, with assumed seriousness, "I never loved him; I esteemed him and his manly bearing, his fearless character as a seaman and a British officer."

"For heaven's sake," interrupted Miss Cumlin, "say no more—you cannot mean what you assert."

"Never more serious in my life," continued the incorrigible girl; "if I could not give a reason for my assertion, then I should be unworthy of your confidence and friendship. Now, whether you censure or despise me, I must say, that until yesterday, I never felt convinced that I did not love Sarson as I ought to love my future husband."

Margaret and Jane blushed deeply, and were silent. For worlds they could not utter a sentence. They felt that the blunt honesty of Affery had entirely distanced their timid shrinking from an avowal of the state of their own feelings for one object, and that being seen, for the first time, the day previously. How remarkable that their unsentimental friend, Affery, should have discovered an important secret the very day, too, when consciousness first dawned on their own hearts of a similar fact. And their blushing was not diminished as Affery continued,—"Why how you are both blushing. Ah, I suppose for my indelicacy in thus asking you to excuse my apparent jilting a noble-hearted seaman. Well, I cannot help it, I must always speak the truth, but I am not indifferent to the good or bad opinion of others. If, dear, dear, Margaret, and you, dear Jane, will not despise me for what I am about to say—"

"Proceed, dear girl," exclaimed Margaret, smiling faintly, in which request Miss Gettings rejoined.

"Well then, until I saw Mr. Poynder I thought I loved Sarson; but what on earth is the matter with both of you? You think me indelicate, foolish, or worse, thus to throw away my affections on one that may be engaged, and renounce Sarson who loves me so well. If so, I am indeed unhappy."

It is impossible to describe the sensation of the two young and beautiful beings at this revelation. Each found an apology

for Affery's admiration of Poynder, and both experienced a pang which sent the blood thrilling through their veins.

Miss Cumlin recovered from her confusion first, and while her fine countenance still betrayed marks of emotion at the confidence of Affery, she said, with an attempt to smile, "This is strange if true; for if we are to believe novelists, a woman cannot love truly but once, and I have heard you declare many times that Sarson was the first for whom you felt affection."

"Ah, Affery, and so have I heard you express yourself," rejoined Miss Gettings.

"True, I have done this, but I erred through the ignorance of my real feelings; but admitting that I have loved the captain, and now love another, do you conceive that it is impossible to love but once. If this be the case, how do you account for the fact that many men and women, too, love their second partners as well, or better, than the first love as it is denominated."

"This is insanity," cried Miss Gettings; "it is a horrid doctrine, demolishing, if true, all the beautiful theories which renders youthful affection the one extatic delightful essence of human life. I cannot, will not believe it possible that when a woman once conceives an affection for a deserving object, she can change and love another; it is a libel on our sex."

"How can you constitute yourself a judge in this case, my dear Jane, when you have never experienced the master passion of our existence," replied Miss Jeffery calmly.

Jane blushed deeply and said, "What I have felt and what I do experience I will for ever keep locked in my bosom, but this I say I can never love twice."

"Well said," rejoined Margaret; "let us change the subject. I suppose you have both heard that a grand match of cricket is to be played on Sandgate plain on Friday."

"Indeed," cried her companions in a breath, "and who are to be the players: any from Folkstone?"

"Folkstone indeed," replied Miss Cumlin, with a pretty curl of her lip. "And pray where can we find a player in this town celebrated for its folly, cowardice, and stupidity. No, no, we are to be tempted with the *elite* of east Kent, the gentlemen of which play the officers of the garrison of Hythe, so, my dears, take care of your hearts, especially you, Affery, who hold the doctrine that woman can love twice."

"Well, well, you may laugh at me, but beware my dear good beautiful Margaret, that you do——"

"Forbear, dear Affery, to speak on this subject again. I was to blame in refering to the probability of such an occurrence. However will you be present at this grand affair, and you Jane; shall we all go without the odious male fellows."

"Agreed, agreed, what time will the game commence?" asked Miss Gettings.

"At 10 o'clock," returned Miss Cumlin.

"Then after an early breakfast on Friday, we will meet here, and proceed together; and not a word to any one," suggested Affery gaily.

The young girls now rose and took an affectionate farewell of Miss Cumlin, who sighed deeply as she sat gazing on vacancy. Her reflections did not appear of the happiest nature, if we might judge from her perturbed countenance, and heaving bosom. Alas! she was thinking of the wild revelation of Miss Jeffrey relative to Poynder, and although she felt astonished at the confidence thus reposed unasked, and experienced vexation, yet she had no fear that Affery could raise any stronger feeling in Poynder's heart than friendship—they were so totally unsuited to each other, so utterly dissimilar in taste and talent; and yet she felt vexed and angry that Affery should presume to love him, and her little beautiful feet rudely assaulted the hassock on the soft Turkey carpet. While pursuing these reflections, she was interrupted by the entrance of her father.

CHAPTER XVI.

Cumlin entered the parlour with a stern brow; he approached his child, who rose to meet him with an affectionate smile. The smuggler saluted his daughter tenderly, and seated himself beside her.

"My dear father, will you take tea. I have had company you perceive, but I will make you tea directly," and the fair creature rose and pulled the bell. The tea was made, and still Cumlin was silent; something appeared to prey on his spirits, which his daughter remarked but dared not speak upon. For some time Cumlin appeared in deep meditation, and mechanically sipped the refreshing beverage: after filling the third cup, he muttered—

"I cannot forget the cowards, miserable paltroons, unworthy of the names of men. I suppose, my dear Margaret," he uttered, aloud, "you have heard of the disaster that occurred to Sarson and Miss Affery last evening, and the conduct of the men of Folkstone."

"I have, dear father, and I do not feel surprised. Oh, my dear father, why do you any longer continue to protect these men? Why prostrate your noble nature to serve creatures devoid of honour, generosity, and decency?"

"At times I thought your mother right, and I am half inclined to your opinion, that I am pursuing a chimera—that I am

labouring for an object unattainable; and yet I cannot break from these men, and leave them victims to the harpies of a law I despise and contemn. For years I have evaded the myrmidons of this island king, and by the power of gold laughed at the laws, and provided for nearly three hundred families. Should I abandon them, what will be their fate—an ignoble death or starvation, for this villainous war will soon terminate. The career of that monster Napoleon is now near its end; soon will he encounter a defeat that will be his last, and his punishment will be commensurate with his horrid crimes."

"But, my dear father, his objects I have heard you say were praiseworthy."

"I have, my dear, while this man confined his ambition to the destruction of the worn out dynasties of the European world—while he acted as the regenerator of the condition of the human race—I gave him my sympathy, my arm, and my gold; but when he became master of the liberties of Europe, he was intoxicated with power, and the Corsican exhibited his true colours by erecting a new family of monarchs on the thrones he had won. He fell from his high behests down to a grovelling despot, and may my eternal curse rest on his guilty head."

"Oh, father, is he so great a renegade."

"Yes, he might have given liberty and a pure religion to all the world—he might have made the people happy, not miserable—he could have dictated terms between every monarch and his people, so that commerce and industry might have been as certain of prosperity as agriculture. Education would have effected most of these blessings, for where this does not exist darkness, tyranny, and misery are sure to stalk throughout the land, spreading discontent and desolation. For aiding this wretch to regenerate my native land, I have been sufficiently punished; I did not suppose that I was assisting a despot to usurp and destroy; but that he would leave the people to form their own governments. Alas! I was deceived—he became our conqueror and we his slaves. He placed a creature of his own on our ancient throne, surrounded that throne with his own institutions, and thus nearly blotted out from the map of Europe, our fertile, our lovely land."

"How this must have destroyed your ardour for this Napoleon."

"My Margaret, I loved this man—I revered him. I shared his triumphs and mourned his losses. And his departure from the road of honour, rectitude, and justice gave me exquisite suffering. I deserted the estate of my ancient race, disdaining to live under a pretender to philanthropy and loathing to fight against the cause I formerly espoused. I came to England, and am content to be branded by obloquy, and to be the feared of many. They call me smuggler—ah! ah! Let them—I care not. But this reminds me of the affair of last evening. Notwithstanding my disgust yet all the band were not there, therefore I must not condemn all."

"I am indeed proud that you rescued my friend and Sarson from their peril; it only proves to these people that neither prejudice nor cruelty can exist where generosity and honour have taken up their everlasting abode."

"You are correct my own Margaret; but I knew not who were in jeopardy. Had it been Napoleon I should have acted the same, had I crushed the viper with my steel the next moment. But of this anon. I sought you, Margaret, on an important subject." Margaret betrayed evident purturbation at these words.

"You rose early this morning; where did you proceed to, my dear?"

Margaret sat speechless, but disdaining to tell an untruth, she answered she had been walking early.

"In what direction," demanded her father.

"Towards Sandgate."

"Ah, on the edge of the cliff; was that you I perceived? I was out early myself, and I thought I saw you at the promontory. Were you there?"

"I was, dear father," replied Margaret, holding down her beautiful head.

The smuggler rose, took his daughter's hand, gazed in her countenance with a piercing glance.

"Did you meet any one on that promontory."

"I did, father;" and Margaret met the fierce glance of her father with a proud look.

"And that person was squire Barnard."

"It was."

"And you met him by appointment," almost shouted the now excited smuggler.

"I, I, dear father, I—"

"Disguise nothing—admit everything; and much as I have loved you, I know how to hate—to punish," roared the maddened parent, his mind agitated by the worst suspicions.

The beautiful maiden gazed on her father now foaming with rage, with a saddened brow, her face was pale, her eyes cloudless, and as bright as an eagle's when roused to protect its young. The old man stood before her, his left hand grasped her right arm with the power of a vice, while his right hand rested, as if by accident, on the hilt of his poniard. For a moment their attitudes were picturesque, yet fearful. Yes, there stood that old man terrific in his anger, and the young daughter with

all her blood boiling with offended dignity and injured feeling. For a moment she paused, and then with inexpressible emotion answered:—

"Disguise, my father—what have I to disguise? Admit everything—what have I to admit? But thus abjured—thus suspected, I must depart from the course I intended, and recount the adventure of this morning; and when I do so, how will you accuse yourself for rousing feelings rarely displayed by your dutiful child."

Not a tear dimmed that bright eye, not a quiver agitated those beautiful lips; a slight tremor of the voice, only, indicated a wounded spirit. The smuggler's grasp relaxed during the recital, until it fell powerless by his side; he fell into his chair; and with startling eyeballs regarded his child with looks of amazement. When Margaret arrived at the base proposal, he bounded into the middle of the room, but now his daughter's hand was powerful—she detained him, and when she arrived at the punishment inflicted on the heir, the smuggler drew her to his breast with unutterable pride. Then Margaret's momentary courage forsook her, and she fairly sobbed on her proud sire's shoulder.

"My daughter—my own child—the last remains of an ancient, an honourable house; come to my arms, to my heart, and there shall you live for ever to calm down the fierce asperities of my tortured heart. Oh! my child, your father asks forgiveness of you for his momentary suspicion. Oh! God, how have you relieved me from a horrible thought. My noble girl, look up."

But Margaret could not, she made an effort, and a powerful one, embraced her father tenderly, and hung round his neck as if fearful of the consequences of her disclosure; when she recovered her power of speech she entreated her father to take no steps to revenge the insult; and the smuggler, softened and subdued by the gentle influence of his beloved child, promised everything she asked.

In a half hour, the tempest of passion had subsided, and a calm happiness diffused itself in the hearts of both father and child. Never had Cumlin regarded his daughter with such pride—such unutterable love. The firmness—the scorn, the energy, joined with feminine grace, with which she rebuked her father's suspicion; the dignity with which she related her adventure with the ignoble squire, completed her empire over the heart of her father, who admired in others those qualities which were the chief support of his existence and happiness.

"And now, my child, we understand each other. I shall seek no quarrel with his low minded villain, but he had better not cross my path, or woe be to him—Borobeach would soon be without an heir."

"I know, my father, that your word once pledged is sufficient, or I should be for ever a prey to fears on your account; leave the wretch to his own reflections, they will be sufficient punishment for his contemplated villainy."

"It may be so, but I question much their efficacy to reform so vicious a person. And now, my dear, I leave you to repose; I shall be from home late, and you need rest and quiet."

The father embraced his daughter, and left the cottage, and the daughter repaired to her chamber, offered up her orisons to the great architect of nature, and soon slept the calm sleep of innocence.

(To be continued.)

ANCIENT ALTARS.

We copy the ensuing article from the "People's Dictionary of the Bible,"* a well-written little work, now in progress of publication, and which has already progressed through several numbers.

1 Altar of Burnt-offering
2 Incense
3 Roman
4 Greek Altar
5 Ditto
6 Roman Altar

"Altar (L. something lofty), an elevated object, on which offerings were made to idols in the heathen world, and to God among the Hebrews. When it was judged necessary for men to make of their substance offerings to God, these offerings would at first be presented in the hands, and then laid on the ground. But there seemed an impropriety in placing them there, where they would be in the midst of ordinary and unholy things, and be exposed to detriment and desecration. An elevation of some kind, either natural or artificial, would remove the difficulty, and was accordingly adopted. The Targumists carry back the use of altars to the

* Published by Simpkin and Marshall, London; Tait, Edinburgh; Ainsworth, Manchester. In 8vo., monthly numbers, price 6d. each.

days of Adam, speaking of a family altar which Adam erected after his expulsion from Paradise; but the earliest on record is that of Noah, which he built after the flood, and which must have been an erection, probably of loose, unformed stones. The directions given to Moses in the wilderness (Exodus xx, 24—26) are very explicit. Moses was to erect an altar of earth, or if of stone, not of hewn stone, such as idolaters used; unwrought stone seemed most suited, too, for the service of the creator. Sometimes a simple pillar stood instead of an altar. Thus Jacob (Genesis xxviii, 18) took the stone which he had used at Bethel, for a pillow, and set it up for a pillar, and poured oil upon the top of it (xxxi, 13 and 45). But, with an obviously symbolical intent, Moses, in commemoration of having received instructions from Jehovah in the Wilderness, builded an altar under the hill, and twelve pillars, according to the twelve tribes of Israel (Exodus, xxiv, 4), on which burnt-offerings and peace-offerings were straightway offered. The shape in which these pillars were arranged we are unable to determine, but we cannot fail to be reminded by the fact of the Druidical circles found at Stonehenge and other parts of England, and indeed in other parts of the world. In a view of a Druidical temple at Abury, in Wiltshire, as restored (Knight's "Old England," cut 28), the inner circle consists of twelve stones, with one standing in the middle. At Silbury Hill, in the same county, is one artificial mound, which may give the reader some idea of the erections of earth that served for altars in primitive times. The hill covers above five acres of ground, and is entirely artificial. In view of these huge monuments, ordinary altars sink into insignificance, and we must look to the pyramids and temples of Egypt for objects of comparison.

"The altars of the heathen were sometimes unadorned, but, for the most part, they were highly wrought. Oriental altars, with the general type of which the Hebrew correspond, were square; while those of Greece and Rome were often round. The rabbins say that an altar which is not square is not legitimate. Four was a sacred number. The altar of burnt-offering (often termed merely 'the altar') deserves special notice. It was a frame of shittim-wood, filled with earth, five cubits long and five cubits broad, quadrangular; its height three feet. At each corner or angle was a horn, made of the same wood. The altar was overlaid with brass. This stood on the outside of the sanctuary, in the forecourt, in open day. On it were offered all burnt-offerings of slaughtered animals (Exodus, xxvii, xxviii).

"The altar of burnt-offerings which stood before the Herodian temple is thus described by Josephus (Jew. War, v. 5. 6. Antiq. xv. 11, 5): — 'Before this temple stood the altar, fifteen cubits high, and equal both in length and breadth, each dimension being fifty cubits. The figure it was built in was square; it had corners like horns, and the passage up to it was by a gentle acclivity. It was formed without any iron, nor did iron at any time touch it.' The Mischna gives different dimensions to this altar, making it thirty-two cubits square at the base, the size lessening at three unequal heights, until at the top it was twenty-four cubits square. There was a passage for the priests running on each side, a cubic each way. On the south side was an ascent, thirty-two cubits long and sixteen broad. With the horn or corner on the south-west, there was a pipe connected through which ran the blood of the victims into the brook Kedron. There was a cavity under the altar which received the drink-offerings, covered with a slab of marble. Several iron rings were put on the north side of the altar, in order to hold the oxen while they were slaughtered. There also ran, exactly round the middle of the altar, a red line, to distinguish between the parts where the blood above or below the altar was to be sprinkled.

"The altar of incense was of small dimensions, of shittim-wood overlaid with gold: it stood in the temple, and served for burning incense on in divine worship, whence its name. On the day of atonement it was sprinkled with blood. In Exodus, xxx, 1—3, a full description of that which was in the tabernacle may be found. Its position was before the mercy-seat, and the incense was to be perpetually burnt. It also had horns on the corners, on which was to be put some of the blood of the victim offered as a priest's sin-offering. The 'altar of sweet incense,' which was found in the temple of Solomon, was of a similar make. It is only cursorily mentioned, and consisted of cedar overlaid with gold (1 Kings, vi, 20; vii, 48; 2 Chronicles, xxix, 18)."

In the same number is the following brief account of the

GROTTO OF THE AGONY.

"This grotto lies in the garden of Gethesemane. It is deep and high, and divided into two cavities by a sort of subterranean portal. There are also several altars sculptured in the rock. This sanctuary, the work of nature, has not been disfigured by so many artificial ornaments as some other sanctuaries. The vault, the floor, and the walls are of the rock itself, distilling, like tears, the cavernous humidity of the earth which envelopes it. There is above each altar, in pieces of lea-

ther, painted flesh colour, and of the natural size, a bad representation of the scene of the agony of Christ, with angels that present him with the chalice of death. Were these bad figures, which disturb those that the pious imagination loves to create in the shadow of this empty cavern, destroyed, and were the tearful eyes of the visitor allowed to mount freely, without the obstruction of sensible images, towards the thought of Him of whom the spot is so painfully commemorative, this grotto would be the most impressive relic of the hills of Zion; but man cannot help more or less spoiling whatever ignorance bids him put his hand to."

Such may be considered a fair specimen of the work in question, which is illustrated by small maps, and woodcuts in the style of the above. The type and paper are good, and the general appearance of the book is attractive. It is wholly free from sectarian remarks, and we cordially recommend the "People's Dictionary of the Bible" to the notice of our readers.

DRESSES OF WOMEN THREE THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

The dresses of women consisted, at times, of a loose robe or shirt, reaching to the ancles, with tight or full sleeves, and fastened at the neck like those of the men, with a string; over which they wore a sort of petticoat, secured at the waist by a girdle; and this, in mourning, while bewailing the death of a relative, was frequently their only dress. Such was the costume of the lower classes of women; and sometimes, indeed, as at the present day, it consisted merely of the loose shirt or robe, without shoes or sandals. The higher orders wore a petticoat, or gown, secured at the waist by a coloured sash, or by straps over the shoulders; and above this was a large loose robe, made of the finest linen, with full sleeves, and tied in front below the breast; and during some religious ceremonies the right arm was taken out of the sleeve, and left exposed as in the funeral processions. The petticoat or gown was of richly coloured stuff, presenting a great variety of patterns, not unlike our modern chintzes, the most elegant of which were selected for the robes of deities and the dresses of queens. Slaves or servants were not allowed to wear the same costume as ladies, and their mode of dressing the hair was different. They generally bound it at the back part of the head into a sort of loop, or ranged it in one or more long plaits at the back, and eight or nine similar ones were suffered to hang down at either side of the face. They wore a long tight gown, tied at the neck, with short close sleeves, reaching nearly to the elbow; and sometimes a long loose robe was thrown over it, when employed to dance, or to present themselves on festive occasions. Ladies wore their hair long, and plaited. The back part was made to consist of a number of strings of hair, reaching to the bottom of the shoulder blades, and on each side other strings of the same length descended over the breast. The hair was plaited in the triple plait, the ends being left loose; or, more usually, two or three plaits were fastened together at the extremity by woollen strings of corresponding colour. Around the head was bound an ornamental fillet, with a lotus bud, by way of *feronière*, falling over the forehead; and the strings of hair, at the sides, were separated and secured with a comb, or a band, ornamented in various ways, according to the fancy of the wearer; and occasionally a round stud or pin was thrust into them at the front. The short hair at the side of the face, which the ingenuity of ancient Roman and modern European ladies has, by the aid of gum, compelled to lie in an immoveable curve upon the cheek, was interwoven with several of its longer neighbours; and these, being bound together at the end with string, fell down before the earring, which they partially concealed. Many of the mummies of women have been found with the hair perfectly preserved, plaited in the manner I have mentioned; the only alteration in its appearance being the change of its black hue, which became reddened by exposure to great heat during the process of embalming.—*Wilkinson's Ancient Egypt.*

FANEUIL HALL AND EDWARD EVERETT.

A series of very interesting articles have lately appeared in the *Sun*, under the head "Occasional Sketches Here and There." They relate principally to America and the Americans, and are well conceived and cleverly written:

Boston—the Athens of America, as it is deservedly called—is one of the most delightful of cities, whether its situation or its society be considered. New York is more bustling, Philadelphia more demure, Baltimore more ornamental, and Washington more pretending; but the capital of New England is, unquestionably, the seat and centre of all that is refined, noble, and generous in the American character.

Nearly all the other cities consist entirely of long streets, intersecting each other at right angles, by which arrangement, advantageous doubtless in some respects, a uniform and most distracting re-

gularity is produced. In Philadelphia, especially, every place looks exactly like some other place, that a stranger finds it a matter of no little difficulty to pilot himself through the tree-shadowed thoroughfares. Twenty-second-street appears to be only a new edition of Second street, with different names on the glistening white door-plates. It is only in the neighbourhood of the wharfs that anything like irregularity occurs, so that it may be easily imagined that a Prout, a Stanfield, or a Roberts might ramble through one of these prim places, from daylight until dark, without encountering a single "bit" with which to enrich his portfolio.

It is not so in Boston, for, after having for many weeks travelled over the flats of the Quaker city, and of New York, I discovered, to my great delight, on entering Boston, that our carriage was ascending a hill. Indeed, the view which I caught of the place from the mile-long mill-dam bridge, over which the railroad passed, had prepared me for irregularities of surface, for upwards from the water's edge rose houses, tier upon tier, until, on the apex as it were of a pyramid of dwellings, appeared the State House, whose dark dome stood in bold relief against the sky.

The "City of Notions" looked more English than any other place I had seen since I quitted home. The streets were winding, and the houses irregular—occasionally a quaint-looking old dwelling would meet the eye, and there were more brick and mortar buildings than I had seen of late. Things looked substantial; the warehouses near the quays were built of good solid granite; so was the market-house; and many of the larger stores were constructed of the same durable material, which is procured in large quantities from the Quincy quarries, about ten miles from the city. The shop windows were set out in quite the English style, and the drapers' stores in Washington-street would not have looked out of place in Oxford or Regent-streets. Many English books and prints were in the stationers' windows, and the passengers in the streets were more portly and ponderous than the men of the middle and southern states. They had, too, many of them, rosy cheeks, and the ladies exhibited red and white complexions. In one part of the city I noticed a very old house, with pointed gables and grotesque chimneys, and overhanging upper stories, supported by diabolical-looking brackets. For the moment I lost all consciousnes of where I was, and it was not until a very sharp east wind blew in my teeth, and a newsboy cried in a shrill voice, "Here's the *Atlas* extra—arrival of the steamer—great news from Europe!" that I remembered I was in *New* and not in *Old* England.

The celebrated Faneuil Hall is situated in Boston, and is as well known by repute all over America as Westminster Abbey or the Monument in England. It was presented to the citizens of Boston by Peter Faneuil, a rich merchant, whose portrait adorns its interior, in the year 1742. In the year 1763 it was, in a speech by Mr. Otis, dedicated to the cause of freedom, and it is now universally known as the old "Cradle of Liberty." It was in Faneuil Hall that Daniel Webster made his recent great Oregon speech, and thither I shall request the company of the reader, for the purpose of making him acquainted with another eminent foreigner, whose name is quite as, if not more, familiar to English ears.

We will suppose ourselves arrived at the entrance of the old place. It is a huge stone structure, the lower part or basement of it converted into shops, and its upper portion consisting of the Hall proper. Over the entrance is a bell-turret, and two rows of square windows run all round the building. It has no claims to attention on the score of architectural beauty, nevertheless as a relic of the olden time, in excellent preservation, and always an object of interest to strangers, and almost of affection to the citizens.

Ascending a flight of broad wooden stairs, we reach a landing, and passing through a large old-fashioned door-way we enter the hall. It is of copious dimensions, lofty, and surrounded on three sides by a deep gallery, on the front of which, over the entrance door, is a monster of an eagle, carved in wood, bearing on his breast a shield, with the stars and stripes painted thereon, and having the motto, "E pluribus unum," very conspicuously painted on a streamer which flutters gaily on an imaginary whirlwind of liberty.

Stuart's celebrated full-length portrait of George Washington occupies the most prominent position on the wall fronting the entrance. It is flanked by many smaller ones, of John Hancock and Adamses (both ex-presidents), old Peter Faneuil, a jolly-looking gentleman, very showily dressed, and holding a plan of the building in his hand; several ancient governors of the state of Massachusetts, some of them in the quaint Dutch costume; and by a batch of benefactors to the city.

The galleries are crowded to excess by ladies, for a meeting of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society is about to be held, and whilst the gentlemen eat, drink, and make speeches below, the fair Bostonians who are very fond of meetings of this nature, will enjoy ice-creams and eloquence

in their snug seats above. It is worthy of remark, and of imitation, too, I think, that in America the fair sex have special attentions paid them. The old saying—

"When a lady is in the case
You know all other things give place,"!

is realised to its fullest extent in the land of Washington. If you are travelling in a stage coach, or a railroad car, or a steamboat, should a lady fancy your seat, her male companion intimates as much, and you abdicate in her favour. Go to hear a popular preacher, and, in order to secure a seat, be in the church half an hour before the time for commencing the service. Hug yourself on having a snug corner, and enjoy the squeezings of the unfortunates in the crowded aisle;—alas; you hear a rustling of silks near your pew door, and your doom is fixed—a commanding voice sounds in your ear, "Pray give up your seat to this lady;" and, with a very bad grace, you are compelled to join the ranks whom you so lately pitied. Politeness and courtesy to the sex is all very well, but it may be carried a little too far; and the American ladies themselves admit, or I know *some* of them do, that they are treated too much like dolls, by having such everlasting attentions paid them. But this is not a place for the discussion of such points of etiquette, so let us get back to Faneuil Hall, which exhibits a gay and unwonted appearance, for the many slender pillars are wreathed with flowers of all hues; banners of various nations are disposed in festoons around the walls, and on the tables below is such a vast amount of good cheer, that no one can doubt, whilst gazing, that America is truly the "land of plenty."

One might as well attempt to epitomise a cookery-book as to venture on chronicling half of the dishes which decorate a public dinner-table in America. There are squashes, sweet potatoes, tomatoes, dressed in many ways, and a hundred other things, whose very names are unknown on this side the water; and every here and there, on primrose-coloured pats of butter, lumps of crystal ice sparkle like huge diamonds. Fish, with queer fowls of every description, joints of huge proportions, and made dishes by the score, appear, and then vanish away before the attacks of the hungry visitors; and, thus rapidly disposing of the dinner, let us glance at the guests.

At the head of the table sits the governor of the state. He is a tall, firmly-built man, with a benevolent expression, and a mild, grey eye, which has a good deal of lurking humour in its depths. No one, to look at him, would fancy him a man who possesses almost as much power as a crowned head—who holds the scales of life and death in his hands—for he more resembles a well-to-do English gentleman-farmer than a petty sovereign, which, in fact, he is for a time. His dress is carelessly arranged, and it is plain enough that he pays but little attention to personal appearance. Everybody remarks this, and the very newspapers inquire, "Does Governor Briggs wear a shirt?" for that necessary article is not indicated by the presence of a collar. His excellency is no great orator, but, when he speaks, the words and sentiments evidently flow from his heart. He is a great temperance advocate, and may frequently be heard advocating the claims of teetotal societies. And, not content with mere words, he carries his principles out into practice, for a very few months since he was seen, on Boston-common, picking up an insensible drunkard, whom he himself conveyed to his home, and whom, on an after visit, he made comfortable in circumstances, and induced to sign the pledge.

The speeches at the horticultural show are, of course, "much of a muchness" with those put forth in our own country on similar occasions, and, as with us, persons of all professions unite in the proceedings. People of every shade of politics can meet in flower-gardens, and so the subject-matter, and the compliments, and "all that," must be left to the reader's imagination.

The evening has advanced considerably, when there is a buzz heard near the door—it grows louder and louder, until a vehement burst of cheering rings through the building, as a gentleman with a very smiling face is seen forcing his way through the crowd as well as he can, whilst every moment his hand is grasped by one and another, as if he were an old acquaintance. And so, indeed, he is, although years have elapsed since last he appeared in Faneuil Hall. "Hip, hip, hip! hurra!" Now the ladies have caught a glimpse of him, and they wave scarfs and handkerchiefs until the air is so agitated that it almost fans out the gas-lights. The new arrival is a prodigious favourite of theirs, and as they cannot well use their tongues, and join in the universal shout of welcome, they execute all manner of designs in the air, and smile so sweetly, and their eyes beam so brightly, that one envies the happy man who has caused all this flutter and enthusiasm. Nearer and nearer he gets to the president's chair, and by it he stands bowing, with his hand upon his heart, whilst the name of Edward Everett is pronounced with a hearty welcome by every tongue.

And not only is he welcomed by his own countrymen; many Englishmen, invited guests, are present, who willingly do honour to genius and manly worth in the person of the late minister to the court of queen Victoria; and amongst them we may observe one who looks as delighted as

if a legacy had been left him. He is a round-faced pleasant-looking son of the "fast-anchored isles," with a pair of bright eyes, which twinkle merrily through his spectacles. Never was a more thoroughly good hearted-looking face than his; and seldom have eyes, nose, and mouth been surmounted by a more noble forehead, broad and lofty, and adorned by curly black locks. He is short and stout, and his portly and pleasant figure, arrayed in sober black, betokens that he belongs to "the cloth." It is Dr. Choules, the learned and laborious author of the "History of Missions," and of a score of other works, of which I cannot remember even the titles. I have noticed him, because he is one of the Boston "noticeables," and well known by his works in this as well as in his adopted country. But let us return to Everett.

It would be no easy matter to describe Mr. Everett's features, and fortunately there is no necessity for my attempting a word-painting of his *physique*, for his long residence in England, and his frequent visits to different portions of the United Kingdom, have rendered his outward man familiar to most people. It is, however, I may say, one of those thoughtful faces, which an utter absence of severity or gloom makes it delightful to look upon. "That must be an amiable man!" would be the most likely observation of an observer on seeing Mr. Everett. He wears visibly the stamp—that stamp which cannot be forged—of the gentleman. Graceful and easy in deportment, and courteous and winning in manners, he finds his way without an effort to every heart. As a scholar, a statesman, and an eloquent public speaker, he ranks deservedly high. His splendid lyric, the "Dirge of Alaric," stamped him at once as a poet of no ordinary powers; and his translation of the Greek Grammar of Battman warrants the assertion of his countrymen that he is a most accurate scholar. Mr. Everett was for several years a member of the National Congress, and afterwards was for three or four successive terms governor of his native state of Massachusetts. His recent high office, as minister of the United States to England, made us familiar with his splendid talents and estimable character.

There is something peculiar in Mr. Everett's tones which may be described, perhaps, as a tremulous earnestness. On the present occasion he seems so much affected by the warmth of his reception, that this is very observable. Pleasantly he alludes to the "boisterous lullabys" which he has lately experienced on the ocean, for he only landed from the steamer, which brought him from England, on the day before, and contrasts it with the reception he experienced in the "old cradle of liberty." Gracefully he compliments England, and warmly rejoices in the return to his own land. He refers to the shabby allowance made by his own government to its ambassador in London, and hints at its insufficiency; and skilfully avoiding political shoals and reefs, he pilots his course through divers channels, and comes off at last with flying colours. Then his health is drank, and the scene of uproarious welcome is repeated; and then the Massachusetts Horticultural Society listen to charming speeches about charming flowers; and at length, in very good time (for the Bostonians are an early-retiring people), the flowers and the garlands are left to pine alone on the pillars of Faneuil Hall.

Harvard College has recently lost, by resignation, president Quincy, and, when the writer left Boston, Mr. Everett was talked of as his successor. For such a situation his character and acquirements eminently fit him; but whether he will retire from public political life into the more secluded paths of learning, is not yet known. One thing is quite certain—whatever public station he may occupy, he will assuredly fill with honour to himself and advantage to his country. WHIZ.

ITALIAN CATS.

In the year 1809, when the O. P. war was raging, in consequence of the advanced prices, to cover the expense of engaging Madame Catalani and other foreign singers, "Italian Cats" were denounced with great virulence by the rioters. They would perhaps have selected some other expression to speak their scorn, had they known the merits of the cats of Italy. These animals are said to be much more sensible and attached than the cats of England. Lady Morgan gives some striking instances of this. Dining at the palace of the archbishop of Taranto, at Naples, his grace said to her:

"'You must pardon my passion for cats (*lamia passione gattesca*), but I never exclude them from my dining-room, and you will find they make excellent company.' Between the first and second course, the door opened, and several enormously large and beautiful cats were introduced by the names of Pantalone, Desdemona, Otello, and other dramatic *cognomina*. They took their places on chairs near the table, and were as silent, as quiet, as motionless, and as well behaved as the most *bon-ton* table in London could require. On the bishop requesting one of the chaplains to help the signora Desdemona to something, the butler stepped up to his lordship and

observed, 'Desdemona will prefer waiting for the roasts.' After dinner they were sent to walk on the terrace, and I had the honour of assisting at their *coucher*, for which a number of comfortable cushions were prepared in the bishop's dressing-room. The archbishop of Taranto, so well known through Italy as the author of many clever works, has also produced one on cats, full of ingenuity and pleasantry.'"

A case, however, more in point, presents itself in the same lady's story of "The Cat of the Cemetery, related to her as of recent occurrence in the village of Mont-Orsano, in the Brianza. A beautiful peasant girl had obtained a sort of melancholy celebrity through her sufferings by confirmed epilepsy, by which she was frequently struck to the earth in the midst of the village festival or church ceremony. The unfortunate Clementina had a favourite cat, Mina, whose vigilance never slumbered, and 'which not only shared her bed and her *polenta*, but followed her in her walks and devotions, from the vineyard to the altar. The first time that Mina saw her young mistress fall in a fit, and wound herself against a tomb in the village cemetery, she exhibited the most extraordinary emotion. She soon acquired the habit, from a frequent recurrence of the infirmity, of watching its approach; and at last seemed to have obtained such a knowledge of the change of countenance and colour, which preceded the attack, that she was wont, on the first symptom, to run to the parents of Clementina, and by dragging their clothes, scratching at their persons, or mewing in the most melancholy manner,' thus attract them to the spot. 'At fifteen, the malady of the beautiful Clementina brought her to the tomb. Her cat walked ever her bier, on which she was exposed (as is the custom in Italy), covered with flowers. During the funeral service, she sat at the head of the bier, gazing with an intent look on the lifeless features of her young mistress; and when the grave was filling, she made a vain endeavour to jump in, but was withheld by the bystanders, who carried home this chief mourner after the melancholy ceremony. Mina, however, was seen the next morning stretched upon the new made grave, which she continued to visit daily, until she visited it for the last time, a few months after her friend's death; when she was found dead upon the green mound that covered her remains.'"

ANCIENT DOCUMENT.

A meeting of the City Tithe Committee was held at Guildhall, in the year 1824, upon which occasion a very curious document, illustrative of the grievances under which the citizens of London for hundreds of years have laboured from the tithe system, was presented. It was found amongst the ancient records of the city. The following extracts from a translation of the document, which is written in Latin, will show the principle upon which the sums now received by the clergy in the name of tithes, under the statute of Henry VIII, are founded.

It will be necessary to premise, that at common law no tithe is payable for houses, but only by custom. This custom in Papal times produced a source of revenue to the church from what were denominated voluntary offerings on Sundays, and principal feast days, but were in effect entirely compulsory, being under penalty of excommunication—a punishment, at those periods, little, if at all, inferior, in the minds of the public, to death; and the offerings varied in amount according as the ecclesiastics issued ordinances under the authority of the pope. Sometimes they amounted in the course of the year as much as 4s. 2d. in the pound upon the rent of the citizens, and in the document referred to, which is in the thirty-second year of Henry VI, after noticing the institution or ordinance issued by Roger Niger, bishop of London, 13th of Henry III, it is stated that some citizens, of their mere liberality and fervour of devotion, gave to God and the church more than according to the rate ordained by Niger; and then it proceeds to state, that, "Nevertheless certain curates, not being content with sufficient and abundant provision, endeavoured to convert that which only of mere devotion and free will was so sometimes practised into a perpetual bond of right and debt to the church, and surreptitiously and privately obtained, in the time of archbishop Arundel, letters declaratory of the said constitution, but more truly destructive and subversive of the true sense of the same, confirmed by pope Innocent (the citizens being entirely unconscious and ignorant of the obtaining of such declaration); and thereupon such curates have very frequently vexed and molested many citizens, and grievous murmurs and inconveniences have arisen, and the fervour of holy devotion grown cold and lukewarm: wherefore, the honourable John Norman, mayor, the aldermen, and citizens, considering what grievous inconveniences did hang on them, extorted by the cunning and harshness of litigious men, upon mature deliberation, find that certain curates, deliberately bestirring themselves, have procured from lord the pope, letters apostolic, strongly prejudicial and derogatory to the said citizens, containing grievous pains and censures, by which they pretend the citizens, their places and estates,

are bound to the obligation of new, unusual, divers, and unheard-of charges, not to be borne by the said citizens, and have threatened to expel and remove them from their holy and sacramental services. Whereupon the mayor and aldermen, considering that the citizens may be unduly aggrieved, did, in pursuance assemble, in common council, on the 12th of March, in the thirty-second year of Henry VI, and appoint a conference with the bishop of London; and so on the morrow they went to the bishop of London, at the church of St. Paul, to chapter-house, where Thomas Byllyng, recorder of London, then publicly declared all the matter above said, desiring from the bishop a true copy of the letters by the said curates obtained from the lord the pope; and the bishop considering the desire to be consonant to reason, granted that they might have a copy, which copy they could not obtain, although they daily used all their diligence in that behalf. At length the same bishop, fraudulently contriving to delude the aforesaid mayor, sent one of his servants, praying the mayor, that he would vouchsafe to come to the church of St. Paul after the noon of the same day; and the said mayor, with cheerful heart, went to the church aforesaid, and there, in a certain small chapel near the consistory, the bishop met the mayor, saying, "My lord mayor, some of this city have been very often with me to demand a copy of a certain paper bull lately by the curates of the city obtained; and upon my soul and body I have no cognizance of it at all."

The committee expressed their conviction, upon examining this ancient test of the impositions which have descended upon the citizens of London, as an inheritance, that if more arguments were necessary to prove the illegality of the source from which the burden of the oppressed parishes sprung, here was a conclusive proof—here was a powerful instance—that the citizens laboured under certain arbitrary exactions in the shape of pilferings, before the Reformation; and that whatever might have been the intention of bishop Bonner, in the thirty-seventh year of Henry VIII, in delivering the decree under which the clergy and impropriators now claim to his registrar, instead of having the same enrolled in chancery, the intervention of the legislature is, at the present day, imperatively called for, when local acts in certain parishes have not already been obtained. The committee, at the same time, concur in the opinion, of the necessity of substituting a fair and liberal allowance, in the place of tithe, for the ministers of the gospel. The committee have ascertained that the clerical and lay impropriators are determined to persevere in the course in which they set out, and have positively refused to submit the decision of their claims to parliament. Those individuals who have refused to pay the amount demanded are not themselves to defray the expenses which are consequent upon legal investigation. It is determined that each parish shall take the responsibility attached to every cause upon itself.

The Gatherer.

Interesting Discovery in the Phœnix Park, Dublin.—On the 22d May, 1838, an ancient tumulus, traditionally known by the name of *Cnoc Math Righ*, or the hill of the good king, was opened in the Phœnix Park in presence of Sir Wm. Hamilton, the president of the Royal Irish Academy, Sir Wm. Betham, and other distinguished individuals. The first object uncovered by the workmen was a perfect cromlech or altar tomb, deep within the centre of the mound, consisting of a rough unchiselled incumbent slab, 6½ feet in length by 3½ in breadth, resting on five pillar stones, 3½ feet high each, two at either side and one at the foot, the whole forming a small chamber within, and further secured by additional flag stones, making the enclosure perfect whilst covering the whole structure above and around it was a considerable collection of rubble or field stones. Over this carn or heap the earth it seems had been originally piled in the form of a circular mound to the height of thirty feet with a diameter at the base of about sixty feet, but time in the lapse of probably two thousand years had reduced the height to about fifteen feet, whilst the diameter was increased to ninety-five. On opening the small chamber above described two human skeletons were found in high preservation in such a position as to seem to have been buried in a sitting posture, one of those was pronounced to be that of a male, the other of a female, the latter being also of lesser stature. Besides them were found portions of two earthen urns, evidently of a remote antiquity, and a quantity of small white periwinkle shells, the points or extremities removed so as to form holes by which they could be strung together, and thus form an ornament for the neck, doubtless of the female. The situation of the tomb is a fine eminence commanding an extensive view over the Park, the city, and neighbouring coast. Tradition states that a king and queen of Ireland were buried here whose tomb would some time or other be discovered.

Chancery.—A kind of judicial rat-trap or mouse-trap, which it is very easy to glide into, but from which it is very difficult and often impossible to recede.

Love and Letters.—There is a certain sea-captain who sails from Boston who loves his wife, and makes a great pet of her when he is at home. She always writes him very lengthened epistles while he is away, but the careful and affectionate man never thinks of opening them. He just lays them by, tied up and labelled according to their dates, in order, on his return, that his wife should read them to him all of a lump.—*New York Herald.*

Loud Cheers.—Man is a strange animal, but that complex animal, a public meeting, is stranger. Its vagaries are surprising, and baffle analysis. It always seems to have more force than sense. Two heads are better than one, but some hundreds of heads appear to be worse than none. Take any number of men, each of whom would listen to reason, be open to conviction, and resolute to see fair play all round; compound the honest men of sense in a public meeting, and the aggregate is headstrong, headlong, rash, unfair, and foolish. Tell any single man, *totidem verbis*, that there is nobody in the world like him — nobody so lovely and virtuous as his wife and daughters, and he will laugh in your face, or kick you out of doors; but tell the aggregate man the same of his multitudinous self and family — he will vent an ecstacy of delight in "loud cheers."

Over Caution.—Raking out the fire is a penny-wise and pound-foolish economy. The British Association, in 1838, remarked on the infrequency of fires in Newcastle, notwithstanding the immense consumption of coal in that locality, and suggested whether the numerous conflagrations in London did not principally result from the practice of raking out the fire at night, a custom which is not prevalent in Newcastle.

Costliness of Smoke.—If smoke were a luxury instead of being a nuisance, it would be dearly purchased at the price paid for it in some places. The loss by non-consumption of smoke, Dr. Lyon Playfair has shown to be in Manchester alone, 60,000*l.* a year, and if the expense of additional painting and white-washing be added, the actual money lost would be double the amount of poor rates every year. In Preston, if all the furnaces consumed their own smoke, the public would save 10,450*l.* a year in extra washing.

Railway Defaulters.—The projectors of railway schemes who have failed altogether in the receipt of deposits on their allotments, threaten proceedings, both in law and equity, against the unfortunate applicants, but with little result. The Great Welch Central Railway kindly intimates a suit in Chancery without 4*s.* per share for expenses are forthwith paid. The Erewash Valley promoters state that they shall give up the names of all defaulting depositors to the most pressing of the creditors of the company, without 2*s.* per share are carried to their account at their bankers. And the Direct Western appeal with surprise to those who have failed to discharge the first deposit. The advice of the solicitor general is that "they should remain quiescent, and defend themselves against any action that may be brought." Were this to fail, no doubt a specific legislative measure would remedy this evil. This was done some years ago, when the clergy were in danger of being ruined by a series of actions commenced against them. Still more necessary would such a step be, when, if such actions as have been threatened by certain directors could prevail, all classes would be involved in ruin.

A Fact.— Scene at a Newsvender's, Dec. 11, 1845.—*Customer* (evidently surprised at the news of Sir Robert's resignation.)—Have you a *second edition* of the *Times* of to-day? *Newsvender.*—No, sir, but we have the *first edition* of the *Herald*, which is the same thing.

A Classic.—The other day a student from the country, who had joined the Glasgow College, was about to leave by one of the trains from that city, and as he walked up and down the station, dressed out in his toga, he perceived the door of a first class carriage open, and he thought he would seat himself there. One of the railway guards happening to pass, asked to what class he belonged (meaning whether first, second, or third), when he in all simplicity replied, "*I belang to the Mauthematics.*"

Stupendous Bridge.—The plans of the Grand Junction Extension railway from Aston Grange to Huyton, and for the bridge in connection therewith, to cross the river Mersey at Runcorn, have been prepared. The bridge is to consist of five wet arches, of 280 feet span, 100 feet above high water mark at spring tides, and 168 dry arches of 30 feet span, and 51 feet high, making a total of 2480 yards of arching, which will be, when completed, the greatest work of its kind in Europe.

A gentleman in one of the interior towns is so much opposed to capital punishment that he refused to hang his gate!

It is very absurd to expect that your friends will remember you when you have thought proper to forget them.

The climax of feminine indifference has arrived when a woman does not care how she looks.

When we desire or solicit anything, our minds run wholly on the good side or circumstances of it; when it is obtained, our minds run wholly on the bad ones.

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GEO. SE. SHOOTING.

GROUSE AND GROUSE SHOOTING.

Man, naturally an animal of prey, even in the highest state of civilisation, after indulging feelings the most tender and humane, will often rush from the peaceful enjoyments of home to the active, toilsome, and not unfrequently dangerous pleasures of the chase. The savage, long unaccustomed to clothing and shelter, has often been known to fly from the protecting roof to return to his native woods and original nakedness. On the common and the moor, the dweller of the city seems to gain new life, and exults in being restored to what seems to be a state of nature.

Thus every year, as the 12th of August comes round, takes crowds of eager sportsmen to "the land of cakes," to enjoy the luxury of grouse shooting. Year after year, the southerns have seemed to seek it with a keener relish, and the effect of this is now beginning to be seriously deplored. From the "Modern Shooter," no mean authority, we learn that other causes are at work to produce the lamentable result apprehended by the lovers of the amusement —the total extinction of the birds, which seem constantly growing more and more scarce. This seems likely to be brought about by a variety of unfavourable circumstances. It is not only the multitude of "dead shots" from London and elsewhere, qualified sportsmen, that the poor grouse have to dread. We are told:

"It is universally admitted that grouse are becoming more scarce every year in the northern counties of England, where, formerly, they were wont to abound. This may be attributed to various causes, among which the following are some of the principal:—the increased facility of reaching the moors, and of forwarding game thence, afforded by steamers and railroad conveyance; the improvements in guns and shooting; the increased daring maraudings of those wholesale annihilators—the poachers in the mining districts, who, at early dawn, kill numbers of the birds by calling, and then, during the day, proceeding in large bodies, march in line, a gun-shot apart from each other, scouring the whole country, and destroying all before them, some days previous to, and often after, the twelfth; the multiplication of stone walls, as fences, which, in various ways, aid the poacher, especially in calling during that most killing of all times—a misty morning in October—for every moor-side fellow calls, now-a-days, and prides himself upon his vocal, or, rather, his guttural powers—his "crawing" as "crousely" as the "cootie muircocks;" the increased numbers, skill, and daring of poachers in general—together with their new modes of taking grouse especially that of the * * *; the increased number of sheep kept on the moors, which disturb the old birds, and tread on their eggs; and the consequent increased number of shepherd's dogs, also, many of which chop the *cheepers* with surprising, and, it is sometimes to be feared, owner-profiting dexterity; nay, even the barebreasted old hen herself—ah! wilful murder!—is now and then colley-chopped on her very nest; the increased number of licensed shooters, and of unlicensed dog-breakers; the "carting" and the "driving" the raking the birds in the stubbles, during severe weather, and as they sit in rows on the walls drying their beautiful feathers; the increased annual burning of the heather, or, as it is called in Scotland, moor-burn—which, while it certainly promotes the growth of the young and tender heather-tops, eaten with such avidity both by the sheep and birds, alarms the latter, prevents laying, destroys eggs, and even the birds themselves, when sitting hard; and a grouse rarely, if ever, lays more than ten eggs, more frequently seven, and unfrequently five. Add to these, the facts that, in February and the early parts of March, many braces of grouse are shot to order by poachers, as they are then in best feather for stuffing; and that no game is more poached out of season, particularly during the first three months of the year, than grouse."

Here is, in truth, a fearful array, which in a few short years threatens the species with utter annihilation.

The male bird sometimes weighs fourteen pounds, but the female is considerably smaller. Gesner calls the latter the *grygallus minor*, and the former the *grygallus major*. They are found in no part of Great Britain save the Highlands of Scotland. The species is there known by the name of Capencæline. In the old law books, it is called Caper Kally, or "the bonse of the woods."

The black game and red grouse are varieties of the same species. The latter is peculiar to Scotland. France, Germany, and Scandinavia, possess the others.

THE SMUGGLER OF FOLKSTONE.

A TALE OF TRUTH AND FICTION.

By Edward Portwine.

CHAPTER XXII.

It was Monday night. The shades of evening had cast her mantle over creation. The bright sunset was succeeded by a delicious twilight. The fresh, cooling seabreeze fanned the lately glowing earth, and all nature appeared as if wearied by the heat of an oppressive summer's day. This

evening, Waldron determined to embrace the opportunity of conciliating the good opinion of Cumlin, by joining, for weal or woe, the band of which he believed this mysterious man was the captain. Midnight was the appointed time, and as there wanted full three hours of that, Waldron repaired to the Rose in order to meet Hamish, Sarson, and other young men of the town. He entered the coffee-room, which was nearly full of company, among whom were those he sought.

He seated himself, called for grog, lighted his cigar, and entered into conversation with his friends. Suddenly the animated discussion of two young men interrupted the friendly discourse on the late accident.

"I tell you most respectfully," cried a smart young man from Hythe, who happened to be waiting for a coach to take him home, "that Folkstone will not have the honour of a selection. The garrison of Hythe were the challengers. The gauntlet was thrown down at mess, where squire Dean, Barnard, and Oxtedell were dining. Captain Phipps offered to play all East Kent at cricket with the officers and two men given, to be picked from the vicinity."

"Well," replied his antagonist, a Folkstone youth, "what does vicinity mean if it will not reach five miles."

"In this case," answered the other drily, "you will find that vicinity means the town and port of Hythe; besides," he added, laughing slightly, "whom can you name for this honour—you have not one good player—and that, too, my Lord Greenock well knows. If you have—name him."

"We have twenty as good as the boasted club at Hythe, only—"

"Only they are out of practice. They must grow larger before they are suffered to engage in men's play. They are too small—something like your parish church, around which the churchwardens placed a quantity of manure, to make it grow bigger, to hold the talented inhabitants."

The Folkstone man waxed wroth at this latter imputation. "I beg, sir, you will not interrupt me; I allow you fair play in this argument, and it is not fair to cite the doings of our churchwardens in order to cover your want of justice or reason. I say again, that we have twenty as good players as you have, only they are not known to the garrison; which, by the bye, have no chance against East Kent without the two players are chosen judiciously."

"Well, sir, I make you a 'munificent present' of all your Folkstone gentlemen, and I think they will not require a large space to be confined in at play—no larger than Handy built to keep his anticipated elephant in."

Here the company roared with laughter. The allusion was a palpable hit on the want of sense so proverbial in the good people of this port. This veritable Handy had accidentally placed a gentleman in London under an obligation, which he acknowledged in an elegant letter, promising him, at no distant period a 'munificent present,' in the form of a boat or skiff, which the erudite gentleman translated into an *elephant*, and forthwith commenced erecting a building to contain such a wonderful present in. However, when the elevation was completed, the elephant was not forthcoming, and in despair Handy repaired to Sir Michael Webb with the letter, fully determined to abide by the knight's advice, whether to bring an action for the elephant or the expense of the building. When the worthy magistrate, nearly convulsed with laughter, explained the meaning of the cabalistic word, poor Handy looked blank, and fairly bolted from the knight's presence. Sir Michael could not refrain from mentioning this anecdote at a corporation dinner, and thus the story became public; and, very unjustly, the whole townspeople suffered ridicule from this ludicrous circumstance.

After the laughter had subsided, the Folkstone youth returned to the subject. "I am ashamed of my fellow townsmen that they should laugh at this anecdote of poor Handy." Here the young and old roared louder.

"I say," shouted the speaker, "it is a shame"—order was a little restored—"that we are overlooked in this great match, and yet the game is to be played on our plain."

"Sandgate Plain, sir, if you please," interrupted the pertinacious Cinque-Port man."

"Well, Sandgate Plain. Perhaps, Mr. Wiseacre, you can tell us who are to play against the officers, for I know it is decided?"

The youth thus appealed to rose gracefully, and addressed the company. He commenced by stating "that he hoped for forgiveness from the men of Folkstone for the anecdotes he had heedlessly given utterance to. (Hear). He would inform them that the thing was settled, and his club had the honour to send one man, and that man had the discrimination to select the other, and when he named the two he was certain that all ill feeling would subside, and that the men of that town would vie with each other in wishing the officers a fair stage, but no favour. (Cries of bravo). On Saturday evening last Lord Greenock, the Earl of Cathcart, Captain Phipps, Captain Cumberland, Sir James Colleton, Sir Richard Jackson, and a host of the staff corps, had visited the green, where the club met to practise; and after witnessing the play entered the pavilion, and requested the attendance of Mr. Poyn-

der, Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Horton, and Mr. Small. These gentlemen attended, when my Lord Greenock requested to be informed by Mr. Poynder whom he conceived the best player in the club, when Edmund, without hesitation, mentioned Henry Horton. But Horton disclaimed this, and the members present agreed with him. Captain Phipps, who is a brilliant player, suggested that the club should retire to the club-room and elect a man, and whoever that player should be they would accept, and he should possess the power to nominate the other man. (Hear). This proposition was agreed to by the officers, and we returned to the Duke's Head club-room and unanimously elected—" Here the speaker paused.

"Yourself, I suppose," interrupted his old antagonist.

"You are mistaken. We elected Mr. Edmund Poynder." Loud cries of "Bravo," "and Mr. Poynder elected—"

"Mr. James Carrick," cried a musical voice, as he entered the coffee-room. Loud vociferations followed this announcement, for the person who pronounced the name of Carrick was no other than our old friend Edmund Poynder, "in propria personæ." The speaker, who was Mr. Gilbert, then sat down, and the persons present greeted Edmund with great cordiality, paying him the usual compliments under such circumstances, which Poynder received with a well-bred smile. The conversation then turned on the doctrine of chances, and much betting took place, chiefly on the men of East Kent against the garrison. Edmund would not be drawn into betting, although he expressed his opinion at a later hour that the officers would win; that Carrick was as a general player the best in the county, and those who had witnessed his science were perfectly conscious of this fact. These remarks had the effect of inducing even betting, and the company agreed to meet on Sandgate Plain on Friday, at ten o'clock, to witness the trial of skill between the best players in the far-famed county of Kent and the garrison of Hythe.

CHAPTER XVIII.

As the church-bell of the good town of Folkstone sent forth its iron-tongued tones on the peaceful repose of the citizens of this port, on Monday, in the month of ——, in the year ——, James Waldron silently pursued his way down the steep streets leading from the Rose tavern to the pier. Not a lamp shed a radiance on his perigrinations. Not a solitary watchman crossed his path. Midnight, with the beautiful still star-lighted canopy of heaven, gleamed on his person. He paused, hesitated, and at length murmured: "Well, let it be for disgrace or death, I care not. What I am about to perform I do for Margaret; and I would freely meet death to possess one I so dearly love."

When the young man approached the Chequers, he heard a confused murmur of many voices; and when he opened the door, he found himself in the presence of thirty men, who appeared crest-fallen and dejected. He nodded to several he recognised, who with astonishment observed him calmly proceed to a seat, and call for brandy and water. His arrival appeared to cast restraint on the company, who recommenced their conversation in low tones and in detached groups. The whispers were unheeded by Waldron; he sipped his cognac, and then made a signal to the gentle Jane, who was assisting her parent in her office as landlady. Miss Gettings tripped lightly through the throng, and approached the handsome beau, who whispered something in her ear; the fair girl started, and appeared puzzled; but at length left, and imparted the substance to her mother. At that moment a bell rang; the company assembled at the tavern paused in their conversation, and awaited the result of the summons. The brother of Jane, before mentioned, appeared in the front drinking-room, and said: "Attention, contrabandists; appear before your captain; follow me."

The men fell in pairs together with an humbled look, and disappeared down the narrow passage where poor Bott had met with his imprisonment.

James was thus left alone.

Jane came into the parlour, seated herself opposite the young man, and having gazed on him for some time, said: "At length then, James, you no longer refuse to join us."

"No," answered the youth.

"Very laconic indeed; and you join the band to promote good to our fellow-creatures, and for no ends else."

James stared. "Good to our fellow-creatures? What can you mean? I join the band to break the law, to beard the government, and to win Margaret."

"But the latter incentive is the key to your appearance here."

"Alas, Jane," replied Waldron, sorrowfully, "you guess my feelings correctly. I should not have thought of becoming a smuggler, had I not the fear of losing all I hold dear in this world."

"If, Waldron, you join this band solely on this account, it exhibits powerful affection towards the beautiful pearl of Folkstone; but yet, pause in your career. Would you become a smuggler, without the certainty of being the husband of my excellent friend Margaret?"

James rose, and gazed anxiously on the

open brow of the fair girl before him, her eyes beaming with truth and innocence. After a lengthened inspiration, he said: "You are the second person who has cast a suspicion on the fidelity and truth of Margaret. What can it mean? I tell you I am pledged to Cumlin to join this band; and, come weal or appear woe, I will fearlessly do it. And having once departed from the strict line of a loyal subject, no person, no, not even your brave brother, shall exceed me in fierce zeal and courage against those very laws I have to this hour strenuously supported."

"And yet, James, these men, with their leader, and my brave, my excellent brother, are not so black as they are painted by their enemies. They plunder no one; they assist the helpless on shore or on the deep. They peril their lives on this coast, reckless of danger, fearless of death, in the cause of humanity. Hundreds of lives, during the last few winters, have been saved; and after being preserved and cherished, they have been conveyed to their homes, in this or other countries, by the aid of the captain. But many have preferred this band to any other mode of life, and have been grateful and true-hearted, as all men will be under just treatment."

"Why, Miss Gettings, you are, I fear, almost a member of this band—a female smuggler."

"Aye, Waldron, heart and soul. Do you conceive that the system established by the captain could ever be carried into effect without female agency? Do you conceive that the accuracy with which the movements of the band are concerted could be so wonderful as they appear, without the interference of woman? Can the silks and finery brought from the looms of India and every country of Europe be disposed of without our aid? But enough of this. I repeat, that it is no crime to belong to this band. They afford succour in distress; they relieve the indigent, whether friend or enemy; and who ever heard of one of the far-famed smugglers of Folkstone being a recipient of the parochial funds? They are temperate in their habits, faithful to their loves, courageous as lions amidst contentions with men on the terrific elements to which they constantly expose themselves. But above all, they are faithful men, not slaves, to a powerful intellect, blended with high-souled generosity. They love, venerate, yet fear their captain."

"You amaze me, Jane; and do you really believe that Cumlin possesses the power over such a band of lawless men?"

"Yes, he has. Call them lawless, if you please; it is a mere matter of taste," returned Jane, smilingly, "and you have been a witness to some part of his power over his band. Thirty of his followers were in disgrace this evening, not daring to appear before him until called to his presence. The cause—refusing to rescue Captain Sarson and Miss Jeffery from the imminent peril they were placed in last evening."

"Ah, good! I have heard that Cumlin rushed to the rescue, when these men dared not or would not attempt a piece of humanity."

"Your information is correct, and as a punishment they will not *go out* with the next expedition—this us female smugglers have heard from our secret gallery, where a most ferocious band of the petticoats assemble on nights like this."

"A gallery for female smugglers! what can you mean?"

"You have virtually joined us, and it is not imprudent to state, that we, the female law-breakers, have an apartment adjoining the 'Chamber of all Nations,' and we are privileged to hear all the debates during business hours; but after business is finished, we retire and leave the band to its orgies."

"You astonish me; I never had any conception of all this."

"Aye; there are many other matters which will astonish you more when you are initiated. You will then know how it is that certain ladies of this good port appear better dressed than squire Barnard's wife, or sir Henry Oxleden's spouse, or squire Dean's thirteen daughters! Ah! ah! you will know then that it would be useless for this band to bring lace, furs, silk, shawls, and other articles in which our women delight, from the confines of India and northern Europe, if the smugglers could not dispose of them; and man, although a refined monster, is not exactly calculated for the meridian of a lady's boudoir redolent of perfume and roses."

Waldron had recovered all his wonted good humour, and listened with deep interest to the prattle of the lovely girl as she described the secret mechanism of the society. He began to think that this band was not as dark as Erebus. He asked with his usual *bonhomie*, "And do the female members negociate with the aristocracy for these things?"

"Yes, a hundred times have I and others been closeted with the ladies of princely mansions, of baronial halls, of frowning castles—with ladies of military officers of the first rank, many of those who are wives of the very men employed by government to suppress smuggling. Yes, on the eve of a grand county ball, when beauty determined to outvie beauty—to rival or betray—to crush or encourage; have I been in great request for the produce of other countries: those beautiful articles which attract much more than our charms,

lovely as you creatures declare we are. These must be produced; and from where? careless, reckless, of the crime of breaking the law—indifferent of the loss of life or liberty, the rich, the powerful, the lovely patricians must appear attractive, and the more unique, the more costly, the most rare things are always preferred. London is a long way from here; no single shop, or a dozen, can produce the splendid assortment we possess in the recesses of yonder mountain, and we are resorted to, petted, spoiled, for the time; but if, unfortunately, we give offence by supplying a rival of my lady this, or my countess that, with a more beautiful article than they possess, then there is no mean project they will not resort to in order to be revenged."

"Surely, Jane, you are colouring the picture too highly."

"Think you so," cried the ardent girl, "let facts speak for themselves. It was only on the evening of the last county ball that I was sent for by three ladies, who, for the present, shall be nameless. They were all daughters of opulence; all desired to appear splendid at the assembly, at the Guildhall of Hythe — my choicest articles were displayed before their astonished senses. Indeed, excuse me, but they were beautiful. They made their purchases while laughing at the absurd revenue-laws, which prevented them from enjoying so many triumphs. They never considered the risk of the poor mariners; they never thought of the penalty attached to the offence if discovered — a penalty which their fathers and brothers, cousins and relations enforced, but considered it an excellent jest to bedeck their persons in contraband, and laugh at the wise lawmakers. Well, these ladies purchased largely on this occasion, one, the hon. Miss C. desired a beautiful Indian shawl. It was the finest in texture, and of the most delicate workmanship I ever beheld: its colour was magnificent; it dazzled the eye of the beholder like sparkling gems. For this production of a loom of the tropical sun, I demanded what the lady considered a large sum. I refused to take less, and she pouted, and I departed. On my arrival home, there lay on my table a letter from the rectory of Saltgood. In this note I was desired to send or bring some of the finest and best articles in my possession. But I tire you."

"Oh, go on, go on, I am deeply interested."

"I waited on the parson's wife, who introduced me into the dressing-room of the loveliest girl I ever had the happiness to look on. I cannot describe her, but you have never seen her compeer, excepting the youngest daughter of General Jackson, and these two young creatures are much alike in form and features. Well, I displayed my wares. The beautiful girl was not particular, but the wife of the man of peace and goodwill to all creatures *was*. She would have the costliest and best articles—Amanda should astonish—she should be envied. Mrs. Castlecroft chose for Amanda, and amongst the articles purchased was this elegant shawl. The ball took place; and Amanda was the rage—the lioness; it was her first appearance; the assembly was brilliant; the gay and gallant of the three garrisons were there commingling with the beauties of Kent. The story goes, that Captain Cumberland had for some time paid some attentions to the Hon. Miss D., and the politeness and attention lavished on the young lady, on the eventful evening, justified the proud beauty in believing that she was beloved. But, Mr. Waldron, this is a terrible long tale."

"Proceed; I know every person to whom you allude; I desire to know the cause of the rupture that took place in that noble family."

"You are correct, the family of D. are indeed a noble race: they boast of ancient lineage, and justly; and there are very few of England's aristocracy that can exhibit so much personal beauty in their female branches, and such symmetrical proportions in their sons; and among such loveliness Miss D. stands preeminent for intellect and beauty. On this eventful evening she appeared radient in graceful happiness. She was seated by her partner at the top of the elegant ball-room, and Captain Cumberland appeared to have no ears or eyes but for the being by his side. The gallant officer is a young man, as you know, graceful, finely proportioned, with black eyes and hair; blessed with a musical voice; and I am informed he is intellectual, generous, chivalric, and open hearted. These two graceful creatures, whom heaven appeared to have thrown together for mutual happiness, were so absorbed by each other's discourse, that they were only aroused by a confused sound commencing from the bottom of the room, and gradually approaching them. At length they involuntarily looked towards the cause of the buzzing crowd, and the eyes of Captain Cumberland rested on the person of Amanda Burton, who, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Castlecroft, slowly approached him. Amanda was presented to Miss D. by the rector's wife. She gazed on the peerless creature with wonder—so perfect, so angelic, did she appear. A slight blush suffused her regular features at the notice she appeared to attract, which added greatly to her charms. Her dress was marked by good taste, combined with elegance, and on her alabaster shoulders was thrown, with apparent care-

leaness, the beautiful Indian shawl sold her the day previous. Many admired the lady, but a great number could not remove their gaze from that brilliant specimen of foreign art. Miss D.'s complexion deepened to a bright scarlet as she gazed on the lovely maiden, which was not diminished when her eye rested on the unfortunate shawl. She, however, received Amanda with great courtesy; and, as a matter of course, introduced her to the gallant Captain, whose complexion changed as he bowed to the fair girl. Their eyes met. Amanda betrayed great emotion, which, by an internal effort, was subdued into a scornful smile, as she cried, 'Oh, Captain Cumberland, your most obedient. I did not presume on so great an honour as an introduction to the son of a nobleman, so renowned for his high sense of honour, delicacy, and feeling.' The young lady, without waiting for Cumberland's reply, took the arm of Mr. Castlecroft, who handed her to a seat. Those who heard this contemptuous speech from the beautiful stranger, whose countenance was rendered more attractive by the evident high-souled indignation with which she regarded the officer, were of course astonished, and all manner of surmises passed current amongst the beaux and belles. But, however, there goes one o'clock, and the captain has not yet made his signal for you. Ah, there resounds the gong! I will finish my 'Tale of a Shawl' some other time, for here comes Henry."

And as she concluded, her brother appeared, and motioned Waldron to enter the passage. With a light heart and an elastic step, James obeyed the signal, and for a moment his fine person darkened the doorway, and the door closed sharply with a secret spring.

Jane smiled, and murmured, "Ah, James, you are doomed, I am certain, to disappointment. You are good, generous, and just; but you want mind to meet mind, to render vigorous that affection you fondly suppose is your own. Ah, Miss Cumlin, my own dear Margaret, can never wed thee. But I wish you happy."

The amiable girl then retired within the bar to enjoy the society of the female smugglers.

(To be continued.)

STRAY NOTES ON THE CHURCHES AND CHURCH GOERS OF WORCESTERSHIRE.

BY A RAMBLER.

CLAINES.—It was on a bright alluring morning in the month of December that I resolved on making a pilgrimage to this retired and favourite village, and with that intention, having donned my winter coat and thick-soled shoes, I sallied forth to enjoy the morning air. What a change had come o'er the face of the country since my last ramble, and how suggestive of saddened thought, mixed with religious hope, was the transition. But a few weeks had passed since nature was rejoicing in her beauty and her lap was teeming with abundance; now, the fields had lost their verdure, the air was no longer vocal except with the occasional twittering, chirping noise of a solitary sparrow or red-breast which hurried by with chilly haste, apparently in the vain hope of somewhere obtaining a warmer "berth," and the sun threw its horizontal beams upon trees and hedges which in their nakedness were hung with rain drops, glittering like jewellery upon a hag. So much for the seasons—

> "Thus change they; and we change as well,
> The heartfelt glow, the joyous swell
> Of spirits ever gay,
> Pass on, nor leave a trace behind,
> Like summer's perfume on the wind,
> Save one last, lonely ray.
> * * * * *
> Spring will return to earth."

On approaching the church from the fields, no one would suspect the existence of an ecclesiastical edifice, the site being so flanked and defended by trees. The building wears a piecemeal appearance, as though it had been formed by the junction of three or four old houses. The original portions of the building are somewhat ancient, bearing traces of both the Tudor and perpendicular styles, here and there disguised by the alterations and repairs of more modern architects, the bulk of these alteratious (including a handsome new porch) having been effected some three or four years ago. The porch is decorated with small stained glass windows; and a poor's box is there fixed, which by its bright and clean appearance puts a negative upon the facetious satire I have somewhere heard—namely, that charity boxes are the safest sanctuary for the spider to take shelter in to avoid intrusion. The interior of the church consists of a nave, chancel, and side aisles, formed by two rows of pillars and arches. The east window is of modern stained glass, bearing the royal and episcopal arms; at the west end is a gallery with an organ of tolerably good tone and quality, and small galleries over the north and south aisles are among the latest improvements. The organ was presented by the late Sir H. Wakeman, but there is no available fund out of which to repair it or to pay the organist, who, therefore, together with a female singer (the only paid one), is remunerated by subscription. A new stone font stands at

he west end of the church; but there is a basin on a pedestal standing by the north-west pillar of the chancel. In this same pillar is an ancient piscina (or recess used by the officiating priests, wherein to wash their hands when engaged in the services); it is probably as ancient as 9 Henry V, when Helena and John Frogmore gave two parcels of land in Northwick for the maintenance in Claines church of a chantry to the Virgin. I observed no monumental remains worthy of note in the interior; near the north window of the chancel aisle once lay the stone figure of John Porter, who formerly occupied and gave the name to "Porter's Mills," in this parish; this effigy is now removed to the outside, and instead of being on its back is placed on its side, and besides this, is robbed of a leg and hands; the carving is good, especially of the cap. The inscription conveys a most equivocal compliment—"John Porter, which was a lawyer, 1577." Perhaps it may have been the fact of Mr. Porter being a lawyer that induced the authorities to turn his effigy out of the church, during the progress of certain repairs, and to make him do penance by lying on his side under the drippings of the roof; the gentleman however seemed to have been almost prophetic on this very point while writing the epitaph which was formerly placed over the figure, for the first line of the couplet selected was—

"Omnia transibunt—nos ibimus, ibitis, ibunt."

For my own part I do not believe that Mr. Porter or any one else would have sustained much disadvantage by burial in the grave-yard, instead of the church interior. There is something pleasant in the idea that the little hillock which is one day to cover us shall be kissed by the sunbeam, and covered with flowers; that happy infancy shall pluck therefrom its daisies, and the wayfarer stop to bestow a kind thought upon him who sleeps below. I would say, in the words ascribed to Saint Swithin—

"Pile not the marble
Upon me when dead,
The wide vault of heaven
Alone be o'erspread;
Where the rain wets the turf
Be my narrow house made—
Where the passenger walks
Let my ashes be laid."

In the churchyard, near the principal north entrance, is a fine specimen of *antiquæ reliquaiæ*, in the parish stocks; it is presided over by a still greater piece of antiquity, namely, a very venerable but now decaying yew, apparently six or seven centuries old. The position of the stocks being about midway between the church and the alehouse which stands in the yard, is, I dare say, meant as an admonition to the rustics, and intended to "give them pause" in passing from the one to the other, to beware lest they "put their foot in it." As however this machine appears to be never brought into requisition (the Sunday wakes being almost suppressed here), I would advise the authorities to bargain for the sale of it to the Worcester bench of magistrates, who now, for the lack of such an hold-fast on the *understandings* of the subject are constantly compelled to dismiss without punishment drunkards and disorderlies who may happen to possess no cash; the act (a very old one) prescribing only the stocks as the alternative in case of non-payment of fine. The grave-yard, which is interseeted by paths like divergent rays from all points, contains but little that is remarkable: there is an old arched stone to one Nicholas Tindal, of the date of 1741; and there is likewise a stone over the remains of Richard Stephens, sometime blacksmith, of Lowesmoor Wharf, who either begged, borrowed, or stole the following epitaph:—

"His sledge and hammer he's declined,
His bellows too has lost its wind,
His fire's extinct, his forge decayed,
And in the dust his vice is laid;
His coal is spent, his iron's gone,
His nails are drove, his work is done."

As I remember to have read this piquant effusion in my youth, a long time ago, and as Richard Stephens did not give up the ghost till 1831, it is more than probable that in this, the last act of his life, he was guilty of literary piracy; a crime one can afford to forgive in a blacksmith;—may he be safe from the enraged shade of the poor author he defrauded! The churchyard seems to be very full of bodies. I suppose it has been the burial-place of this very large parish ever since 1408, at which time, after divers controversies at the court of Rome as to whether the dead should be buried here or at Worcester Cathedral, it was agreed on all sides that the parishioners should bury the dead here, on paying 6*s.* 8*d.* yearly, on the feast of the Trinity, to the prior of Worcester.

The stoves were crackling and burning brightly and the sunbeams were streaming through the windows, the seat-doors stood invitingly open, exhibiting comfortable green-baized and cushioned interiors, and all things wore a neat and clean appearance, as I entered and introduced myself to the female sexton; the lady politely essayed to put me in one of the three immense pews (or rather rooms) which I was told belonged to Sir O. Wakeman, the lord of the manor. Notwithstanding her assurance that there would be abundance of room, as no one scarcely ever came there, I preferred to select a more humble sitting, of about nine inches by twelve, than to flounder about, a conspicuous object, in one of as many feet. By and bye the "lord"

entered, and took his seat in the principal drawing-room, which, with the other two seats, forms nearly one-eighth of the whole ground accommodation of the church, and all this for a single man, a bachelor, and one who rarely brings with him a crowd of relatives or visitors to lounge upon these fifty feet of cushion. No wonder that a parish of 6,000 inhabitants were shockingly squeezed by this arrangement, and that a large number of them were consequently pushed up underneath the roof, and deposited in little galleries; I am not aware, but of course the expense of erecting these galleries ought to have fallen upon the "lord." In addition to all this display of occupancy, there is a large stove placed just in front of the communion rails, in such a position as to prevent the approach of but a very limited number of communicants to the table. Surely, if the religion of some men consists in pushing others "from their stools," it is tolerably clear that if the kingdom of heaven itself were to be purchased, the presence of the poor man would not be tolerated there. Alas, for the poor! alas, for the proud! I trust that the gentleman with whom I am now taking such liberties will think of these things, and if he despise my reproof, let him read the following; it is from the pen of a man (Douglas Jerrold), whom I love for his kind feeling to the poor, though he and I have but little else in common:—

"Look down the middle aisle. It is filled with common people—with God's commonest earth: farming men, labourers, artizans; the dredges of the world, who are nevertheless told by the good man in the pulpit that they have—every one—within them, an immortal angel. They are assured that all wealth is vanity; they are directed to look upon pride and arrogance as deadly sins; and with these lovely precepts touching their heartstrings, they look on each side and see the ladies and gentlemen—called by the clergyman their fellow-creatures, shut up in pews, set apart in closets: as, though in the presence of their Maker, and while denouncing themselves miserable sinners, they would vindicate their right of money, and buy of heaven itself the privilege of first consideration. Poverty and humbleness of station may sit upon the middle benches: but wealth and what is mouthed for respectability must have cribs apart for themselves—must be considered christian jewels to be kept in velvet boxes—lest they should catch the disease of lowliness by contact with the vulgar. Surely there are more masquerades than masquerades in halls and playhouses. For are there not Sabbath maskings, with naked faces for masks? How many a man has rolled himself to church, as though, like Elijah, he must go even to heaven in a carriage?"

The services were performed by the perpetual curate in a solemn and deliberate manner; the singing was tolerably well-managed, and the congregation were generally attentive; but I have to complain of several late comers, as likewise of the practice adopted by some young men here of standing up and leaning over the seats when the rest of the people are at prayers. A church is not properly a place for lounging or quizzing; and hence I suppose arose the large red curtains with which a certain respectable lady from an adjoining seminary has entirely encompassed and shut in her young pupils from the rude gaze of mankind. This Turkish custom, I fear, must be extended if young men will persist in entering our churches with unworthy motives. But, on the other hand, the ladies have somewhat to blame themselves for; they too often assume the properties of the magnet by their flaunting ribbons, their rich satins and velvets; and I feel assured that the beauty of the ladies of Claines requires no such allies to produce conquests. Of all the follies that can be fairly placed to the charge of the human race — and, heaven knows, they are as thick as gnats in a summer sunbeam—none can be laid to more people's doors than the pride and fancifulness of the judgment in adorning, to say nothing of covering, one's outer scaffolding, the body. But when these extravagancies and follies are introduced even into the temple, 'tis not strange that, by such wooing, man becomes fallen a second time, for, as an old satirist observes—

"When such a she-priest comes her mass to say,
Twenty to one they all forget to pray."

Claines church, it seems, is a favourite spot—a sort of "St. George's, Hanover-square," with the ladies of this neighbourhood, by whom it is very frequently selected for the performance of a ceremony which the generality of the sex hope to have administered at least once in their lives on their own account. A maiden lady (who by the bye had traversed the earth's orbit about fifty times) once informed me that it was but natural for people to seek retired spots to hide their follies; but I feel confident that younger females see, in the seclusion of Claines, something far different from this—their bright eyes see and feel a poetic beauty, and withal a congeniality of position for those who, stepping forth from the crowded ranks of society, plight their mutual vows before the altar of the church, in the calmness and quietude of rural shades. There was a matter of ten or a dozen couples "asked in church" on the occasion of my visit, and I believe that during the ministry of a former curate (who benevolently put all kinds of facilities in the way of young sweethearts) the average was nearly double that of the

present time. No wonder then that with this amount of business on the hands of the ringers, and the constant excuses the fraternity will make for the exercise of their vocation, the ears of the villagers are dinned perpetually; and no wonder that one of the bells, wearied with so much babbling on marriages, like a vain coquette, is at last grown old, cracked, and unfit for service. Times are much altered here since the period (1288) when William Canning (who was five times mayor of Bristol) assumed holy orders at Northwick, in this parish, actually to avoid a marriage in which king Edward had wished him to become one of the principals.

After hearing an admirable, christian-like, charitable sermon, on the civil, social, and religious position of this country, as likened to the vineyard in which the master gathered wild grapes, and having watched the church-goers divide into groups, dispersing hither and thither across the fields and lanes, and the boys' and girls' schools, trimly and uniformly dressed, headed by their teachers, marching to their seat of learning, I also turned on my heel, and walked leisurely homeward.

The bulk of the great tithes of this parish formerly belonged to St. Wulstan's Hospital, but Henry VIII appropriated them to Christ Church, Oxford. The monastery of the White Ladies originally received the small tithes, and the priest of St. Swithin's, in this city, also received certain of them, as ghostly father of the nuns. The minister of St. Swithin's, I believe, still continues to receive this emolument, although, of course, his "ghostly fathership" has been for many years a sinecure. As a portion of the income of the sisterhood was formerly devoted to the repairs of the chancel of Claines Church, I cannot, therefore, help thinking that, as that institution is now suppressed, the proceeds of the "ghostly fathership" should be applied in the aforesaid repairs; or it may very usefully form an addition to the income of the perpetual curate of Claines, and would thus fulfil a far more legitimate purpose than that of enriching a clergyman who has nothing to do with the parish; for I understand that the whole stated income of the present curate of Claines is but 27*l.* derived from the lay impropriator, augmented by a grant from Queen Anne's bounty, which was laid out in the purchase of land, added to his surplus fees, &c., which perhaps raise the whole to 180*l.*—a small sum indeed for a perpetual curacy in so extensive a parish, where I believe that the benevolence of the clergyman results in the distribution of a large portion of his income for charitable purposes. Latimer, in speaking of the clergy, says—"They have great labours, and therefore they ought to have good livings, that they may commodiously feed their flocks; for the preaching of the word of God unto the people is called meat. Scripture calleth it meat, not strawberries, that come but once a yeare, and tarry not long, but are soone gone; but it is meat and no dainties. The people must have meat that must be familiar and continuall, and daily given unto them to feed upon. Many make a strawberry of it, ministring it but once a yeare, but such do not the office of good prelates. For Christ saith: *Quis putas est servus prudens et fidelis, qui dat cibum in tempore.* Who think ye is a wise and faithful servant? he that giveth meat in due time so that he must at all times convenient search diligently."

The parish of Claines was originally a chapelry to St. Helen's, in this city; it was divided into several hamlets or tythings, including the ancient manor of Northwick, and the church was called the church of Northwick, though situated in the hamlet of Claines. In 1218 Claines became a separate parish. It appears that the late Sir H. Wakeman bought the advowson of this benefice of Christ Church College, pending a suit then in the exchequer, and the issue of which was so successful that the baronet is presumed to have made a "nice thing of it." I hope some day to be enabled to attack, if not diminish, this monstrous evil of lay patronage and lay money-dabbling in religious matters, which, like a cancer in the bosom of the church, will spread to her final destruction, if the lancet be not speedily and unsparingly applied.

There are said to be, near the church, existing traces of the foundation of an old parsonage-house, which house is said to have been standing within living memory, but the patron has not thought it worth his while to restore it, although the present curate, in consequence, lives in a house which, I should say, judging from its size, costs him an annual rental of some £70, or £80. So that, it would seem, the patron is determined to make the unfortunate curate literally fulfil the apostolic doctrine of "spending and being spent" among his parishioners; and how he would fare, were it not for the proceeds of another living, it would not be difficult to foresee.

I am happy to hear that the allotment system and provident clubs are in useful operation in this parish, under the care of Mr. Curtlet, Mr. Gutch, and Mr. Palmer, the perpetual curate, whose exertions in amelioratin: the condition of the poor, and educating their children, are well backed and supported by two or three active and benevolent ladies. The plan of allotments in particular works well; the rentals being punctually paid. One of the regulations

enjoins on the tenants the necessity of attending some place of divine worship. There are upwards of thirty allotments. I have been informed, though I am reluctant to believe it, that the two principal landowners in the parish not only give no assistance to the benevolent scheme, but that—what makes the matter truly unintelligible—one of these gentlemen occasionally presides at the meetings of the committee; and urges, as an excuse, that he cannot let them any of his land without offending the farmers! A pretty specimen, forsooth, of independence and liberality combined!

Among the charitable donations left from time to time in this parish are the following:—Edward Thomas, gent., 1656, left, £50 to remain as stock for ever, to place out poor children as apprentices; and in connection with his gift, I should think it is a singular instance, unprecedented in any other part of the kingdom, that there is now in hand a large sum of this stock unapplied, for lack of candidates. I am informed, however, that this is not attributable to a want of publicity, as the matter has been advertised. In a large parish like Claines, one would think there were hundreds of poor children whose parents would be delighted with such an opportunity of benefiting them. I hope this will answer the purpose of an advertisement to such persons. For myself having accidentally heard of this state of things, I shall not fail to stop every poor person I may henceforth happen to meet in the street, and if they chance to have children answering the description required, post them off immediately to the churchwardens of Claines, to whom I wish much joy for their extra labours during the next three months. Among the remaining charities are—Mr. Charles Evans, £10; interest to be given to old bachelors and maids on St. John's day; and the rev. T. Cooke £21, interest to purchase gowns and coats for poor men and women, to be marked.

C.
T. M.

The reflecting mind revolts at this unfeeling attempt to level poverty with crime, by putting on a badge approximating to that (the only one that can be excused) of the

R. V.

on the county rogues and vagabonds. The offence to my feelings is still greater from the fact of the donor having made such unworthiness the means of perpetuating his initials to posterity;—and from a *clergyman*, too, whose sacred profession should have taught him to remember—

"Who builds a church to God and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name."

The intention of the donor, however, is frustrated, inasmuch as the initials have long ceased to be attached to the garments. But I must here pause, and close my notice of the parish of Claines—a locality which has on the whole afforded me, in my brief rambling, far more of pain than pleasure. In my next paper I shall take the reader to the neighbourhood of royalty.—*Worcestershire Chronicle.*

THE FALL OF THE NAN SOUNG.

To paint contemporary manners, so effectively accomplished by Cervantes, Le Sage, Smollett, and Fielding, a familiar acquaintance with the characters described, and with their manners and customs, is of the utmost importance;—hence the faults and incongruities that are observable in Mr. Lymburner's historical Chinese romance. For a work of fiction, China is no doubt what the author conceived—an unhackneyed field; but he lost sight of the difficulties that would naturally beset him from an incomplete knowledge of manners and customs. The feelings and sentiments of the persons are, as might be imagined, rather those of Europe in masquerade than true Chinese; and there is a felt if not a visible incongruity, inasmuch as the scene is laid in a remote period, and the hard copies seem taken from the present day. Mr. Lymburner appears to have some power in working up an effective incident—though the best things in this way are not exactly accordant with present notions of English propriety; consisting of scenes with a courtesan, and in a Tartar's harem, where impending violence seems threatening one of the heroines, who has been forcibly carried off. The book also exhibits great pains in collecting the materials; but the author wants the fire necessary to sublimate his matter, and the imagination to endow it with wholeness and vitality. The hard style and barbarous forms on china are easily enough imitated, but the porcelain itself is another affair.

The downfall of the branch of the dynasty of Soung, which is the historical subject of the book, took place in the last half of the thirteenth century of our era; when the Tartar monarch, Kublai Khan, assisted by the corrupt and disorganised state of the Chinese empire, and the treachery, cowardice, and incapacity of the prime minister, Kyatsetao, was enabled to overthrow it. The first heroine, Luseynah, is a daughter of Luseufu, a rival of Kyatsetao; the hero, Tkanghia, a military mandarin, whom the chief minister would corrupt to gain. The elements of difficulty, which the unscrupulous arts of Kyatsetao

create, are further increased by the abduction of Luseynah and her friend by the minister of Kublai, their presentation to the monarch himself, and their rescue by Tkanghia and a Mogul friend, who have reciprocally saved each other's lives and vowed an eternal friendship. We suppose that a double marriage will finally wind up all. Mr. Lymburner has sufficient confidence in his Chinese readings to suppose that they may possibly sustain six volumes; though the real points of the tale might in skilful hands have been presented in one volume, and the climax is clearly touched already.

As an example of Mr. Lymburner's vigorous style of description, we extract a scene from a night attack, when Leeyunnian, the courtesan, forsaken by the hero, has leagued with the Tartars to betray the city, and drawn the minister, Luseufu, into a tower under pretence of giving him information:

"'Treason!' shouted Luseufu, 'worthy inspector of the fourth hien, hither. Treason! treason! guards! assistance!' 'Treason! treason!' from tower to tower, round the walls, from bridge to bridge, from sentry to sentry, the ill-omened words sped. Innumerable gongs responded to the cry, and summoned the military from their quarters to their posts. Across the Sihu the echoes sped, and bid the fisherman forsake his net and line. The terror-stricken citizen leaped from his bed, and prostrated himself before his household divinity; and brighter burned the fire on the summit of the tower, as though the flames knew the object for which they had been kindled, and sought to leap to heaven before witnessing the acts of fiends in human garb. Luseufu, approaching the exterior parapet, gazed below. With deafening shouts, a mass of Tatar cavalry dashed to the brink of the ditch, that, deep and full of water, surrounded the town. The stone bridge that formerly spanned it in this quarter had been removed, and a wooden draw-bridge substituted in its place. This was raised at night, and its keys intrusted to a Chifu. But treason had obviated this difficulty. Some barges lay moored together, and offered a passage to the assailants; who, dismounting, hastened to the attack, whilst some of their comrades commenced casting fascines and bags of sand into the water, so as to form another and a broader passage; whilst others, in mere wanton fury, discharged their arrows at the battlements. A ladder was already fixed against the wall, already its lower rounds were crowded, when Luseufu grasped it and hurled it below. Down it fell, crushing and wounding some score of assailants; whilst from the crowd burst forth a simultaneous cry of surprise and passion, that drowned the agonising cry of the maimed wretches, who were instantly trodden under foot. Supposing the ladder's fall to have been the effect of accident, another was immediately raised in its place; and was so instantaneously crowded, that the weight upon it was too great for, and defied the exertions of, the minister. 'Oh, Tyen!' he cried, as he passed his sleeve across his brow, and wiped the damp that his exertions as much as his agitation had gathered there; 'is there not left one single blast in the arsenal of the winds, such as hurled the presumptuous Mangu down from the walls of Hocheyu? Ah! these,' he continued, as his eye fell upon one of the heaps of stones we have already said were gathered on the walls to meet similar emergencies with the present. Seizing a mass of rock, he bore it to the verge of the wall, poised it an instant over the ladder, crowded to its topmost round, and then hurled the missive down. If from a vessel beleagured by the storm, the mariner were to cast a pebble amid the waters, it would no more subdue their menacing crests, than could that momentary check still the fury of the Tatar host. Another and another ladder was raised. Regardless of the missives that flew past him, unconscious even that he was wounded, Luseufu still endeavoured to defend the wall. His exertions were vain. The foremost of the enemy had already gained the ramparts, and rushed upon the defenceless minister, designing to sacrifice him to the manes of his numerous comrades who lay below slaughtered by his single hand: but his hour was not come; succour was at hand. Though it has occupied us a considerable time to describe, yet from the moment of the attack but a few minutes had elapsed. Kaohe, the instant he had heard of the alarm, had hurried to the gateway; where, for some short time, he vainly sought the stairs to ascend the wall; for no sooner had the minister's attendant heard the notes of war, than he prudently fled. Having at last found the steps, the inspector, followed by his little troop, hastily sprang up them, and with loud cries of 'Ouang-soue, ten thousand years!' precipitated themselves upon the foe, who for a moment recoiled before their vigorous attack; but presently, thrust forward by those who crowded upon them from behind, and ashamed of yielding to such a handful of opponents, they rushed upon the gallant little band. Kaohe, with all his faults, was no coward. Perhaps courage was the only redeeming virtue he might have offered in extenuation of many a peccadillo. In his one person seemed to reside a little host. By his words and actions well he proved this was not the first occasion in which his right hand had distinguished itself. Now with a wave of his sabre he cut down a stalwart opponent,

or interposed his blade to defend some comrade, less inured to such rude encounters. Now he yelled forth the battle-cry, or some insult to his enemies, that neither they nor his friends comprehended, from its being uttered in the Fokien dialect. 'Minister,' he said to Luseufu, who had provided himself with a weapon, and at whose side he found himself during a momentary pause in the conflict, occasioned by the surprise, amounting almost to superstitious fear, with which the Tatars had beheld the effects of one of his blows, that separated the head from one and the arm from another of their comrades—'Minister, had I now with me the ship's crew with which I traversed the Eastern Ocean, this fight would have a different conclusion. But every drop of our blood must be diluted by a gallon from the veins of these fish-skin-defended devils.' One half of the party were down, and several of the survivors were so desperately wounded as scarcely to be able to raise their weapons. Despair had fastened on the hearts of all but the master spirit of the fight, when, above the uproar, rose the loud clear cry of 'Ouang-soue,' proceeding from a party of soldiery, hastily collected from the neighbouring towers, and who, animated by their officers, advanced along the ramparts, waving their sabres and with their spears in rest. With a desperate effort, Luseufeu, Kaohe, and all that remained of his band, fought their way through the crowd that separated them from their friends; who, fortunately, recognised their accoutrements in time not to stain their weapons with their blood. The part he had had in the fight had but excited the ardour of Kaohe; who placed himself in the foremost of the ranks that bore down upon the Tatars. The contest for some time continued breast to breast, sabre to sabre; but reinforcements momentarily arriving to the assistance of the Chinese, these last succeeded in driving from off their walls the last of the enemy who had planted their feet upon them, excepting a few for whose retreat the door of the gate-tower had been opened, and who endeavoured to defend themselves with what missiles came to hand. Their resistance was not for long. The lower story, into which the Chinese forced their way, was filled with faggots that were speedily ignited. With yells and screams the wretched Tatars prayed for mercy, and then sank suffocated in the smoke, or sought a less miserable death by leaping from the tower, amid the jeers of the conquering spectators: but one falling object caused the latter a momentary surprise, for it seemed habited in female vestments; and on the following morning, when the bodies of the dead were removed from the fosse, among them was the corpse of a woman."

A DAY'S EXCURSION IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

It would not be easy to give a correct idea of a Newfoundland fishing village. Village! the word calls up visions of quiet hamlets embosomed in trees. We see cottages, each with its little garden, from which floats upwards a scent of wall-flowers and stocks. The women are working at their open doors; the children are rolling on the green, or sailing their boats in the willow-shaded pond, or swinging in the old elm near the church. The church itself is half hidden by two or three dark yew-trees, that throw deep shadows over the daisied graves about them; and there is a winding walk that leads to the very gate of the pretty parsonage. The old manor-house is near, with its noisy rookery and its rich woods, from whose shades flows forth all day a stream of merry song; and far away are yet statelier mansions and broader parks.

Far other is the scene presented by a so-called village on the coast of Newfoundland. A few low wooden huts perched here and there among the rocks, with a rude path of communication between them; a small, plain church, also of wood; and a building, generally of more pretension, surmounted by a small cross, the Roman Catholic chapel—such are its component parts. No flowers; no gardens, save here and there a patch of potatoes; no parsonage, for a clergyman comes from a distance to perform divine service on a Sunday.

Tier above tier along the coast, supported by fir-poles fixed in the rock, are stages on which the salted fish is spread to dry. The scent arising from these is an antidote to all romance. The "breath of the sweet south," blowing fresh from the waters, passes over the "cod-flakes," and becomes tainted with the sickening odour. Even at a considerable distance from the shore the same annoyance is felt, poisoning the pure air of heaven. There are other horrors of a similar description connected with the fisheries, but I pass them by with a shudder.

The bare-footed children, lying among the stone, raise their unwashed faces to watch the stranger with looks of stupid wonder. The women, if it be summer, sit basking in the sun; few, alas! great as the need may be, with needle in hand.

Their talk is of seals and cod-fish, of hauling and jigging; and their jargon generally betrays an Irish origin. All this is little cheerful, but there is a sadness induced by the silence of nature in the scenery of Newfoundland, that none that have not felt it can understand. You may pause again and again as you wander among the stunted woods, and strain your ear to hear the voice of a bird,

gift to the young, this pretty little volume will prove highly acceptable. The fables, each with a moral at the end, are prettily written, and are well calculated to interest the youthful mind. Flowers and birds are the subjects, and prettily they are illustrated. Kenny Meadows has had a finger in it, and, as usual, has evinced his artistic powers in the designs. As a specimen of the composition, we extract:

THE COWSLIP AND DAISY.

A cowslip raised its golden head,
And to a simple daisy said,—
"Why, foolish flower, tell, tell me why
To common earth you grow so nigh?
Your spirit show; begin to soar,
And bend to humble dust no more."
"Proud thing!" the daisy then replied,
"Your folly, sure, must be decried;
For none e'en of the mortal race,
Whate'er their pride of purse or face,
But still return again to dust:
And we, vain boaster—yes, we must
To deadly fate be made a prey,
And fall to earth as well as they!
Besides, you silly witless elf,
'Tis earth supports your very self.
Then why, ingrate, should you contend
Against your best, your dearest friend?
But for that earth you 'common' call,
You'd droop and die, your leaves would fall;
The blasting winds would nip your head;
The scorching sun would strike you dead
And but for our common parent earth,
You ne'er had flourished into birth!"
Then give your praise, where most 'tis due,
Nor leave old friends to look for new.

The Gatherer.

The late Colonel Gurwood.—A friend called on this unfortunate gentleman almost immediately before his death, and found him much deranged. He was told by the colonel that he had just burnt many volumes of correspondence of a miscellaneous character, which he had long carefully preserved. "You must be mad," said his visitor, "for a bookseller would have given you £5,000 for what you have reduced to ashes." "I," said he, "shall never want it." "Do you then mean to commit suicide?" inquired his friend. "No," replied the colonel. He added, such an act was far from his thoughts, as he deemed it criminal in the eye of God. They parted thus, and the fatal deed was soon after committed.

Remarkable Wills.—It is not generally known that the last wills of Shakspeare, Milton, and Buonaparte, are tied up in one sheet of foolscap, and may be seen together at Doctor's Commons. In the will of the bard of Avon is an interlineation in his own hand-writing. "I give unto my wife my brown best bed with the furniture."

Second sight believed in by Lord Erskine.—The late Lord Erskine used to tell the following story. When I was a very young man, I had been for some time absent from Scotland. On the morning of my arrival in Edinburgh, as I was descending the steps of a close, on coming out from a bookseller's shop, I met our old family butler. He looked greatly changed, pale, wan, and shadowy, as a ghost. 'Eh! old boy,' I said, 'what brings you here?' He replied. 'To meet your honour, and solicit your interference with my lord, to recover a sum due to me, which the steward, at our last settlement, did not pay.' Struck by his looks and manner, I bade him follow me to the bookseller's, into whose shop I stepped back; but when I turned round to speak to him, he had vanished. I remembered that his wife carried on some little trade in the old town. I remembered even the house and the flat she occupied, which I had often visited in my childhood. Having made it out, I found the old woman in widow's mourning. Her husband had been dead for some months; and had told her on his death-bed, that my father's steward had wronged him of some money, but that when Master Tom returned, he would see her righted. This I promised to do, and shortly after fulfilled my promise. The impression was indelible; and I am extremely cautious how I deny the possibility of such supernatural visitings as those which your grace has just instanced in your own family."

Death of a Literary Veteran.—The Rev. H. J. Todd, editor of Milton's Works and of Johnson's Dictionary, died on the 24th of December last, in his eighty-third year. He began his career in literature in 1793; in 1812 he published the History of the College of Bonhommes, at Ashbridge, in Buckinghamshire; in 1818, a new edition, in 5 vols. quarto, of Johnson's Dictionary; His last work was a Life of Cranmer.

Hindoo Notions.—There are said to be 35,000,000 hairs in the human body; and it is declared by Hindoo sages that the woman who ascends the pile with her husband will remain so many years in heaven—as the snake catcher draws the serpent from its hole, so she, rescuing her husband (from hell) rejoiceth with him—the woman who expires on the funeral pile with her husband purifies the family of her mother, her father, and her husband; if the husband be a Bramhunicide, an ungrateful person, or the murderer of his friend, the wife, by burning with him, purifies away his sins.

The Ocean.—What sepulchre so sublime as the mighty ocean, with its unimagined wonders and sunless treasures, its ever-rolling billows above and its boundless floors below, tesselated with spars and shells, crystal and sea-weed!—*Horace Smith.*

H.A. Burstall, Printer, 2, Tavistock-street, Strand.

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THE HORSE-GUARDS AND ST. JAMES'S PARK.

We have given a view of the eastern extremity of St. James's Park. The antiquarian will perceive no small difference between the buildings now found there and the old Horse Guards, as represented in the ancient illustrations of London.

The structure now known by that name is of modern erection. It consists of a centre surmounted by a cupola, and two wings. Beneath the former there is an archway leading from Whitehall into the Park. Through this the sovereign usually passes to the House of Peers on state occasions. In front of the street two sentinels are constantly on duty.

Melbourne House, built by Sir Matthew Featherstonehaugh, joins the Horse Guards. It was purchased by Lord Melbourne, who exchanged it with the Duke of York for York House, in Piccadilly. His royal highness added the fronts and the dome portico. Its aspect from the street is not a little sombre. It gives the spectator at once the idea of a mausoleum, and we see it has been pretty accurately copied by the Western Cemetery. After the Duke of York went to reside in Portman-square, the mansion again passed into the hands of Lord Melbourne.

It is in front of the centre of the Horse Guards that the "Prince Regent's Bomb" is placed. This enormous piece of ordnance is an object of great attention to all the curious. It is interesting as a trophy of war, as well as on account of its extraordinary size. George IV, then Prince Regent, caused it to be exhibited here, and it was first thrown open to the public gaze on his birthday in the year 1816. It was taken during the Peninsular war. The French had besieged Cadiz, but were foiled in the year 1812; and when they withdrew, this mortar was spiked and left behind. The Cortes, grateful for English assistance, presented the gun to the Prince Regent, who acknowledged the compliment by giving it the conspicuous place it now occupies on the parade in St. James's Park.

It is not our present purpose to describe the Park generally; but it may be re-

marked, *en passant*, that on every side the changes it has known are as great as those at which we have hinted at the Horse Guards. Twenty years ago it presented within the fence but a broad field and a straight ditch. The present beautiful disposition was made by Mr. David Ramsey, the celebrated landscape gardener of Brompton. Before it was such as he found it, important alterations were made, probably to meet the Dutch taste of William III. When the grand improvements were effected in the time of Charles II, there was a hill or rising ground, and this was surrounded by fruit trees. Thus Waller, after describing the animals which then adorned the Park, paints the scene as being

"All with a border of rich fruit trees crown'd,
Whose loaded branches hide the lofty mound."

It was not intended to offer merely a promenade; at least the anticipations of the bard pointed to

"The gallants dancing by the river's side;
They *bath* in summer, and in winter slide."

Gilded barges, too, were to move on its surface: and while the gentlemen were bathing, the poet hoped to see

"The ladies angling in the chrystal lake,
Feast on the waters with the prey they take."

THE SMUGGLER OF FOLKSTONE.

A TALE OF TRUTH AND FICTION.

BY EDWARD PORTWINE.

CHAPTER XIX.

In the chamber of All Nations, sat seventy-three tall, stalwart men, dressed in blue jackets, striped shirts, loose blue trousers, low shoes, a blue handkerchief tied loosely around their neck, while a mask that reached just below the eyes completely veiled them from mortal recognition. In the chamber sat these outlaws like statues, facing each other. The room was a parallelogram, with a table reaching from the top to the bottom. At the head of this band sat Cumlin, unmasked, dressed similar to the men, but his sailor's habit was distinguished by its fineness of texture, and the exactitude of its fit. His cap was after the fashion of the Greeks, drooping on one side. A massive gold chain surrounded his neck, joined on his breast with a costly brilliant. Motionless as marble sat these men, while thirty others were perceived standing at the bottom of the room, silent, sad, and sorrowful.

When the door opened through which James Waldron passed, he perceived all we have related in mute astonishment. He regarded the mysterious man in his elegant costume and decorations with surprise. Never had he conceived that Cumlin, the suspected smuggler, could have appeared in such an elegant dress; and never had he before perceived the dignity, amounting to austerity, which now characterised his bearing. The smuggler's eyes glittered with pride and scorn; it was evident his nature had been chafed, for there was stern command written on every lineament of his manly features. We have frequently remarked that his deep musical voice, and its effect on the auditory, while uttering his commands, was great. No imaginary pirate of the Grecian isles could look his character better than Cumlin on this occasion, as he demanded "Whom Henry Gettings introduced into the chamber of All Nations?"

"Noble captain, I introduce to you and this band an early friend of my youth—a man in stature and in soul—one who will be as true as steel." Here a hundred daggers leaped from a hundred bosoms, and were brandished aloft above the masked heads. "Who will feel as we feel, act as we act, with truth, honour, and fidelity."

"His name?" demanded the stern voice of the chairman.

"James Waldron."

The daggers were again elevated, and thrice each was clashed against his neighbour, which produced a singular effect on Waldron.

"Does James Waldron desire to take our oaths, and enter this band of brave men?" demanded the same speaker. "Let him answer."

"I do," replied Waldron, firmly.

"Administer the oaths, Lieutenant Henry Gettings."

Gettings conducted Waldron to the table, and then placing a dagger whose hilt gleamed with jewels in his hand, he dictated the oath in the following terms:

"You swear before God and this band to aid and assist the captain in all enterprises on which he demands your services, without question or comment; that you will be faithful to this fraternity in prosperity or adversity, to the extent of your powers mental or physical; that you will never breathe or utter the name or names of your comrades out of the chamber of All Nations; that should you, in the execution of your duty as commanded by the captain, meet resistance, you are to oppose such resistance by every means in your power, even unto death; that you swear to hate and oppose the revenue laws, to circumvent the officers employed to enforce these laws, that you will buy and vend all produce of other countries, without the payment of duties; that you will aid with money the unfortunates of this band who may become disabled in the service; that you will aid with money and your influ-

ence all survivors of this band whose relations may fall in the performance of their several duties; that you will aid and assist every human being in distress, either by sea or land, and rescue them from peril, without reference to creed, colour, or country; and all these things you swear to regard as sacred, so help your God, our captain, and this band."

James listened to this strange oath in silence, resolved to question nothing, but to swear as directed. When, therefore, Lieutenant Henry Gettings concluded, he said, in a loud, clear voice: "I swear to observe all these things."

The lieutenant then pronounced, with solemnity: "He swears."

The captain then rose from his seat. The band rose also, and he pronounced after his lieutenant: "Men of All Nations, he swears."

Instantly the whole assembly re-echoed the captain's words, and again the daggers met in collision three times. The men then sank again to their seats.

Waldron was conducted to the upper part of the table, and offered a seat near the chairman, who observed the same rigid demeanour, without recognising James from any other member of the band.

The captain then vociferated: "Men of All Nations, unmask."

In a moment, every man's face was opened to the inspection of Waldron and each other. James gazed on in wonder and amazement. There were faces amongst that body known to him from his infancy —men of substance, of approved probity, honour, and honesty. The first person he glanced his eye on was the worshipful the mayor, next on his own uncle, then on Hamish; he almost expected to see his excellent friend Poynder—but no, Edmund was not there. He no longer doubted the success of the bold Cumlin; he no longer wondered at the constant defeat of the revenue officers. For some time not a word was spoken by any one; James was suffered to gaze at will on all around; and, as his eye travelled down that long table, he was more and more amazed at what he saw. Here then was the key to the success and reputed wealth of half the townspeople, while the means of subsistence to the others who never appeared to labour excepting at fishing was no longer a problem. He smiled and nodded, now to one, then to another, until he fairly saluted almost every person present, and then waited for fresh revelations.

The gentlemen thus recognised bowed and smiled in return in James, while the captain rose and thus addressed the band:

"Bold smugglers! This night has witnessed the infliction of punishment on thirty of our band, who have deservedly incurred a deeper degradation. It also has been a witness to the initiation of a brave and good man, Mr. James Waldron (hear hear.) In consideration of this fortunate circumstance, I shall remit the further punishment of these oath-breakers; and as I desire that Mr. Waldron should be received with good feeling and confidence, I will teach these men that I know how to punish as well as when to be lenient. Men, to your seats."

The last sentence, directed to the thirty delinquents, was obeyed with smiling alacrity and with evident gratitude. Cumlin then continued: "We may now inform our new member that our laws are short and simple. Most of the orders are communicated through our lieutenant, whose verbal or written communication must be attended to respecting all business. That every member who desires can become an owner of boats and stock, advancing as much capital as he can risk, and receiving an adequate share of profit, and bearing a proportion of the expenses incurred. That those who do not risk any capital, but give their services, are paid a weekly salary by our lieutenant during good behaviour. I had intended to suspend the thirty men for a month; but when I consider how their wives and families would suffer, and how they would feel who have generally acted correctly, I cannot find it in my heart to inflict pain. While I own this, let no man presume on my forbearance, and transgress again. While, therefore, I can forgive for such offences, I know how to be severe when on duty, and then I experience no remorse. I have no feeling—no heart." Here a shudder ran through the band. "When the capital raised is not sufficient to send into other climes for goods, then in that case my lieutenant makes up the required sum (Bravo, brave captain). By this means we trade with the whole world, and defy the execrable laws (hear, hear), and the very men who affect to hate us most, encourage the band in the most effectual manner. Thus Mr. Waldron can perceive that he can choose through the lieutenant what standing he desires to attain, and the position he wishes shall be accorded to him."

Great applause followed this speech, during which the captain regained his seat. He gave a signal to Gettings, a bell was heard at a distance, then a low rumbling sound which appeared to approach from the passage, presently a part of the flooring rose gently higher, higher, until it reached the altitude of the table. This piece of mechanism, a dumb waiter, was loaded with viands, liquors, pipes, cigars, and wine, to which each of the band resorted *ad libitum*. After every member had helped himself to what he preferred,

and the company perceived the brimming glass sparkling with generous fluid before him, and the balmy weed ignited and between the lips of those who love its genial influence, they turned their attention to their chairman, who, doffing his cap, procured his favourite brandy and water and cigar. After sipping and trying its strength, he rose with much dignity, and said:

"As all our serious business is over, excepting one piece of important intelligence which I received from London this morning, I may as well dispose of this before resorting to other matters. The success of the smugglers of Folkstone has been so great, and as they have defied all the power of the government to suppress them, the administration are resolved to replace the present revenue officers by an effective force, to be called the 'coast blockade.' (A laugh, and cries of "coast blockheads.") Ah," continued the captain, smiling, "blockheads if you will, for I am certain they will be defeated as easily as the foolish officers are now. But where are these men to come from? The war has again commenced, Napoleon has broke loose from Elba, and the government want all the men they can muster to beat that bold, bad man. It, therefore, depends on the termination of the war whether our sapient ministers can carry their threats into operation. With regard to our next venture, you will hear of that through the usual channels. This is the whole I have to say about business, and I shall conclude by proposing the health, happiness, and prosperity of our new member, Mr. James Waldron." Great cheering followed this speech.

The chairman rose, and with him all the band; then glasses were charged with bumpers, and never was man's health toasted with greater sincerity than Waldron's. Waldron returned thanks in a neat speech, which was loudly cheered.

Sir Michael Webb then sung, "Here's a health to the men of All Nations," a song composed, he said, by himself; but some whispered that a poor scribe in a certain garret, in a certain court, near a certain square in London, was the writer. However, it was a good one; and as the knight possessed a rich baritone voice, he sung it with great force and feeling. Indeed, the execution of this song was most effective, for his lower notes were rich, and as he was an excellent musician, many regretted that such melody could not be prolonged. Cumlin listened to the air with deep interest. As usual, when under the influence of the better feelings of his nature, when he reflected on his youthful existence, he was an altered man for the time; the tiger left his heart, and its place was supplied by the gentle influence of the lamb. When the song ended, he respired with pleasure, his face relaxed from all its sternness, and he appeared before the astonished eyes of his band a humanised being. This man of the sunny south felt all the attractions of music; he was now under its powerful influence, days long forgotten rushed into his memory, his heart beat with strong emotion, and those rude men of all nations beheld him for the first time bent on enjoyment.

The captain pressed Sir Michael's hand, applauded his execution with the tongue of a critic, pointed out where he could improve and where he excelled, until the magistrate gazed on the mysterious smuggler in speechless wonder.

So completely puzzled was the knight, that he found that even his iron heart, expended amongst the musty records of the law, could feel some sympathy, especially when he knew that by betraying some feeling he could advance his grovelling propensity for the accumulation of money. Therefore he returned the pressure, and desired the company to listen to their noble captain, who would sing a song. The company doubted the accuracy of this information, for during the many years Cumlin had been amongst them no man ever heard a song or a note from him. But now he was resolved, it appeared to the band, not to unbend by halves, but to exhibit to the learned and unlearned that he could be an agreeable boon companion. And he proved himself a worthy descendant from the land of poesy and song. It is impossible to describe the effect of his singing on his rude audience. Cumlin's voice was one of immense volume; his correct execution marked him out at once as an accomplished musician. From the first bar to the last, the upper notes or the lower were all given with superhuman melody; the men, almost breathless, listened in deep admiration. His voice, like an ozier twig, appeared so elastic, so supple, that he appeared to master the most difficult music by intuition; so deep and full were his tones, that they appeared to fill the room and house with enchanting melody. This was soon evident by the deep breathing of the "female smugglers" in the gallery, who were startled at first by the sounds, so unusual, emanating from the chamber. Then the sounds became so ravishingly sweet, that they all instinctively rushed to the gallery, and were the delighted listeners to the song of Cumlin. The air concluded, and for some time a deep silence pervaded the chamber. The singer had risen from his chair, in a moment of enthusiasm for this delightful art, and, suiting gesture and action to the words, produced an electrical effect on the senses of his auditors. Even when he

concluded, he seemed insensible to all sublunary matters—to the thunders of applause that greeted him—to all things. Wrapt in deep thought, his lips quivering with emotion, his right arm raised above his head, his manly chest heaving like the undulations of the ocean, his erect form and still handsome countenance set forth to the best advantage by dress, struck the band with awe, admiration, and wonder.

However, such paroxysms will not last for ever; and at length the captain became sensible that he was on *terra firma*, and with a heightened colour on his cheeks, he resumed his seat amidst loud plaudits, for never did approbation spring up in such a company with greater warmth and sincerity.

When the sensation created by Cumlin had somewhat subsided, Sir Michael Webb, with the air of an orator, conscious of the importance of the task he had to perform, commenced an address by a glowing eulogy—an exordium (by the bye this same he had before spoken at least twenty times in and out of the Common Council of the city of London, of which corporation he had been a shining star) on the brilliant air, given by their honourable and gallant captain, which praise he richly merited. He then commented on his services to mankind; how he advanced sums of money for their merchandise—how he generously forgot to receive back his capital or profit—how he devoted his energies, time (which the speaker denominated as the only freehold of a poor man, which sentiment Mrs. Hall in her "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry," has plagiarised), and cash for the purpose of crushing bad laws, and feeding the unemployed. The orator then touched on his ariel flight up the cliffs, which so puzzled the "Lapwings" and revenue officers; his triumphant acquittal (here the worthy magistrate grinned a ghastly smile, which elicited three rounds of applause, which is called by the rude and vulgar, clap traps). He commented on the captain's heroic conduct in defence of the poor of the town; his reckless daring, even to succour his enemies, or the enemies of the band, and concluded by an elegant peroration, in which he administered a due quantity of flattery, mixed with truth. "I conclude, men of All Nations," said Sir Michael, "by proposing the health of our noble, our gallant captain."

Here the cheering was so great, that "the fishes that did swim" in the harbour leaped high in the air, in deep gratitude to the elegant ex-deputy of the ward of Aldgate. An old chronicle also states that the eels were electrified by his matchless language. True it is that the glasses, bottles, and pipes, performed pirouettes on the table, superinduced, no doubt, by the accompaniment of fist music, which rarely fails to awaken the latent sympathy of these necessary adjuncts to singing, music, and oratory. It is also recorded in the same book that the cheering from the gallery was intense, and was allowed to proceed, unchecked, by the members, while the members themselves appeared a little queer in the head from cheering; but a wag in the same authority adds, in a foot note, that from the appearance of the dumb waiter at this period of the morning (near three o'clock), which said waiter had been thrice replenished, he suggested the scandal that some of the band were *fou*. For our parts we not believe this statement; and we hasten to rescue the fair fame of Sir Michael from this libel, for certain it is that never did he perpetrate, in or out of the court of Common Council, so brilliant a speech; and it would be ridiculous to charge a man with inebriety because he happens to be eloquent; for it is well known to all orators, from Lord Brougham down to our own illustrious Laurie, who wears the honours which once graced the brows of Sir Michael, that wine and brandy reduces a man to silence instead of opening the flood-gates of his eloquence. All we regret is, not being able to preserve the whole of the oration given by the knight, we have done all we can to drag to light a faint resemblance to the great original. With the thanks of the captain the band prepared to separate; but cries arose, on the night wind, of "Let us carry him home." Cumlin, hearing this treason against his dignity, and feeling rather conscious that it would be worse than useless to contend against natural enthusiasm, muttered to himself "Smuggled cognac is a little strong," which, just before the desire evinced by the band of conveying him home in a very undignified manner, he had imagined weak—for he had unconsciously swallowed the contents of a rummer which Sir Michael had substituted for wine and water—we say, feeling all this, not that we will degrade one of our heroes by stating he was approaching inebriety; he dissolved the meeting as suddenly as we conclude this long chapter.

(To be continued.)

CAPTAIN FREMONT'S EXPLORING EXPEDITION TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, OREGON, AND CALIFORNIA.

This work, rendered more interesting from the present dispute with England and America, is the narrative part of the official reports to the United States by the

officer commissioned to conduct two exploration parties, the first through the southern pass of the Rocky Mountains, leading into Oregon; the second, through the whole extent of the Oregon, as far as the settlements of the Hudson's Bay Company, returning by the Mexican territories of California.

From the town of St. Louis on the Missouri, to the south pass of the Rocky Mountains, in latitude 42½ deg. N., the route of both expeditions was nearly the same. After striving in vain to find a new route into the Mexican territory, the expedition fell back into the old line of road, and entered Oregon by the usual pass. It then proceeded direct to the Columbia; passing through the basin that lies between the Rocky Mountains and the range that runs parallel to the Pacific Ocean. Having procured supplies from the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Vancouver, the expedition started on its return by an entirely new route along the lower or second basin of Oregon and California, till the Sacramento river was reached, just above where it falls into the bay of Francisco. Besides a general survey, the object was to examine two or three inland lakes, and the alleged long course of the Buenaventura river. The mysterious Lake Tlamath—whose mystery consists in being a marsh in dry weather and a lake after the rains—was loosely surveyed; a new inland sea was discovered; and the Buenaventura shown, or at least asserted, to be useless for navigation, from the shortness of its course and its running parallel to the sea. This portion of the journey is the most adventurous and exciting of the whole. The expedition passed through a country as yet unknown: it was undertaken in the depth of winter, with hopes of reaching a milder climate in California, which were not altogether fulfilled. The expedition lost its way, and got involved in the snows and difficulties of a range of mountains. Pasture was scanty; the supplies were exhausted to such a degree that mules had to be killed for food; the road had to be beaten over the snow by select parties, which a new fall sometimes covered up again; the best horses were knocked up; and so severe the hardships, that the men began to sink on the descent towards the sunny land visible below them. The bodies of the hardy trappers, accustomed to endurance, seem to have outlasted their minds; for they were capable of exertion and onward movement when reason temporarily gave way.

"We began to be uneasy at Derosier's absence, fearing he might have been bewildered in the woods. Charles Towns, who had not yet recovered his mind, went to swim in the river, as if it were summer and the stream placid, when it was a cold mountain torrent foaming among rocks. We were happy to see Derosier appear in the evening. He came in, and sitting down by the fire, began to tell us where he had been. He imagined he had been gone several days, and thought we were still at the camp where he had left us; and we were pained to see that his mind was deranged. It appeared that he had been lost in the mountain; and hunger and fatigue joined to weakness of body, and fear of perishing in the mountains, had crazed him. The times were severe when stout men lost their minds from extremity of suffering—when horses died—and when mules and horses, ready to die of starvation, were killed for food. Yet there was no murmuring or hesitation."

This was about the last of their perils and privations. They rapidly descended into California; reached an American settlement, where preparations for "annexation" seem prosperously beginning; and, after refreshing themselves and procuring supplies, returned for the most part by a regular track. Occasionally, they were involved in difficult ground; the country was often desert, ill supplied with water, and Indians were hanging on their skirts. These hardships, however, were comparatively nothing to those endured during the latter part of their journey from the Columbia to the Sacramento. The novelty of the route, the character of the Indians, and some occasional adventures with them, give more interest to the whole of this portion than attaches to the previous parts.

On the whole, Captain Fremont's narrative is an interesting account of a new country, to which events are just now imparting great importance; a plain and unaffected narrative of enterprise undertaken, hardships endured, and difficulties overcome, with many singular pictures of Indian character, and the wild unsettled life of the wilderness. The following extract relates to a story of peril, courage, endurance, and wild revenge. On the returning of the expedition from California, a Spaniard and a boy met them. It seems their party had been attacked by Indians; when these two, happening to be mounted, had driven off the horses (the object of the attack), and followed them for sixty miles, when they left them, but rode forward themselves in hopes to meet the trading caravan. They were kindly received, with promise of such assistance as "circumstances" would permit.

"After travelling about twenty-five miles, we arrived at the Agua de Tomaso, the spring where the horses had been left; but, as we expected, they were gone. A brief examination of the ground convinced

us that they had been driven off by the Indians. Carson and Godey volunteered with the Mexican to pursue them; and, well mounted, the three set off on the trail. In the evening Fuentes returned, his horse having failed; but Carson and Godey having continued the pursuit. In the afternoon of the next day, a war-whoop was heard, such as Indians make when returning from a victorious enterprise; and soon Carson and Godey appeared, driving before them a band of horses, recognised by Fuentes to be part of those they had lost. Two bloody scalps, dangling from the end of Godey's gun, announced that they had overtaken the Indians as well as the horses. They informed us, that after Fuentes left them, from the failure of his horse, they continued the pursuit alone; and towards nightfall entered the mountains, into which the trail led. After sunset the moon gave light; and they followed the trail by moonshine until late in the night, when it entered a narrow defile, and was difficult to follow. Afraid of losing it in the darkness of the defile, they tied up their horses, struck no fire, and lay down to sleep in silence and in darkness. Here they lay from midnight to morning. At daylight they resumed the pursuit, and about sunrise discovered the horses; and, immediately dismounting, and tying up their own, they crept cautiously to a rising ground which intervened, from the crest of which they perceived the encampment of four lodges close by. They proceeded quietly, and had got within thirty or forty yards of their object, when a movement among the horses discovered them to the Indians: giving the war-shout, they instantly charged into the camp, regardless of the number which the *four* lodges would imply. The Indians received them with a flight of arrows, shot from their long bows; one of which passed through Godey's shirt-collar, barely missing the neck: our men fired their rifles upon a steady aim, and rushed in. Two Indians were stretched on the ground, fatally pierced with bullets; the rest fled, except a lad that was captured. The scalp of the fallen were instantly stripped off; but in the process, one of them, who had two balls through his body, sprung to his feet, the blood streaming from his skinned head, and uttering a hideous howl. An old squaw, possibly his mother, stopped and looked back from the mountain-side she was climbing. The frightful spectacle appalled the stout hearts of our men; but they did what humanity required, and quickly terminated the agonies of the gory savage. * * * The time, place, object, and numbers considered, this expedition of Carson and Godey may be considered among the boldest and most disinterested which the annals of western adventure, so full of daring deeds, can present. Two men, in a savage desert, pursue day and night an unknown body of Indians into the defiles of an unknown mountain—attack them on sight, without counting numbers—and defeat them in an instant: and for what? To punish the robbers of the desert, and to avenge the wrongs of Mexicans whom they did not know. I repeat, it was Carson and Godey who did this; the former an American, born in the Boonslick county of Missouri; the latter a Frenchman, born in St. Louis; and both trained to western enterprise from early life."

If any scruples arose in any mind respecting this affair, they were eased on arriving at the place where the Spanish party was originally attacked.

"We descended into a sandy plain or basin, in the middle of which was the grassy spot, with its springs and willow bushes, which constitutes a camping-place in the desert, and is called the Archilette. The dead silence of the place was ominous; and, galloping rapidly up, we found only the corpses of the two men: everything else was gone. They were naked, mutilated, and pierced with arrows. Hernandez had evidently fought, and with desperation. He lay in advance of the willow half-faced tent which sheltered his family, as if he had come out to meet danger and to repulse it from that asylum. One of his hands and both his legs had been cut off. Giacome, who was a large and strong-looking man, was lying in one of the willow shelters, pierced with arrows. Of the women no trace could be found, and it was evident they had been carried off captive. A little lap-dog, which had belonged to Pablo's mother, remained with the dead bodies, and was frantic with joy at seeing Pablo: he, poor child, was frantic with grief, and filled the air with lamentations for his father and mother. 'Mi padre! mi madre!' —was his incessant cry. When we beheld this pitiable sight, and pictured to ourselves the fate of the two women carried off by savages so brutal and so loathsome, all compunction for the scalped-alive Indian ceased; and we rejoiced that Carson and Godey had been able to give so useful a lesson to these American Arabs, who lie in wait to murder and plunder the innocent traveller."

The Oregon dispute is not mentioned by Captain Fremont; nor, to judge from his unconscious proceedings, would a question of territorial right appear to trouble him much under any circumstances. As an account of Oregon and the route from the States thither and through it, as well as an exposition of the strong points of the country and its agricultural and military capa-

bilities, this volume must be taken as the latest authority.

THE FOURTH OF JULY IN THE WILDERNESS.

"I halted earlier than usual, about forty miles from the junction; and all hands were soon busily engaged in preparing a feast to celebrate the day. The kindness of our friends at St. Louis had provided us with a large supply of excellent preserves and rich fruit-cake; and when these were added to a maccaroni soup, and variously prepared dishes of the choicest buffalo meat, crowned with a cup of coffee, and enjoyed with prairie appetite, we felt, as we sat in barbaric luxury around our smoking supper on the grass, a greater sensation of enjoyment than the Roman epicure at his perfumed feast. But most of all it seemed to please our Indian friends; who, in the unrestrained enjoyment of the moment, demanded to know, if our "medicine days came often." No restraint was exercised at the hospital board, and, to the great delight of his elders, our young Indian lad made himself extremely drunk."

SLEEPING OUT.

"My companions slept rolled up in their blankets, and the Indians lay in the grass near the fire; but my sleeping-place generally had an air of more pretension. Our rifles were tied together near the muzzles, the butts resting on the ground, and a knife laid on the rope, to cut away in case of an alarm; over this, which made a kind of frame, was thrown a large India-rubber cloth, which we used to cover our packs: this made a tent sufficiently large to receive about half of my bed, and was a place of shelter for my instruments; and as I was careful always to put this part against the wind, I could lie here with a sensation of satisfied enjoyment, and hear the wind blow and the rain patter close to my head, and know that I should be at least half dry. Certainly I never slept more soundly."

PASSING A CANON* IN AN INDIA-RUBBER BOAT.

"An ugly pass lay before us. We had made fast to the stern of the boat a strong rope about fifty feet long; and three of the men clambered along among the rocks, and with this rope let her down slowly through the pass. In several places high rocks lay scattered about in the channel; and in the narrows it required all our strength and skill to avoid staving the boat on the sharp points. In one of these, the boat proved a little too broad, and stuck fast for an instant, while the water flew over us; fortunately, it was but for an instant, as our united strength forced her immediately through. The water swept overboard only a sextant and a pair of saddle-bags. I caught the sextant as it passed by me, but the saddle-bags became the prey of the whirlpools. We reached the place where Mr. Preuss was standing, took him on board, and with the aid of the boat put the men with the rope on the succeeding pile of rocks. We found this passage much worse than the previous one, and our position was rather a bad one. To go back was impossible; before us, the cataract was a sheet of foam; and shut up in the chasm by the rocks, which in some places seemed almost to meet overhead, the roar of the water was deafening. We pushed off again; but, after making a little distance, the force of the current became too great for the men on shore, and two of them let go the rope. Lajeunesse, the third man, hung on, and was jerked headforemost into the river, from a rock about twelve feet high; and down the boat shot like an arrow, Basil following us in the rapid current, and exerting all his strength to keep in mid-channel—his head seen only occasionally like a black spot in the white foam. How far we went, I do not exactly know; but we succeeded in turning the boat into an eddy below. 'Cré Dieu,' said Basil Lajeunesse, as he arrived immediately after us, 'je crois bien que j'ai nagé un demi mile.' He had owed his life to his skill as a swimmer; and I determined to take him and the two others on board, and trust to skill and fortune to reach the other end in safety. We placed ourselves on our knees, with the short paddles in our hands, the most skilful boatman being at the bow. We cleared rock after rock, and shot past fall after fall, our little boat seeming to play with the cataract. We became flushed with success, and familiar with the danger; and, yielding to the excitement of the ocean, broke forth together into a Canadian boat-song. Singing, or rather shouting, we dashed along; and were, I believe, in the midst of the chorus, when the boat struck a concealed rock immediately at the foot of a fall, which whirled her over in an instant. Three of my men could not swim, and my first feeling was to assist them and save some of our effects: but a sharp concussion or two convinced me that I had not yet saved myself. A few strokes brought me into an eddy, and I landed on a pile of rocks on the left side."

* "*Canon*"—A Spanish term, signifying a passage through a narrowed channel, analogous to our "funnel."

COLLET, THE FRENCH ROBBER.

Collet was born at Belley, and brought up under the care of the curate of St. Vincent at Châlons, on the Saone. Placed, in the Prytanée of Fontainbleau, he re-

mained there till his eighteenth year, when he left with the rank of sub-lieutenant. Being appointed captain of the 43rd regiment, he was present at the siege of Brescia, in Italy, where he was wounded, and shortly after he repaired to Rome. One day as he was sauntering in the church of St. Peter, he there met with the secretary of cardinal Fesch, and entered into conversation with him, representing himself as a French officer. This secretary was the abbé Foe, almoner to the cardinal. He presented Collet to his eminence, who received him well, and begged him to repeat his visit frequently. Hardly had he thus gained the *entré* to the cardinal's house, when he pilfered from his eminence's private drawer some copies of clerical diplomas, in order to serve as occasion might require. The cardinal having departed for France, sent orders for two monks and an almoner to follow him, under the guidance of abbé Foe. They accordingly set out, and Collet along with them. At Turin, however, he was informed by his friend the abbé that there was a proscription and pursuit out against him as a deserter; on hearing which he accepted a passport, signed Fisch, and twelve sequins, from his reverence; and leaving the main road, retired to the neighbourhood of Coni. We will let Collet continue the recital in in his own words:—

"After having spent part of my money, and not knowing how to live, I bought a cassock, and, aided by this disguise, borrowed some money of an ecclesiastic.

"A refugee in the mountains of Piedmont, and hardened by my first success, I procured a violet-coloured cassock, which, with the assistance of two females, invested me as bishop, surrounded by the homage of the pious souls in the vicinity, all eager to supply my wants and wishes. I then hired a tolerably splendid equipage, and proceed to Nice, where I was very affectionately received by the lord bishop. I showed him the bull of my appointment, which, by the way, was the work of my own hands. He begged me to celebrate mass, but I, pretending excessive humility, declined to do so. He, however, being on the point of ordaining a great number of priests, proposed, from respect to my rank, that I should officiate in his stead. He would accept of no excuse; and, to avoid any unpleasant explanation, I consented to ordain thirty-three priests, with as many deacons and sub-deacons. At first, indeed, I had some scruples of conscience in thus usurping the episcopal functions; but they soon became tranquillised by the reflection, that, sooner or later, the affair must be discovered, and that the priests of my creation would be re-ordained. I represented this ordination to myself as a piece of false coin, the baseness of which cannot long fail of being discovered, and is then withdrawn from circulation. After the ceremony I delivered an appropriate discourse (one of Bourdaloue's) for which I was lauded to the skies. But, with all this, my bishopric brought me no returns, and I was obliged to think of some other means of living. To crown my perplexity I was denounced, and was obliged immediately to post off with all imaginable speed. On the road two gendarmes, who had a description of my person, approached the carriage; I gave them my blessing, and they religiously withdrew. I assumed the name of Don Passerali, and was received and entertained by the grand vicar, he believing me to be a bishop *de bonne étoffe*. On approaching the first city on our route, I caused the carriage to be perforated with pistol-balls, and then circulated a report of my having been robbed. A collection was made for my lord bishop, which brought his lordship 8000 francs; and I thought of employing this so as to procure some tranquil occupation. Here my clerical career was closed, and I probably should have had no more adventures to relate, but for a combination of fatalities which prevented me from accomplishing my project of retirement. I was seized with a mania for military dignities. This was in 1810; and I appointed myself to an inspector-generalship, and called on the war commissary, telling him that I was deputed to examine his register. His astonishment was extreme on finding that I was not announced by any official letter. I answered that my mission required the greatest secrecy; and, assuming a dictorial tone, brought the commissary to the gentle bearing of a lamb. Taking advantage of this change, I directed him to send an express before me to Nîmes, announcing my near approach; and at the same time to dispatch an order for considerable disbursements to be made to me for the use of the army in Catalonia, which Catalonian army consisted of—myself. All was done as I desired; my appearance was certainly imposing; I was covered with orders and crosses, for taking many or one was equal trouble. The commissary and I parted mutually pleased with each other.

"In our conversation, as may be readily supposed, I attributed to myself all conceivable influence, and promised him the cordon of the legion of honour, for which he overwhelmed me with acknowledgements.

"At Nîmes, I lightened the coffers of the receiver-general of from 2 to 300,000 francs. I obtained also some additional sums, the amount of which I do not now remember. In fine, I arrived at Montpe-

lier, and dipped again into the government treasury; but the minister, apprised of the frauds committed by the self-styled inspector-general, had issued orders for my apprehension.

"One morning, after having reviewed the troops at six, I proceeded to call on the prefect. I expressed to him my satisfaction at the excellent administration of his department, and promised to procure for him the rank of grand officer of the legion of honour. He was transported with joy; but, unhappily for him, he soon saw that I could realise no such golden promise, for an hour after I left him I was arrested, with twenty-two officers whom I had deceived, who were zealous in my service, and formed my staff. The officers, who were undoubtedly innocent, could not obtain, under two months, their release from a prison into which they ought never to have been plunged.

"A few days subsequent to my arrest, the prefect having a numerous company to dinner, wished to afford them the gratification of seeing the man who had so well played his part of inspector-general, and had so skilfully abused the magisterial credulity. He sent for me, and placed me in a sort of spacious larder, with no outlet but the entrance door, at which two gendarmes were stationed. There I was left to my own reflections, and these were not slow in suggesting a plan of escape. I put off my clothes, and arrayed myself in the jacket, cotton cap, and apron of a cook. I then took up two dishes, ready for the table, and kicked against the door, which was opened by the gendarmes, who let me pass without question. I traversed the dining-hall, and, without any interruption, saved myself *en marmiton*. The cook soon afterwards arrived at the pantry, and, finding his clothes and dishes gone, was loud in his complaints, and thus the mystery of my escape became manifest.

"The prefect caused me to be pursued, and offered a reward of 10,000 francs to any one who would deliver me up dead or alive; whilst I was quietly remaining in a house near the prefecture, and saw his worship every morning at his toilette. Flight, however, became necessary, and I fled. I went to Saumur, where I became assistant-surgeon-major, a post which I obtained by my treatise on osteology: I could not, however, avoid killing those whom it was past my skill to cure. I successively overran the provinces on the French confines, but at length thought it best to quit it altogether. I returned, however, very shortly, and wandered through the department of Drodogne. I met the Collet, who was just returned from his five years' hard labour, and feeling the necessity of repose, I changed my papers for his in July, 1818, and passed for Collet, the liberated galley-slave."

The tribunal of Toulouse sentenced him to two years' imprisonment, in case of his apprehension for a fraud practised, with all his ingenuity and tact, on a religious order. While thus menaced by the arm of the law, he took refuge at Blessac, and lodged at the inn. Of the landlord Collet says, that "He was an honest fellow, and believed whatever I told him. My stay at his inn made a great noise throughout the canton. The mayor thought me a political exile, and even suspected that I might be the ex-emperor Napoleon; all supposed me a person of great importance, and offered me more money than I could desire. The mayor charitably warned me of the risk I must run of assassination, and begged of me to use more precaution when going abroad. I left this place in order to avoid the necessity of giving unpleasant explanations.

"On my arrival at Roche Beaucourt, I took an apartment in the house of the commissary of police, concluding that no one would come there to seek me. I was right. The worthy commissary himself had received a description of my person, but it never once entered his head that it could be me whom he had to arrest, and I remained with him in perfect safety."

The fortunate star of Collet is now about to decline. Under the assumed name of Gallot he purchased at Mareuil the farm of Roche-Beaucourt; he paid for a horse and cabriolet by a bill bearing the same fictitious name; and a servant having announced to the mayor that Gallot was the very Collet of whom the officers of justice were everywhere in pursuit, he was arrested and taken to Mans, where he heard with unshaken firmness the verdict that shut him from society for twenty years. Collet has since been at the bagnes of Toulon, Brest, Rochefort, &c. The vigilant eye of the commissaries have not hitherto been able to penetrate what he calls the mystery of his economy, or rather of his reservation.

ATTACHMENT OF A WOLF TO HIS MASTER.

Though wolves, it is well known, can be brought up like dogs to obey a master, yet it has been generally understood that after a time their savage nature would break out, and render their destruction necessary. The celebrated Cuvier contradicts this, by the following history of a wolf:—

"Brought up like a young dog, he became familiar with every person whom he was in the habit of seeing. He would fol-

low his master every where, seemed to suffer much from his absence, was obedient to his voice, evinced, invariably, the most entire submission, and differed, in fact, in nothing, from the tamest of domestic dogs. His master being obliged to travel, made a present of him to the royal menagerie, at Paris. Here, shut up in his compartment, the animal remained for many weeks without exhibiting the least gaiety, and almost without eating. He gradually, however, recovered; he attached himself to his keepers; and seemed to have forgotten all his past affections, when his master returned, after an absence of eighteen months. At the very first word which he pronounced, the wolf, who did not see him in the crowd, instantly recognised him, and testified his joy by his motions and his cries. Being set at liberty, he overwhelmed his old friend with caresses, just as the most attached dog would have done after a separation of a few days. Unhappily, his master was obliged to quit him a second time, and this absence was again, to the poor wolf, the cause of most profound regret. But time allayed his grief. Three years elapsed, and the wolf was living very comfortably with a young dog which had been given to him as a companion. After this space of time, which would have been sufficient to make any dog, except that of Ulysses, forget his master, the gentleman again returned. It was evening, all was shut up, and the eyes of the animal could be of no use to him; but the voice of his beloved master was not effaced from his memory; the moment he heard it, he knew it; he answered by cries indicative of the most impatient desire; and when the obstacle which separated them was removed, his cries redoubled; the animal rushed forward, placed his two fore-feet on the shoulders of his friend, licked every part of his face, and threatened with his teeth his very keepers who approached, and to whom an instant before he had been testifying the warmest affection. Such an enjoyment, as was to be expected, was succeeded by the most cruel pain to the poor animal. Separation was again necessary, and from that instant the wolf became sad and immoveable; he refused all sustenance; pined away; his hairs bristled up as usual with all sick animals; at the end of eight days he was not to be known, and there was every reason to apprehend his death. His health, however, became re-established, he resumed his good condition of body and brilliant coat; his keepers could again approach him, but he would not endure the caresses of any other person; and he answered strangers by nothing but menaces."

THIRTEEN — THE OMINOUS NUMBER.

(ABRIDGED FROM "THE OMEN," BY THE LATE JOHN GAULT).

* * * * * We were thirteen, the ominous number, and all strangers to each other. It is true that Von Hesse and I had travelled from Prague together, but we had no previous acquaintance; indeed, we had been three days in company before either of us knew the other's name.

Our host, the banker, was a jolly facetious personage, with a dash of freethinking in his conversation, which, though regulated by some feeling allied to good taste, was yet sufficiently obstrusive. He appeared to be sensible that an open display of his religious opinions might give offence, and evidently repressed his inclination to sport irreverent jests; but habit, in despite of resolution, now and then broke out, and an occasional expression indicated that with more intimate friends his infidelity would have been probably less mitigated. As often as any of these expressions escaped him, the thoughtful countenance of Von Hesse was darkened; and twice or thrice, when the banker went a little too far, he gently contrived to check the mirth which the unchristened gibe was calculated to awaken.

The air and demeanour of Von Hesse were at all times mild and winning. His physiognomy was serene, almost solemn; his voice was soft and pleasing; and a slight touch of sadness in his accent increased the interest which his calm and engaging manners universally inspired.

It happened in the twilight of an evening, as we approached a little village where we were to pass the night, that, at a turn of the road, we came suddenly on a small burying-ground, the most spectral and dismal place of the kind I had ever seen. It was indeed like no other. Tall, black, and fantastical wooden memorials served for tombstones; some of them wore a mysterious resemblance to hatchments and funeral banners, others reminded me of skeletons; they suggested frightful associations, and I could not help saying "These are surely the sepulchres of men who have made dreadful confessions." It was at that moment his countenance became so strangely changed from its wonted pensiveness; but I then ascribed the change to his participating in the momentary superstition with which I was myself affected, nor did I afterwards think of what I had noticed till our host, in his jocular sallies, derided the communion of spirits and the visitation of ghosts.

His remarks were playful and ingenious, and, to some of the guests, afforded amusement. To me they were disagreeable; not,

however, I frankly confess, so much owing to their irreverence, as to their visible effect on Von Hesse.

It was at this turn of the conversation that the slow and meditative eye of professor Khull became fixed upon him so earnestly, that I could not but think he was actuated by a curiosity similar to my own. Strange, I had travelled four weeks with Von Hesse without discovering any symptoms of his mysterious disease, and yet the professor, who had never seen him before, in less than an hour had discerned that he was one of those peculiar beings who have "that within which passeth show." But the extraordinary metaphysical discernment of Khull has often been the wonder of his friends. Falling in with the current of the conversation, Khull remarked, in reply to our host, that whatever the generality of mankind might think of the communion of spirits, and of ghosts and dreams, it is impossible to dissipate by reason the faith of those who believe in them, "because," he added, looking at Von Hesse, "the faith is built up of experiences. The believers do not adopt their creed upon persuasion, but have had testimonials to its truth in themselves, influencing them to believe. The soundness of a man's judgment would not suffer much in my opinion, by his assuring me that he had seen a ghost."

This singular observation drew from the banker one of his sharpest jokes; for the professor was not esteemed very orthodox, but suspected of cherishing notions adverse not only to every kind of superstition, but even to some of the popular dogmas of religion.

Von Hesse interfered, and said, with evident emotion, "But you must allow, professor, that the experience of such mysteries can only effect ourselves; we have no faculty by which we can adequately convey the horror of our experience to others."

"I should infer from that, sir," replied Khull, "that you have tasted of 'that horror.'"

"I have," said Von Hesse, firmly, "but I have seen no ghosts, nor held communion with spirits, nor—but I will tell you of an instance of my experience."

The table was solemnly hushed as he spoke. All save our host were touched with awe; his attempt, however, to rally, by pushing round the wine, was interrupted by Khull, saying, "A good metaphysical tale is worth a tun of Johannisberger—pray do let him proceed."

"At the close of the war," said Von Hesse, "I was ordered, along with three other officers, to investigate some of the army accounts which remained at Basle unsettled. Being at the time slightly indisposed, I found it necessary to travel by easier stages than my companions, and accordingly allowed them to go on before.

"On the morning after they left me, I was sensible of a remarkable change in my disease; the slow fever with which I had for weeks been affected, went suddenly off—I should say it passed from the body to the mind. My sleep was unrefreshing, and filled with dismal and ominous dreams, the imagery of which was sometimes fearfully distinct, at others dark, indistinguishable, and prophetical. I was depressed without cause, and apprehensive without reason.

"By the time I rejoined my companions at Basle, this comfortless state had produced a visible change in my appearance. They said that my complexion had become strangely wan, and that my eyes shone with something more like light than the natural lustre.

"One morning after a restless night, I fell into a profound sleep—so profound that every trace and sentiment of existence might be said to have been obliterated for the time. From this syncope I was suddenly startled by an indescribable alarm. I heard no voice nor any sound, and yet I received a supernatural intimation of a dreadful misfortune having befallen one of my dearest friends.

"When I joined my companions they were shocked at my appearance, and one of them anxiously inquired what had happened. I told them, and they looked gravely at each other: they seemed to think it was a warning for myself.

"I then noted the hour and day of this alarm in my pocket-book; and, strange to tell, from that time I felt myself released from the singular enchantment of dismay which had so invested my spirit; my health revived, my complexion regained its wonted hue, and I laughed at superstition.

"When our inquiries were finished, we returned to Vienna, and soon after, I resolved to visit the friend on whose account I had been so disturbed. He resided at Prague; but just as I was on the eve of setting out on the journey, I received from him a letter, which at once froze me with awe, and overwhelmed me with sorrow.

"He described himself as having been for a long time afflicted with an irresistible depression of spirits, a foreboding of calamity, while all things with him were prosperous. Then he proceeded to relate, that one morning, quoting the date—I referred to my pocket-book, it was the same, the day and hour, on which I had received the intimation—he dreamt that he saw a hand with a knife at the throat of one of his children; he was at the same moment roused by a message from the nursery that the child was ill. The doctor was sent for, the disease was croup of the worst kind, and to relieve the sufferer the doctor made an in-

cision with an instrument precisely similar to the knife he had seen in his dream. The same hour one of the servants was found to be ill of a fatal fever, the infection of which spread so rapidly in the family, that the utter desolation of his house at one time seemed to be ordained.—Now, Professor Khull, what explanation can you give, either by sympathies or associations of the fact, the sublime fact, of this sense of an event which was taking place at a great distance, and of which there could be no possible foreknowledge?"

THE OREGON TERRITORY.

From the *Athenæum* and an American quarterly review we gain the following description of the Oregon territory, now the bone of contention between England and the United States.

The territory of Oregon (so called from the great river which drains it, but which is more frequently called the Columbia), is bounded on the south by Upper California, on the west by the Pacific, on the east by the Rocky Mountains, and on the north partly by Russian American and partly by our own acknowledged possessions. Its length is from lat. 42 deg. to 54 deg. 40 m., or about 880 English miles. The breadth varies considerably, but almost uniformly, according as the mountain chain to the east recedes from or advances towards the Pacific: in the northern part it is about three, in the south about seven hundred miles. Its superficial extent is estimated at fully 400,000 square miles, or half that of all the states forming the American Union. In so vast an extent of country the soil and climate vary exceedingly. From the forty-second degree to the mouth of the river Columbia, which is situated between the forty-sixth and forty-seventh degrees, the former is, in the valleys, fertile, and the latter salubrious, resembling on the whole the neighbouring province of California. Not that either is so uniformly; for the districts on the slopes of the mountains (there are two chains west of the Rocky, at least they are so called, although it is easy to perceive that they consist of irregular elevations), are barren and bold, while those lying on the rivers, though exceedingly fertile, are not so favourable to health. The southern division of the country is of infinitely greater value than that north of the Columbia, viz., from the forty-seventh to the fifty-fourth degree. Indeed, it may be doubted whether, by any other occupants than the agents of the Hudson's Bay Company, whose chief employment is the purchase from the Indians of salmon, furs, and skins, this northern division would be worth accepting as a gift. The soil, except in the vicinity of Puget's Sound, and in two or three other localities, is singularly barren, and the climate in the wintery season severe—far more so, we are told, than in the same parellels on the eastern coast of the continent. And even of the southern division there are portions, and those of great extent, which, for many generations, will not be settled by civilised man. The three mountain chains just mentioned, the Rocky, the Blue, and the Far West or President's (the two latter, however, are neither so long, so high, nor so uniform in their course as the first), necessarily form three valleys, which, though irregular, are nearly parallel with each other. Of these the first, or that between the Rocky Mountains and the Blue, is everywhere barren, save in the vicinity of rivers and streams. Hot in summer and piercingly cold in winter, vegetation is sure to be parched in one season and destroyed in the other. Yet in this region of mountain and stream, of precipice and rock, there are districts fit for pasture besides those on the banks of the rivers, which are confessedly fertile, and the air is very salubrious, being elastic, pure, bracing, the sky seldom obscured by a cloud. This valley is from ninety to one hundred leagues in breadth. West of it is the middle or central valley, between the Blue and the Far West Mountains, which is much smaller (being nowhere wider than fifty leagues, and scarcely half the length), and is much less sterile than the former. In fact, some proportions of it, especially the banks of the Walla-Walla, may vie in fertility with any portion of the New World. In such spots, consequently, it is capable of a high degree of cultivation; and in others, less favoured, it is still well adapted for the rearing of cattle. But the great scene of fertility, and consequently the most coveted by the rival claimants, is the valley on the Pacific, varying in width from 25 to 40 leagues, extending from south to north 150 leagues, and containing about 50,000 square miles. This is, in an eminent sense of the word, the great agricultural region of the Oregon. Not that it is wholly available; for the portion adjacent to the sea is sandy; that lying on the lower rivers is subject to frequent inundations, while some of the higher grounds are irreclaimable. But, after all drawbacks, there is land enough in this western valley to support some millions of settlers. The climate, however, is not so healthy as in either of the more eastern valleys—for so we suppose they must be called, though often there is only one chain of hills or irregular elevations to bound them. There is a rainy season from October to April, with some intermissions of

snow and frost; but the former is soon melted away, while the latter, throughout the winter, seldom impedes the navigation of the rivers. According to M. de Moffras the climate is "very hot in summer," but the American writers tell us that the thermometer seldom rises above 80 deg. Be this as it may, the heat is frequently alle viated by breezes from the west and north-west, and the nights are delightfully cool. All opinions, American and European, concur in predicting that the portion of the valley south of the Columbia, and especially the banks of the Willamet, will be the seat of a future empire. And well they may concur, if there be no exaggeration in the following description from a recent number of an American quarterly review:—

"Tropical plants thrive in parts of Oregon. At Astoria, near the mouth of the Columbia, there are dense growths of forest trees, which attain to enormous size: 'A fir measured forty-six feet in circumference at ten feet from the earth; the length of its trunk before giving off a branch, was one hundred and fifty-three feet, and its whole length not less than 300 feet. Another tree of the same species, on the banks of the Umqua river, is fifty-seven feet in girth of trunk, and 216 feet in length below its branches. Prime sound pines, from 200 to 280 feet in height, and from 20 to 40 feet in circumference, are by no means uncommon.' (Greenhow, Hist. California and Oregon, p. 26.) The woods which principally flourish are black ash, hazel, dogwood, cherry, maple, sycamore, fir, white and red cedar, cotton wood, white and swamp oak, willows, walnuts, and an undergrowth of aromatic shrubs, creepers and clambering vines, with all the varieties of berries, goose, straw, whortle, black, with cranberries, raspberries and currants. These forests are not without their large proportion of wild game, with which the country sufficiently abounds—stags, deer, bears, black and grizzly, ashata, foxes, wolves, raccoons, rabbits, beavers, sea and river otters, musk-rats, &c. A few panthers still prowl about—and the antelope, the beautiful antelope, ranges over the hills. 'All the attitudes and movements of this beautiful and graceful animal,' says Mr. Irving, 'are graceful and picturesque, and it is altogether as fit a subject for the fanciful uses of the poet as the oft-sung gazelle of the east.' In the middle section of Oregon the buffalo is found. Of the feathered tribe, the tenants of these regions are the swan, wild goose and brant, duck, pelican, heron and gull, snipe, curlew, eagle, vulture, crow, raven, magpie, woodpecker, pigeon, partridge, pheasant, grouse, and singing birds without number. There are few reptiles of any description. The rivers abound with fish,—if we may rely upon the account as given by the 'member of the Oregon legislature.' 'The fisheries of the country are very great, and foremost among all the varieties which they produce is the unrivalled salmon. It would be impossible to estimate the numbers of this excellent fish annually taken in the Columbia and its tributaries; but they have been set down at ten thousand barrels a year—which number I do not by any means think too large. All the salmon caught here are taken by the Indians, and sold to the whites at about ten cents. each, and frequently for less. One Indian will take about twenty upon an average per day. There are several other kinds of fish in the bays, rivers, and creeks of the territory, of which a species of cod and the sturgeon are the most important. The latter are large fish, and afford great sport in a leisure hour to take them with a hook and line. Of shell-fish, we have the crab, clams, muscles, and a small description of oysters.' In regard to the products of the fields, the agricultural parts of Oregon, or those of the first section, yield wheat, it is said, from twenty to forty bushels to the acre, and that of superior quality. Indian corn and sweet potatoes do not thrive. Oats, peas, tomatoes, garden vegetables, Irish potatoes and turnips, have succeeded to advantage. Apples, peaches, cherries, plums, pears, melons, &c., may be yielded. An abundant growth of grass favours the raising of cattle—the wappatoo, a peculiar root growing there, being profitably used for fattening hogs."

INTERESTING CASE OF EXHUMATION.

The Rhenish papers mention a discovery, of very curious interest, that has been made in recently demolishing the ancient church of Urbach—which dates from the earliest period of the Middle Age, and was tottering to its fall. Enclosed in the wall of the choir, which is four feet thick, has been found a marble coffin, nine feet four inches in length, and adorned with figures in relief finely executed. The opening of this coffin was a difficult operation—the joints having been covered with a cement which has acquired the hardness of the marble itself. It had, accordingly, to be broken into from the foot; and revealed an object which took the spectators by surprise—a body, clothed in the sacerdotal habit, fresh as that of a man who died but yesterday. The colour of the epidermis, firmness of the flesh, the hair, the nails—all were in the most perfect preservation. The flesh yields beneath the finger like

soft wax; the limbs have kept their suppleness and flexibility; the teeth are entire, regular, and white as ivory; and the very eyes, but half closed by the eyelid, have preserved a portion of their brightness. The dead man wears a cassock of pale blue silk, interwoven with threads of pure gold; and a linen gown, extremely fine, and trimmed with lace. These garments, worn so many hundred years, seem quite new. Round the hands, clasped on the breast, is twined a rosary of white pearls, strung on threads of gold—to which is attached a small box, in form of a medallion, made of a metal whose composition is unknown. This medallion contains, on one of its faces, the following inscription, in characters which suggest the date of the eleventh century: Otto Imperator Parocho Irbichiano sculptori excellentissimo — "The Emperor Otho to the Curate of Urbach, a most excellent sculptor." On the reverse is the figure of the Good Shepherd. Being opened, the box was found to inclose a folded parchment, containing writing in letters of gold and ultramarine. The ancient text is difficult to decipher; but records that the priest in question, one of the greatest artists of his age, is the author of the wondrous sculptures, representing scripture-subjects, on the principal front of the high altar; and that the sculptured pulpit, which was the great ornament of the church, is from his chisel. The artist-curate must have been, also, in matters unspiritual, one of the greatest men of his day. The body measures, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, seven feet eleven inches, Rhenish measure. The feet, nearly covered by the cassock, rest on a folio volume in parchment,—whose first leaf displays the title: "Chronicon Sæculi XI."

The Gatherer.

A Turkish Beauty.—While I was employed sketching, sitting down on the roadside, near the plain of Dolma Batchi, a young Turkish female, followed by a black slave and some children, came up to me, and after looking a long while over my shoulder and talking to me, placed herself quite in front of me, and unveiled herself. I hardly dared to take any notice of this manœuvre, knowing that it is not customary in the east to speak to females in public. She, however, seemed to wish me to make a drawing of her, and signed to me to do so. I looked steadfastly at her for some time, and began to draw upon a spare piece of paper the outline of her figure. She was so pretty that I could not refrain from kissing the end of my pencil, and blowing the kiss to her, as one does in France to children. Upon seeing this, she coloured up to her forehead, made a sign as if she would draw a sword, and then a motion with her hand, as though she said, "If you dare do such a thing, I would have your head cut off." She was likewise very lavish of her epithets, some of which I had learnt were not very complimentary. I now began to be apprehensive of the consequences of my indiscretion, and thought it best to continue my sketch of Scutari, and to take no notice of her anger. She waited some time, then went behind me, looked over my shoulder, and seeing that I had ceased to make her portrait, patted me caressingly on the back, spoke softly, and then resumed her place in front of me, hoping that I should finish her likeness; but while this little coquetry was passing between us, some men Turks made their appearance, and she took the alarm, and walked hastily away, looking very significant as she walked away.—*Captain Frankland's Constantinople.*

Fecundity of Swine.—The product of a single sow (in a wild state) in eleven years, which are equivalent to ten generations, will be six million, four hundred and thirty-eight pigs. Taking it, however, in round numbers, and allowing for accident, disease, and the ravages of wolves, four hundred and thirty-four thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight, there will remain six millions of pigs, which is about the number existing in France. "Were we to extend our calculations to the twelfth generation, we should find as great a number to result as all Europe would be capable of supporting; and were they to be continued to the sixteenth, as great a number would result as would be adequate to the abundant peopling of the globe."—*Vauban.*

A Century and a Half ago.—The following, from a newspaper of 1691, forms a curious contrast to a modern teacher's advertisement — "About forty miles from London is a schoolmaster; has had such success with boys, as there are almost forty ministers that were his scholars. His wife also teaches girls lace-making, plain work, raising paste, sauces, and cookery to the degree of exactness. Her price is ten pounds, or eleven, the year, with a pair of sheets and one spoon, to be returned, if desired. Coaches and other conveniences pass every day, within half a mile of the house; and it is but an easy day's journey to or from London."

Books.—Through books we enjoy intercourse with superior minds, and these invaluable means of communication are in the reach of all. In the best books great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours.

God be thanked for books! They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levellers. They give to all, who will faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race.—*Channing.*

Beauty.—The form of Marie Antoinette haunts the groves of Versailles and makes them sacred,—I say "the form," because it is her beauty, real or imputed, which weaves the spell, and moulds her misfortunes into images of grace. How shallow and false is the notion that personal beauty is a frail and fleeting thing. It triumphs over wisdom and virtue, not only in life but in death, redeems or veils folly and crime, and sweetens the saddest passages of history.—*Talfourd's Vacation Rambles.*

Death Punishment.—It is a forcible objection to the punishment of crime, by the forfeiture of life, and such a penalty may be advantageously abolished, the experiment having been tried with advantage and success. In Russia, Tuscany, in Philadelphia, and other states of North America, a milder and more equitable process has been adopted, and has been effectual to prevent the increase of crime, and to ameliorate the condition and character of the offender. In Belgium capital punishments have been abolished since 1829.—*Rev. G. N. Walson.*

An Unexpected Meeting of Old Acquaintances.—When Sir Philip Durham was ordered to attack the island of Noirmontier, at the mouth of the Loire, an émigré was sent on board to pilot the Anson in, instead of which he ran her aground near a fort. Captain Durham was most indignant, and threatened to hang him. Colonel Graham (afterwards Lord Lynedoch) and many other officers were on board at the time, and he recommended them to consult their own safety, as the ship was being hulled by the enemy's shot. In a few hours, however, with the return of the tide, the Anson was got off without great damage. In the year 1815, when he co-operated with the French and British armies in preserving Martinique, and reducing Guadaloupe to the Bourbon crown, Sir Philip Durham paid his respects to the governor. The latter looked at him and said, "If you had hung your pilot at Noirmontier, I should not have the pleasure of receiving you here." The admiral then recognised his old pilot, who was no less than the Comte de Vangirand, a distinguished naval officer, then governor of Martinique.—*Memoir of the Life of Sir P. Durham.*

Bright Boy.—The following dialogue recently occurred between a mistress of one of the public schools, and a scholar:—"James, if you take three from five how many will remain?"—"I don't know, ma'am," replied the boy, biting his thumb-nail. "Not know? If five birds were singing on a tree, and a naughty boy should fire a gun and kill three, how many would be left."—"None," was the prompt reply. "Why, yes, there would be some left, wouldn't there?"—"No, there wouldn't, 'cause the others would fly away!"—Bright boy, that.

"*I Can't do it.*"—Yes, you can. Try—try hard, try often, and you will accomplish it. Yield to every discouraging circumstance, and you will do nothing worthy of a great mind. Try, and you will do wonders. You will be astonished at yourself—your advancement in whatever you undertake. "*I can't*" has ruined many a man; has been the tomb of bright expectation and ardent hope. Let "*I will try*" be your motto in whatever you undertake, and if you press onward you will steadily and surely accomplish your object, and come off victorious.

How to pay the Shot.—An action being expected, one of his captains sent to Nelson, to remind his lordship that there were 750,000 dollars on board the Defiance, which he had brought out from England, and to inquire what was to be done with them. Lord Nelson answered, "If the Spaniards come out, fire the dollars at them, and pay them off in their own coin."

Science rewarded.—The Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, on his sixty-eighth birthday, conferred the title of Baron on the illustrious chemist Liebig.

Recipe for the cure of Hydrophobia.—Soak a rennet in a little more than half a tumbler of water (for about five minutes). When this has been done, add of pulverised sevadilla as much as may be taken up by the thumb and three fingers. Mix it thoroughly, and give it to the patient (that is, force it down his throat in an interval between the paroxysms.) The patient is then to be put into the sun if possible (or placed near the fire), and well warmed. If the first dose tranquillise him, after a short interval, no more is to be given, but if he continue furious, another dose must be administered, which will infallibly quiet him. A profound sleep will succeed, which will last twenty-four or forty-eight hours (according to the strength of the patient's constitution), at the expiration of which time, he will be attacked (in the manner alluded to), and the attack will continue till the poison be entirely ejected. He will then be restored to his senses, will ask for food, and be perfectly cured.—*Furnished by Don Victores to Lieut. Hardy, author of Travels in Mexico.*

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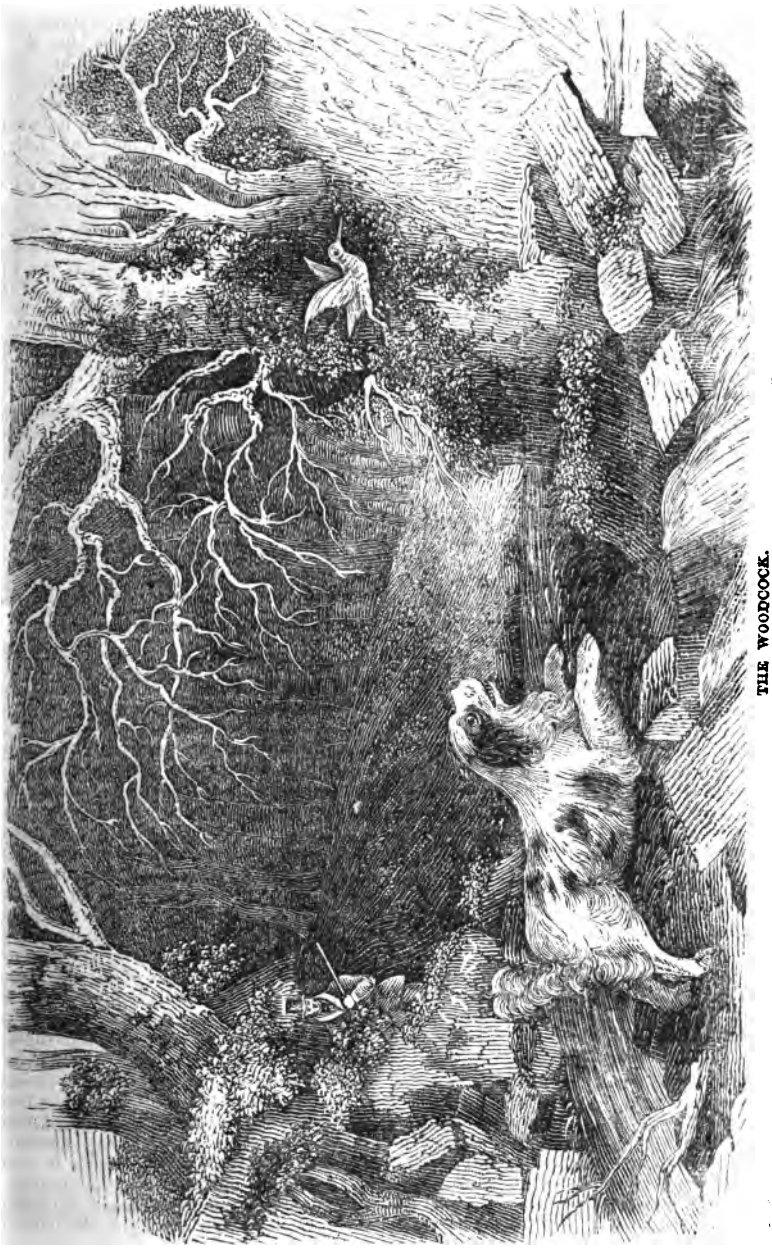

THE WOODCOCK.

ANIMAL INSTINCT—THE WOODCOCK.

Denied the use of reason, the habits of the woodcock mark great intelligence, and seem admirably calculated to save him from much suffering, and to afford great and varied enjoyment. The lot of a human being would be thought enviable, could he live in a perpetual spring. This the woodcock seems to do, or, at least, to live constantly in that season which is most agreeable to him.

Few woodcocks are bred in this country. For the most part they are regarded as natives of the Alps, Norway, Sweden, Polish Prussia, and other northern parts. They generally leave England early in March. "The time," says Rees, "of their appearance and disappearance in Sweden coincides exactly with that of their retreat from and arrival in Great Britain." They regulate their movements, when the time for emigration arrives, by the wind. On the Suffolk coast they arrive, but in comparatively small numbers, in the first week in October. In November and December, the great body of these foreigners make their invasion. The redwing commonly immediately precedes them as a vanguard. They fly by night, always taking advantage of a fair wind.

The haunts of this bird, while resident here, are more interesting to the British sportsman than to the general reader. They are usually chased in this country with dogs called springers, and the author of "Sporting Scenes and Country Characters" remarks: "It is worth a day's long ride to see the unwearied diligence and perseverance which these little creatures display in hunting, provided they have been well trained. They seldom leave the gunner beyond the space of twenty or twenty-five yards, and should never give mouth. It is surprising, too, how readily they meet the wishes of their master. The encouraging expressions, 'Seek'em, Sprightly;' 'Go along, Tom;' 'Find'em out, Rover;' 'Good dogs;' are constantly responded to by these untiring creatures with renewed activity. Not one inch of ground escapes them; whatever game lies concealed, the little springer is sure to rise it. A very superior dog of this description has been known to sell for thirty guineas—a fact which presents sufficient proof of the estimation in which the little springer is held for the purpose."

Venturing on the long journeys these birds undertake, it is probable they often find their strength fail them, and fall into the sea. We have authentic accounts of incidents which favour this supposition. Mr. Travers, of Cornwall, records an instance, when at a distance from land unusual for birds to be seen, a bird was discovered hovering over the ship; when first discerned it was high in the air, but gradually descended, and after taking several circuits round, at length alighted on the deck; it was so wearied as to be taken up by the hand. Probably this bird had lost its companions, or, by the force of winds, was driven from the true aerial track. In 1700 a couple of woodcocks, seeking shelter from a gale of wind, alighted upon the Glory, man-of-war, at that time cruising in the Channel. They are commonly attracted by a glare of light. Many instances have occurred, at the Cromer and Eddystone light-houses, of their falling victims to it; but in 1796, at the light-house upon the Hill of Howth, the man who attends, whilst trimming his lamps, was surprised by a violent stroke against the windows, which broke a pane of plate-glass cast for the place, more than three-eighths of an inch thick; on examining the balcony that surrounds the light he found a woodcock, which had flown with such violence as to break his bill, head, breast-bone, and both wings.

The instinct which conducts them over vast oceans to a genial climate, fails to preserve them when they come in contact with the works of man; and they are easily snared by his contrivances, or destroyed by his weapons.

THE SMUGGLER OF FOLKSTONE.

A TALE OF TRUTH AND FICTION.

By Edward Portwine.

CHAPTER XX.

Many authors are very fond of making a bright morning out of a cloudy one, a dry warm summer's day out of a cold and uncomfortable atmosphere. Although we have tried our hands at this task, and have spoken of "golden globes, orbs of day, and of delightful flowers" breathing sweet perfume on the banks teeming with wild exotics, yet we, of course, have written only the truth, which the reader, whether he or she be fair or dark, tender or irritable, will bear in mind is the basis of our sketches.

We pass over a few days intervening between Monday midnight and Friday morning, which hiatus the kind reader will supply himself, if he pleases. We candidly admit we have little to record, not a sigh, a tear, a broken heart, nor a broken head, for every one of the band arrived home quite safe, some minus a hat, another a shoe. One lost his watch, which he found again snugly imbedded in the slimy mud in the harbour; he had picked up a stone to throw at the harbour light which offend-

ed him by its brilliancy, when he became conscious that his conduct was plainly against orders, and wishing to know at what time he contemplated this crime, in order to do penance, he drew his time-piece from his pocket. Finding he could not perceive the hands, even by the aid of the lamp, he indignantly abused the flaming light, and with deep concern for his error consigned the fatal stone, as he supposed, to the area called the harbour. Instead of which he placed the chronicler of old time to the abyss, and consigned the witness to his perfidy into the depths of his fob. With the exception of these slight occurrences, the interval between Monday and Friday was barren of events to the persons who figure in this tale; yet there appeared an ardent anxiety in the public mind for twenty miles round to witness the approaching contest.

It was Friday, in the genial month of August; the morning was gloomy, but the south easterly wind cooled an atmosphere inclined to be sultry. Yes, the delicious south east breezes for ever! how sweet they are; how redolent of health; how conducive to an elasticity of mind; how they invigorate the animal spirits, and elevate the heart to noble aspirations; while the murky, wasting south westerly winds enervate, prostrate, and destroy all desire for emulation. The south easterly sea breezes, wafting coolness, health and happiness, prevailed on that eventful morning, big with importance to many a heart. A day destined to make many a pulse throb wildly for the first time.

Sandgate Plain, thirty years since, was a pretty piece of table land, reaching as before stated, to the verge of a bold promontory overlooking the British Channel. It contained an area of about twelve acres, and had become famous in consequence of the noble game of cricket played on its velvet bosom. To this spot we desire to conduct the reader. Has he ever seen this manly game played in a country district? if he has, he will recognise the faithfulness of the following pages. If he has not seen one, he has lost a treat. Let him repair his fault directly, and repair into the garden of England—Kent—where he will witness that science in perfection. Kent has always, and continues still, to produce the best players in this country. Every contest proves the correctness of this assertion. If a novice in the game desire to see a cricket match in perfection, let him repair to this county, but below Rochester Bridge and that ridge of hills, which extends from Wrotham into Surrey. He may see formal play at "Lord's," but his soul is not absorbed in the amusement, the affair wants life. Go nto the country—enter their pavilions—partake of their beverage—chat with the players—courteously accept an invitation to supper after the match, and the uninitiated will come back to London, and remember the hearty welcome he received from the Kentish cricketer as long as he exists; and talk of the noble game with enthusiasm for ever: and it will be no degradation to the novice whether he be learned or unlearned, rich or poor, he will have tasted a pleasure new and pleasing, which will be recorded on his heart while memory remains to bless him. It is nine o'clock. The snow white marquees tipped with colours, like minarets pointing to the sky, greet the visitors; streaming pennants from the peaked summits flutter in the gentle breeze; within is heard the busy note of preparation. One pavilion is set apart for the players, their friends, and supporters; the other booth, a small distance from the pavilion, receives their servants, bats, and luggage. In the centre of the plain, the velvet lawn appears level and smooth, the heavy presser having performed its work; the umpires are out with their chains and rules; new stumps are placed into the earth; the ground on which the batter must play is cut and chalked out; the bales are in the pockets of the umpires until the commencement of the game. A few aspirants for fame have persuaded the umpires, by dint of coaxing, to permit them to plant a set of stumps at the usual distance, apart from the prepared green sward, and there the youngsters are beating the ball without mercy. Happy fellows they are, how their flushed features indicate delight at the exercise. Blooming with youthful vigour and redolent of happiness they view the ball skipping over the lawn with pride. Age has dealt gently with us, and we feel at this moment our youth returned in all its freshness, and we could still battle with the best, at least in intention. It is after all a sad affair to forsake the green fields and all the charms of nature for a town life—to leave content, happiness, and frequently health, for poverty and empty fame—yes, this it is that makes one regret the past.

It is half-past nine. Carriages are arriving full of lovely women. The bright liveries of the Kentish aristocracy are perceived dashing forward to the pavilion, setting down their precious burdens, and then wheeling off to the east. And now the uniforms of the officers of the Royal Staff Corps, of the 95th, of the Royal Artillery, are perceived shining like burnished gold, approaching the pavilion on horseback, their steeds prancing proudly with the noble and gallant officers, many of whom had seen much service. Amongst this gay cavalcade might be perceived a slight pale man, about seventy, the veteran

Earl of Cathcart. Near him stands a tall large-boned man, with a dark solemn visage, in the uniform of a colonel of the line; that officer is the son of the noble Earl—Lord Greenock. Talking to Miss Amanda Burton and Mr. and Mrs. Castlecroft, another dark swarthy person is perceived, whose gait indicates a slight lameness. Elegance combined with dignity distinguish this gallant officer, his countenance beaming with intelligence, and on his mouth is written resolution. This is Sir James Colleton, a colonel in the Staff Corps. The wounded officer who has just joined Sir James and Miss Burton, dressed in the uniform of a field marshal, with his hair white as snow, pale countenance, thin, tall, and well proportioned, is the celebrated General Nicolay. Two officers have just alighted from their steeds with the agility of youth, and the younger officers are paying great deference. They are dressed in plain clothes; upwards of seventy summers have passed over one of them but lightly; he has a bright colour on his cheek, indicating rude health; he wears his own white hair, and he is not above the middle size;—he is the commander of the garrison, General Sir Richard Johnson, the father of one of the loveliest women in Britain. His companion is a dark, handsome, martial looking person, with an upright air; his age about fifty. This distinguished officer is Sir Walter Jackson, second in command. These gentlemen were received by Captain Cumberland and Captain Phipps, two of the principal players on the part of the garrison, and conducted to the pavilion, where many a friendly countenance greeted them with respect.

Elegant open carriages now drove rapidly up to the opening of the pavilion, their fair inmates radient in loveliness. Amongst the brightest and loveliest of the fair creatures that graced the circle of fashion, no one appeared to eclipse the fair Amanda in simple elegance and beauty, until Miss Sarah Johnson alighted from her carriage, with her elegant sister. The old general, their father, assisted them from the vehicle, his eyes beaming the tenderest affection, blended with pride. Miss Johnson was tall and symmetrical; her form appeared faultless; her noble and beautiful head towered, like a stately monarch of the forest, above all the females present. Her features once seen remained recorded on the observer's heart and memory for ever. Graceful and elegant in her carriage, courteous and affable in her demeanour, intellect beamed from her refulgent large dark eyes, and every feature indicated decision of character. A writer of that period recording the events of the day, for the fashionable newspaper of the district, says "that if ever a woman lived to delight by her surpassing loveliness, to attract by her easy affability, or to astonish by her intellectual accomplishments, that lady is the youngest daughter of the gallant General Johnson." In this eulogy every one who knew the beautiful girl, then just verging into womanhood, with the bright manifestations of increasing excellence which were indicated by her demeanour and general conduct, must most cordially agree. Oh, she was a bright and glorious creature, fresh with youth, uncontaminated by a contact with the midnight orgies of fashionable life in the great wilderness. No one, rich or poor, ignorant or refined, could gaze on this faultless being, without profound love for the great architect of human nature and the illimitable globe. She had lately returned from the continent, and was the idol before whom the gentle and the great, the simple and poor, worshipped. Ah! she was good, and as benevolent as she was lovely and accomplished.

This graceful being entered the pavilion resting on the arm of her proud father, and the flatterers by whom she was constantly surrounded bowed and paid her marked respect, which she received with condescending indifference. The proud and ambitious parson Mr. Castlecroft approached with his ward Amanda, whom he presented to the General and his daughters. The hum of admiration was heard as Amanda Burton and Miss Johnson stood gazing on each other in wonder, so strong was the resemblance between these lovely creatures, at the first glance; but a deep reader of human nature could instantly discover the difference which God had made, when he willed the appearance of these bright visions on earth.

Amanda Burton was lovely, vain, and superficial; Sarah Johnson was devoid of vanity, and her mind was deeply stored with the learning of the past, and she possessed a sound understanding to appreciate the wonders of science and art. Polite literature of other lands, as well as her own country, engaged most of her attention, while the beautiful Amanda dreamed of dress and conquest. Sarah performed her social duties, and did "good in secret," and would have blushed to discover its "fame;" while Miss Burton's benevolence was known to the world in which she lived. There was then a great disparity between them. The beauty of Amanda consisted in an astonishing regularity of features, brilliancy of complexion, and studied grace; while Sarah's loveliness was distinguished for its intellectual nature, its lofty dignity blended with suavity, ease, and an unaffected benevolence of expression. After other introductions the two beauties

seated themselves in front of the pavilion in order to witness the game.

Amongst the other arrivals were the noble family of Dean Sir Henry Oxlendon, Sir Rumbold Knatchbull, and Mr. Barnard, sen. While these fashionables were seating themselves, the eye strained itself in vain to discover the heir of the last mentioned house; he was no where to be seen; in fact, it was reported, the discomfited Julius had departed from the country, and that he intended to perform a pilgrimage to the south of Europe.

About a hundred yards from the principal pavilion was constructed a large oblong booth for general entertainment. This large enclosure was covered over with canvass, to protect the inmates from wind or foul weather. In front of the booth was displayed in large letters on a board, "The Chequers, by Maria Gettings, from Folkstone. N.B. Good accommodation for man and horse." Behind a few deal boards above which was placed a rude counter, on which sparkled bright glasses and sombre bottles, was the priestess of this hosteline—our old friend the widow, who was bravely assisted by the gentle and amiable Jane. Chairs and tables were placed within and outside of this awning for the accommodation of the crowds of spectators that were now assembled to witness the sports. A body of persons formed a group before the opening of this tent, who were fiercely discussing the chances of the game, and numerous individuals laid heavy wagers on the result. Amongst these persons stood Hamish, Sarson, Waldron, and the youthful speaker of the Rose a few evenings before, Mr. Gillet. A dozen members of the Hythe Club congregated round Mr. Carrick, one of the men given by the county to the garrison with Poynder. Carrick was formed by nature for this manly game—slightly and elegantly proportioned, evincing great strength and activity, with dark penetrating eyes, and an intelligent expression of countenance; he was admired and regarded as an honourable tradesman, and the best general player in England. After some remarks from one of the Folkstone youths relative to the players of East Kent, Carrick remarked, "that he had no fear of the result, they had an excellent field and good batters. There was his friend and pupil Edmund Poynder, if the garrison permitted him to place the field, he would bet even that his party would win."

"But," replied Waldron, "where is Edmund, I have not seen him on the ground?"

"Oh, he will be here in a few minutes, and then for the game," said Carrick.

True enough were Carrick's remarks, for Edmund was perceived shortly afterwards leaping his pony over the gate; clearing which he galloped to the booth, alighted, paid the necessary attention to his favourite steed, then saluting mine hostess, and her blushing daughter, he grasped the hand of Carrick with warm-hearted frankness, who returned the pressure with great cordiality.

"My dear Carrick," cried Edmund, gaily, "I am so pleased we have you with us. Here is a glorious day; no sun; scarcely any wind; the leather will bound bravely along the surface of this delightful plain. But have you seen Cumberland? Ah, Waldron, Hamish, Captain Sarson, I am proud to see you;" and Poynder cordially grasped the hands of the persons thus saluted, who met his friendly notice with evident pleasure. Edmund then took Carrick's arm, excusing himself to his other friends, and repaired to the pavilion to concert with the officers relative to the conduct of the game. Edmund presented a curious appearance for a cricketer. We are compelled to describe his dress, which no person ever wore in a match before or since. No. 1. Straw hat, with enormous brim. 2. White jacket and waistcoat; all these in character; but No. 3, *black cord breeches*, with white gaiters, and low shoes with spikes. Only think of black cords and gaiters to play before such a galaxy of beauty and such a host of ability! It was a solecism—a frightful outrage on taste—and it may lower this estimable youth in the opinion of all lovers of propriety in dress—all admirers of delightful fashion; but we are compelled to record the truth, and by all that is *outré* there walked Poynder boldly up to the pavilion.

"Surely, Edmund, you will not enter the pavilion; you will send for Captain Cumberland; observe, there are ladies," remarked Carrick, with a bashful air.

"What have I to fear, my friend, from either ladies or gentlemen. But we are saved from this trouble, for here comes Captain Cumberland and the eight officers."

(To be continued.)

THE LATE MRS. BARON CORNWALL WILSON.

The daily papers announce the death of this lady, whose name has been for many years before the public as a contributor to the poetical department of the annual and other periodical publications—and more recently as editress of a biography of the late duchess of St. Alban's.

She was distinguished by great and varied talent, which she exerted with highly commendable industry in the cause of a family. Some of her poetry is beautiful; a few years back she gained the first prize offered by the Melodists' Club for the best ballad. What her own aspirings were will be seen from the following poem:—

IMPROMPTU.

(On reading a criticism, which reproved the author for writing only songs and ballads.)

They tell me I degrade my lyre
With idle themes of song,
Unworthy of a poet's fire,
To please the list'ning throng!
That other hands should wake the lay
Of knight and lady fair;
The graver themes I should essay,
Not "trifles light as air."

The hour is past, when FAME had charms,
To lure my vanity;
Cradled in LOVE'S domestic arms,
Oh! what is name to me?
My infants frolic round my knees,
In childhood's sportive mirth;
And there smiles one I vow'd to please
Beside our social hearth!

Mid joys like these—ah! what is Fame?
At best an empty sound!
Or what the poet's boasted name,
With fabled laurels crown'd?
Chide not my harp's unsoaring string,
Though light the lays it breaths;
Not for the POET'S CROWN I sing,
But for the MINSTREL'S WREATH!

Woburn Place, Russell Square, June, 1830.

LORD CAMPBELL'S LIVES OF THE CHANCELLORS.

When we consider that the present work contains the lives of men with whom we are made acquainted in our earliest days, and which work strengthens that intimacy by giving in detail the minutest actions of men of talent, we must admit the importance of Lord Campbell's undertaking. It is true that Becket has had his biographer, as well as More, Bacon, Clarendon, Shaftesbury, Jeffreys, and many others; still the research evinced, and information given, add fresh interest to the respective lives. The plan of each particular life is well laid, both as regards arrangement and scale; so that the length is fairly proportioned to the reader's interest in the subject. The proper distinction between biography and history is always maintained; the legal knowledge and acumen of Lord Campbell have enabled him to treat his chancellors as lawyers, and to introduce popular views of the law; a just medium between uninforming generalisation and undue fulness is observed; whilst the narrative, though not exhibiting passages of remarkable composition, or indeed any striking effect, is always equable and agreeable; the interest well sustained throughout.

"The Lives of the Lord Chancellors" opens with the derivation of the name, and traces the origin and growth of the office under the Anglo-Saxons. It its origin the chancellorship was merely ministerial, permitting men to go to law after examining their case, assigning them a tribunal, and vouching the suit by a *seal*, more trustworthy than a signature, which few could decipher. The holder of the seals became keeper of the king's conscience, because the confessor and the chancellor were mostly the same person, the former being *ex necessitate* an ecclesiastic, whilst the keeper of the seal was *ex necessitate temporis* in orders likewise, as no one else could read or write. The first "great seal" was made in the reign of Edward the Confessor, "upon the model which has been followed ever since. It bore the representation of the king, in his imperial robes, sitting on his throne, holding a sceptre in his right hand and a sword in his left, with the inscription 'Sigillum Edwardi Anglorum Basilei.'" The first practising advocate raised to the chancellorship (though, after the custom of those times, still an ecclesiastic) was Ralf Flambard, appointed by Rufus; and he was about the worst of the lot. In the reign of Stephen, William Fitzherbert, a layman, was made chancellor by Matilda; but as she is not acknowledged as a sovereign, Lord Campbell fixes the first lay lord chancellor to the year 1340, in the reign of Edward III. This worthy was Sir Robert Bouchier; like Fitzherbert, a stalwart knight, who made short work with law and equity, when he gave any attention to them, but was chiefly occupied with politics and foreign affairs. The complaints to which this military chancellorship gave rise caused the removal of Bouchier, and something like at an attempt at encroachment on the prerogative by Parliament, which wanted to have "the chancellor together with the other great officers of state chosen openly in Parliament, and that at the same time they should be openly sworn to obey the laws of the land and Magna Charta." Sir Robert Bouchier, on his dismissal, took to the trade to which he was bred; recovered his popularity; and fought at Cressy. He was succeeded by Sir Robert Parnyng (1341); who was "the first regularly bred common lawyer that was ever appointed to the office of chancellor in England.

FIRST COMMON LAW LORD CHANCELLOR.

"Sir Robert Parnynge, who now held the great seal, was the first regularly bred common lawyer who was ever appointed to the office of chancellor in England. I do not find any account of his parentage or early education. He was probably of obscure origin, owing his rise to his talents and his industry. Having distinguished himself greatly for his proficiency in the study of the common law as a member of the inns of court and as an utter barrister, he took the degree of the coif in the 8th of Edward III, and was soon made a king's sergeant. 'For his profound and excellent knowledge of the

laws,' he was, in Trinity term, 14 Ed. III, created chief justice of England. On the 15th of December following, he was made lord treasurer of England; and he remained in that office till he was constituted lord chancellor. The equitable jurisdiction of chancery had gradually extended itself, and to the duties of his own court the new chancellor sedulously devoted himself. But he thought, as did Lord Eldon and the most celebrated of his successors, that the best qualification for an equity judge is not the mere drudgery of drawing bills and answers, but a scientific knowledge of the common law; and he further thought it essential that his knowledge of the common law should be steadily kept up by him when chancellor. 'This man,' says Lord Coke, 'knowing that he that knew not the common law could never well judge in equity (which is a just correction of law in some cases), did usually sit in the court of Common Pleas (which court is the lock and key of the common law), and heard matters in law there debated, and many times would argue himself; as in the Report, 17 Ed. III, it appears.'"

The earliest chancery suit seems to differ little from the present except in speed and simplicity; and we will introduce it here, with some other extracts bearing on the general subject.

"Audley *v.* Audley, 40 Edward III. This, the earliest instance I have found of a suit for a specific performance, is fully reported in the close roll of that year. By a deed executed in contemplation of the marriage of Nicholas son of James Lord Audley, he had covenanted to settle lands in possession or reversion to the amount of four hundred marks. After the marriage, Elizabeth, the wife, petitioned the king in Parliament that Lord Audley should be ordained to perform the covenant. The king caused the defendant to come before the chancellor, the treasurer, and the justices, and other 'sages' assembled in the Star Chamber. The Lady Audley 'showed forth her grievances;' that is to say, she declared them by word of mouth, and produced the indenture of covenant. A demurrer put in on the part of the defendant was overruled; and, after various proceedings before the chancellor and treasurer in the council, performance of the covenant at last obtained."

PLACE OF THE CHANCELLOR.

"By 31 Henry VIII, c. 10, he has precedence above all temporal peers, except the king's sons, nephews, and grandsons, whether he be a peer or a commoner. If he be a peer, he ought regularly to be placed at the top of the dukes' bench, on the left of the throne; and if a commoner, "upon the uppermost sack in the Parliament chamber, called the lord chancellor's woolsack.' For convenience, here he generally sits, though a peer; and here he puts the question, and acts as prolocutor: but this place is not considered within the house, and when he is to join in debate as a peer, he leaves the woolsack, and stands in front of his proper seat, the top of the dukes' bench. * * * * * Whether peer or commoner, the chancellor is not, like the speaker of the Commons, moderator of the proceedings of the House in which he seems to preside; he is not addressed in debate; he does not name the peer who is to be heard; he is not appealed to as an authority on points of order; and he may cheer the sentiments expressed by his colleagues in the ministry. * * * This arises from a proper distrust of a speaker holding his office during the pleasure of the crown, and necessarily an active political partisan: but most inconvenient consequences follow from there being no moderator in an assembly which is supposed to be the most august, but *is probably the most disorderly in the world.*"

MODE OF APPOINTMENT AND DISMISSAL.

"The appointment to the office of lord chancellor in very remote times was by patent or writ of privy seal, or by suspending the great seal by a chain round his neck; but for many ages the sovereign has conferred the office by simply delivering the great seal to the person who is to hold it, verbally addressing him by the title which he is to bear. He then instantly takes the oaths, and is clothed with all the authority of the office, although usually before entering upon the public exercise of it he has been installed in it with great pomp and solemnity. The proper tenure of the office is during pleasure; and it is determined by the voluntary surrender of the great seal into the hands of the sovereign, or by his demanding it in person, or sending a messenger for it with a warrant under the privy seal or sign manual."

THE GREAT SEAL.

"When on a new reign, or on a change of the royal arms or style, an order is made by the sovereign in council for using a new great seal, the old one is publicly broken, and the fragments become the fee of the chancellor. * * * This being the general rule, an amicable contest, *honoris causâ*, arose upon the subject between two of the most distinguished men who have ever held the office. Lord Lyndhurst was chancellor on the accession of William IV, when by an order in council a new great seal was ordered to be prepared by his majesty's chief engraver; but when it was finished and an order was made for using it, Lord Brougham was chancellor. Lord Lyndhurst claimed the

old great seal on the ground that the transaction must be referred back to the date of the first order, and that the fruit must therefore be considered as having fallen in his time; while Lord Brougham insisted that the point of time to be regarded was the moment when the old great seal ceased to be the '*clavis regni*,' and that there was no exception to the general rule. The matter being submitted to the king as supreme judge in such cases, his majesty equitably adjudged that the old great seal should be divided between the two noble and learned litigants; and as it consisted of two parts, for making an impression on both sides of the wax appended to letters patent—one representing the sovereign on the throne, and the other on horseback—the destiny of the two parts respectively should be determined by lot. His majesty's judgment was much applauded; and he graciously ordered each part to be set in a splendid silver salver with appropriate devices and ornaments, which he presented to the late and present keeper of his conscience as a mark of his personal respect for them. The ceremony of breaking or 'damasking' the old great seal, consists in the sovereign giving it a gentle blow with a hammer; after which it is supposed to be broken, and has lost all its virtue."

AEROLITHS, or METEORIC STONES.

BY E. J. LOWE.

Ah, if so much of beauty
Pour itself into each vein
Of life, and of creation,
How beautiful must the
Great fountain be—
The bright—the eternal.

The word aerolith is derived from the Greek *aer*, the air, and *lithos*, a stone (air-stones), which is an appellation given to those extraordinary solid bodies, composed of several mineral substances, which have been observed (though, certainly, they are of rare occurrence) to fall from the atmosphere. These are sometimes called aeroliths, and at other times lunar stones. The descent of these very curious masses was, for a considerable time, doubted, and when a description of any of these phenomena were published to the world, they were treated with the scorn of an untruth; but of late years the fact has been so repeatedly proved, and in such a conclusive manner, that it cannot, by any possible means, leave any doubt of the certain existence of this phenomenon.

The larger class of these air-stones have been observed as luminous bodies, moving with very great velocities, and descending in oblique directions, accompanied with a loud hissing noise, something resembling a large and irregular solid substance carried violently through our atmosphere, surrounded by a brilliant flame, which decreases both in brightness and breadth—the latter assuming nearly a point in the tail of these meteors. These, on a sudden, are heard to burst, and seen to be blown by some violent force into pieces; the larger parts preceding the smaller ones in succession, and are seen to strike the earth with great force, frequently being inhumed several inches. On examination being made where these explosions have taken place, the parts are found scattered about, and the stones, when dug up, considerably heated.

The most extraordinary fact is that these stones all bear a resemblance to each other, and in every instance present the same external appearance of semi-metallic matter, coated on the outside with a thin black crust, and exhibiting very strong proofs of recent fusion.

These meteoric-stones have been very carefully examined by some of the greatest chemists and naturalists of the present age, and their strict and accurate investigations have supplied us with such a mass of information, perfectly sufficient to convince the most scrupulous inquirer that these bodies have a common origin, and that we are totally unacquainted with any natural process which would in any possibility have formed them on the earth.

The meteoric-stones, which underwent a very strict and attentive examination by Count de Bournon and Mr. Howard, were found to consist of four distinct substances, namely—small metallic particles, a peculiar martial pyrites, a number of globular and elliptical bodies, also of a peculiar nature, and an earthy cement, surrounding the other component parts. The nature of the metallic particles was the same, in all being in each an alloy of iron and nickel. In the pyrites, nickel, as well as iron, was detected; and the easy decomposition of the pyrites by muriatic acid, afforded a distinguishing character of that substance. The globules contained silica, magnesia, and oxides of nickel and iron. The earthy cement consisted of the same substances, very nearly in the same proportions."

M. Vauquelin also, about the same date as Mr. Howard, bestowed a good deal of care in analysing those distinguished meteors the Benares-stones, together with two others, one which fell in 1789 and the other in 1790 (both in the south of France), and the results of his experiments, which had caused a great deal of anxiety, agreed in every respect with those attained by Mr. Howard.

As I have before stated, all these stones

that have fallen at different times, and in different parts of the earth's surface, have been formed of the same substances; but no other bodies on our globe have ever been discovered which contain the same ingredients. It may be worthy here of remark to state, that the average of the specific gravity of these stones is 3½ or 3¾ times heavier than that of water.

I shall now take a few of the more curious of this phenomena, to illustrate the various forms in which they have at times fallen. Some are of great size. In 1762 two stones fell near Verona, one weighing 300 lbs., and the other 200 lbs. Another in 1492, on Nov. 7th, fell at Enisheim, in Alcase (Upper Rhine), which weighed 260 lbs. (this is now in the library of Colmar). Sometimes these stones fall in showers: in 1510, according to Cardet Varcit, a shower containing about 1,200 stones (one of which weighed 120 lbs.) fell near Padua, in Italy. A very extensive shower of stones fell on July 24th, 1790, near the environs of Agen. A large mass of iron (70 cubic feet) fell on the 5th April, 1800, in America. Pliny also gives an account of a shower of iron which fell in Lucania. According to Dion, there was a shower of mercury in Italy. We read in the Bible of a shower of sulphur at Sodom and Gomorrah (Moses). Another shower of this nature fell at Brunswick in 1721. We have also two descriptions of sulphurous rain, one in the duchy of Mansfield in 1658, the other at Copenhagen. We have on record a shower of sand, which fell incessantly for fifteen hours in the Atlantic Ocean (April 6th, 1719). A shower of fire fell at Quesnoy, January 4th, 1717 (Geoffrey le Cadet). July, 1810: a large ball of fire fell from the clouds at Shahabad, which burnt down five villages, destroyed the crops, and killed several people. Nov. 23rd, 1810: three stones fell in the commune of Charionville and neighbourhood of Orleans. These fell perpendicularly, and without the appearance of any light or ball of fire; one weighing 40 lbs. buried itself three feet in the ground. A very remarkable shower of a viscid unknown matter fell in Ireland, 1695 (Muschenbroeck.) Mrs. Somerville gives an account of several of these bodies having exceeded that of a body of seventy-five miles in diameter; and one that passed at the distance of twenty-five miles was said to weigh 600,000 tons, and had a velocity equal to twenty miles per second. (Only a slight particle of this stone reached the earth). I cannot help adding to this list the meteoric-showers which have lately caused such a degree of excitement, and commonly gone by the name of November meteors, which name originated by their appearance on November 12th and 13th, in the years 1766, 1779, 1799, 1831, 1832, 1833, 1834, 1835, 1836, and 1837. The shower of Ærolites in 1779 was very extraordinary, for four hours there was not a space left in the heavens of the size of three diameters of the moon's disc, which was not filled with these burning meteors. Many of them had a distinct nucleus, quite as large as the apparent disc of Jupiter, and most of them from five to ten degs. in length. Another of the most curious and brilliant displays of this kind took place on the evening of the 12th and morning of the 13th of November, 1833, in the United States of America. On this occasion the falling stars were equally numerous, and this grand exhibition extended over a very considerable portion of the earth's surface. (Professor Olmsted comes to this conclusion, after considering all the circumstances, "That the November meteors consist of portions of the extreme parts of a nebulous body, which revolves around the sun in an orbit interior to that of the earth, but little inclined to the plane of the ecliptic, having its aphelion near to the earth's path, and having a periodic time of nearly 182 days.") Besides these there are several hundred accounts of stones having fallen, all of which deserve to be recorded, but would be too numerous to enumerate here.

The fall of meteoric-stones is considerably more frequent than what is generally believed. We scarce pass through a year without hearing some account of these strangers to our earth, and when we take into consideration what a small portion of this globe is inhabited, it is fair to presume that numbers must either fall in the ocean or an uninhabited land, which are unseen by man.

SONG.

"THE SUNNY PATHS OF CHEERFUL YOUTH."

The sunny paths of cheerful youth,
With lightsome heart are trod,
Radient with nature and with truth,
Most pleasing unto God.
For in the paths of after life,
More callous grows the heart,
For ways which are beset with strife,
Make innocence depart.

The soul's buoyant joyousness
Only our youth can know,
When the young hearts most dire distress,
Like spring clouds o'er us blow.
Youth is the spring of life, when all
Is new, inviting, sweet,
When nothing on the sense does pall,
And all seems bright we meet.

Oh, that life was like those flowers
That ope unto the sun,
And quickly when approach dark hours,
Close up the night to shun.
How happy should we be to miss
All dire misfortunes—night,
And live a life of sunny bliss—
A life of constant light.

W. W.

SOME CURIOUS INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF MR. JOHN JONES, SHOWING THE ADVANTAGES OF BEING TALL.

BY JOTT.

"Six feet three, John, to a hair's breadth," said a middle-aged lady to her beloved son, whom but a couple of minutes before she had placed against the wall in the front parlour, in order that she might ascertain his height.

"Six feet three to a hair's breadth," said the lady, closing the two-feet rule with which she had measured that part of the wall from the bottom of the skirting board to a mark which she had made with her knitting needle, and which was on a level with the upper part of the cranium of John Jones, her son.

"His fortune's made," said a stout gentleman with a somewhat highly coloured physiognomy, and who was seated at a table, quaffing something whose colour approximated very much to that of his countenance. "Damme," continued the gentleman of the rubicund physiognomy, "if he don't make something of himself, I wouldn't give a button for him."

"Nobody's fault but his own, if he doesn't," observed Mrs. Jones.

"His fortune's made, as I said before," said Mr. Jeremiah Jones (for such was the name the stout gentleman rejoiced in), "if he only minds his eye. Sooner be six feet three than have six hundred and fifty pounds in my pocket."

Probably this was said because Mr. Jeremiah Jones had not that sum to present his son and heir with on beginning the world.

"Wouldn't make a bad soldier or a policeman," said John Jones, somewhat flattered by the remarks made upon his stature.

"A what?" shrieked Mrs. Jones, who seemed to have a strong inclination to go into hysterics.

"A what, sirrah?" demanded Mr. Jeremiah Jones, casting looks indicative of the utmost indignation at his son.

"A soldier or a policeman," said John Jones, quite innocently, and whose ideas were not very aspiring.

"Oh dear," said Mrs. Jeremiah Jones, "has it come to this? Is it possible that I can have brought a child into the world who talks of becoming a soldier or a policeman?"

"I promised to give you a shilling a week for pocket money, sir," said Mr. Jeremiah Jones; "I shall now only give you sixpence, and that's too much."

John Jones was then one-and-twenty years of age, and remarkably plain-looking. His parents had hitherto delayed putting him to any business or profession, owing to an insurmountable difficulty to fix upon anything good enough for a youth of such a promising stature. Whenever John had done or said anything that occasioned the displeasure of his parents, he generally quitted the room, thinking that his presence only served to remind them of the offence of which he had been guilty. He left the room on the present occasion.

"It is really time that boy was put to something," said Mrs. Jones.

"What a figure he would make in the House!" observed Mr. Jones.

"What House?" inquired the lady.

"Parliament house," said Mr. Jones. "Make a capital premier; his figure would do the business—persuade 'em into anything. The Russells and the Roebucks would tremble when they saw him."

"The bar's a genteel profession," suggested Mrs. Jones.

"Do there also," said Mr. Jones. "Carry all before him."

"Tall clergymen and doctors look well," said Mrs. Jones.

"Damme, he'll do for anything," said Mr. Jeremiah Jones. "Must succeed, whatever he takes in hand."

"My opinion is," said Mrs. Jones, "that some rich lady will be falling in love with him and marrying him."

"Shouldn't be at all surprised."

Having introduced the reader to the Joneses, and made him acquainted with the high expectations that were entertained of the young man John Jones, turn we to another personage who is equally deserving of our attention.

Short and stout, lively and eccentric, and a little past the meridian in point of years, Miss Rebecca Lobbley was at once the pride and envy of her sex. The pride, because she was considered the most generous, the best-hearted little woman going;—the envy, because she had an annuity of seventy pounds, a comfortable yearly stipend, to which unhappily few, very few of her sex could lay any claim. Miss Lobbley paid visits to, and received visits from, the Joneses. Whenever she encountered one member of the family, her virgin heart fluttered. John had won her affections, but, alas! he was unconscious of the fact, nor were Mr. and Mrs. Jeremiah Jones cognisant of it. John was not remarkably astute, and Miss Lobbley knew sufficient of what belonged to her sex to know that it was the duty of John to make the first advances. The old couple had left the twain together one day, when Miss Lobbley determined upon throwing out a few inuendoes to John, in order that (if he had the least penetration) he might get an inkling as to the nature of her wishes She had a great objection to John's sta-

ture, although in the following conversation she described herself to be very partial to tall people. Her reasons, however, for such a statement are obvious enough.

"Your figure, Mr. Jones, has often struck me as very, very commanding," observed Miss Lobbley.

John Jones sat in one corner of the room, and Miss Lobbley in the other. He amused himself by turning over the leaves of an old scrap-book, and she amused herself by wrapping a piece of blue ribbon round her fingers.

"Good size," said John; "nothing like being tall."

"Oh, I am so fond of tall people," said Miss Lobbley; "they are so very useful, and they look so genteel.'

"Certainly," said John; "most genteel people going, I think."

"I have often said," observed Miss Lobbley, "that if ever I did marry, my husband should be a tall man. I hate little people, although I am little myself."

"What do you think of me for a husband?" said John Jones, jocosely, but who really meant nothing by the question, and who was totally ignorant of the drift of Miss Lobbley's conversation.

"Oh, Mr. Jones, for shame," said Miss Lobbley, blushing as red as the silk with which her bonnet was lined.

This short conversation decided the fate of two human beings; for little more than nine months passed over, before Mr. John Jones and Miss Rebecca Lobbley were one. It was brought about in this way. Mrs. Jeremiah Jones was just going to enter the room, when she heard Miss Lobbley and her son talking; and curious to know the subject of the conversation, she clapped her ear to the keyhole, and heard most of what passed between Miss Lobbley and her son. Had the matter been left to John, Miss Lobbley and he might have remained as far apart as ever, for he never dreamt for a moment of converting the soft, the euphonious name of Lobbley into that of Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. Jeremiah Jones (we are particular in saying Jeremiah, because the ramifications of the family were innumerable) had long and frequent debates as to whether it would be prudent for John to offer himself as a candidate for Miss Lobbley's favour, or not. After a good deal of controversy, it was decided that John should offer himself, and the result was as stated above.

After the wedding, Mr. and Mrs. John Jones took a couple of rooms in —— street, which they furnished themselves. John Jones's stature soon attracted attention; and as he passed along the street, the servant girls generally flew to the windows to get a look at him; and his tall, commanding figure soon caused him to be known in that locality under the genteel appellation of the "Big-un."

Mr. and Mrs. John Jones were sitting one evening in their apartment (they had just had tea), when a gentle tap was heard at the door, and presently the landlady's servant made her appearance.

"Well, Jane, what is it you want?" asked Mrs. John Jones.

"I hope you won't think me too free, ma'am," said the girl, "but missus sent to ask if as how you would be so good as to let Mr. Jones come into the yard and take down the lines, seeing that it requires a particular tall person to reach 'em, and missus and me being much too short."

"Oh, certainly, certainly," said Mrs. John Jones, who, as before intimated, was the best-natured little woman in existence. "John, my dear," continued she (she had the entire control of him), "run and take the lines down, there's a good fellow. Nothing like making yourself useful."

John Jones, who did not at all concur with the maxim, rose from his seat, and doggedly followed the servant girl into the yard.

Few people asked Mrs. Jones to do these favours, without their requests (if she had it in her power) being complied with. John Jones had invariably obeyed her in the most trivial matters, for, to say truth, nature had been more lavish in her bestowal of physical qualifications upon John, than mental; and it was, therefore, necessary that somebody should have control over him. An occurrence, however, which we are going to relate, caused him to be somewhat rebellious, and show indications of an independent spirit. In a street adjoining that in which the Joneses lived, one of those wonders of creation, a dwarf, had been announced to appear; and shortly after the announcement, the proprietor of the said dwarf had an interview with Mrs. John Jones. The object and result of it will be gleaned from the following dialogue.

"John," said Mrs. Jones, "what do you think?"

John was one of those happy, happy fellows, who never think at all.

"Can't say," said John.

"I'll tell you," said the lady. "It is arranged for you to appear in public."

"Where's that?" asked John, having a confused notion of a public-house.

"Why, my love, to appear openly, publicly, to, to,—in short, to show yourself in a room, where anybody by paying may come and see you."

"Won't do," said John; "can't stand that."

"You must, my dear, you must," said Mrs. Jones. "It's all settled. The gen-

tleman who belongs to the dwarf in the next street has been here, and everything is arranged. You have to be there, to show off the dwarf to greater advantage by the contrast."

"I cannot agree to that, Mrs. Jones," said John. "My stature, ma'am, was intended for higher purposes."

"You must agree to it, my dear, because I have given the gentleman belonging to the dwarf my promise, and I cannot withdraw it."

"I'm blest if I do, then," said John; and as if for the purpose of giving the asseveration emphasis, he snatched his hat from the table, and threw it upon the floor with all his might.

"I insist upon it," said Mrs. Jones. "What else are you good for, eh?"

"Mrs. Jones," said John, "my blood boils, ma'am, my spirit rises indignantly, ma'am, against such a degradation. Let the dwarf get another big man. There's plenty besides me in the world."

"The dwarf's master has desired your service, and you must go."

"I'll not go, Mrs. Jones; I'll not go; that's flat."

"You shall, sir, and I insist upon it."

"I'll see the dwarf to—to France, before I go," said John Jones.

"You are a monster, John, a hideous monster, and I wish I had never seen you," said Mrs. Jones. "What is to become of the dwarf, if there is not somebody alongside of him? He'll not be seen to any advantage, and the consequence will be that people won't consider him a curiosity at all."

"Nothing to do with that, Mrs. Jones. Let the dwarf provide people for himself."

"You will make me hate you, John," said Mrs. Jones. "Come, say you'll go—there's a good fellow. It's only for a short time."

"What's the pay?" at length inquired John, who now for the first time evinced a desire to compromise.

"Pay, dear, how can you ask such a question? What can a poor insignificant little dwarf afford to give?"

"If the dwarf wants a man, he must pay for him," said John Jones.

"He cannot afford to give anything," said Mrs. Jones, "or he would do so willingly."

"I'll consider about it," said John, at length.

The result of his consideration was a determination to comply with the wishes of Mrs. Jones, and thus act as a powerful auxiliary to the dwarf.

Three months did the dwarf remain in the street adjoining that in which the Joneses lived; and every evening, at a certain hour, did John Jones attend the exhibition for the purpose alluded to. During those months, John Jones endured a martyrdom; for not only was he exposed to the criticisms and observations of the public, but he had to submit to the peevishness of the dwarf, who was one of the most irritable little creatures in Christendom. Frequently did this same little dwarf threaten to knock John's head off his shoulders; frequently did this little waspish mite of mortality use the most abusive language towards John Jones, and make invidious allusions to his personal appearance, insinuating that if he had a foot or two cut off his person (he did not say in what particular part), he would not look any worse for it. How often did the poor fellow wish he had been a middle-sized man—nay, under the middle size—rather than six feet three.

The day that the dwarf took his departure was a glorious day to John. He got drunk on that day for the first time in his life. Mrs. Jones always kept him bare in regard to pocket money; but the sly fellow had been saving up for weeks prior to the departure of the dwarf.

Some time passed by without his experiencing any other annoyance or inconvenience in consequence of his immense stature. While sitting, however, one morning at breakfast in the company of Mrs. Jones, the servant entered the room to say that a little boy wished to ask Mr. Jones a favour.

"What's his name?" asked John Jones.

"Billy Crick," said the servant. "He ain't got no hat."

"Show him up," said John Jones.

A little dirty saucy urchin, exceedingly ragged, and without hat or cap, was accordingly shown into the room.

"What's your will, sir?" asked John Jones.

"Please, Mister Jones," began the little boy, "please, Mister Jones——"

"Well, sir, speak out, speak out," said John Jones. "What is it you want?"

"Please, Mister Jones," resumed the little boy, "my cap has stuck on the lamp-post hopposite your ouse, and nobody ain't tall enough to get it off, and I bin recommended to happly to you, a howing to your being sich a strapper."

"Get out," said John Jones, almost provoked to throw the breakfast table and everything that was upon it at the little boy. "Get out, you young impertinent rascal."

"For shame, John," said Mrs. Jones. "Why don't you go and get the poor boy his cap? Go this moment."

"I hear, ma'am, I ant got no other," said the little boy, taking the cue from what the lady had just said.

John Jones chafed and grumbled; but he

was ultimately obliged to yield. Oh! how he cursed his firm, tall, commanding figure.

Mr. Jones being engaged in no business, generally, when it was four, took his wife out for a walk. Returning one day, after a short round in one of the parks, their attention was attracted by a large crowd, assembled in one of the streets, and towards it did Mr. and Mrs. John Jones direct their steps. Half a dozen mountebanks were exhibiting their feats of dexterity, &c., to an admiring assembly, and an old drum and a clarionet served as a sort of accompaniment. Had it been a Punch and Judy affair, we will be bound to say that Mrs. Jones would have stopped to look at it, for she certainly was one of the most enthusiastic admirers of anything of that kind that we ever heard of. John Jones hated all sorts of show people; and it need not, therefore, occasion any astonishment to the reader if we tell him that he was exceedingly anxious to retrace his steps. The sight of the very mountebanks, with their spangled drawers, yellow stockings, and buckskin shoes, awakened a host of painful associations.

"What are you pulling at, John?" inquired Mrs. Jones, somewhat sharply.

"Come along, come along; there is nothing to see," said John Jones.

"Don't be in a hurry," said Mrs. Jones; "the people are very clever, and I like to look at 'em."

John offered no further resistance. He took his place in the crowd.

"Will that ere tall gen'leman oblige the company with taking off his castor?" shouted a lad behind the Jones's.

John took no notice.

"I say, my tulip, you aint agoing to stand there," said a man a few yards behind where the unfortunate John Jones stood, and whose black face betokened him to be in the chimney-sweeping profession. "Please, if that aint coming it rayther strong," continued the man, addressing himself to his neighbour, "for that ere walking lamp post to stick hisself in the very art of the crowd. It aint possible for a man of decent size to see over suk a steeple as that."

John Jones whispered to his wife to pass on; but still were the lady's eyes rivetted on the mountebanks.

Close to Mr. John Jones stood a little woman with a child between four and five years of age in her arms; but owing to the diminutive stature of the woman, and the great numbers of people in front of her, she could neither see herself nor enable the child to see, whose anxiety to accomplish this object was sufficiently indicated by its stretching out its neck continually, and raising itself up in the arms of the woman. She ever and anon cast envious glances at Mr. John Jones, and evidently had a strong desire to speak to him, but was only prevented from not being able to catch that gentleman's eye. He at length fixed his eyes upon her, when she addressed him in the manner following:—

"May I be so bold as to ax you, sir, to put this ere Billy o' mine on your shoulder for a minit or two, to let him see the tumblers? He's most particularly anxious to get a look. I aint tall enough myself or I wouldn't ax you?"

John Jones was overwhelmed with shame and confusion. Without saying a word to his wife, he darted through the crowd, and did not stop till he reached the door of his own residence. When Mrs. Jones returned, she was, of course, very angry.

It would occupy much more of our time than we can spare to describe the innumerable annoyances and humiliations that Mr. John Jones was subject to in his career through life, in consequence of his firm, tall, commanding figure. Let little men thank their stars, that if they are not destined to attract much admiration and attention in their passage through life, that their very diminutiveness screens them from observations and such inconveniences as those to which Mr. John Jones was almost daily exposed.

A VISIT TO PETER PARLEY.

BY WHIZ.

As we were the other day passing the shop of Messrs. Darton and Clark, on Holborn-hill, the flaming placard, with the words, "Do, Mama, buy me Peter Parley's Annual," in letters of amazing size thereon, and a pile of books in the window, on different subjects, all by this same Peter Parley, attracted our attention; and it occurred to us, whilst gazing on their scarlet and golden exteriors, that a little information about Peter himself might form the subject-matter of one of these sketches, especially at Christmas time, when his works are so much in demand as presents for all the little masters and misses of these three kingdoms. And who has not heard of this celebrated and industrious writer? Why, there is scarcely a family to be found which have not welcomed him to home and hearth. He has gossipped pleasantly by the fireside to the delighted children of far away places—of barren deserts and ice regions—of burning mountains and buried cities—of earth, sea, and sky, and the wonders thereunto belonging—of art, with all its treasures—of science, with all its discoveries—of poetry

and its thousand charms—of prose and its countless attractions. He has soared with his young readers through the starry skies, and groped with them in his company through the bowels of the earth, "where the diamond lights up the secret mine." Then he has told them fascinating stories (always aiming to "point a moral" as well as to "adorn a tale") of "Cheerful Cherry," of "Inquisitive Jack," of "Tom Trotter and Dick Boldero," and in "Wit Bought," "Persevere and Prosper," "What to Do," and other such titled narratives, helped to make wisdom's ways ways of pleasantness. Truly the children are wonderfully indebted to Peter Parley!

And let not those who, after all, are only "children of a large growth," affect to despise the writer of such juvenile books as we have alluded to. Genius is never so graceful as when it condescends to people of small estate—and it requires genius of a peculiar order to write for children: let those who think otherwise try it. Peter Parley possesses this gift in an eminent degree. He communicates knowledge without seeming to teach, and therein lies the secret of his great and well-deserved popularity as a story-teller for, and instructor of, children.

Like all eminent characters, Peter has had hosts of imitators, some of them sad blockheads, who have pillaged nothing from him but his "good name," in order to enrich themselves thereby. The productions, however, of these "Peter Freaks" of literature lack all the spirit and originality which characterises those of the real "Simon Pure;" but as we shall have presently to refer to this matter, we will let our readers know who Peter Parley really is.

Fancy a pretty and picturesque suburb of a large city, and that in this village there is one of the most charming cottages in the world, shadowed by graceful American elms, and surrounded by alanthus, chesnut, and dogwood trees. Enter the door, around the trellis-work of whose portico luxuriant creepers twine, and you will find yourselves, after passing through an entrance-hall, in an apartment, every article of furniture in which, whether for use or ornament, displays the perfect taste of its owner. Pictures by the best English, European, and American masters adorn the walls, and articles of *vertu* are scattered about in various parts of the room. From the windows we have a charming view of the surrounding country. Away to the right rises the capitol-crowned city of Boston; every house, although it is three miles distant, aye, and almost every separate brick, distinctly seen, so transparent and pure is the atmosphere. Before us, Jamaica Pond, a beautiful sheet of water, which in England we should be proud of as a lake, sparkles in the sun; and to our left, and far away, the pretty church and the elegant cottages of Brookline gleam amongst their groves of green. Through a glass-door we step at once into the garden—one of the most picturesque I ever saw, for nature has done as much and more for it than it would ever have entered the heart of any landscape gardener, a Loudon even though he might be, to conceive. Rock-work and water-courses are already formed by nature, the best picturesque artist in the world, and art has been only called in as a mere supernumerary. But let us return to the shaded room we have just quitted, for the sun is absolutely raining down his fierce heat, and the thermometer stands in the shade at 96. An hot summer day even so far north as Boston is no joke, and that it *is* unusually warm is proved by a green and golden humming bird, who (a rare thing in the neighbourhood) is busy in the bell of a trumpet vine just outside the window.

"Will you walk in the library, sir?" says a servant, and, following her, we were ushered into a small room, adorned with

"Statues, books, and pictures fair,"

and a gentleman cordially welcomes us. It is Peter Parley himself—the beloved of boys, and the glory of girls. He is tall, and rather slightly made; for a moment he has laid aside a large pair of smoked glass spectacles, and we observe that he has a pair of very bright small intellectual eyes, and soft and kindly in their expression. I had imagined him an elderly, bald-headed, venerable-looking man—he was quite the reverse of the picture of him which I had hung up in my own private and particular image chamber. Over a beautifully shaped head grew short, crisp, curly dark hair, and his features were rather more youthful in cast than might be supposed in those belonging to a man of some half a century old, for that I take to be about his age. He was about the best dressed man I had met in America, and the whole appearance and bearing of Peter Parley was that of the perfect and high-bred gentleman. Of his mental qualifications, which are not, as they ought to be, appreciated in this country, I shall presently speak.

Peter Parley's real name is Samuel Griswold Goodrich; he is the son of a clergyman of Connecticut, a state which has sent forth more literary men than any other in America. Mr. Goodrich was educated in the common school of his native town, and soon after attaining the age of twenty-one, he became engaged in the business of publishing, at Hertford, where he resided for several years. In the year 1824 he was compelled by ill health to travel,

and he visited Europe, and travelled over England, France, Germany, and Holland, devoting his attention particularly to the institutions for education; and on his return, having determined to attempt an improvement in books for the young, established himself in Boston, and commenced the trade, or profession, as it is more genteelly called, of authorship. Since that time he has produced some thirty and odd volumes under the signature of "Peter Parley," which have passed through a great number of editions in America and in this country, and many of them have been translated into foreign languages. Mr. Goodrich informed me that a friend of his had actually met with one of his books "done" into Persian, and I have seen a Constantinople edition of one of the earliest of the "Parley" series.

Of some of these works more than 50,000 copies are circulated annually. In 1824 Mr. Goodrich published "The Token," the first annual which ever appeared in America, and for fourteen years he continued to edit it, and during that time he contributed most of the poems of which he is known to be the author. They were all written whilst he was actively engaged in business. His "Fireside Education" was composed in sixty days, whilst he was discharging his duties as a member of the Massachusets Senate, and superintending his publishing establishment; and his numerous other prose works have been produced with almost equal rapidity. In 1837 he published a volume, entitled "The Outcast and other Poems," most of the contents of which had been previously printed; and in 1841, "Sketches from a Student's Window," a collection of prose and poetry writings that had appeared originally in "The Token" and other periodicals.

Few persons in America, if any, have done so much as Peter Parley in the way of patronising authors and artists, and it is a question whether any one else has done as much to improve the style of book manufacture, or to promote the arts of engraving. For a long time he supported, in England, one of the first American engravers now living, and to him the art of engraving in the west assuredly is greatly indebted for its present high position. It is believed that he has put in circulation more than two millions of volumes of his own production, all of which inculcate pure morality and cheerful views of life. His style is simple and unaffected, the flow of his verse melodious, and his subjects generally such as he is capable of treating most successfully.

Some of Mr. Goodrich's poems are remarkably beautiful, and, although he is principally known in England as a writer of children's books, he is entitled to take a prominent position in the ranks of those who have written for children of a larger growth. Scores of solid literary articles, which have been attributed to well-known and powerful pens, were written by him; and it is only due to our subject that Samuel Griswold Goodrich should be as well known in the literary world by his more elaborate productions, as is Peter Parley by the inimitable books for children. The latter have won for him "golden opinions" from the wise and good of many countries; the former entitle him to consideration as a profound and vigorous thinker and writer.

He told me, in the course of conversation, that he had adopted the name of "Peter Parley" as he wished the tales he told children to be related by a gossipping old gentleman, who could talk and "parley" with them. "When I first used it, I little thought," said he, "that before long it would be better known than my own."

During the disastrous panic which occurred some years ago in the American money-market, Mr. Goodrich, in common with hundreds of others, was a sufferer to a very serious extent. Previously to the calamity he had built himself a beautiful mansion at Roxbury, near Boston; and near it a lodge of very elegant design. Here he fondly had hoped to spend the evening of his days, in the enjoyment of competence and even of affluence. But the crash came; and one dreary day Peter Parley, after all his hard work, found himself stripped of every dollar, and instead of being independent in circumstances, ten thousand dollars in debt. But he was not the man to despair; and acting upon the principles of perseverance and industry he had so often inculcated, he "never gave up," but set his shoulders once more to the wheel, and, with a willing heart and cheerful hope, commenced life anew. He was not so young as when he first wrote books, but the mine was yet unexhausted—his arm was still vigorous, and he recommenced working in the veins of knowledge. He was a prudent man, and so he sold his large house, and, with his accomplished wife and young family, removed to the lodge, which his taste soon converted into a charming home; "and," said Mrs. Goodrich to me, when I visited them a few months ago, "we are just as happy as we were there." Day and night toiled Peter Parley, flinging off book after book with unexampled rapidity, until fortune smiled on her patient wooer, and partially restored him that of which chance had deprived him. Still he is toiling for his children, and I am happy to say not without earning his just wages.

But flesh and blood *will* wear out; and

our friend Peter Parley's eyes have grown less serviceable than of yore. What then? his brain is still as active, and if you will peep through the window of study any morning early or any evening late, you will see a graceful lady acting as amanuensis to her husband—or, perhaps, you may hear her composing little songs for a periodical which Peter edits for children, or mark her inditing some graceful lyric. Mr. Goodrich's eyesight obliges him to seek the aid of his wife's pen in this way; and it is not impossible that a certain indescribable charm which pervades Peter's later works may be ascribed to this circumstance.

Thus have I given some account, and a very imperfect one it is, I fear, of one with whose name we have all of us so long been familiar. He has for years been a mysterious personage to all but a few; and I trust that hundreds of little (aye, and great) folk will not read his works with the less interest for having known something of the real original "Peter Parley."—*Sun.*

The Gatherer.

Death Foretold.—The grand Duke of Darmstadt, who died in 1830, foretold the time of his own death. "I shall die," he used to say at different times, "on the very day my father breathed his last;" viz, April 6th; and his prophecy has been fulfilled. It is also a curious coincidence in high life, that this prince, as well as two of his sisters, celebrated their golden wedding feasts (*i.e.* a celebration on the fiftieth anniversary of the marriage).

New Year's Greetings.—Captain Alexander, speaking of New Year's Day, says, "While I was sitting at breakfast, a servant of the court entered, and, after uttering a few words in the Russian language, threw a handful of millet and oats into my face. I was surprised; but, guessing it to proceed from some custom prevailing here, took it in good part. He then said that the Countess Vorontzof wished to see me. I left my rooms, and went to the count's cabinet, where I found himself, the countess, their childen, and one or two of the *employés*, at breakfast. His excellency, rising upon my entrance, shook hands, and wished me a happy new year: after which he threw a handful of millet and oats at me. I had hardly got rid of these, before the children and the other individuals present renewed the attack in a similar manner. Count Vorontzof informed me, in the course of conversation subsequently, that this is a custom prevailing only in the Ukraine and the south of Russia, which are corn countries. Throughout the whole day, millet and oats were kept in constant readiness, and every one who entered the house, of whatever rank or sex, was assailed as I had been."

A Monarch's Clothes.—The wardrobe of George IV was so extensive, that it required three waggons to transport it from Windsor to London. It value was estimated at not less than £15,000.

Lost wealth may be restored by industry—the wreck of health regained by temperance—forgotten knowledge restored by study—alienated friendship smoothed into forgetfulness—even forfeited reputation won by penitence and virtue. But who ever again looked upon his vanished hours—recalled his slighted years, stamped them with wisdom,—or effaced from Heaven's record the fearful blot of wasted time. —*Mrs. Sigourney.*

Sir Martin Archer Shee.—This eminent artist having withdrawn his resignation, has been, at the usual nomination of officers, unanimously re-elected to the presidential chair of the Royal Academy; a grant of 300*l.* a year, by the council, being added to the royal pension of 200*l.* already settled on Lady Shee.

A Thrilling Sketch.—The following scene is said to have been lately exhibited in Virginia:—*Mesmeriser:* You have seen, gentlemen, this here boy was taken promiscuously from the crowd. His arm is there against the wall, and he can't take it down, nor set it down except I does it. *Crowd:* Take it down, boy. *Boy:* I can't, sir. *Crowd:* Down with it, and I will give you a ninepence. *Mes.:* He can't take it down, sir, no more than he can lift a millstone. You may throw as much money as you please on the floor, and all that he picks up I will pay for. Here several of the crowd laid down quarters and halves to the amount of two or three dollars. *Crowd:* Now, my boy, all that is yours; take it and be off. The arm dropped instanter. His hand fell directly on the pile, which his nimble fingers secured, and with his unmesmerised heels he made his joyful and final exit for the evening—the learned and profound professor standing himself amazed at the *un*-profoundness of his own art—the villainy of mankind—the want of faith and truth among parties—and, amidst the dreadful roar of the house, came demands for the restitution of the money *mesmerised* by the boy.—*American Paper.*

Wisdom.—Wisdom is the composure of the soul; and as in war steel is better than gold for use, so wisdom is better than wealth. The chief business of a wise man is to distinguish what is good, and show what is otherwise.—*Socrates.*

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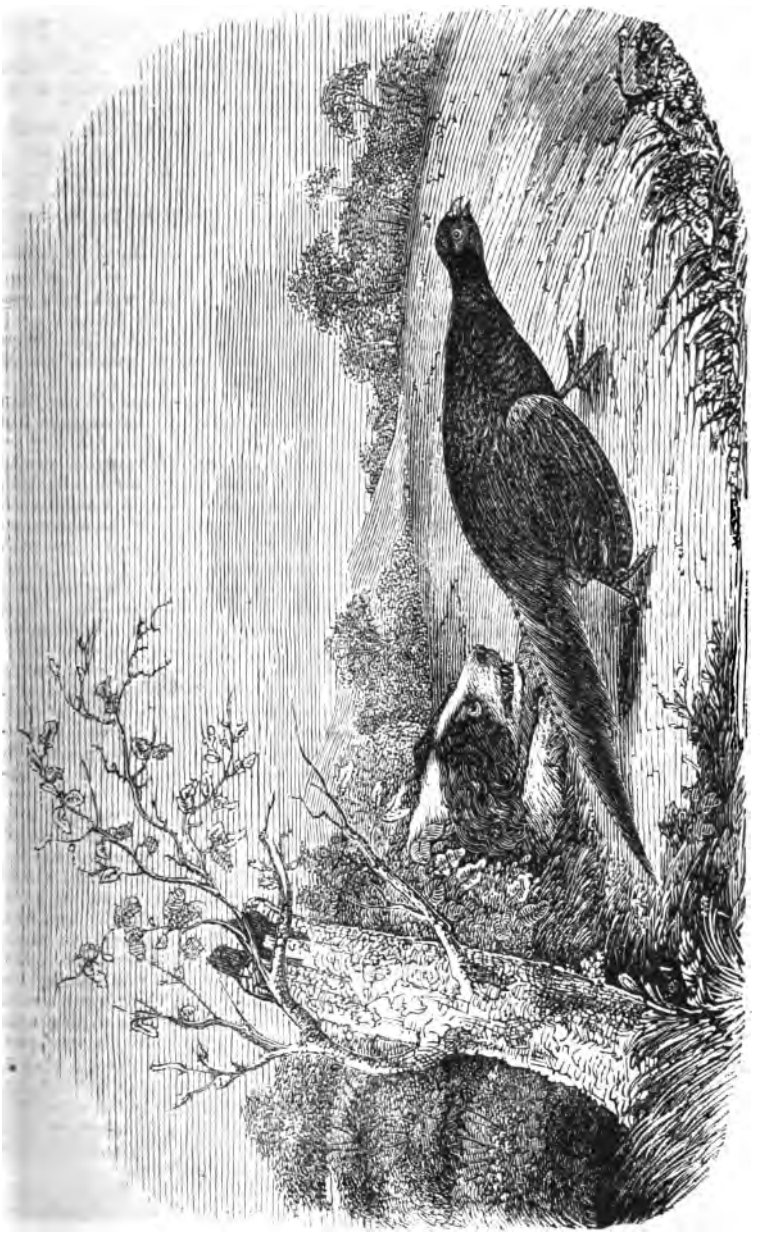

THE WOUNDED PHEASANT.

THE WOUNDED PHEASANT.

The moralist, who is not addicted to field sports, and who thinks it right to

> "Atone for sins he is inclined to,
> By damning those he has no mind to,"

might put forth a very sentimental appeal on behalf of the poor timid wounded pheasant represented in the cut. Here we have a lively and animated view of the perfection of what is called sport. The brilliant, but terrified, bird, disabled, feebly attempts to run from his terrible enemy, while the monster spaniel, with impatient jaws, armed with dreadful teeth, is just on the point of seizing his helpless unresisting victim.

For the agony which the poor helpless creature must know in that moment, every one who shrinks from inflicting pain on the brute creation must feel. It may be hoped that the fury which will not spare, soon places the animal beyond all sense of pain. Whatever compassion the tender hearted may feel for the pheasant, he feels none for the ants and smaller creatures which he devours alive by thousands. Looked in this point of view, most of the sports of the field and flood may be excused. To prey and be preyed upon is the general system established throughout the world since the fall, and man acting as he does by weaker creatures, only takes his place as one link of the vast and incomprehensible chain.

The pheasant has not the most acute sense of hearing. Many persons can imitate the voice of the old bird calling the young ones, as to assemble families of them at the point where the net is spread. It can be bred in confinement like the common fowl. A Mr. Ambler, at Shooter's Hill, had, some years ago, a very fine show. Whether he found it profitable or not may be questioned, as he left the neighbourhood somewhat abruptly, and the pheasantry is no more.

THE SMUGGLER OF FOLKSTONE.

A TALE OF TRUTH AND FICTION.

By Edward Portwine.

CHAPTER XXI.

As Edmund spoke, the gallant officers surrounded him, and were eager to know whether the other player was present. Poynder introduced his friend, who underwent the rigid scrutiny of the cricketers with firmness. After the group had satisfied themselves of his playing points, as any of them would the proportions of a horse, Edmund was consulted regarding the play. He insisted on the presence of Carrick; and the scions of many a noble house soon evinced their respect for their new ally; for his remarks were so judicious and replete with practical wisdom, that Cumberland, with much deference of manner, requested him to give his opinion whether it was prudent to take the play, if the garrison should win the right. To which Carrick said: "Ask my young friend, Mr. Poynder, and he will give you better advice than I can. I always abide by his discretion and knowledge of the game, and he is generally correct."

The captain looked at Carrick with surprise and admiration;—surprise that a player of his renown should defer to the opinion of so youthful an aspirant for fame, and admiration at his generous confidence in his pupil.

"Well, sir, I admire your good opinion of Mr. Poynder; and perhaps if I consult him, you will be satisfied with your own position in the field."

"Perfectly, sir," replied Carrick, and he bowed respectfully, and retired to "feel the ball" for a few moments.

Captains Cumberland and Phipps then requested Edmund's attendance in the tent to settle preliminaries; and while they are consulting on these important points, we will take another glance around the field, now alive with thousands of human creatures, anxiously waiting for the commencement of the sport in which they so much delighted, and of which they felt so proud.

To the company of the Chequers were now added Miss Cumlin and Miss Jeffery, attended by the smuggler, dressed in the fashion he had lately assumed, for which nature had so adapted his fine manly form. Cumlin received Waldron cordially, and introduced him to his daughter with peculiar meaning. Margaret received Waldron with perfect good breeding, and with a frankness which made his heart leap joyfully. He forgot all previous surmises, and at once accused himself of injustice in suspecting her affection. James offered her his arm, which she accepted, and the couple emerged from the booth, and walked forth on the plain. Close to the booth stood a singular pony: a bright bay, with an intelligent cast of countenance, which immediately attracted the notice of Miss Cumlin. The animal was gazing towards the wicket, pricking up his ears, pawing the ground, and neighing with glee. Margaret approached the steed, patted the little fellow's neck, and said—"Poor dumb animal! he seems sensible that human creatures are about to enter a contest for fame and honour; perhaps he has been often a visitor to such scenes. Come, then, pretty fellow; come, then."

The intelligent animal appeared sensible to the caresses of the lovely girl, for

he increased his antics, which amused Margaret greatly.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "how I should like to possess such an excellent creature; how fond his master must be of him. Do you believe that horses possess great intelligence, nearly approaching the reason of man, Mr. Waldron?"

James looked on his charming companion with increased interest.

"Yes, Miss Cumlin, I think some of these beautiful animals have a deal more intelligence than man, without his vices and crimes. How happy should I feel if you would accept of a pretty quiet little shelty I possess. May I present him to you?"

"By no means," quickly rejoined Margaret. "I was very foolish to desire this pretty animal; but I was attracted by his evident intelligence. Let us pass on."

The pair turned, and raising their eyes, perceived Poynder standing at their side. He had been a delighted witness to the colloquy, and he felt a higher regard for Miss Cumlin for her kindness to his favourite; for the horse was an old companion. Margaret blushed, and trembled at this encounter, as she extended her hand to him, which Edmund pressed respectfully.

"I feel highly honoured, as one of the cricketers, by your presence here to-day, Miss Cumlin: it will nerve many an arm and determine many a heart to excel in the noble game."

Miss Cumlin blushed as she listened to the remarks of one she so much regarded, and she replied, with a sweet smile irradiating her charming countenance, "I could not resist the opportunity of witnessing the skill of Mr. Poynder, who is, I understand, so excellent a player; and if I nerve any man's arm for good and great actions, I shall never feel complimented by a flatterer's tongue.

"Pardon me, Miss Cumlin," responded Edmund, "I dislike fulsome flattery as much as yourself; but feeling pleased to see you again by the side of my friend, with the blush of happiness mantling on your countenance, I supposed you were attracted by the manly game; but if I am mistaken I have only to thank heaven that there is, at least, one amongst this assemblage of manly beauty and feminine loveliness, who is, and must be, happy, by your attendance here to-day."

Margaret's heart beat audibly in her bosom at this allusion, and judging Poynder's feelings by the throbbing of her own heart, she concluded he alluded to himself. The colour deepened into a bright blush as these thoughts passed with the rapidity of lightning through her mind, and she absolutely trembled when Edmund concluded his remarks. She turned to the steed, and patted the animal on the neck. The sensible creature fawned on Poynder, with that true instinct which the noble horse generally feels towards a good and humane master or mistress. What then was Margaret's surprise when Poynder utttered, "My poor Peggy, do you feel a desire for our commencement of the sport?" here the animal pawed the ground, indicating he understood the import of the interrogatory. "Ah! you are a faithful, fond, creature, and you will soon enjoy the scene as much as any human creature on this wide plain."

Edmund then placed some provender before his favourite; caressed him again; the horse neighed, and appeared to feel such attention. Margaret gazed on the horse, then on Poynder, with delight.

"Why, Edmund, is the animal yours? Miss Cumlin has been admiring her for some moments. She is a fine creature, and possesses blood, bone, and good points."

"Ah," replied Poynder, "she is an old friend—she is an heir-loom almost. The only regret I felt at leaving England so long was on her account; when I returned, the beautiful animal was almost mad with joy. Well may Miss Cumlin admire her; but the truly noble generally love each other; and I cannot wonder at her being attracted to my favourite Peggy."

"You have such a good natured way of flattering any one," cried Waldron. "that Margaret cannot feel angry at your eulogies, nor I jealous."

Margaret darted a look at James which sent the blood darting through his veins; he jealous! absurd, ridiculous vanity.

The bell now resounded over the plain to commence play, and Edmund grasped his bat, which had been reposing close to his horse, and said, gaily, "I am in first; we won and chose commencing. Give me, Miss Cumlin, your good wishes; they will nerve my arm, and I then shall be distinguished in this day's contest."

Miss Cumlin answered with more feeling—so thought Waldron—than was necessary to such a speech, and Edmund walked to the pavilion, with his head bent on his breast. He disregarded the whispers or remarks of the crowd through which he passed. An English cricket ground is generally attended by real good feeling, and in no county in Great Britain is there more generosity of character displayed towards rivals in this manly amusement than in Kent. To real merit the men of this county are never indifferent, and the respectful attention and deference they pay to good players, is gratifying to the cricketer and honourable to good hearty English feeling. Carrick was a veteran in the game; graceful, quick-sighted, and a truly great player when in the field;

whether at keeping a wicket or bowling, he was really splendid. And if he experienced an interest in the game, his slight and phant frame would bear any extent of fatigue. Such was Carrick. Poynder had been his pupil, and worthy was he of his great master; and proud was that master of his pupil. Poynder possessed science and nerve in the field and in batting, and he had acquired great influence in his club, and with the public who were acquainted with his powers. He was much respected by them. When, therefore, Edmund left Margaret and James, he passed through a crowd who interrupted his reflective mood, and infused a different feeling—emulation, into his mind. There are very few men who do not feel the influence of kind wishes, whether emanating from the native honesty in the rustic, or from the well educated polished life, and the encouraging looks and language now lavished on him, as he shook his hand with a host of friends, was gathering to his heart. Amongst the crowd no persons were so warm in their greetings and good wishes as a group of Folkstone lads, at the head of whom stood Cumlin. The smuggler grasped Poynder's hand with much warmth, and the band, many of which were present, applauded their leader. Edmund returned the salutation of Cumlin and his friends after receiving their good wishes; he met Carrick, and they repaired to the pavilion which held the aristocracy of Kent.

Edmund entered the pavilion with an elastic step, followed by Carrick, and after having persuaded the officers of the garrison to permit his friend to go in with him, he took his farewell of the officers. On reaching the principal outlet of the tent, he turned to gaze on the form of a lady whose back was towards him; he was powerfully induced to this from hearing her voice — a voice he thought he had listened to before. The young man trembled and appeared deeply agitated as he looked at a majestic form near him—proportions on which no eye could rest and forget. His senses wandered. Surely he was dreaming. Could it be possible that she, the peerless, the beautiful creature he had seen in another land, and amidst widely different scenes, now stood before him. He could not be mistaken—he would be convinced. Edmund spoke to Carrick, as he was passing out, in tones loud enough to be heard by the stately creature he had regarded for a moment with such deep interest.

The full tones of his musical voice fell on the ear of the lady. She suspended her conversation, became spell-bound and incapable of exertion. She sank on a seat, not daring to raise her eyes in the direction from which the sounds proceeded; her beautiful bosom heaved with strong emotion; her coral lips separated; her eyeballs appeared to dilate; and this lovely woman, the admired and followed by hundreds, seemed prostrated by sudden indisposition. Miss Burton and Captain Cumberland, with whom she was conversing, were alarmed, and the gentleman rushed to the side-board for restoratives, which he presented to her. Although half fainting she rallied her powers, and rose from the couch with an extraordinary effort; she thanked the gallant officer, and attributed her illness to the heat of the tent. She wished to be removed to a seat outside the pavilion. Leaning on the arm of Amanda she turned, and with startling eye-balls gazed to that part of the tent from which the ominous voice proceeded; but she gazed on vacancy. She felt relief; the truant colour returned, and her spirits became buoyant—her manners enchanting. In the direction of the cricket ground she perceived two persons with bats under their arms, proceeding to the wickets amidst the plaudits of the multitude. On one of these persons she strained her optic nerves almost beyond their tension, in order to identify the form with the voice that had so agitated her. She gazed and became convinced that her senses had not deceived her; the conviction again unnerved her. The game commenced, and all doubt was lost in certainty; that form distinguished by grace—those features, irregular and plain, could not be mistaken. Again the superior play, as described to her by Cumberland, displayed by Poynder, for on him her vision had been directed—the scientific manner of his batting and blocking was loudly applauded by hundreds. What the play wanted in effect was supplied by the elegant and classical attitudes which characterised his execution. Edmund had no claim to the distinction of a hard hitter, his forte consisted in preserving his wicket. Carrick well knew this, and commenced striking the leathern globe with such earnestness that the ball was sent in all directions, skipping over the plain amidst the loud huzzas of the admiring crowd. Cumberland, who waited on Miss Johnson and Amanda Burton, explained every point of the play with such fidelity that the ladies were deeply interested.

"Ah, there is a beautiful point; two runs, by all that is fortunate," cried the captain with enthusiasm, as Carrick cut the ball by the field at the point of the bat.

"Over," cried the umpire at that moment.

"And now Poynder has the ball, I hope he will not fail," said Lord Greenock, who, with his father, Sir James Colleton, Sir Walter Jackson, Captain Phipps, and Ge-

eral Johnson, just then joined our little up outside the pavilion.

"Fail, my lord!" cried Miss Johnson; he fail! You little know that young an; he cannot fail in anything he under-kes."

The noble lord and the company looked ch surprise, but there was no time for mment, as the ball was delivered that stant, and away she went from the heel ch tremendous force, which is always the se from sharp bowling, and William ean was at that period esteemed the ftest deliverer of a ball in England.

"Three notches, by St. Gudule," shout-Phipps, with great glee.

"Poynder will do—he is safe now, he s received ten balls, and it will puzzle an to feel his stumps," rejoined Cum-rland.

"Indeed, captain, you are right; they ill have enough of our 'breeches and iters' friend, which they laughed at st heartily before dinner time," cried ipps, with increased satisfaction.

For some time both batters exhibited eat excellence in their play; Carrick th his clean hitting at the point and ge, while Edmund appeared determined maintain his reputation as a first-rate cker and heel hitter. Carrick now ade a beautiful off hit at the front of the ll, which brought three runs, amidst ge-ral cheering. The next five balls were ceived by Edmund from Dean with great sence. They were well pitched, and autifully played; and although not a n was made, yet Dean appeared crest-llen and dispirited at his unsuccessful orts to rip up Poynder's wicket. Again Carrick received the ball, and again she s sent over the plain with force and ef-t. On the delivery of the fourth ball Sir H. Oxondon, who bowled with squire Barnard, Carrick made a brilliant ut, and attempted a run; the ball was ar-ested by the long stop, an excellent field-r, she was thrown in, and off went Car-ick's bales before he could recover his mis-ke. The county were uproarious at the victory, and the garrison deplored the loss of one of their best players. Carrick, be-ore leaving the wicket, crossed over to Poynder, and took his hand, amidst great cheering; he whispered in his ear, and then slowly entered the tent of the Hythe lub.

CHAPTER XXII.

The best player in England had brought eighteen to the score, and now Cumberland grasped his bat, and repaired to the field f action. He had to receive the last ball rom Oxondon, and, alas! that ball sent is hair stump flying in the air. Cumber-and appeared crest-fallen; he gazed on the stump, his own position, the guard he had made; and, after some little reflexion, declared the ball had been pitched wide at the leg, and had curved into his wood, to which the victors gave but little credence. The third player, Phipps, appeared bent on mischief, but his ardour was restrained by Poynder, who now received the ball. Phipps appeared lost in admiration at the fine steady play of Edmund, which he generously said was "beautiful," as they passed midway between the wickets on an easy run made by Poynder at the point. Edmund replied by a bend of his head. It was now Phipps' turn to receive the raking fire of Dean; and no soldier in the battle-field ever stood a shot better. He nipped the leather, the fielder at the slip missed his footing, and away she went, and four notches were scored by the garrison. This gentleman performed his duty gallantly, until his doom was sealed by a ball ripping up his off stumps. Thus three men fell, and Edmund still maintained the post of honour. Another and another succeeded him, but still, the officers asserted, stood "breeches and gaiters" smiling and confident. The garrison obtained one hundred and twenty-three runs —a noble innings; and Poynder carried to his club his triumphant baton. Crowds flocked around him, congratulating him. Edmund appeared indisposed to accept so much homage. He felt fatigued, now the exertion was over; and gladly availed himself of the opportunity to retire inside the bar of the Chequers, to obtain refreshment and rest previously to taking the field. He had obtained thirty-eight runs, and the greatest honour a cricketer can achieve—"carrying out his bat." There were four hearts in that assemblage which throbbed with delight at the success of Poynder; and although they did not loudly applaud, yet their gratification was excessive. We allude to Miss Jeffery, Miss Cumlin, Miss Gettings, and last, not least, the peerless daughter of General Johnson. The latter lady felt a bitter pang when she perceived that the young man preferred the humble booth of Miss Gettings to the gorgeous magnificence of the pavilion; and her feelings were rendered more acute when she some time afterwards perceived two ladies by his side, promenading on the plain; with the aid of her glass she could perceive one was exquisitely beautiful, and the other the very personification of gentleness. With pride Margaret accepted Edmund's escort, joined with the pretty Jane, and the three were the observed of all the company. Discoursing on the events of the day, the three passed round the plain, now gazing on the calm beauties of the unruffled Channel, the serene landscape in the far west, and the fine pastures

of the uplands in the north. During the recess, or the time that generally intervenes between the first and second innings, the company of spectators usually perambulate the ground, in order to be seen and to gaze on others; for a game of cricket is indeed a holiday in bright and beautiful Kent. In one part of the ground a hundred persons were congregated, to witness a feat of strength and activity. A wager had been laid by some of the Hythe Club, that one of their body would heave a full-sized cricket ball two hundred yards, after five yards run before the delivery of the same. This wager had been accepted by Waldron, who was esteemed an excellent long field. When our party arrived near this group of fine athletic young men, they perceived a youth with a ball in his hand, in the act of heaving it. This is no mean feat to force the round leather two hundred yards without touching the earth. The young cricketer ran from his starting place, and threw the ball with much force; but the judges at the distance of forty rods declared it to have fallen one yard short of the spot marked out. Waldron then offered to take a wager that he would perform the feat, which was accepted. Waldron threw the ball a foot over the mark. Loud shouts rent the air, as the ball reached its destination.

Poynder then whispered to his companions: "Waldron throws a good ball, and I will put his skill to the test." He then said to Waldron: "James, I will thank you to perform the feat from the other end."

"Bravo, Poynder for ever," shouted the multitude.

Waldron poised the ball with great care, and then carefully stepped out his five yards, and the next moment the round substance whizzed through the air. All proceeded to the spot, quite certain that Waldron had achieved a victory. But Edmund shook his head, as he said to his lovely companions: "If James has done this, he is the first being I ever saw perform it. He had the wind in his favour the first throw, but he has the current against him in the last; and he will find himself four or five feet short of his mark."

And so it proved. James had thrown it four feet and a half short of the goal, which appeared to chagrin him much; until Edmund explained the physical impediments to the feat, he was puzzled at his failure.

The bell now sounded shrilly for the second innings. East Kent, the flower of England, in this interesting game, were now to take their chance and exhibit their inimitable science as batsmen. The field was directed by Carrick, who kept both wickets, and bowled from one while Cumberland officiated at the other. Edmund was placed at the point of the bat, a post requiring great skill, a quick eye, and ready hand. Two fine men handled their bats with graceful elegance; they were fine specimens of the Kentish player of thirty years' since. The straight-armed bowling had not then made its innovation. The underhand delivery of the ball can be given almost to a certainty, while the modern doctrine (which we abhor) is so devoid of accuracy, that we have seen fifty balls delivered by our friend Alfred Mynn, in Copenhagen Fields, to a mere tyro in play, and out of them thirty *wide*. It certainly appears more graceful, but accuracy is wanting. Carrick loved the old school, and although this new system had been attempted by Squire Dean, yet Carrick adhered to the custom of days of yore. Nothing could be finer than to perceive his delivery of the ball, or anything more true than the unerring accuracy with which he delivered the first five balls, which struck terror into the hearts of the two best Kent players, who were placed at the wicket. The umpire called "over," and not a hit or a ghost of one had been made. Three to two on the garrison were offered. We should here state the match was for a cool £500 and expenses.

Cumberland next essayed his skill, he was bitten with the new mania, delivering his balls wide, and but for the brilliant fielding of the garrison the county would have scored immensely. The next five by Carrick were expected with great anxiety. The first ball was pitched short, the keen eye of the batter perceived the error, and struck the ball with tremendous force with his bat in the upright or true position. Midway between the wickets Carrick leaped high in the air, and as rapid as lightning he caught it, and the next instant the ball was seen high in the clouds as a token of "out." It is impossible to describe the sensation created by this extraordinary "catch." The force with which the ball was struck rendered it almost an impossibility to impede its progress, much less to catch it, but it was caught, and Carrick's rigid resolute look relaxed at his success into a smile of pride. Shouts resounded from the masses, and their pleasure and astonishment were great. Even the enemy looked on with admiration and pride, for was he not also one of their own —a Kentish cricketer? and although then comparatively unknown, yet that day's play was destined to change the fortune of many a game.

Lord Greenock, who had laid deeply on the garrison, remarked to General Johnson "that the field was won; such a player was a host himself;" and his lordship was correct with regard to Carrick, but not with regard to the termination.

Carrick regarded Edmund's look of silent admiration far above the plaudits of the field. Cumberland was loud in his praises. Phipps quite noisy in his happiness, for they regarded the contest as no longer doubtful. Poynder and Carrick rebuked them, and while waiting for a new player, the latter said, "Gentlemen, be not too sanguine; you know not the mettle of us Kentish youths, or our skill, if you suppose the victory complete. It is true that one of the best men is 'out,' but here comes one that will give us some work, or I am mistaken."

The officers directed their eyes to a short stout gentlemanly young man, a younger son of the noble house of Dean, and Phipps said laughing, "Oh, we will make short work with him."

Edmund and Carrick shook their heads disapprovingly. John Dean bowed with some hauteur to Poynder, whose parent was a tenant on his father's estate, and immediately proceeded to play. The first ball from Carrick ripped up his near stump, and without the slightest emotion the scion of the Dean's, and the best batter on the field, calmly shouldered his wood, and proceeded to the pavilion. This was a dreadful blow, and its effects were immediate, for to use a common rustic phrase, the remainder "went out like rotten sheep," scoring only fifty-two notches.

(To be continued.)

AEROLITHS, OR METEORIC STONES.

(Continued from page 57.)

BY E. J. LOWE.

Most of the stones which have fallen from the atmosphere have been preceded by luminous meteors, a few specimens of which have been known to emit light nearly equal to the sun in splendour. They burst with an explosion, which is followed by a shower of meteoric-stones; these sometimes continue luminous till they are buried in the earth, but mostly their luminousness disappears at the moment of bursting. These meteors are seen in every climate, at every season of the year, and at every period of the day. They mostly appear when the sky is serene or cloudless (but this is not always the case). Most of them move at a prodigious rate. Sir John Pringle calculated the one seen in November, 1758, and he gained the following result: "that it moved with a velocity greater by 3½ miles in a second than that of the earth in its orbit, and passed over thirty English miles in a second" (or 1800 miles in a minute). According to the celebrated Balbus's calculations on the meteor seen at Bologna in March, 1719, it could not have moved at a greater speed than 1530 feet in a second; but we have no reason to believe but that others must have moved equally slow, if not slower, of which observations have not been taken. These meteors proceed from as well as to all points of the compass; but do not move in the direction of the wind, or with an equal velocity. They almost all fell in the direction of the earth, and consequently from a rarer to a denser atmosphere; "but as none have ever been known to move upwards, their motion therefore cannot be explained in like manner with the sky-rockets, where the superior air is rarified by the flame, and that below condensed." Their shape is sometimes round, and sometimes in a lengthened form; so that their extent often occupies seven or eight degrees of the heavens. A very few had an apparent motion round their axis. Their apparent magnitude varies very considerably; but on several occasions it has been ascertained to exceed that of our satellite. The greater number of them scattered a very brilliant dazzling flame, but a fewer number emitted a very faint light. Their colour as well as splendour varies very much, sometimes being red, other times blue, violet, yellow, or brilliant white; and some very beautiful ones exhibited the prismatic colours. Their real diameter must be very considerable, and they must also originate at a very considerable height above the surface of our earth. The brilliant meteor which appeared in July, 1762, was ascertained to be 72,276 toises. "On this account," says a distinguished author, "their origin cannot be ascribed merely to electricity, though some have considered them as occasioned by the action of the electric fluid between the clouds and the aurora borealis, which would agree exceedingly well with their actual height; as, according to the measurements repeatedly made by Bergman, Kastner, and Lambert, the aurora polaris have an altitude equal to or exceeding thirty German miles; and, according to every appearance, no fireballs have been seen higher." This led the celebrated Halley, Franklin, and Rittenhouse, to form that idea which Dr. Chladni has taken up and defended with so much skill, that these very extraordinary phenomena, together with the falling stars or candate meteors, are cosmical meteors belonging to the atmosphere of the sun, which, being brought in contact with our earth in its course round that luminary, are ignited by some unknown cause as soon as they enter the earth's atmosphere. The time these æroliths remain visible varies very considerably; some disappear a second or two after they are first observed, but others remain visible very much longer; the one seen by De Gaussane continued half an hour. Many in their course throw out

sparks; and when an explosion of these bodies takes place, it is immediately followed by a rumbling noise like thunder, or a sudden report. Mostly after bursting they become invisible; but a few of them seemed to dissolve and disperse into smoke, and in some instances a sulphurous smell was perceptible after their disappearance. "As scoriaceous masses have frequently been either actually seen to fall at the time of the disappearance of these phenomena, or soon after found on the earth's surface, and as it is positively proved that stones have fallen from the atmosphere, Dr. Chladni concludes that both these phenomena are connected."

Now I have given you a description of the particulars concerning these meteors, I shall, in as few words as possible, state the opinions of various authors on their origin.

In the first place, we cannot suppose that these remarkable aeroliths can originate from any earthly volcano, because we have frequent observations of their falling in these parts of the world most remote from any volcano.

In the second place as this occurrence frequently takes place in very serene or cloudless weather, "their origin cannot be the same causes which operate in the production of rain, thunder storms, or tornadoes."

Thirdly, some conceive that these large luminous masses could be very easily propagated in the higher regions of the atmosphere, but this idea by most of the first men of the age is totally discarded.

In the fourth place, Dr. Hutton, Poisson, La Place, and many others, hold out that they were cast from our satellite (the moon). They demonstrated the abstract proportion "that a heavy body projected with a velocity of 6,000 feet per second might be carried beyond the sphere of the moon's attraction, and therefore come within the attraction of our earth. But, says Dr. Dick, in his celebrated Celestial Scenery, "It has never yet been proved that volcanoes exist on the surface of the moon; and, although they did exist, and were as large and powerful as our terrestrial volcanoes, they would have no force sufficient to carry large masses of stones with such a rapid velocity over a space of several thousands of miles. Besides, were the moon the source of meteoric-stones, ejected from the craters of volcanoes, we should expect such volcanic productions to exhibit several varieties of aspect and composition, and not the precise number of ingredients which are always found in meteoric-stones." La Place was, after a time, induced by seeing so many obstacles in the way to give up the idea of the aeroliths descending from the moon.

Fifthly, "In order to trace the origin of these meteoric-stones," says Sir David Brewster, "we are under the necessity of directing our views far beyond the orbit of the moon. On the supposition that the bursting of a large planet was the origin of the small planets Vesta, Juno, Ceres, and Pallas, we may trace a source whence meteoric-stones probably originate. When the cohesion of the planet was overcome by the action of the explosive force, a number of little fragments, detached along with the greater masses, would, on account of their smallness, be projected with very great velocity; and, thrown beyond the attraction of the greater fragments, might fall towards the earth, when Mars happened to be in the remote part of his orbit. When the portions which are thus detached arrive within the sphere of the earth's attraction they may revolve round that body at different distances, and may fall upon its surface, in consequence of a diminution of their centrifugal force; or, being struck by the electric fluid, they may be precipitated upon the earth, and exhibit all those beautiful phenomena which usually accompany the descent of meteoric-stones."

Lastly. I shall give the opinion of T. Foster, Esq., F.L.S., M.B., who imagines "that these meteors may be owing to some common principle of chemical action going on in the higher regions of the atmosphere; which, when more gentle and slow, may only cause the blasing meteors; but which, when more intense, may go on to consolidate large masses of newly composed substances, and may manifest itself by the fall of aëroliths:" he further states that "he sees no necessity for supposing with Aristotle and M. de Luc, that the gases to form the meteors should ascend from the earth, nor any proof of their ascent; but it may be by means of gases somewhere formed aloft and taking fire that the meteoric-stones are formed."

As all these theories are full of difficulties, it would be premature on my part to hazard an opinion on the subject, therefore I have stated all these different opinions, that you may each form your own from them. All that we can do is to reflect on these grand works and dispensations of the Almighty, and we cannot do this without exclaiming, in the language of inspiration, "Great and marvellous are thy works Lord God Almighty."

MONTHOLON'S CAPTIVITY OF NAPOLEON.

So much has been written about Napoleon, that little new can be told. Old facts hashed up, with occasionally a new scheme formed for his escape from St. Helena, not

conceived perhaps till after his decease, are all that can be expected. Still as those who had the high distinction of remaining about his person after his abdication naturally conceive they have something to tell which others could not report, they will of course continue to write while booksellers can be found to publish.

Count Montholon has nothing very extraordinary to tell. The most pungent parts of his book are the notices he gives of Sir Hudson Lowe. Of that officer's character and appearance, the count thus delivers himself:

"He was a man between forty and fifty years of age, above the middle size, with the cold and gracious smile of a diplomatist; his hair was beginning to turn grey, but still preserved the primitive tints of light brown, although his long and lowering eyebrows were of a deep red. His look was penetrating, but he never looked honestly in the face of the person whom he addressed. He was not in the habit of sitting down, but swayed about whilst speaking with hesitation, and in short rapid sentences. It was undoubtedly his eye, which had something treacherous in it, that made an impression upon the emperor. Sir Hudson Lowe was a man of great ability, and had the extraordinary faculty of giving to all his actions such a colouring as suited the object which he proposed to effect. An excellent man of business, and of extreme probity. Amiable when he pleased, and knowing how to assume the most engaging form. He might have acquired our gratitude, but he preferred the disgraceful reprobation which followed him to the tomb. He was said to be a good father and a good husband. I know nothing of him in any relation, except in his connexion with Longwood, in which the whole of his conduct was marked with the stamp of insatiable hatred—outrages and vexations completely useless as regarded the emperor; and I should have said, with a profound conviction of its truth, that the death of the emperor was his object, had he not said to me, on the 6th of May, 1821, with all the accent of truth—'His death is my ruin.' The ruling vice of Sir Hudson Lowe's character was an unceasing want of confidence—a true monomania. He often rose in the middle of the night—leaped out of bed in haste, from dreaming of the emperor's flight—mounted his horse, and rode like a man demented to Longwood, to assure himself, by interrogating the officer on duty, that he was labouring under the effects of nightmare, and not of a providential instinct; and yet, notwithstanding this, the impression on his mind was so lively that he could never decide on leaving Longwood, till he received our word of honour that the emperor was in his apartments. There was then almost an effusion of gratitude on his part, and he excused himself for having disturbed us in the middle of the night."

To exhibit his temper, we have the following anecdote:

"Lieutenant-colonel Skelton, who was returning to Europe, had pressed me strongly to take into my service a Lascar, who was an excellent valet-de-chambre, and from whom he parted with regret, and I had consented to it. The man was at Longwood, without Sir Hudson Lowe's knowledge—at least, he pretended so. As misfortune would have it—he saw him, on making one of his usual tours of inspection to know all that was going on. His rage was extreme. He took no time to reflect on the brutal impropriety he was about to do, and, without asking for any account from the officer on duty at Longwood, he dashed full gallop at the poor Lascar, and seizing him by the throat, as a policeman would grasp a thief, he ordered a dragoon belonging to his escort to conduct him as a prisoner to the town, to be there examined. None of the French had seen him—the English did not dare to inform me, and it was not until I was dressing for dinner, that, having sent to call my valet in all directions, I was made acquainted with the scene which had been enacted by Sir Hudson Lowe. The emperor was offended; the man pleased him, and he wished him to wait at table; his Indian costume, his turban, his muslin tunic, embroidered with gold, his cashemire shawl, the tout-ensemble recalled his recollections of the east. He ordered the grand marshal to write to Sir Hudson Lowe, who, on this occasion at least, was convinced that he was wrong, and excused himself on account of his ignorance of the true situation of the Lascar at Longwood; but he never restored him to me, for foreseeing the issue of these explanations, he had sent him on board ship two hours after his arrest."

He adds another, giving a very unfavourable view of Sir Hudson:

"The Newcastle frigate had brought us out several large boxes of books. This was a great pleasure to the emperor, and it afforded him occupation for several days to classify and arrange them on the shelves of an extempore library, which he had caused to be made of boards, in the room which I had occupied at the commencement of our establishment at Longwood, and which now became for the future the library. These books were sent by the government, but as they had been bought according to the instructions of General Bertrand, the ministry required the price of them, which, according to them, amounted to 36,000 francs. Three fowling-pieces

had also been sent with this cargo. Sir Hudson Lowe took great care to send them, specifying it as a piece of politeness on the part of the prince regent; but the emperor caused them to be sent back again to Plantation House, saying that he had no need of fowling-pieces, since he was confined to a space encircled by dry lava, where there were no wild animals except rats. He added, that he could not but believe that wrong ideas were entertained in England respecting his condition, or otherwise he could not consider the present of fowling-pieces in any other light than that of an odious mockery. As the grand marshal constantly refused to reimburse the 36,000 francs, without having received the bills, &c., the books were seized by Sir Hudson Lowe after the emperor's death, and sold by him as the property of government for 4 or 5,000 francs, without his having informed either General Bertrand or myself of the circumstance. Many of these books were covered with notes written by the emperor, and nearly all contained his impressions on reading them. The sale of these books was a subject of real grief to me, but I cannot reproach myself with having left any means untried, after the death of the emperor, of appropriating them to myself, by offering to pay immediately the sum claimed for them. Sir Hudson Lowe asserted, and perhaps truly, that it was not in his power to dispose of the books, which were, *de facto*, the property of the government."

Another statement, penned in the same spirit, meets us in the count's notice of a new year's day festival:

"Instead of the Tuileries, our miserable habitation; instead of our France, so often regretted, St. Helena, so often lamented; instead of the caresses of a family, the congratulations of courtiers, the shouts of a nation, and the homage of Europe—the good wishes, though without hope, of some companions in captivity, whose numbers might at any moment be diminished by the caprice of an odious gaoler. The emperor received with kindness our good wishes and our homage. 'I believe you.' said he to us; 'but I only expect from fate that death which will terminate my misfortunes. You yourselves see that every day is marked by some new outrage; I pity you, for the more proofs you give me of your devotion, the more you must feel my sufferings. Let us hope, at least, that Mr. Lowe will allow me to pass this day without condemning me to remain shut up in my room to avoid meeting him in the garden. Your children shall dine with me. I wish their joy to be complete. Come, Hortense, you shall have the first present.' The hopes of the emperor were not, however, to be realised; and the insult would forcibly have brought back his thoughts to his cruel position, had not General Gourgaud kept, till the next day, the secret of the pretended mistake, which caused him to remain for an hour the prisoner of a sentry. One of the sentries of Hut's-gate interpreted his orders wrong, and arrested General Gourgaud, who was only set free at the expiration of this sentry's guard by the corporal who relieved him. The grand marshal hastened to Sir Hudson Lowe to complain, but obtained no answer than the general one, that it was an error which should not be repeated; and yet a week afterwards the same error occurred. How, indeed, could it be otherwise, when a sentry, who interpreted his orders in our favour, received a hundred lashes, whilst the interpreting them against us was merely considered as an excess of zeal, a proof of fidelity, a mark of bad intentions towards us. We learned on this occasion that Sir Hudson very frequently gave orders to the sentries during his rides, without the commanders of the detachment knowing anything of them, except by the report of the corporal who had relieved the sentinel to whom such extraordinary orders had been given, in direct opposition to the rules of military service. We heard also that the soldier who had arrested General Gourgaud had received from Sir Hudson positive orders to arrest any Frenchman who should present himself at Hut's-gate to pass, except he were accompanied by an English officer, even if it should be General Bonaparte himself. But Hut's-gate was within our limits, which extended for more than a mile beyond this in two directions; in the third direction alone, Hut's-gate formed the boundary."

There is more to the same effect. Sir Hudson Lowe is no more, and we are not to believe all that is reported to his prejudice. It is impossible to read what was formerly put forth even by some of the most zealous adherents of Napoleon, without seeing reason to believe that in his misfortunes the ex-emperor was somewhat wanting in magnanimity; and that if the governor of St. Helena ever acted with harshness, he had been exasperated into it by the foolish impatience which rejected what were meant to be courtesies as insults. A soldier himself, Napoleon ought to have remembered that to obey superiors was Sir Hudson's first imperative duty. By the fortune of war he had gained the rank of emperor; by the fortune of war he lost it. When this happened, ought he to have been hurt or offended when Sir Hudson Lowe, or any body else in the British service, addressed him, not as emperor, but as General Bonaparte?

A FAIRY TALE FOR ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Stop! read! *Douglas Jerrold*, as usual, is clever. In fiction as in fact, there is clearness with brevity—humour, natural and wholesome.

Ages and ages since there lived a great king who was called Dominant. His palace was built of crystal and marble, the windows seeming of one, the walls of the other. Now, king Dominant had one daughter, the most beautiful creature you ever saw, and her name was Cherrylips. The king was of course very fond of his child. She was educated in all the ordinary learning of the age, and did not take long to acquire it. Now, when Cherrylips was in the flower of her maidenhood, the king, her father, wished to marry her to some great and good prince. He therefore caused proclamation to be made throughout all his dominions, that all the artists who lived there should repair to court, in order that they might paint portraits of the princess, so that the fame of her beauty might go abroad to all ends of the earth.

And accordingly the artists came, and one after another they tried to transfer the loveliness of Cherrylips to paper and canvas. But none succeeded. All the portraits they produced were unworthy of the original. Then the king was wroth; but the chief of the painters said to him, "Be not wroth, oh king! Behold it is not the fault of our want of skill, but the fault of thy daughter's excess of beauty, which has caused our failure; no mortal hand can pourtray the loveliness of Cherrylips."

King Dominant was somewhat mollified by the excuse, and he asked the chief of the painters what he ought to do in order to obtain his daughter's likeness. So the chief of the painters said, "There is a great sage and potent enchanter, who lives near this city, and his name is Deepone. Call him into thy council, and he shall advise thee."

Now king Dominant had heard before of Deepone, who was a man of wondrous lore and crafty skill, living by himself in a magic cell, and studying night and day. Dominant was well inclined to befriend Deepone; but not far from his dominions lived a wicked fairy, called Bullyana, of whom the king was in considerable awe, and who hated Deepone, because of his knowledge and the great power he wielded. Therefore, it was not without some misgiving that king Dominant called sage Deepone to his palace.

However, he made up his mind at length, and Deepone arrived. He was a venerable man, with a bright eye, and a white beard, and instead of a wand he carried in his hand a book.

"Hail, oh Deepone!" said the king. "Tell me, if thou mayst, who can paint my daughter Cherrylips' portrait?"

"Hail, oh king!" answered Deepone. "So lovely is the princess, that mortal hand and mortal brush would fail in the attempt. There is but one agency in nature which can paint the princess—which can make dead canvas glow with her living features; it is the agency which vivifies and enlightens and cheers the world. Oh king! the sun must paint the princess's portrait."

At this word the king was angry, and the courtiers murmured. "Take care what thou sayest, oh sage," answered Dominant. "Kings must not be trifled with, and surely what you propose is impossible."

"Not so," said Deepone. "Let the princess stand forth." And Cherrylips stood forth, blushing.

Then Deepone, after reading in his magic book, made preparations and placed a fair scroll in readiness, and arranged apparatus whereof the king and the courtiers knew nothing, and, lo! a bright beam of the sun played on Cherrylips' face, and immediately her portrait blushed upon the scroll.

Then the courtiers shouted for joy, and the king said, "Great is the magican Deepone, he maketh the sun to obey him."

The portrait of the princess thus obtained was despatched by a herald to the court of the prince Jocund, whom Dominant designed, if possible, for his son-in-law.

But in the meantime the fairy Bullyana heard of what had passed; and straightway ordering her chariot drawn by two fiery dragons, whereof the one was called Ignorance, and the other Prejudice, and who were a very nicely-matched couple, she set out for the court of king Dominant.

Bullyana met Dominant as he was passing out of his castle gates to hunt in the forest; and, assuming a terrible aspect, she said, "Thou hast dared to call to thine aid mine enemy Deepone. I cannot punish him, but I can punish thee, through the the princess. Therefore, resign thyself—thou art childless—henceforth the princess Cherrylips is the slave of the fairy Bullyana."

Having pronounced these words, she rode through the palace gate, no one daring to oppose her; for the dragon Ignorance was so powerful, and Prejudice so influential, that none durst stir hand against them. Then, snatching up Cherrylips from the midst of her women, the fairy bore her screaming away; casting, as she passed in the terrible chariot, a vindictive scowl upon poor king Dominant, who groaned in anguish.

In a few minutes the fairy was out of sight, and Dominant returned to his palace refusing to be comforted.

But next day he heard a loud trumpet blast in the castle court, and forthwith prince Jocund claimed admittance. He had fallen in love with the princess's portrait, and now he had arrived to claim her hand. So the king told him all—how Bullyana had carried Cherrylips away—and the courtiers proposed to hang Deepone as the original cause of the disaster.

But the prince said, "No: Deepone is powerful—perhaps Deepone with his book may be a match for Bullyana with her dragons—wherefore, oh king, I advise thee to summon Deepone again to court." The king then took comfort, and shortly afterwards Deepone appeared.

"Sage," said prince Jocund, who was determined to win back the princess. "Sage, hast thou power?"

And Deepone replied, "Knowledge is power."

"Hast thou power over the fairy Bullyana?" again asked the prince.

"Her might," answered the sage, "lies in her dragons Ignorance and Prejudice—not in herself."

"And how are Ignorance and Prejudice to be overcome?"

"By this talisman," replied Deepone: and he showed his book.

Then it was settled that Deepone and the prince should set off together in search of the fair Cherrylips, and the king blessed them, and they departed.

Soon they came to a great city. As they traversed its streets, Deepone said, "We must know before we can act: let us visit the Fountain of Knowledge."

Now the Fountain of Knowledge was situated in a grim house in a dark street. The waters were not clear and limpid, but foul and black; and at the sight of their sable thickness, the prince started with surprise. "Be not astonished," said Deepone: "ink, not water, plays in the Fountain of Knowledge." Then addressing himself to the guardian of the fountain he said, "How can we find the princess Cherrylips?"

The guardian replied not, but waved his hand. Then a great shadowy machine arose, whirling and clattering. And a clean paper scroll being cast into it by the guardian of the fountain, the inky waters were by the wondrous machine cast upon its white surface; and suddenly they formed themselves into the following letters and words:—

Breathe under the keel of a ship which sails,
Urge her ahead spite of tides and gales;
Draw whispered words from dumb iron wire;
Feed a fleet steed with water and fire:
This must you do,—for who does it, nor winces,
Alone can hope to win the fair Princess.

Having returned this response, the Fountain of Knowledge disappeared.

Prince Jocund was in despair. "Destiny has willed it," he said. "Farewell, dear Cherrylips."

"Not so," replied Deepone. "Courage—distrust the impossible—it is a word—nothing more. Come, let us continue our journey."

So they travelled on, day after day, till they came to the Land of Wonders. As it grew dark, they arrived at a city, and lo, they saw it lighted up without wick or oil. Flame came from metal tubes, brighter than ever the prince had seen before. So he marvelled exceedingly. "People once," said Deepone, "thought that smoke came from flame, never flame from smoke. Lo! the dwellers in this land prove how wrong they were."

"Indeed," replied the prince. "My uncle, who is emperor of China, had a subject called Aladdin, who possessed a wonderful lamp, but it was nothing to the lamps I see around me."

"Such lights were called enchanted lanterns once, now they are called GAS lamps," observed the sage.

"I think," said prince Jocund, "that gas is better than magic."

And so they toiled on yet further to another vast city. It was full of great houses and high chimneys, like black pillars.

"These," said the sage, "are the dwellings where clanking machinery of iron and steel and wood spins garments for the world. That city could clothe the universe. Its machines, with their unthinking levers and wheels can beat all human handiwork. They are called POWER-LOOMS."

"Oh," said the prince, "even the enchanted distaffs of my kingdom can do nothing like that. I see—I see—a power-loom is better than an enchanted distaff."

And still they journeyed, and the prince was becoming impatient to have an opportunity of at least attempting to perform one of the conditions upon which the recovery of Cherrylips was to depend, when they reached the margin of a river—a thousand ships were sailing with the tide.

"Ah," said Jocund, "behold water and ships, but alas, we are not fishes to breathe beneath the waves."

"Hush," replied Deepone, "follow me bravely." And the sage led the prince into a circular pavilion upon the river's bank, in the centre whereof they saw a huge chasm, like a well, with a winding staircase leading down into the bowels of the earth. And the sage addressed himself to descend, but the prince was somewhat frightened, for airy croaking voices screamed in his ear, "Don't attempt it,"—"Madness,"—"Can't be done," and such

like phrases—while low-browed, big-jawed phantoms grinned at him.

But Deepone opened his book, the demons vanished, and the two adventurers strode boldly down the winding stair. It was a dim, awful place, and the prince longed for the light of day. At length they reached the hollow of a huge well, and behind a long gallery extending before them, illuminated with twinkling lamps. They entered it boldly. It reminded the prince of the enchanted grottos and caverns which abounded in that part of his kingdom abutting on fairy land. No noise was heard, and the stillness was solemn.

Suddenly the sage addressed the prince, "You have fulfilled the first condition."

"How?" said the prince; "where is the water and the sailing ship?"

"Both above you," replied Deepone; "the one flows, the other floats, over your head."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Prince Jocund, quite delighted at finding he had made such progress. "And who is the wizard who bored this mighty cavern?"

"A wizard called Brunel," said Deepone.

"He is greater than the wizard, Michael Scott," answered the prince. And presently they ascended to the further bank of the river, leaving it far behind as they proceeded along.

And now the heavens darkened—the thunder muttered, and a strong wind swept furiously by.

"Let us again shelter," said the prince; "the storm will be terrible."

"But we must face it," replied Deepone.

And as they spoke, they heard the roaring of the sea; and presently they saw the ocean all white with foam, which the tempest was dashing on the shore.

"And now," said the prince, "you see we must stop; not even the best galley of the king, my father, though its ribs are inlaid with gold, and its prow glitters with diamonds, and its sails are richest satin; nay, although it has been blest by sea-nymphs, and enchanted by the song of mermaids, could sail against so fierce a storm."

As he spoke, they stood on the beach, and the sea thundered furiously at their feet.

"Where lies the course?" inquired the prince.

"Right outward, on the ocean—to the point from whence the tempest blows," returned Deepone. "We must invoke the STEAM SPIRIT."

"Where dwells she?" asked the prince.

"Her home is immortal; it is in the mind-built palace of the eternal Watt," replied the sage.

"What did Watt do?" asked the prince.

"More than Zoroaster," responded Deepone. "Look there."

The prince looked, and beheld what he had not at first seen—a snug cove—with a bark riding in it. It was quite different from his father's galleys; for on each side were placed vast wheels, and between them the prince saw an iron chimney smoking, whereat he greatly marvelled.

There was no time, however, for wonder. "Follow me, onward," said Deepone. And in a moment they stood upon the deck.

"Are there no sails?" said the prince.

"None," said Deepone, "we require none."

"No oars?"

"We need none."

"But how can a ship move against wind, and tide, and waves, without either oars or sails?" inquired the prince; and as he spoke he heard the same voices which had beset him in the gallery beneath the river, whisper. "How indeed—a likely scheme, truly."

But a loud, shrill whistle, which rose high above the roar of the sea, drowned the voices—and forthwith the great wheels turned, and in spite of wind, and waves, and tide, the ship moved gallantly on.

"We are in a charmed bark," said the prince. "By whom was it enchanted?"

"By Science," replied Deepone. Look here."

And he showed the prince a vast machine of iron and steel, straining and labouring; and while the sailors lay down and slept around, the clanking monster did their labour, and urged the ship forward.

The sea beat furiously against them; the wind shrieked and roared in its fury; the speeding tide ran foaming astern; but, urging her way steadily onward, trusting only to her own mighty inner impulse, the wonderful ship pursued its track, heedless of all—triumphant over all. And as distant land loomed dimly forth ahead—and wind and tide, as if ashamed of the baffled fury, sank to rest, the second condition was accomplished.

"Ah!" said the prince; "hot water against cold—the power of steam against the power of wind."

So they landed and travelled on.

"How are we to know where the fairy Bullyana has bestowed the princess," said Jocund. "Is not this dim land her dominion; and here will not all things conspire against us?"

"Not so," replied Deepone. "Be of good cheer. There is no land where knowledge is not power; consult we the whispering wires. See—behold them!"

The prince looked, and observed four wires stretched upon poles, and extending further than the eye could reach. He marvelled exceedingly how these iron

threads could give him the knowledge he sought for; and inwardly remarked, that the people of his kingdom, the land of romance, could turn them to no better use than to dry wet clothes on.

"Here," said Deepone, interrupting his companion's reverie. "Here is the temple of the whispering wire."

It was a species of small grotto, but above the earth, not below it.

On entering they were saluted by the guardian of the temple. He looked at Deepone, and when he saw his look, he bowed before him. "Welcome," said the guardian. "Thou art one of our brotherhood—the pioneers of the Lady Knowledge."

"Can thy whispering wires hold converse with the castle of the fairy Bullyana?" demanded Deepone.

"Surely they can," was the reply. "Her benighted subjects know not as yet the power which our stretching wire give us. They look but on them as mere ordinary metal."

"Demand, then," said Deepone, "whether the princess Cherrylips be held in bondage by the fairy Bullyana."

"But how far is it from hence to the castle of the fairy?" asked the prince.

"A thousand leagues," replied the guardian of the temple.

"And can the whispering wires whisper so far?" said the prince, in great astonishment.

"To them," replied Deepone, "an inch is an ell—a thousand leagues as a yard."

Meantime the guardian advanced to an inner shrine, and put the demand required to the whispering wires: and in an instant the metallic voices, eloquent though silent, replied,

"The princess Cherrylips is confined in the castle of Bullyana."

"Wonderful!" said the prince; "behold the dumb wires' language."

So they passed out, and the prince saw two cabalistical words inscribed over the portal. They were "ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH."

The guardian of the temple having saluted Deepone with great respect, they pursued their way.

"Three conditions of the four," remarked the prince, "are fulfilled, but the hardest is to come—where to find a steed which fattens his iron sinews on living coals. What would be the most terrible of dragons—even that which my friend St. George killed the other day—to such an animal! But it is impossible that such can exist!"

"Hope on—believe on," replied Deepone. "If the age of one race of miracles is going—that of another is coming."

As he spoke, they stood before a huge building. It seemed a species of palace; high pillars guarded its vast portals, and long piles of delectable structure stretched away on either hand. It was a vast place.

"Let us enter," said Deepone.

They did so, and found themselves in a species of immense pavilion. The roof was iron, and so were the pillars which supported it. From a massive platform of stone where they stood, they could see this roof, crossed and barred by numberless rods and metal beams, stretching out its great proportions; and beneath it, the prince remarked a vast number of iron animals—some stationary—some moving hither and thither—emitting from time to time loud pantings, and glaring with inward fire.

"Behold!" said Deepone, "the stable of the fiery steeds."

The prince looked on stupified. Presently one of the iron horses advanced close to him. He shrunk from the awful power manifest in the grinding motions of its huge metal limbs.

"Lo! our charger: mount, and let us depart for the castle of Bullyana."

Were it not his faithful Deepone who uttered these words, the prince would never have mustered sufficient courage to approach the terrible monster. As it was, he mounted tremblingly. Deepone took his place beside him. The iron horse uttered a loud neigh of eagerness—shrill indeed as a whistle—and then panting with its glowing breath, it shot swiftly away.

How terrible was its progress!—Over vast plains, and by dimly-seen cities—pausing not—faltering not—flying with one continuous rush—leaving behind swift birds and animals—on, on, bounded the wondrous steed. For some time prince Jocund had no breath to speak; the rapidity of the flight deprived him of it, and he clung, instinctively, to Deepone, who regulated by an iron bridle the motions of the horse.

"This is awful!" he said at last. "I have heard of a horse, possessed by one of my royal relations—you may perhaps have read about it in the 'Arabian Nights,' a work which contains accounts of many remarkable adventurers and facts—which had a curious characteristic. It was of wood, yet it could fly: now this seems as wonderful; it is of iron, yet it can run."

"Truly," said Deepone, with a smile, "the marvels are similar."

"Now," continued the prince, "my kinsman's horse could fly over that mountain we are approaching."

"And mine," replied Deepone, "can plunge beneath it."

He had no sooner spoken, when, with a loud scream, and a cold rush of wet air,

the iron horse, leaving the open light and a warm sun, plunged into the hill-side, and swept furiously, in utter darkness, through the very bowels of the mountain.

The prince, fairly frightened, spoke not, until they emerged from his subterraneous way as suddenly as they had entered it. Then he said solemnly, "The horse of iron is greater than the horse of wood."

"I know not the name of your wooden steed," replied Deepone. "This animal is called LOCOMOTIVE."

And now they are approaching Bullyana's castle. The air grew dim and the country seemed covered with a blurring and blotting haze. But wherever "Locomotive" went it brightened, the wonderful horse threw out bursts of vivid flame which lightened all around, and a dim army of phantom shapes, some of them looming amid the retiring darkness like old carriages and waggons of different descriptions, flew tumultuously before the iron horse. It seemed that they could not endure the gleam of his brightness, nor the fury of his rush.

"See," said Deepone, "how the dim forms of this land of Ignorance and Prejudice flee before us."

As he spoke, the far-off towers of the castle of Bullyana appeared; they were at first but indistinctly seen on account of the unhealthy haze, but as "Locomotive" advanced, his riders beheld a countless swarm of retainers and subjects of the fairy Bullyana, drawn up in battle array across the path, with the purpose, as it seemed, of disputing their progress. For a moment the prince was discouraged, when he looked at the numbers opposed to him; but at the same instant he descried the princess Cherrylips (he knew her immediately, for the sun's portraits are unfailing) waving her hand to him from the top of the castle tower. Then, indeed, he shouted an involuntary war-cry, which was returned by the host before him. Truly they appeared somewhat formidable. Right in the track stood the fairy Bullyana, bearing the sceptre of her empire, in shape like a gallows. On either side was stationed her dragons, Ignorance and Prejudice: behind the fairy was a species of shrine inclosing an idol horrible to behold, and on the shrine was written the Shiboleth of the idolatry—

"THE GOOD OLD TIMES."

All around were disposed a countless multitude—worshippers of the fairy and the idol.

And thus they waited the onset. It soon came. With the rush of all heaven's whirlwinds—with the roar of all heaven's artillery—the awful steed thundered over the array—crushing it—annihilating it—dashing to dust the fairy and the temple, and the idol, leaving but the memory of the opposing host as of old bad things which were.

And as the armies of Bullyana were thus destroyed, the castle fell, and mouldered away, with a loud roaring noise; ramparts and citadels vanished away, and, amid the whirl of the dissolution, Jocund leaped triumphantly to the ground, and clasped the princess Cherrylips, unharmed, amid the destruction around.

Then, lo! a beaming light shone gloriously forth, investing, as it were the prince, princess, and Deepone in its splendour. The last remnants of the palace of Bullyana melted before its pure brightness; and a loud voice ringing like a thousand trumpets proclaimed—

DEEPONE is WISDOM: PRINCE JOCUND is ENTERPRISE; and the PRINCESS CHERRYLIPS IS SUCCESS.

WISDOM and ENTERPRISE ever win SUCCESS.

ENGRAVING ON GLASS.

Some beautiful specimens of printing from designs engraved, or rather etched, upon glass, have been presented by a German, and the specimens far exceed in beauty and clearness any of the kind that we have ever before seen. It is well known that by exposure to certain chemical agency the surface of glass becomes absorbed or eaten away, so that it is rendered uneven, and of the character and appearance of ground glass. Glass is a substance formed by the chemical union of several materials, such as oxide of lead, silica or flint, and an alkali, as potash or soda; as a chemical compound, glass is exceedingly persistent, not being liable, when well made, to undergo change by exposure to the air, heat, or any ordinary chemical agent, however powerful; the strongest mineral acids produce no effect upon it, neither do the alkalies, particularly when it is made without lead; almost the only chemical substance capable of affecting it is the element fluorine, under the form of hydrofluoric acid. When glass is exposed to the action of this agent, it is speedily dissolved, owing to the destruction of its chemical character as glass, and the formation of a new substance by the union of the fluorine with its elements. This action may be stopped at pleasure, so that the glass may be either externally affected only or otherwise entirely dissolved. The process employed in the etching is as follows:—The plate glass is covered with a very thin coating of bitumen and wax, a coating of sufficient thickness only to be continuous upon the surface of the plate; through this the design is traced with a sharp steel needle, and hatched as in ordinary etching; the plate is then subjected

to the action of the solvent, the effect of which may be regulated to a nicety; when this action has continued sufficiently long for the delicate parts, they are stopped out, and the stronger lines further bitten, until the effect is complete. The glass plate is then rendered thicker by plaster of Paris, so as to be able to resist the pressure in printing. The great advantage of this process is in the solvent employed; this is as yet kept secret by the inventor, but it will, we believe, be shortly given to the world. The engravings by this method possess extraordinary sharpness and delicacy, and the plates do not wear like copper or steel.

The Gatherer.

An Anecdote of Twin Sisters.—We know of a farmer in Connecticut who has a pair of twin daughters of whom a capital anecdote is told. They both attend the same school, and not long since one of them was called up by the master to receive a lesson in geography which she had learned imperfectly, and, in fact, could not go on at all. The teacher, who was getting quite out of patience, was called on to another part of the room, and, just at that moment, the twin sister sprang on the floor unobserved, and pushing the delinquent scholar to her seat, took her place. The master proceeded with the questions, which were answered with a degree of promptness and accuracy which, at the close, drew forth from him a few words of commendation. The joke was not discovered by the teacher until some days after. Of course it was too good and successful to occasion any offence.—*American Paper.*

Drunkenness.—During the past month 879 persons were committed to the city Bridewell by the police, of which number 751 were drunkards. For the corresponding month in the previous year (1844) the number committed was 562, of which 433 were drunkards; showing an increase in the crime of drunkenness of 319!—*Cork Constitution,*

Invisible Writing.—The plan of writing with rice water, to be rendered visible by application of iodine, was practised with great success in the correspondence of Jellalabad. The first letter of this kind received from thence was concealed in a quill. On opening it, a small paper was unfolded on which appeared only a single word, "iodine." The magic liquid was applied, and an interesting despatch from Sir Robert Sale stood forth.—*United Service Magazine.*

Hatton, the Dancing Chancellor.—The tender heart of Elizabeth was at once touched by his athletic frame, manly beauty, and graceful air; and she openly expressed her admiration of his dancing. An offer was instantly made by her to admit him of the band of gentleman pensioners. He expressed great willingness to renounce all his prospects in the profession of the law, but informed her that he had incurred debts which were beginning to be troublesome to him. She advanced him money to pay them off—at the same time *(more suo)* taking a bond and statute merchant to pay her when he should ever hear of these securities, which afterwards were supposed to be the cause of his death;—and before he had even reached the degree of apprentice or utter barrister, he joyfully transferred himself from his dull chambers in the Temple to a gay apartment assigned him in the palace, near the queen's. He was henceforward the reigning favourite, and his official promotion was rapid. He was successively made a gentleman of the queen's privy chamber, captain of the band of gentleman pensioners (her body guard), vice-chamberlain, and a member of the privy council. This delight of the queen to honour him caused much [illegible] and some scandal. Complaints were uttered, that under the existing government nothing could be obtained by any one [illegible] than "dancers and carpet knights—[illegible] the Earl of Lincoln and Master [illegible] who were admitted to the queen's [illegible] chamber."—*Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors.*

Anecdote of Forrest, the American Actor.—The following story is told of Forrest the American tragedian, and an eminent judge. When they were both young and unknown to fame and each other, they met at a modern inn, by chance they were put to sleep in the same room. Both retired in the dark, each suspicious of the other. They slept pretty comfortably, so well that they refused to rise in the morning. They were lying, eying each other with ferocious looks until noon, when Forrest, making a desperate effort, called out, "Stranger, why don't you get up?" "What is that to you?" "I have a particular reason for asking," muttered Forrest, and plunged his head beneath the clothes. Presently the other raised his head and said, "I say, my friend, perhaps you will answer me, if I put the question, to which I refused to reply to yourself?" "Well, then," said Forrest, rolling the clothes off slowly, and striking his heels upon the floor, "I have no shirt, and did not care to expose my poverty." "Oh!" said the other, leaping with a greyhound-like bound into the middle of the apartment, "why didn't you say that before? that is just my predicament."

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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LIFE IN LONDON.

The literature of England some thirty or forty years ago was adorned with a multitude of fine writers, who applied themselves to describe the elegancies, luxuries, and amusements of the higher classes of society. What ladies wore and what they ate were described with equal accuracy by scribes, who from the relations established between them and the livery servants of one or more west end mansions, judged themselves most competent to reveal these mysteries. Amazingly were they relished at first, and for a long time. That eminent vagabond Tom Ash was a neat hand at it, and the public were as nicely humbugged in this way, as they subsequently were by his "Spirit of the Book," which had less real connection with "the book," which was at length given to the world,

than had the fleas which disturbed the traveller to do with Stony Stratford. "The best things," however, according to Sheridan (*even damns*), "will grow obsolete;" and in the fullness of time, these expositors of fashion wore themselves out, and high flying impertinence would go down no more.

Latterly the wind of publication has blown in the opposite direction. Instead of the lordly dome, or the regal palace, we have been taken to the boozing kens of Saffron Hill, and the cellars of St. Giles's and Smithfield. The domestic affairs of thieves, street-walkers, and beggars, are brought before us, in all their startling details. That there are parts of London which are extensively the abodes of crime and misery, the police reports of each succeeding week testify. From this we learn that offences against morals are frequently perpetrated, which make the blood run cold; and those whose business it is to attend such inquiries, whisper that frequently scenes are brought to light, which, from their surpassing horrors, prudence assigns to silence.

But the professed "painter of life" of the present, whose business it is to present truth,

"In fairy fictions dressed,"

now bravely dive into the dens of infamy, resolute to seek

"In the lower deep a deeper still."

They seize on the facts which are disclosed by the officers of justice; and on these, it may be presumed, imagination is set to work to render what is in itself sufficiently dreadful still more appalling.

Of this we supply a specimen connected with the cut, given as representing some of the scenes which are common in the metropolis. A set of wretches are there described to procure Italian boys, in great numbers, and then send them out to beg. They are taught a variety of tricks to arrest attention; some affect the compassionate, others to amuse the anxious. Some are furnished with monkeys, tortoises, and white mice; others are made to sing, to tumble, or carry tables with their teeth, and are rendered familiar with every variety of sin and sorrow; while their vile employers live in luxury on what they bring in, and visit the unhappy little wretches with the most savage cruelty if the receipts fall short of what they are accustomed to require.

In a work now publishing one of those wretches is made a greater monster than has yet been seen. We must recollect the principle which has obtained in common among the proprietors of certain periodicals, that "he who spices highest sells the most," and concede to the writer we quote that he spices sufficiently high!

"Life in London" is cleverly written, and much research is evinced in the scenes of horror described. Mr. Dipple, the enterprising publisher of Holywell-street, no doubt reaps from it a golden harvest; for this class of literature, like Jack Sheppard, and others of its kind, secures always a host of readers. Up to the eighth number, the extent to which the work has gone, there is not a scene but produces excitement, leaving a desire to read still further.

THE SMUGGLER OF FOLKSTONE.

A TALE OF TRUTH AND FICTION.

By Edward Portwine.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Again the players retired, and the field was congratulated by rich and poor, the scientific and the ignorant, the old and the young, the beautiful and the decrepid, but still Carrick and Poynder doubted the result, especially if the officers should indulge in too much time at dinner. Carrick's play was looked upon as little less than superhuman, and all desired to speak with him; and the spectators crowded, squeezed, and pushed towards the Chequers, where Poynder had ensconsed himself behind the bar, paying a just tribute of admiration to Carrick for his inimitable play and fielding. Here, seated with Cumlin, Margaret, and others, Edmund felt great pleasure when his eyes met those of the smuggler's daughter. They both felt that nature was working her wondrous power within their bosoms, while Cumlin appeared to have cast away all gloom and care. His brow was serene, and he felt a deep interest in that side espoused by his young friend. And here we will leave the party, quaffing the light sherry and manly ports, while we take our readers to the pavilion.

This noble elevation appeared of considerable extent, possessing a robing or retiring apartment for the ladies, and one for the gentlemen, at opposite extremities of the awning. The principal apartment was capable of dining fifty persons, and the tables now groaned under every delicacy that a cold dinner could afford—arranged by the messman of the Royal Staff Corps. A bright silver service glittered on the damask, and plates were laid for forty-five persons. Without the principal area were awnings to prevent the atmosphere, or sun, from inconveniencing the fair occupants of this tent. When the se-

cond innings terminated, Miss Johnson, who sat gazing intently on the players, rose abruptly, and retired to the private apartment, where she relieved her labouring heart by respiring at freedom. She had seen one who had awakened in her the remembrance of the past. She had again heard his voice—witnessed his eagle glance? but how came he there? who was he with? and who was that beautiful vision by his side. "Ah," the fair girl muttered to herself, "it must be the young painter of Florence, he who excelled all others in his art; yes," she pursued, drawing from her bosom a miniature, "this is his wondrous work, a striking likeness of my unworthy self, and he painted this; little does he suspect that his own image is for ever present to my heart—so intellectual, so honourable. To meet him here, and as a player at this game, and in this, as in every other occupation, he excels. I must and will speak to him. There may be indecorum—indelicacy in this, but I care not. Life without his company is a burthen. What care I for the admiration of fops—their eternal adulation is nauseous, disgusting." The brilliant beauty paused, and, struck by a sudden thought, she said, "He will dine here, I must caution him; I will either see him or write; but how can I convey a letter to his hands? my page, ah, he is secret, he must be or—" Here her countenance assumed a different complexion. Her ripe lips were firmly compressed, and resolution seemed to be one of the strongest attributes of her powerful character. The beautiful girl then severed a fly leaf from one of the volumes she had in vain attempted to peruse, and on which she wrote:—"*Edmund—You remember Florence, the banks of the Arno, and Sarah! You will dine at the same table with her to-day; be cautious and be wary. After the amusement of the day she will see you.*" Sarah folded this note, and placing it in the hands of the page, with proper instructions how to deliver it, she emerged from the pavilion into the open air, to enjoy the luxury of the refreshing atmosphere and her own thoughts.

Edmund Poynder had given himself up to the pleasing influence of the lovely Margaret. He studied to please, and was successful in his efforts to entertain her. He introduced those light topics of the day, interspersed with observations on men and manners. She had observed before that Poynder possessed a rich vein of satire; he was absolutely crushing and pitiless in his observations on affectation and on an assumption of knowledge, while his remarks on vanity were merciless. He had just concluded some observations on those characters he had met with in life, when Margaret said, "Mr. Poynder, you appear severe to day on many persons. Have you not a good word for those you have loved and respected."

Edmund's countenance resumed its usual kind expression, yet the question induced a fit of musing, which astonished the gentle being beside him. He observed this, and remarked, "Miss Cumlin, will you honour me by accepting my arm for a walk until the game commences; I will then endeavour to answer your question."

Margaret accepted the arm of Edmund, and they emerged from the booth, and pursued their way to the margin of the plain in silence. When they arrived at the extremity of the green sward, Edmund said, with slight emotion, "You have asked whether I have not 'a good word for those I have loved and respected.' If I have within the last few moments permitted myself to indulge in condemning certain characters I have studied in the world, it by no means implies that I am indifferent to the best and noblest feelings of the soul; but I, though young, have suffered from deceit and cunning. Beauty and intellect have possessed a power over me: they have almost scared my brain and withered my heart."

Margaret trembled as Poynder continued. "There is soul, intellect, and humane feelings in your heart, Miss Cumlin, which almost commands confidence, and I feel as if impelled by a secret power to disclose some of those events of my life which will account for the strangeness of my language to you this day."

"But," interrupted Margaret, "I have no right to be your confidant, and yet I feel a strong desire to learn your history."

"Perhaps, Miss Cumlin, you may have the greatest right of any living to know my faults and my weaknesses."

Margaret blushed deeply as Edmund uttered these words with an agitated voice.

"I gazed on a form this day which has brought before my mind events which have cast a deep shade on my existence; and although I did not perceive her countenance, yet her figure is too remarkable to be mistaken. When at play I could perceive her lustrous eyes riveted on me, and an indefinable sensation pervaded my heart. You shall hear the short story of our acquaintance."

"But who is this lady; her name; her lineage?" inquired Margaret, in an altered voice.

Edmund looked in the countenance of Miss Cumlin, and her features had undergone as great an alteration as her voice; a flush appeared on her lovely cheeks, and her eyes sparkled with almost fierce fire. He remained speechless for a moment; his heart beat with quickened pulsation; a sensation of regret and gratification pervaded

his frame as he answered Margaret's interrogatories.

"Alas! Miss Cumlin; too well I know her name and lineage: her rank is noble; her lineage ancient; her person lovely; her intellect superhuman; and yet what is all this to me or to thee, excepting to prove that riches, talent, and loveliness cannot constitute every ingredient in the great sum of human felicity."

"You have met this perfection then, and you love her?" asked Margaret, in a subdued voice, and with a trembling frame, which sent the life current with rapidity through the veins of her companion.

"Hear me, sweet girl. Where the Arno meanders in its course, on its romantic banks stands a lovely building, in which I dwelt for four months, studying the art of landscape painting. The fair city of Florence raises its proud palaces on its banks, conspicuous for its buildings and for its vertu. It was in this gorgeous city that I first met with Miss———."

Edmund here felt his arm slightly touched by some one, and, on turning, he perceived a page in livery at his side. He appeared slightly agitated as the youth, with cap in hand, and a graceful inclination of his body, said,—"I speak to Mr. Edmund Poynder."

"That is my name."

"This note I am directed to deliver into your hands."

Saying which the page bowed with marked respect, and disappeared in the direction of the pavilion.

"I thought so," murmured Edmund. "Excuse me, Miss Cumlin, I will explain all this mystery to you at another time, if you will condescend to listen to a simple story. Allow me to escort you to your father."

"By no means, sir; do not let me embarrass you—perhaps your presence is required by the peerless beauty who forwards to you her commands, and I cannot permit myself to be any obstacle to your happiness," replied Miss Cumlin, with bitterness.

"And am I misunderstood by you as well as by all? Oh, Margaret, you will one day think differently, and acquit me of conduct which may appear strange and equivocal; but I must submit to your suspicions at present. I shall, however, soon relieve myself from erroneous impressions."

The pair had now nearly reached the booth when they were met by Waldron, to whom Edmund consigned his companion with a melancholy air, while Margaret regarded him with surprise and saddened feeling.

Edmund, when alone, opened the note, and perused the contents with surprise. He muttered "Strange, extraordinary. I hall then dine at the same table with her, amongst the aristocracy of Kent; shall, perhaps, be seated next to her—or opposite—shall observe the attentions of the noble and ignoble at that fair shrine; but I must be wary of whom and for what?" The upper lip of the musing painter curled slightly as he uttered the last words, and he continued—"And she will see me after the sports of the day are concluded. Proud, peerless, beautiful girl, you in vain struggle against fate. All these rare gifts of mind and person are prostituted at the shrine of powerful passion: and yet, oh God! I do not love her. I have never felt for this pearl of the aristocracy of England any other feeling than admiration for her extraordinary personal gifts and varied accomplishments. Am I then to play the hypocrite—the part of a wretch to one so intellectual? And Margaret too! I know not what course to pursue. Fate leads me onward; and in vain I struggle against events which are constantly occurring to astonish and confound my best resolves."

The bell now reverberated along the plain which summoned the cricketers to the banquet, and, with a slow step, Edmund sought his friend Carrick.

The friends, after a few words together, proceeded to the pavilion. Before entering which, the two gentlemen repaired to the robing booth to change their dresses, and while discoursing on the immense advantages the officers possessed over the county players, a servant in livery appeared at the entrance to the tent, and desired to speak to Carrick.

"We have no secrets from each other, sir, and you may deliver your message," cried the cricketer.

"Mr. Dean wishes to speak a word with you before dinner, sir."

"Oh, say I will be with him instantly," replied Carrick.

The next moment Carrick left the booth, and after some minutes he returned with rage and determination depicted on his manly countenance. "Edmund, I have been grossly insulted, and so have you. Dean is no gentleman, and so I told him."

"What can you mean, my friend?"

"The 'squire on meeting me outside the pavilion assumed a very civil air, and said, that 'in consequence of an accession of company, he was compelled to request that you and myself would dine in this booth.'"

"Ah, ah, ah," rejoined Poynder, laughing bitterly; "and what answer did you return?"

"I said I would see him in an unmentionable place first, and then left him."

"Good! Carrick; and I will act as you do: and if you will permit me to resent this evident insult, he will remember our decision of character on a cricket-field to his latest hour."

"Here is my hand, Poynder, and I leave the whole affair to you."

The entrance became again darkened, and a servant in livery placed on the table dinner and covers for two, with wine and every luxury, and respectfully waited for further instructions.

"Come, my friend," cried Poynder gaily, "the dinner waits;" and the two friends sat down with the air of philosophers to a really elegant banquet. Poynder raised a glass of sherry to his lips, gave "Independence, determination, and honesty to all Kentish cricketers," which Carrick drank with a smile and a frown.

After the cloth was cleared, the friends called for wine and cigars, and dismissed their attendant. "Now, my friend," cried Poynder, "we will teach the aristocrats a lesson. I propose that we pay for our dinner and wine, and then repair to the Chequers with our luggage and bats."

"Bravo, bravo, Poynder, I agree." The waiter again appeared—the bill was demanded and refused by the messman; but, being insisted on, was at length produced and discharged. The friends then departed for the Chequers. On entering which they observed Waldron, Cumlin, Margaret, Affery, Jane, Hamish, and Sarson, with many youths of the vicinity. The alteration in Poynder's dress, from breeches and gaiters to snow-white ducks, added much to his personal appearance, which was observed by the fashionable. The cricketers were offered seats, which they accepted, ordered their cigars, and joined with the company in their refreshments.

Cumlin, with a contracted brow, regarded the new arrivals for some time, and then in harsh accents remarked, "I have heard that you gentlemen were invited to dine with the other cricketers, and when the hour arrived you were refused that high honour. Is this true?"

"Yes, sir, quite correct; confusion to them," replied Carrick.

"What! Do you propose to resent this palpable insult?"

"I leave it entirely in Poynder's hands," rejoined Carrick.

"And in good hands you leave your honour and reputation," cried Miss Cumlin, with a flashing eye. "He knows well how to repel an insult or revenge an injury."

Edmund gazed on the beautiful countenance of Margaret, and he there saw traced legibly the highest indignation at the affront passed on himself and friend. Yes, although she made no attempt to conceal her bitter scorn at the conduct of the aristocracy, yet she felt relieved from an enormous load of anxiety in perceiving that Edmund bore his chagrin with contemptuous equanimity. Every one present joined with Cumlin and his daughter in their condemnation of the conduct of Dean towards the best cricketers in Kent. Margaret returned Edmund's look with one of pride and affection, which caused him some uneasiness.

The time had now arrived for the continuance of the game, and "play, play," again resounded over the wide plain. Still Carrick and Poynder puffed their cigars with indifference, while looks were directed by the spectators towards them. Presently a servant in livery appeared, and inquired for the cricketers; but the answer was, "they are not yet ready." The garrison were all in the field but the friends, and their names could be heard re-echoing over the plain. Still the friends sat chatting with their companions in the Chequers, and Edmund found the sweet converse of Margaret so entertaining, that he felt indisposed to exchange it for the field. He was conversing in low tones on the subject which was interrupted by the appearance of the page of Sarah Johnson, when his story was again interrupted by the appearance of Captain Phipps. That jovial officer, ignorant of the offence given, entered the tent, and gaily requested the players to leave the jolly god, and finish the sports of the day. While Phipps was urging Carrick and Poynder to their duty, Cumberland and Dean entered; and the latter, addressing himself to Poynder, demanded his presence in the field.

Edmund rose from his seat, and with great dignity said: "Mr. Dean, when the garrison did me the honour to request us to play on this plain, it was understood that myself and friend were to appear on an equality with the other gentlemen, and that we should partake of your pleasures both in the field and at the banquet. We have not disgraced ourselves as gentlemen in this day's contest, but you have attempted to degrade us before ladies, nobles, and gentlemen; therefore I inform you, that as we are not considered sufficiently exalted to sit with you at table, we are utterly unfitted to play out this game."

CHAPTER XXIV.

The rage depicted on Dean's face was great at this address. The officers looked at Dean in utter astonishment for an explanation of this strange scene. Edmund regained his seat amidst great applause and clapping of hands, while Dean stammered forth that such persons were not calculated to associate with the aristocracy. This roused Edmund again from his seat: "I shall not quarrel with the stupid and senseless prejudices of this scion of a noble house. The blood that circulates in his veins is not more pure or uncontaminated than that now animating this heart, and which has never been sul-

lied by crime or meanness. But I shall take another opportunity to speak on this subject. All I have now to advance is, that my friend Carrick and myself were invited to this plain to play and dine by individuals as much Mr. Dean's superiors in unprejudiced intelligence as they are elevated above him in birth, wealth, and station; and they are as much insulted as ourselves."

The squire's face became livid with passion, and he spoke with difficulty.

"I shall not bandy words with the son of a yeoman; I quarrel only with my equals. I shall revenge myself for the insult these words convey. I ask again, do you refuse to play?"

Poynder replied: "Once for all, sir, I will not. My family are indeed yeomen, and tenants of your father, and you may do them an injury; but the moment you contemplate injuring them, that moment you draw on your own head a punishment you cannot dream of." Edmund had approached Dean, and after delivering these remarks, whispered in the squire's ear, which turned the proud youth to marble; his colour changed to red and then to white, his lips were compressed, his eyeballs starting from their sockets, as he shouted: "Mention that again, and you shall quickly repent your presumption." Edmund smiled. He approached Poynder to seize him by the collar, or to strike him. Dean was one of the most powerful young men of his time, and is a strong man still, and any member of the Lower House may satisfy himself by gazing on one of the members for Kent seated behind Sir Robert Peel. Before he could revenge himself on Poynder for his fearless language, he was confronted by Captain Cumberland, who with a fierce glance demanded if "He was his equal in birth?" to which Dean assented with surprise.

"Then in that case I demand to know whether it is in consequence of your prejudices relative to dining, that these men will not play out the game."

"I certainly do not consider it an honour to dine with tradesmen or tenants, and I told these persons so."

"You did," answered Cumberland. "And do you know, Mr. Dean, that you are defeating the garrison by this procedure? and do you suppose we are to be treated in this way with impunity."

"On my soul, Captain Cumberland, you do me injustice," returned Dean. "I had no idea that these men would decline to play the game out; I thought they knew their station in life and the interests of their families better."

"Pooh, pooh, this will never do. I draw my descent from the house of Brunswick, and I imagine that if myself and brother officers of the Royal Staff Corps considered it no degradation to dine with men like Mr. Poynder, who, I am informed, is an artist of great promise and a gentleman in manners, I do not think that a country gentleman could have had any objection. But you, sir, have committed us all, and I cannot blame these men."

Dean's face became scarlet at this address of the manly officer, and he again appealed to Carrick to play, but without success. This fine specimen of a Kentish cricketer replied, "I shall do as Poynder does."

The officers and Dean then left the Chequers, and repaired to the field; and after an unequal contest of eleven to nine, the garrison were beaten. Thus, through pride and prejudice, one of the best contested games of cricket was sacrificed, and the after-sports of the day rendered uninteresting.

William Dean was an ardent admirer of the lovely Sarah Johnson—nay more, he adored her, and had resolved more than once to confess his affection for so much elegance, intellect, and beauty. All lovers are not blind, if the god that inspires love is; and some of the passionate race are extremely lynx-eyed. On this eventful day Dean discovered that Miss Johnson was more absent, and appeared to be more reserved, than usual. He soon discovered that another object in the field beside his sweet self engaged more of her attention than he approved. His suspicions soon rested on Poynder, whose play was the theme for general admiration. He was resolved to be convinced, and for that purpose seated himself by her side at the conclusion of the second innings, and soon had his suspicions confirmed. To be rivalled by one of the sons of his father's tenants was not to be borne; to be braved by a yeoman's son was madness; and he resolved to prevent their meeting, if possible—hence his attempts to induce the cricketers to dine in another booth, and which drew on him suspicions, the effects of which he was doomed to feel the force of. When, therefore, Dean imperiously demanded that Poynder should play the game out, and received a proud defiance to his threats, he was moved as much by jealousy as anger; and when Edmund whispered in his ears the name of "Sarah," his rage knew no discretion, and but for Cumberland he would have committed an act of violence which might have consigned him to the tomb, and not to a life of usefulness.

When the ladies and gentlemen took their seats at the banquet, Sarah looked in vain for Edmund's appearance. She could not eat; seemed out of spirits and irritable during the repast. The conversation of

Dean, who sat beside her, was unheeded, and the bright creature looked the picture of despair. She dared not utter a word, fearing to be suspected; and yet she was more than once tempted to dare all, and ask the reason for the absence of two of the players.

The banquet ended, and the ladies retired. Sarah, after a few moments dedicated to her toilet, left the pavilion alone, and wandered over the plain a prey to conflicting sensations. She imagined she might meet Edmund by accident; but after walking until the bell sounded for play, she returned back disappointed and angry with herself and every one, especially at Edmund, whom she imagined had thus designedly shunned her. Confused murmurs were now heard by her from the Chequers, and many persons were perceived to enter the booth. At length Captain Cumberland and Dean left, and walked hurriedly in the direction of the pavilion, where they perceived Sarah seated. She noticed they were angry with each other; this excited no other feeling than curiosity to ascertain the cause of dispute. Dean departed for the field, and the chafed captain threw himself on the grass in gloomy silence.

"Why, Captain Cumberland," cried Sarah, "what can be the matter? what has occurred to chafe the British lion thus?"

"Ah, Miss Johnson," returned Cumberland, with bitterness, "you notice my chagria. The fact is, Mr. Dean has spoiled our sport by his pride, wounded the feelings of a worthy young man and his friend, and thus deprived us of their play."

"Indeed, and pray who are they that are thus disgusted by the squire?"

"Mr. Poynder and his friend Carrick."

"And what offence has Mr. Dean given that deprives you of their valuable assistance?" inquired Miss Johnson, her eyes sparkling with anger.

"An insult, lady, that only blood should have erased, had it been offered to me," responded the officer, passionately.

"Good heavens, keep me no longer in suspense. Inform me the grounds of the quarrel."

"Forgive me, lady," replied Cumberland, with a touch of feeling in his manner; "I had forgotten the relation between you and Mr. Dean. It was but a trifle, and is now settled."

Miss Johnson coloured slightly as she answered, firmly and proudly, "I can assure Captain Cumberland that he need not be silent with regard to Mr. Dean; he is the same relation to me as he ever will be. Could that offence be a 'trifle' that induced so gallant a gentleman as Captain Cumberland to say that 'only blood should erase' such an insult?"

"I perceive that I cannot conceal the misfortune any longer." The captain then related the circumstances, and spoke of Edmund's conduct as evincing true courage. Miss Johnson seemed agitated, and appeared to approve the manliness of Edmund. Her eyes thanked the gallant officer for his generous interference to a stranger. Cumberland regarded Sarah with admiration, and then remarked, with much warmth, "Ah, Miss Johnson, you are wise enough to perceive that it is not by cherishing the prejudices of rank so as to inflict on the rising intelligence of the age a consciousness of an inferiority, that the upper classes of society can be respected or loved. I perceive that you feel as I do the insane conduct of Mr. Dean to a young man who evinced much dignity, courage, and calmness, under the insult inflicted. Mr. Poynder was cheered by a numerous company, while the conduct of Mr. Dean was openly reprobated."

"I thank you, captain, for your appreciation of my feelings towards those who are considered our inferiors in rank. I have met in humble life real talent and genius, blended with upright and honourable principles, which have induced me to lend an assistance towards the developement of those higher attributes which adorn our natures, distinguish us in science and morality, and conduce to happiness."

"Admirable, excellent woman, I am delighted to listen to you. You elevate yourself immeasurably above half your sex, when you express sentiments so philosophical and just. Ah! how unfortunate that I cannot call such perfection mine. Forgive me," he added hastily, "for the allusion; I know how hopeless are such desires; but your generosity towards the poor and friendless induces me to forget myself. Oh, may you long continue to foster such sentiments. May you never forget to be thus noble, philanthropic, and good."

The captain rose hastily, and departed almost choked with emotion.

Miss Johnson gazed after the handsome captain with interest, and she muttered: "As good as great, how immeasurably the superior of the class to which he belongs. A descendant of a long line of monarchs, and yet sensible to the rights of humanity. Ah, if all our nobles could be brought to think as this young man, how different would be the condition of the poor! with what feelings of gratitude would they be penetrated. But the aristocracy are imbued with an opinion of the *natural* inferiority of the humbler classes. There are many similar to Dean who affect to contemn, coerce, and insult them with impunity. This he has done to Edmund—bruised a heart he cannot understand—a young man destined at no distant day to

perpetuate his name in the annals of science, literature, and art.

While the foregoing transpired, Edmund Poynder remained a prey to contending emotions of anger and outraged feelings. Margaret perceived this, and attempted to soothe his spirit; and in this sweet office whose voice is so powerful and potent as that of woman, especially of the one beloved? In a short time Poynder could jest on what had inflicted exquisite pain, and he treated with ridicule the assumption of Dean. His remarks were listened to with eagerness, and produced an effect on the company not easily erased. No one regarded Edmund with greater admiration than the smuggler's daughter, and she treated every one with indifference who affected to speak slightingly of the object of her solicitude. The old smuggler almost regarded Edmund as a son. The whole of the company were not happy in the Chequers that eventful afternoon; Jane Gettings and Affrey Jeffery, Captain Sarson and James Waldron, appeared agitated by various emotions, which the reader can readily imagine from what has been related.

The Hythe Club, indignant at the insult passed on their body in the person of Poynder, left the ground as soon as the fact was known that the game was lost. We beg leave to remove our characters to their different habitations.

(To be continued.)

COURTESIES AT HONGKONG—VISIT FROM KEYING.

War is one of the instruments in the hand of Providence to create friendship among nations. How different are the scenes we are about to copy from the *China Mail*, from those witnessed in the days of Lord Anson, and down to 1840, between the English and the Chinese. The picture here furnished of the Celestial Keying is not a little interesting:

On the 20th of November last, about sunset, the Virgin steamer which had been sent to Canton for the purpose, arrived at Hongkong with the commissioner and suite. As the vessel approached the wharf, the Chinese band "pour'd around a torrent of shrill sounds," and on Keying's stepping on shore, three gigantic crackers were fired off, which we presume is the Chinese method of saluting. Having seated himself in his chair, and an attendant with a brush having dusted the soles of his immense shoes, the procession, composed of English, Chinese, and Indians, proceeded along the road, producing a picturesque effect. Near the head of the crowd was a Chinese band, making, like that of Chrononhotonthologos, "rough music," and taking due advantage of their position to let their instruments be heard, followed by a parcel of boys fluttering little banners, but whether in triumph or in defence we could not make out. There were also men bearing aloft pavilions such as our readers at home may see on porcelain cups and lackered ware; and mingled with these were others carrying large boards on their shoulders inscribed with Chinese characters, which may have been intended to set forth the titles and dignities of the commissioner; and the bare feet and tattered appearance of the fellows themselves might also have been intended to mark the contrast between the great men and their pursuivants. The guard which followed must have been one of honour solely; for their weapons, of all imaginable shapes, were merely of painted wood, the blades being ornamented with gold-leaf and tinfoil. There was something very fantastic about these men of war, and the effect was greatly heightened by the towering tinsel head-dress of some, and the red hats of others, with a feather, which instead of standing stiff and erect, by the rule of contraries which prevails in China, hung loose and dangling upon the shoulders. The executioners may be considered as forming a part of this group. They were clad in sober-coloured frieze, with grey hats shaped precisely like those of the guards, and each armed with a whip or other instrument of corrective justice. At some distance followed a body of sepoys with their band, sadly puzzled to keep time or tune with another Chinese one, immediately behind, consisting of eight performers on gongs, cymbals, and wind instruments; for it must be remarked that all the available music was to be heard together, mingled in one inharmonious whole. The principal wind instruments were in shape like a flageolet with a child's brass trumpet stuck to the end of it, emitting a sound precisely like the chanter of a bagpipe without the drone. Then came Keying in a large, comfortable sedan chair, borne by eight coolies, and guarded by a body of police; and behind were the officers of the military staff of the colony, and a series of chairs having mandarins of superior button and unquestionable feather, down to others who had nothing to distinguish their rank except the company they were found in. The next forenoon the governor, accompanied by the major-general and military staff, called upon Keying, who received his visitors with his accustomed graceful urbanity, embracing his excellency and the general. The appearance of the attorney-general gowned and wigged, created some astonishment, which was speedily turned to laughter by the

good humour of the honourable and learned gentleman himself. Being a visit of compliment, Keying was not forgetful of the usual forms of Chinese etiquette, and when the company rose, he conducted the governor to the outer door, and took a ceremonious leave. At four o'clock in the afternoon the Chinese returned the visit in state, and afterwards accompanied the governor to witness a review of the troops.

The next day the imperial commissioner partook of the hearty hospitality of the major-general. The imperial commissioner, accompanied by five other mandarins of high rank, and attended by his motley group of retainers, arrived at the major-general's about a quarter before seven. Upon alighting from his chair, the commissioner was received with all the honours due to his distinguished rank, the guard presenting arms, and the band playing the national anthem. The party at dinner, from the smallness of the apartments, was limited to sixteen. In the centre was placed the imperial standard of China, waving beside the banner of England. Over the doorways were hung appropriate Chinese mottoes on crimson silk, expressive of the good understanding existing between the two nations; and this being in accordance with Chinese custom, the foreign visitors expressed themselves much gratified with the attention. Upon the cloth being removed, the major-general gave first:—"The queen of England and the emperor of China, and may the happy relations subsisting between the two countries be productive of increased commerce and prosperity to both." The general in the second toast addressed Keying more at length, and after expressing the honour and gratification he felt in receiving him on the present occasion, added that, bred and born a soldier like himself, it was not his intention to occupy much time with unnecessary compliments, but simply to assure him that he gave him, with all sincerity, a soldier's welcome, and felt satisfied there was that professional sympathy between them, that would lead him to accept it with corresponding cordiality. Having said thus much, the major-general continued—"I must not forget the high representative and diplomatic capacity in which his excellency is now among us, or the great objects of commercial union and peace he is come here to consolidate. In that capacity, therefore, and as the representative of the highest authority in China, I beg leave to propose his health — the health of Keying the enlightened statesman, and who, alike the friend of England and of China, has taught us to respect him as much for his political talents, as we value him for his social qualities." Keying listened with great attention, and seemed anxious to have every sentence translated fully as the general went along. After the loud applause with which his health had been drunk had somewhat subsided, Keying replied with great grace and readiness, to the effect that, "though his talents had been greatly overrated, the general had only done justice to his sincerity, for he could assure him on the faith of a Tartar soldier, while he had any voice in the affairs of China, the peace and prosperity of both our countries would be always the objects nearest to his heart." He then gave his hand to the major-general and the governor, who sat beside him with earnest good-will, as if anxious by this act to convey at once his public feeling and his personal acknowledgement. Nothing could exceed the affability and good humour of Keying, accompanied by the highest tact and good breeding. He was jovial at dinner, but without excess; and after having volunteered a Mantchow Tartar song, which he gave with great spirit, the company adjourned to the drawing-room, where a party, consisting of the ladies of the garrison, with most of the naval and military officers and civil residents, had assembled. Keying went the round of the room with the utmost blandness, offering his hand to each of the ladies, and distinguished one or two of them by little presents of purses or rosaries taken from his person. There was one little girl in particular, about seven years of age, present, in whom Keying seemed much interested, and it was delightful to witness the good nature and benevolence of his manner when he took her upon his knee to caress her, and then placed an ornament about her neck. His fine Tartar head and person, grouped with the infant beauty of the little stranger, formed quite a picture. Keying retired shortly after eleven o'clock, but not till he had asked the general, with characteristic good nature, if he wished him to remain any longer, evidently desirous not to disappoint the guests, who crowded round him with a mingled feeling of respect and curiosity. There was another instance of high breeding worthy of being recorded. A married lady who was sitting near him attracted a good deal of his attention, and having desired one of his attendants to bring him a silk handkerchief he presented it to her, and begged he might retain her own in exchange for it. The lady was momentarily embarrassed, and Keying seeing this, said "he hoped he had done nothing contrary to our usages of propriety," an apology which was immediately appreciated and understood.

In the course of the following day, the last conference took place between the English and Chinese plenipotentiaries, and in the evening Keying gave a sumptuous entertainment in the Chinese fashion. The

hour of dinner specified in the invitations, which are curiosities in their way, was six o'clock, and before that time all the guests had assembled in one of the lower rooms, except the governor, upon whose arrival being announced, Keying hurried to welcome his excellency at the landing-place, and to conduct him to a seat in the centre of the room—the rest of the company sitting in arm-chairs formally placed on either side, with a small table between each two. The half-hour before dinner, proverbially dull and trying to the patience in Europe, is in China relieved by the sedulous attentions of the entertainers, and by refreshments of the finest tea, which are offered to each guest in little cups—what with us is the saucer being made to perform the more useful office of a cover to preserve the aroma. Dinner being announced, the company proceeded up stairs to the sound of music which had not the least resemblance to the "Roast Beef of Old England." A large table was set out in the spacious saloon, at the centre of which sat Keying, with Sir John Davis on his left hand, and major-general D'Aguilar on his right.

Before each guest was placed a plate and kwai-tz, or chopsticks, on one side, and a knife, fork, and spoon, on the other. The chopsticks, however, were pretty generally used, a little awkwardly, it must be admitted, by the English, while the mandarins, probably out of politeness to their guests, occasionally made use of fork and spoon. Beyond the plates were ranged innumerable little pyramids of preserves, pickles, and dried seeds, which, from the experiments we made, we presume were not intended to be eaten, but placed merely for show; but at the left hand there was a small saucer of sweetmeats and salted relishes, which were partaken and washed down with a glass of wine. And then commenced the more important part of the feast by the army of servants setting before each guest a small bowl, about the size of a moderate breakfast cup, of bird's-nest soup, which might pass for very good vermicelli at home, and scarcely merits the celebrity it has obtained, or seems worth the enormous price it is said to cost. After the bird's-nest soup there were, venison soup, duck soup, never-to-be-sufficiently-praised sharks-fin soup, chesnut soup, pork stew, a sort of vegetable *pâtés*, with gravy in a separate saucer, stag-sinew soup, shark-skin soup, second only to his elder brother of the fin, earth-nut ragout, a gelatine soup, made, we were told, of the pith of stags' horns, macerated mushroom and chestnut soup, stewed ham, sweetened with sugar or syrup, a stew of bamboo shoots, another of fish-maws, esculents with hot sauce, slices of hot cakes and cold jam-puffs; with numerous other nondescript soups and stews, in large bowls placed in the centre of the table, of which vegetables, pigeons, eggs, and more especially pork seemed to be component parts, showing Chinese cooks, like Beaumont and Fletcher's, to be "thoroughly grounded in the mysteries and hidden knowledge of all soups, sauces, and salads whatsoever." In such a labyrinth of novel dishes, even the most practised gourmand might have been excused for feeling a little at a loss; and our entertainers seemed to appreciate the circumstance; for when any particular good mess came upon the table, they would put some upon the plates of those near them; and Keying, with the most refined Chinese politeness, more than once took a tit-bit from his own dish, and conveyed it with his chopsticks to the honoured guests beside him. Lest there might have been any one who could not contrive to make a sumptuous dinner from such materials, there were in the centre of the table roast peacock, pheasant, and ham; and tea was several times served to relieve this active "alimentary progression" never dreamt of by Ude or Brillat-Savarin. It is worth noting as a remarkable circumstance, that during the whole dinner there was not a grain of rice on the table, not even mixed with other food, though almost all writers tell us it is never wanting at a Chinese dinner of any sort. There is no lack of good wines, liqueurs, and mandarin samshoo at dinner, nor were the Chinese unmindful to do due honour to them by frequently pledging their guests; and this soon came to be no light matter, for they were never satisfied with a mere sip, but insisted on bumpers every time, and that the glass should be turned upon the table in proof of its having been honestly emptied. The effect upon themselves was scarcely perceptible, though we remarked a formidable-looking Tartar opposite where we sat, who, besides his share of champagne and other wines, discussed the greater part of a bottle of maraschino, and made serious inroads upon another of noyeau, stroking his chin and exclaiming "Hoh!" at each glass. The succession of soups must have occupied nearly three hours; and when it at length came to a close, Keying rose to dedicate a cup to the Queen of Heaven; and forthwith a series of low benches covered with crimson cloth, were ranged from one end of the room to the other, and were speedily loaded with roast pig, hams, fowls, and other substantial dishes, and before each a cook or butcher, we could not tell which, sat down *a-la-Chinois*, and, taking a knife like a cutlass, commenced slicing it down, in defiance of the maxims of the "Carver's Guide," grasping the joint with the left hand, the long nails of which served for both fork and spoon. The ceremony

is intended as an acknowledgement of the bounty of the Queen of Heaven, and is gone through before the guests to show them that after the exuberance of dishes with which they have been served, there is still enough and to spare. The sliced meat was set upon the table, as were also cold mutton and pork, none of which were eaten; and then succeeded a dessert of fruits and preserves, with abundance of wine, cordials, and samshoo. The "most prolonged breakfast," says Sir W. Scott, cannot well last above an hour, but he does not set any limits to dinners, as in his own practice he observed none. The one we are speaking of had already extended almost to four hours; and to the best of our recollection, the more substantial food was not entirely removed when the dessert came upon the table, while the toasts we think had commenced beforehand. The first was "the queen of England and the emperor of China," which was drunk with tremendous applause, the Chinese being especially vociferous, huzzaing, clapping their hands, and beating the table in the most approved English public dinner fashion, the band in the adjoining room striking up what we presume was an appropriate air, but which sounded to our ears not unlike a Highland pibroch. A few other toasts followed, amongst the rest the king of the French and the king of Sweden, each of whom had a subject among the guests; and Keying then called upon the governor for a song, as a condition to giving one himself, which he afterwards did, and very well too, and joined lustily in the applause with which it was received. Pwany-tsye-shing gave us two songs; the emperor's son-in-law excused himself on account of a hoarseness, brought on doubtless by the unwonted exercise of his lungs during the visit; and an attendant Tartar, a descendant of Genghis-khan, we were told, chanted a wild lilt, having many of the characteristics of an old Scottish or Irish air. On the part of the English guests, besides the governor, songs were sung by the major-general, the chief justice, hon. F. Bruce, and Mr. Shortrede. The Chinese are fond of enlivening their entertainments with shows and dramatic exhibitions, and most authors speak of these as invariable accompaniments. The present dinner was an exception, probably because visits to foreign powers never having been dreamt of in China, players form no part of an ambassador's retinue. However, a substitute was found in a game which we do not remember ever having seen described. Two flowers (dahlias) were given to Keying, who first twirling them round his head, and then holding them to his nose, gave one to the governor and another to the general, who was desired to hand them round the table. In the meantime a drum was kept beating in the outer room, the performer at random making a sudden stop; and the person in whose hand the flower then chanced to be found was required to quaff off a bumper of wine. This sport, from the sort of 'esprit de patrie' with which it was kept up, created a good degree of amusement, the Chinese being especially mindful to watch their victims, and laughing good humouredly when caught themselves. In sporting phrase, the pace of the evening had been uncommonly fast, and all "caroused potations pottle deep;" but whether it was the excellence of the drink or the counteracting effects of the ragouts, every one, European and Chinese, seemed quite able to carry his liquor discreetly. The company broke up about eleven o'clock, Keying and the rest of the Chinese accompanying their guests down stairs, and taking leave of them at the door, both appearing to be mutually satisfied with the meeting.

At half-past six o'clock next morning, the minister embarked on board the steamer for Canton. A man so famous in the eastern world as Keying, was of course the observed of all observers during his visit. He is, we should suppose, of some fifty years of age, his tall and majestic form being graced with manners at once dignified and courteous. His whole deportment, in short, was that of a perfectly well-bred man of the world; and but for his dress and language, he might have been taken for a fine specimen of the old English gentleman of the highest class. As we saw him on such public occasions his bland countenance was beaming with good-humoured benevolence; but it is of an intellectual cast, and lighted up with a twinkling eye, which as occasion demands would be equally expressive of penetrating shrewdness as of social glee.

STRAY NOTES ON THE CHURCHES AND CHURCH-GOERS OF WORCESTERSHIRE.

BY A RAMBLER.

GREAT WITLEY.—My journey to this place was accomplished on her majesty's Ludlow mail, which took me to the gates of Lord Ward's lodge in about an hour and a quarter. The public road to the parish church passes close in front of the mansion, which is now occupied by her majesty the Queen Dowager; Lord Ward, who purchased the property from the Foley family (in whose possession it had remained for two centuries), being on the continent. Having some time on my hands I sauntered through the grounds, the beauty and excellent arrangement of which were

source of admiration, although a December fog, like a thick veil over nature's face, hid half her beauties from me. These grounds were laid out and improved by the late Lord Foley, who had excellent taste, and a nice appreciation of landscape gardening: there are sheets of water, and islands, and cascades tumbling and foaming, and undulating surfaces embosomed in evergreens, and labyrinthine paths winding their crooked courses among verdant shrubberies, and lofty clustering trees to overlook the whole. The present approaches were also formed by the late lord, the old entrance leaving the turnpike road in front of the house, passing down an avenue and crossing the lake over a bridge. The park consisted of about 400 acres, and is well stocked with deer. There are here some gigantic oaks in full vigour—one (which is in decay) near to the south front measures thirty feet in circumference; and I may here add that immediately on the confines of the parish formerly stood an oak under which St. Augustine is said to have met the monks of Bangor; it was always called St. Augustine's oak, and may very probably have been the spot for such a celebrated meeting, for Selden considers that it took place on the western borders of Worcestershire. The park for the most part lies in Witley parish, but a small portion is in the chapelry of Little Witley. The late lord planted the young woods which surrounded the park, about 200 acres. The waters I am told, are fed from Woodbury Hill, aided by underground currents which burst forth in various parts of the parish; and as they do not vary in the hottest summer nor in the wettest winter, it is considered that they flow from some distant underground reservoir. Woodbury and Abberley hills are formed of a basaltic gravel, skirted by a layer of limestone. In the parish of Shelsley there is a basaltic dike, but not in Witley or Abberley. The substratum of the park, as of the parish, is new red sandstone, which breaks forth in the park, and crops out against the limestone which runs between the two hills, and on which lime Abberley Hall stands. The church stands upon the solid rock (red sand), and its dryness is exemplified by the gilding of the internal decorations not having been renewed since the building was erected.

The old church stood about a quarter of a mile west of the mansion; the present one is close to, and has a private entrance from the same. It was built by the first Lord Foley in the beginning of the last century, and was completed by his widow; it is dedicated to St. Michael. Nash says, very truly, that "it is a room worthy of the opulence and taste of the family." It has not much pretension to any classic order, excepting the porch, which is Doric; and the general style of decoration is Saracenic. The interior is very gorgeous, with paintings and splendid gold panellings. An old man, to whom I put some questions on the subject, declared that "a hogshead of gold had been melted down for the occasion." The windows were painted by Price in 1719, and represent the Annunciation, the Birth of Christ, Peter walking on the sea, the Resurrection, John baptising Christ, the Magi, &c.; the paintings were said to be Italian, and to have been designed for the chapel at Cannons, but when misfortunes befel the magnificent Duke of Chandos, and Cannons was dismantled, they were purchased by the second Lord Foley, and were found to answer the purpose well; the paintings, however, have been sadly disfigured by modern patchwork. The subjects on the ceiling consists of a dead Christ, the Ascension, &c.; they were by the Verrio who by his distinguished performances at Blenheim and Hampton Court, gave a style and perfection to the internal decorations which characterised the early part of the last century. Some good carvings adorn the ceiling and east wall; but the most attractive specimen of art is the monument in the recess at the south side of the communion table, to the first Lord Foley and his lady—probably one of Rysbrach's best; the proportions of both male and female figures appear to be perfect. On the whole, this church is one of the most magnificent and costly temples in this county dedicated to divine worship, and reflects honour on the munificence of the founder. Some shallow-minded persons have called it theatrical, Romish, and savouring of superstition; in my opinion, theirs is very erroneous. What! does it become Christians to build up a house to the God of Heaven with no more energy, pains, or cost, than one for the most trivial purpose? Shall the beauties of architecture be lavished on the concert hall, or on places of assemblage for the promotion of science and art, and the place of christian worship be only distinguished by the meanness of its structure? How appropriate is the language of the Bishop of London on this point! so much so that I will risk the chance of being called a Puseyite by quoting it here. The divine spirit (says he) sanctifies the holiest temple in the heart of the believer; and regards the pious thoughts that are breathed out in prayer, beyond all outward circumstance. And perhaps no prayers have been more graciously received than those breathed by the primitive Christians in dens and caves of old; but when kings became the nursing fathers, and queens the nursing mothers of the church; when it combines within it the chief part of the nobility, of the gen-

try, and of all other classes, then ought even its outward dignity to be asserted. As soon as the earlier Christians were permitted to exercise public worship, they built them churches with all the munificence that their means allowed; and when Christianity became the religion of the Roman empire, the splendid temples of the heathen were converted into christian churches; and after their persecutions they built them more beautiful than before. A church being erected to the glory of God, and the edification of man, it should be distinguished from all other buildings by its solemnity and dignity. Whatever is granted for the service of God, is for God and to God, as standing monuments of our love to him.

The churchyard contains nothing remarkable except a monument to a Mr. Prettyman, which, spite of my efforts, occasioned an involuntary smile in memory of the Pretty Miss recently made so famous in the memory of curtain lecturing. It is perhaps a circumstance, in which my own experience is not singular, that even on holy ground our minds are ever willingly led away by the most trivial incidents to indulge in frivolities and nonsense.

The services at the church do not commence till half-past eleven in the morning; but it seems that the artist who has taken the great clock under his especial direction not only seizes old Time "by the forelock," but would drag him on at a rate entirely unsuitable to his age and steadiness of pace; for while my ancient but unvarying pocket chronometer indicated the real time of day, the Witley dial was taking the lead by three quarters of an hour; and I was led to conclude that the village horologiographer must be not only a cunning but a bold man, and was determined that not even the arrangements of royalty itself should prevent the punctual and early discharge he owed to his dinner board. The attendance at church was not very numerous—a circumstance which surprised me, for your rural population is ever agape in the presence of rank, whether it be that of the royal blood, a live lord, or an every-day country-squire. Some months ago there was one of the largest congregations ever known at a village church near Ipswich, during a visit of Sir Robert Peel at the seat of a gentleman in the parish. It seems that in this case the rural folk went to church in the full expectation of hearing Sir Robert preach, as they had heard he was a *prime* minister; and there is no doubt the right honourable baronet would gladly have dispensed with a little of his notoriety for the occasion. This passion for gazing is one of our national traits. "Did you ever see the king?" said a boy to his father. "No, my dear, but I had an aunt that was very near seeing the Duke of Sussex." Luckily her majesty the Queen Dowager, whose fondness for retirement renders all such public intrusions irksome, in her attendance at Witley church has the advantage of a private entrance and a large and well-sheltered pew. Her majesty did not attend the service on this morning, and I regretted to hear that indisposition was the cause. Though at present confined to the house, there is every reason, from the general state of her majesty's health, for confirming the judiciousness of her medical advisers in their recommendation of this part of Worcestershire as a pleasant and very healthy retreat. Her majesty's usual drive is over Abberley Hill to the valley of the Teme when she can take an airing, on which occasions it is said her majesty richly enjoys the beautiful scenery of the hills. How good an example is here set to the aristocratic world, who in general are dissatisfied with everything appertaining to the country from which they draw their immense resources—the peacefulness and quiet comfort of the English village have no charms for them, and even the elegance of London society wants a "French polish" to render its surface still more deceptive. Neither English preachers, professors, artists, players, or tradesmen, have wits sufficient to keep at home these would-be foreigners, who nevertheless are wont to boast of a long line of British ancestry, and tacitly express their contempt for all things appertaining to the nation, except that important part of it, their own family pedigree. Her majesty's good sense in this, as in all other points, requires, however, no advocacy from me: it is, in brief, only equal to the uniform benevolence and extensive charities which have made her an object of the warmest benediction in the hearts of the poor, not only of the parish of Witley, but of the United Kingdom. Her majesty's stay at Witley, I hear, is likely to be prolonged. Sir Andrew Barnard and others of the suite attended divine service on the morning of my visit. The prayers were read by the worthy rector in his usual calm and unaffected style; but I must here add a word in passing. My object in these papers is by no means a laudation of the clergy;—in many cases it would be impertinent—undeserving in many more; but when I see combined in one, the man, the christian, and the faithful pastor, effecting much good openly, but infinitely more in secret, the object and tendency of whose life is the bodily and spiritual comfort of his fellow creatures, most assuredly it is my duty to seize every opportunity of defraying my portion of the debt due to him from society at large. This is one of the shepherds under whose instruction a man may sit without experi-

encing those conflicting emotions which too often occur to mar the efficacy of preaching. The pictures he draws of the christian are no fanciful sketches, and his hearers are not disgusted on comparing them with the life of the preacher. The poor have in him a sure friend, the higher classes a valued associate; and through his public usefulness and active benevolence the name of Pearson is linked with the history of much that is good and valuable in the county. The reverend gentleman, I understand, with the assistance only of his family, takes the entire charge of the parish of Witley; and I trust that, as a promoter of harmony and good will in it, he will next turn his attention to the state of the church choir, with a view to its better organisation. What misery did I not endure to hear a body of useful singers joining together for purposes of praise and glory, and consummating nothing but horror and dismay, while one or two of their force went astray, like vicious horses in a team, and kept obstinately in a path of their own, rearing up far above their fellows. If these school children have no time for practice, it were far better for the comfort of their hearers if they altogether desisted from practising on their patience. The organ is played by a young female of the parish. The version of psalms here in use is another different one, making about the tenth I have already met with in the county and city; it apparently omits the second verses that are inserted in the Worcester version, and otherwise makes such transpositions, that it is most unlikely a stranger carrying his own book, would find the required verse till the singing had terminated. The sermon, which was a good and apparently original one, on the character of Judas, was preached by the Rev. Canon Wood, in his usually impressive manner.

The daily school at this place contains between fifty and sixty children, and there are more on a Sunday. Her majesty the Queen Dowager takes much interest in it.

The state of the parish seems to be highly satisfactory, and I am told that all the cottagers have large gardens, some a quarter of an acre, others more. The late Lord Foley, to whom the whole parish belonged, was very anxious that the cottagers should be so provided; and his memory is no doubt blessed among them.

The parish of Great Witley is not devoid of interest to the antiquary. On the crown of Woodbury Hill (situate therein) is an ancient fortification believed to be a British camp, which encloses about twenty-six acres; indeed, there is a chain of these camps from Witley into Wales, more or less perfect. This parish formed a portion of the territory of the Silures, over which the once celebrated Caractacus ruled. There is a tradition that Owen Glendower was posted on Woodbury, and Henry IV's forces on Abberley Hill, and that in the engagement which took place between the respective armies (A. D. 1405, after Owen's plunder of Worcester) the king's army used cannon; certain it is that cannon were used in those days, and as certain that balls (some of them 7lbs. weight) were found buried in Woodbury Hill, and one of which was presented by the rector to the Worcester Natural History Society.—*Worcester Chronicle.*

GEORGE IV AND MISS PORTER.

When Dr. Clarke, canon of Windsor, was librarian at Carlton Palace, it chanced that the authoress of "The Scottish Chiefs" joined a party, to see the library, armoury, &c. While in the library, a cast from the head of Robert Bruce, the celebrated heroking of Scotland, was especially pointed out as a curiosity worthy the particular notice of the authoress of the well-known Scottish romance, he having been one of its heroes. During the examination of the awful relic (for it had been cast from the skeleton head of the monarch, discovered only a few months before in Dunfermline Abbey), the librarian repeated to her, in very gratifying terms, the high estimation in which his own royal master considered her biographical romance on the eventful lives of that brave king and his patriotic champion William Wallace. After that, the reverend doctor, good-humouredly, showed the chair, in the small royal library, where his majesty sat when reading her works, and other works of imagination, of which he was very fond. Another learned gentleman, whom she found there, asked her what she thought of the character of Duke Christian of Lunenburg for a romance? She frankly owned she was not sufficiently acquainted with the details of German history to answer his question. He shortly after took occasion to resume the subject with her, adding, that the king was particularly proud of his descent from that truly great prince; while the events of his private life were full of such romantic and extraordinary occurrences, that it would be hardly possible to find a more interesting theme for romance. "Indeed, (he continued, with much more to the same purpose) it would please his majesty if she would undertake the subject."

Surprised, and feeling (she replied) inexpressibly honoured by what she had just heard, she could not but repeat her former confession, of want of sufficient knowledge of the subject, to be able to say whether she could or could not write on it

to her own satisfaction. "For (she owned) she never could write on any historical character, unless it had previously excited the enthusiasm of her mind. She would, therefore, begin to read all she could gather of Duke Christian, from the various histories of Germany, and then let the learned proposer of the romance know the result of her impressions from his character." The gentleman instantly offered to her perusal manuscripts, and other accounts of the Brunswick-Lunenburg family, which he had brought from Germany; adding, that should she find them have the animating effect on her genius he wished, she might assure herself his majesty would graciously command the work to be dedicated to him. Her reply contained as much good judgment, as honest independence. She observed—"She would rather the work, did she undertake it, should not be dedicated to the king. For a romance, purporting to set forth the characters of the really great and heroic German ancestors of the present royal family, if dedicated to the king himself, might be looked on as merely a piece of courtly adulation; and so lose, all its value as a creditable picture of the past; whereas, if she did undertake it, it would be to fairly tell the truth of the heroes of the House of Brunswick to the British public—(most of whom probably know as little of their history as she then did herself). And she trusted, that, in the case of their being no such distinguishing dedication at the head of the book, to make the author's sincerity suspected, the principles which had gained her her country's approbation (as shown in her Thaddeus of Warsaw and Scottish Chiefs,) would in the same way render Duke Christian an acceptable, because genuine hero, in the eyes of her readers."

Miss Porter soon after this received the documents promised to be sent to her; and, when perused, she returned them to their owner, with a declaration that they had awakened the interest in her imagination necessary to her feeling what she then said—that "she could write from her heart a biographical romance on the story of Duke Christian of Lunenburg, and his noble brothers." The answering post from Carlton Palace brought his majesty's commands that the work should be dedicated to him. The authoress, therefore, not presuming "to bandy argument with her sovereign," in due respect for the royal mandate, when the work was published, inscribed it according to the honour so bestowed upon her.

ANGLING EXTRAORDINARY.

Mr. Tams gives us a singularly striking picture of the process of alligator fishing, in which some of the African tribes are reputed to excel. While the Doctor was on the banks of the Bengo, said to abound in alligators, crocodiles, and enormous snakes, which often lurk in the impenetrable jungle of reeds, he wished to know whether the river really contained any of the former; and for a small reward, a negro offered to catch one in his presence. He goes on:—

"The intrepid fisherman immediately killed a sucking-pig, and ran a moderately thick stick through the entire length of its body, which he cut open. To the middle of this stick he attached an iron chain, eight or ten feet long, by means of a clamp, and then further elongated the chain by fastening a cord to it. Armed with two strong barbed iron lances, he went on board his light canoe, and put out a short distance from the shore, while we remained in the hut watching his proceedings with great interest and curiosity. At a venture, he threw the pig into the river, and scarcely a minute had elapsed, ere a pair of enormous, widely extended jaws rose above the surface, and quickly disappeared with the treacherous prize. The fisherman took advantage of this moment, to fasten the end of the rope to his canoe, and, also, to attach his two lances by long ropes to the boat. The voracious animal soon devoured his booty, and drew the boat, which, of course, followed his every moment, first to one side of the river, and then to the other, always seeking for the deepest water. The rope being continually drawn tighter and tighter, the alligator darted with great violence above the surface, whereupon the negro vigorously thrust the lance at his head, and the monster again dived. Certain of approaching victory, he stood calmly with uplifted lance, watching for an opportunity of throwing it again, whenever his adversary might rise above the surface. We were much astonished at the man's patient assiduity, for there was once a pause of half an hour, during which the animal did not appear, but as he gradually became weaker, he rose more frequently, and at last always with his jaws wide open. The numerous wounds inflicted by the lance, and consequent loss of blood, so completely exhausted the poor alligator, that he had great difficulty in drawing the boat after him; but suddenly collecting all his remaining strength, he pulled the boat on one side with such violence, that the fisherman fell into the water. In an instant he dexterously flung himself into the boat, and continued to strike his antagonist with his harpoon. The combat lasted nearly an hour and a half, when the alligator yielded, without resistance, to the superior force of the negro, who gradually brought his boat alongside of us, and then suddenly leaping on shore, fastened the rope to a

cocoa-palm in front of his hut. He then fearlessly approached the animal, which was nearly covered with water, and deprived him of all possibility of escape, by inflicting several deep wounds. Life was not extinct, when the alligator was abandoned to his fate, but it was devoted to inevitable death; and when we gave the man his promised guerdon, he observed, coolly, that he would gladly exhibit a similar proof of his skill every day. This animal was twenty feet long."

The Gatherer.

Curious Fact in Natural History.—A short time ago a gentleman, formerly of this town, happened to be at Penrith; and having half an hour to spare, he, to while away the time, visited a menagerie. One of the keepers, as if proud of his charge, presented the two cubs with a sheep's head, to their high satisfaction, and amidst a growl or roar of thanks not a little amusing. And then commenced a war between *meum* and *tuum*, as each of the pups, like boys at school when they find anything, in place of consenting to share and share alike, acted on the more selfish maxim of "all my own and none of my neighbours." More than once, while the battle lasted, the sheep's head changed paws; but the lioness, after looking on as umpire at length rose, and with two hearty cuffs not only separated the combatants, but sent them cowering behind her to the extremity of the den. And this feat accomplished, she lay quietly down, and with teeth and claws dexterously divided *la bonne prise* into equal parts, placing each at the feet of her young, without tasting a morsel herself. To have witnessed such a scene there are many who would have willingly paid a guinea instead of a shilling; nor is this little anecdote without its moral—illustrating as it does very strikingly the nice sense of justice dictated by maternity under the fiercest forms of carnivorous life.—*Dumfries Courier.*

Worthy of Consideration.—The mercantile shipping of the civilised world amounts to about eight million tons, which is worth new and old, thirty dollars per ton, and nets, clear of interest, insurance, &c., ten per cent., or 24,000,000 dols. per annum. The appropriation to the British navy for the current year is 33,520,000 dols.! Is not this a sober fact, that the annual expense of one nation's navy exceeds the nett profit of all mercantile shipping owned by the civilised world?—*American paper.*

Nelson's Opinion of the French.—I should be very happy to receive authentic intelligence of the destination of the French squadron—their route and time of sailing. Anything short of this is useless; and I assure your excellency that I would not, upon any consideration, have a Frenchma in the fleet except as a prisoner. I put i confidence in them. You think you good; the queen (of Naples) thinks he the same; I believe they are all alik Whatever information you can get me, shall be very thankful for; but not Frenchman comes here. Forgive m but my mother hated the French.—*Ni son's Letters.*

Second Marriages in Ireland.—The Iri do not hold it strictly right for either m or woman to marry again; and if a wom does so, she prefaces it with an apology "It's a father I was forced to put over children, because I had no way for the God help them; and this man, ye see, sa 'Mary,' he says, 'I have full and plen for them, and the Lord above he knows justice I'll do them, and never hinder y prayers for the man ye lost, or anything rason, or out of rason either;' and troth kept his word wonderful." And the neig bours of the married widower apologise him after this fashion:—"Well, to be su we must consider he had a whole hand of *soft* children, and no one to turn rou on the floor, or do a hand's turn for hi so it's small blame to him, after all." they condemn—"Yarra haish! to see old *struckoun* like that set himself up w a young wife, and grown-up daughters his house! To think of the hardness him—passing the churchyard, where poor heart that loved him and his child is powdering into dust—passing the gr where the grass isn't yet long, with slip of a girleen in the place of her w the thoughtful head and the heavy ha Oh, be dad! she'll punish him, I'll enga and I'm glad of it." They are more an with a woman for a second marriage th with a man, and certainly never conside second union as holy as a first.—*M Hall's Ireland.*

The Orientals say that one soul is par amongst all men, while some other nati of the globe hold the belief that every m hath many souls within himself. We lieve the soul to be *one*, distinct and in parable in every human being. Set aside, however, all speculation, we kno does exist, and that these are its acti —Thought — Understanding — Reaso Will.

The mob is a monster, like Briar with a hundred hands, strong to exec but, like the one-eyed Polypheme, blin perceive.

Modesty is the very soul of good se the proof of a mind well trained, the i cation of a good and kindly disposition giveth lustre to truth, and is the brigh ornament to wisdom.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

Few lovers of fiction have been favoured by their creators with nobler or more appalling dangers than fell to the lot of the bold adventurer. Story Pocahontas can be read to few readers; but the distinct and impressive narrative of Mr. Frost, now republishing in this country, every one (notwithstanding some unavoidable repetitions) will peruse with satisfaction.

In December, 1606, the year of the gunpowder plot, the London Company fitted out an expedition, under the command of Captain Christopher Newport, who took with him a hundred and five persons, who were to remain in America.

"Among these," says Mr. Frost, "were several persons of distinction; particularly George Percy, a brother of the Earl of Northumberland, Bartholomew Gosnold, the navigator, and Captain John Smith. Instead of pursuing Gosnold's track, Newport took the old circuitous one, by way of the Canaries; and was four months in accomplishing the voyage. It had been his intention to land at Roanoke; but a storm arising, the squadron was driven into Chesapeake Bay. Here he discovered and named Cape Henry, in honour of the Prince of Wales. After coasting about for some time, the adventurers entered a river called by the natives Powhatan; and, seeing that the region to which they had been driven by the storm, possessed many advantages not to be found at Roanoke, they determined to make this the place of their abode. Both their settlement and the river Powhatan received the name of their

king; and Jamestown can now pride herself on being the oldest existing habitation of the English in America.

"But unfortunately for their welfare, dissensions had broken out among the colonists on their voyage. This was an almost unavoidable consequence of an artifice employed by James. The names of the colonial council were sealed up in a packet, which was not to be opened until twenty-four hours after their arrival in Virginia; so that no one knew in what relation to the others he might be placed; neither could any take the authority of commanding the rest. Having now landed, the packet was opened and the names of the council proclaimed; they were far from giving general satisfaction, especially that of Captain Smith, whose superior abilities had excited the envy of his companions. The council, having elected a president, excluded Smith from their number on a groundless charge of entertaining treasonable designs. The loss of his services to the colonists was one of a serious nature; but he demanded a trial, was honourably acquitted, and took his seat in the council. In June, Newport sailing for England, the supplies which the colonists had hitherto received from his squadron were thus cut off; and being now limited to unwholesome provisions, and unused to the climate, they were visited by a raging disease, which, before September, had carried off one half of their number, among whom was Bartholomew Gosnold. The distress of the adventurers was heightened by internal dissensions; accusations of embezzling the public stores were preferred against the president, and he was detected in attempting to escape from the colony in a pinnace. At length the drooping spirits of the colonists were revived by the arrival of an abundant supply of provisions which Smith had obtained from the Indians. Gratitude to their preserver now took the place of their jealousy; and all looked up to him as the head of the colony.

"Captain Smith, whose name will ever be associated with the establishment of civilised society in America, was descended from a respectable family in Lincolnshire, and was born to a competent fortune. His mind was strongly tinctured with the spirit of adventure so prevalent in England during the reign of Elizabeth; and yielding to his inclinations, he passed through a variety of military service, with little gain, but great reputation, and with the acquisition of valuable experience. The vigour of his constitution had preserved his health unimpaired amidst the general sickness; and his undaunted temper retained his spirits unbroken and his judgment unclouded. A strong sense of religion predominated in his mind, giving dignity to his character and consistency to his conduct. Entering upon the direction of affairs, he fortified Jamestown; and the savages refusing to grant further supplies, he put himself at the head of a company of his people, and advanced into the country. By affability to the well-disposed tribes, and vigorously repelling the hostility of such as were otherwise disposed, he obtained for the colony the most abundant supplies. But in the midst of his success he was surprised, and, after a brave defence, taken prisoner. He desired to speak with the sachem, and, presenting him with a mariner's compass, he described its wonderful properties, explained the globular shape of the earth, the course of the sun, the varieties of nations, and other things wonderful to the captors, who listened in amazement, and regarded Smith as a superior being. The impression made on the savages was so strong, that although he had not once solicited his life, they remained for one hour undecided; but at last their habitual sentiments prevailed, and binding him to a tree, they prepared to dispatch him with their arrows. Fortunately for Smith, a stronger impression had been made on Opechancanough, the chief, who, holding up the compass, gave the signal of reprieve, but still retained him a prisoner.

"After vainly endeavouring to lead him to betray the colony into their hands, they conducted him to Powhatan, the king of the country, who adjudged him to die by having his head beaten to pieces with a club. At the place of execution, he was again rescued from his fate by Pocahontas, the king's favourite daughter, who threw her arms around the prisoner, and declared she would save him or die with him. Her humane affection prevailed over the cruelty of the tribe, and Smith was released, and soon after sent back to Jamestown, where he found his associates, reduced to thirty-eight men, preparing to abandon the settlement. Nor could they be persuaded to relinquish the design, except by remonstrance and violent interference. Pocahontas had sent provisions, which relieved their present wants, and Smith's account of plenty among the savages revived their hopes. By his successful efforts in effecting a union of interests among the two races of people, he preserved plenty among the English, and extended his influence with the Indians. He employed his best endeavours to divert the savages from their idolatrous superstitions, but succeeded no farther than Heriot had formerly done. They acknowledged that God, whom they termed 'the God of Captain Smith,' excelled their deities as artillery excels bows and arrows.

"While the colony was thus prospering under Captain Smith, two vessels arrived

from England, bringing one hundred and twenty men, a supply of provisions, seed, and agricultural instruments. In this time of prosperity, jealousies again appeared. Captain Smith's influence among the Indians excited the envy of those who he had often saved; and his authority in the colony began visibly to decline, and soon ceased. The discipline which he had introduced was now relaxed, and a free traffic was permitted with the natives, who soon complained of fraudulent dealing, and resumed their former animosity. In recruiting the population of the colony, too little consideration was shown for those habits and pursuits which everywhere form the basis of national prosperity. Many of those who had lately arrived were gentlemen, a few were labourers, and some were jewellers and refiners of gold. The latter soon found an opportunity to exercise their profession. A small stream of water, near Jamestown, was found to deposit in its channel a glittering sediment resembling gold ore. This dust, being examined by the refiners, was pronounced to be ore of a very rich quality; and from that moment the thirst for gold was inflamed into a rage that produced all the extravagant excesses, without the profligate enormities, which had distinguished the followers of Cortez and Pizarro. Notwithstanding Smith's strenuous exertions, all productive industry was suspended; gold mines were supposed to exist in the neighbourhood, and mining operations engrossed the whole attention and labour of the colonists. In June, 1608, the two vessels that had brought out the late supplies, returned to England; the one laden with this worthless dross, and the other with cedar-wood.

"Smith foresaw the fatal effects of this delusion of the colonists, and, in hopes of diminishing their extent, resolved to explore the Chesapeake Bay, to ascertain the qualities and resources of its territories, and promote an intercourse with the most remote tribes. In this arduous undertaking, which equals the most celebrated exploits of the Spanish discoverers, he was successful. Accompanied by Dr. Russell and a few followers, he performed in an open boat, two voyages of discovery, occupying more than four months, and embracing above three thousand miles of exploration. He visited every inlet and bay on both sides of the Chesapeake, from Cape Charles to the river Susquehannah, and diligently examined the territories into which he penetrated. He brought back an ample and accurate account of his researches, and his map has been made the groundwork of all posterior ones. By his liberality, wisdom, and courage, Smith inspired the Indians with the most exalted opinion of himself and his nation.

"While this expedition was in progress, the golden dreams of the colonists were dispelled, and they awoke to all the miseries of sickness, want, and disappointment; but when Smith returned, he revived their spirits and relieved their wants by the resources he had created. Immediately after his return, on the 10th of September, he was chosen president by the council, and, accepting the office, he soon restored good order and prosperity in the colony. But Smith's administration was not acceptable to the company in England. The patentees looked for sudden wealth by the discovery of a shorter passage to the South Sea, or the acquisition of territory replete with gold and silver mines; and, as they had hitherto been disappointed, they thought it necessary to take all the authority into their own hands, and abolish any originating in America. For this purpose they applied for and obtained a new charter on the 23d of May, 1609. This charter incorporated the company in London and the colonists, by the title of 'The Treasurer and Company of Adventurers of the City of London for the first colony in Virginia." The boundaries of the colony and the power of the corporation were enlarged; the offices of president and council in Virginia were abolished, and a new council established in England. This council was empowered to remodel the magistracy of the colony, enact all its future laws, and appoint all its officers. The charter contained a clause intended to prevent the introduction of the doctrines of the church of Rome into the colony.

"Lord Delaware was appointed, by the new council, governor and captain-general of the colony; and the eminent character of this nobleman contributed to strengthen the company by an addition to its numbers and its funds. Such was the favourable disposition evinced by the public, that the adventurers were soon enabled to equip a squadron of nine ships, carrying five hundred emigrants, under the command of Captain Newport, who together with sir Thomas Gates and sir George Somers, was to supersede the existing administration, and govern the colony until the arrival of Lord Delaware.

"The three temporary governors embarked in the same vessel; but a storm arising, the ship was separated from the fleet, and driven on the coast of the Bermudas. The remainder of the squadron arrived safely at Jamestown; but so little were they expected, that, when first seen at sea, they were mistaken for enemies. A great part of the new emigrants were profligate and licentious youths, sent over by their friends to screen them from justice in their own country; the residue consisted principally of indigent gentlemen, too

proud to beg and too lazy to work; of broken tradesmen; idle retainers, of whom the great had been eager to rid themselves; and others like these, more fitted to ruin a commonwealth than to found and maintain one. Under the command of seditious leaders, this pernicious crew, without the least authority, proclaimed the changes which the constitution had undergone, and proceeded to overthrow the colonial presidency and council. Investing themselves with the powers, they were unable to devise any frame of government; sometimes they resorted to the old commission, and sometimes a new model was attempted, and the chief direction of affairs passed from one to another, without any improvement. By this revolution in its government the colony was involved in distress and disorder, and the Indians were exasperated by the insolence and injustice of the new settlers. In this emergency, Smith declared his intention of retaining his authority and enforcing the old commission, until his legal successors should arrive. He imprisoned the chief promoters of the tumult, and, to prevent a return of the former disturbances, he sent a portion of the new colonists to form a settlement at some distance from Jamestown. These detachments soon converted the neighbouring Indians into enemies, and were compelled to apply to Smith for assistance. Smith was indefatigable in his endeavours to establish among the colonists habits of order and industry. His maxim was, 'He who will not work shall not eat.' And he had some success. Several of the 'gentlemen' colonists became wood-cutters. They were required to labour six hours a day, for the common good; the rest of the time they had to themselves. Whilst exerting himself to redress the grievances of both the settlers and the savages, he received such a dangerous wound from the explosion of some gunpowder, that he was obliged to proceed to England for surgical aid; and, although he abandoned with regret the society he had so often preserved, he never again returned to Virginia.

"Captain Smith was, without doubt, a most remarkable man. Few men are better calculated to be pioneers in settling a wilderness than he. Few could have seen more clearly in what the true interest of a rising settlement consisted; and still fewer would have been equally disinterested. Mr. Bancroft well remarks, 'he was the father of Virginia; the true leader who first planted the Saxon race within the borders of the United States.'"

THE SMUGGLER OF FOLKSTONE.

A TALE OF TRUTH AND FICTION.

By Edward Portwine.

CHAPTER XXV.

The turnpike road leading to the beautiful marine village of Sandgate is winding; the scenery is pretty and interesting. On the left the ever rolling waves of the channel, with rippling wide waste of blue waters, on whose bosom float, in majestic beauty, innumerable vessels of all sizes. The rocky and indented strand presents itself until the traveller reaches Seabrook. The delightful scenery of this neighbourhood breathes health in its delicious freshness. The dark hills rising abruptly from the road, and ending in the bold promontory of Shorn Cliff, render Sandgate one of the "prettiest and quietest" watering places in Kent. After leaving the village of Seabrook, which is effected by passing over the Royal Military Canal on a neat bridge, the road takes an inland direction, leaving meadow land on the left, and gently inclining hills on the right. Villas on these side cliffs commence at the entrance of Hythe to greet the sight; and a perfect gem is that in which resided Sir Walter Johnson. Built of white brick, surrounded by pasture lands and delightful gardens, blooming with fruit and flowers, protected by high walls of freestone, and a neat porter's lodge, and standing on an eminence, it commands a view of the west, until the horizon is lost in mist; the shore on which are built Calais and Boulogne, Gravelines, and other towns of France, is observed by the occupants of this mansion, which constitutes it one of the most pleasant villas in the vicinity of this ancient cinque port.

Along the ridge of hills which extend into Sussex is built the pretty clean town of Hythe, with its side-hill beauties, and its delightful valleys, teeming with the luxuriance of pasture, arable, and garden grounds. It is situate about a quarter of a mile from the strand, and the influence of the saline element is not felt on its productions. The Royal Military Canal, which commences at Seabrook, passes on the south of the good town, in its zig zag course to the ancient port of Rye in Sussex. Hythe contains about 2000 souls; one long street extending from east to west, intersected with lanes. At the western extremity of the port, and on the London road, is built the permanent barracks of the Royal Staff Corps; and on the road to Romney Marsh, over an ill-constructed bridge, stands the low and contemptible range of buildings for the Royal Artillery. On the left of this bridge the wide green

of Hythe reposes in solitude and silence, excepting when teeming with its hundreds of human creatures, breathing life and animation, indulging in those harmless amusements which so distinguish this country from all others. For after all, Englishmen will be happy, if they are permitted by the "powers that be." It is an innate and indestructible part of their frank and fearless natures, and it is a graceful and a glorious sight to gaze on a happy people blooming with health, glowing with delight, joining with all ranks in amusements calculated to soften down the worst passions of men, and render them ornaments instead of banes to society. Oh, it is infinitely preferable to perceive a field full of Englishmen smiling with felicity, and reciprocating kind words, and emulous to excel in science or skill, than in contemplating what has been for so many ages denominated the "gorgeous" battle-ground, where human beings meet in fierce array, and at the word of a man clothed in scarlet or blue rush at the throats of each other, to kill, to exterminate, to murder. The former humanises, elevates, and leads to happiness; the latter devastates, and destroys liberty and life, and wastes those energies which ought to be dedicated in defence of all that is good, pure, and eternal.

War *may* be justified on two grounds—to protect our shores from invasion, and our commerce from injury; but is it just, is it humane, to leave these shores, and repair to the country of a neighbour, to waste treasures and pour out British blood, because a nation prefers Napoleon to Caput? But at the period of which we write it was considered praiseworthy, estimated as just; and an effusion of blood, every act of rapine succeeded, not by the stillness of death, but of desolation, and was hailed by a great portion of the English nation as a victory to its prowess. Thus a bloody fight by sea or land, in which one country succeeds in exterminating more lives than another, is called "glorious!" Oh, how wretched! oh, how contemptible and inhuman! But a better era has dawned; and the voice of the Author of the universe has been heard by the philanthropic and the truly great, and the world is fast rising from its degradation; and although the dreadful effects of long wars are yet felt, perhaps another generation may experience the numerous benefits of prolonged peace, as productive of increased civilisation and consequent happiness.

Perhaps the reader, whether man or woman, will forgive this short digression, and permit the intention of sometimes endeavouring to enforce the necessity of inculcating humanity, instead of barbarous customs, in this "o'er true tale," to plead as an excuse.

At the north-western extremity of the town of Hythe, and where the humble abode of the "common" soldier is erected, stands a turnpike. After leaving this gate, you commence toiling up one of the most picturesque roads in England. Right and left, all is beautiful woodland and pastures. Houses peeping through the thick foliage of the useful elm or hearty oak, renders this country a paradise. This is the London road. On the left of this road, and before the visitor reaches the summit of the steep hill called the "Roffs," stood a pretty cottage, which could only be perceived in the winter, so buried is it amongst poplars, elms, and oaks. A neat white gate conducted the curious into a glorious garden ground, teeming with vegetation, and amongst orchards whose trees were groaning with fruit. The front of this house looks over the land between it and the channel. East, west, north, and south, the landscape is calm and pretty. In the recess of a bow window, commanding a view of the beauties we have attempted to describe, sat Edmund Poynder, busy with his pencil and easel. A triumphant smile played on his pale features, as he successively touched the canvas. He was employed in painting the portrait of a young girl, and the rapidity with which he brought forth the numerous charms with which nature had blessed the original, was truly surprising. His soul was absorbed in the occupation, and yet he appeared to paint from memory, for no copy was before him—no human creature to distract his attention. Still he painted, insensible to fatigue. Hours he laboured without refreshment, until those features began to bear the semblance of life and vitality. That nose decidedly Grecian; raven hair; those eyes never looked on without emotion; those lips which were unrivalled in nature; that exquisite bust, the mould of which the creator must have destroyed when it came from his wondrous hands. The faultless proportions which seemed about to rend the drapery around them, were exquisitely coloured by the hands of a master—perhaps a lover. Yes, Edmund had been employed three days after the celebrated cricket match, in drawing and painting from memory—the portrait of Margaret Cumlin. He had worked day and night, and as every new beauty appeared from his magic touch, he smiled and appeared exceedingly happy with his efforts. He had reached near the conclusion of his occupation—and no person who had ever seen the original could fail in recognising the resemblance it bore to the young lady—when the door of his studio opened, and his mother entered.

Edmund's mother was at this period about forty-five, and any one might per-

ceive she had been handsome in her youth, indeed she was at that time a good looking, portly dame. She had the misfortune to be deprived of her husband ten years before the commencement of this story, and being left with a large family and scanty means, she felt all the loneliness of her position, which frequently exhibited itself in an irritability of temper, although excusable, yet sufficiently annoying to those who loved her. One by one her children left her, and were scattered over the face of the globe. Only one was left her, and on him she had lavished her means for his education and future happiness. From the wreck of her husband's property, she had some acres of land in the vicinity of the town, with the cottage in which she resided; with this she had managed to subsist in respectability, believing that when her favourite had completed his studies, he would compensate her for her anxieties and sacrifices. This morning something had occurred to ruffle her temper, for she seated herself heavily on the chair, and drew a long respiration. Edmund gazed on his mother with great tenderness, as he saluted her, with a hope that she had passed a good night.

"Good night, indeed," replied his parent, in an alto voice, "I wonder I live at all with such trouble as I have borne. I am sure it cannot last long. I cannot live long, I am sure."

Edmund arrested his pencil, turned his painting, and kindly inquired what "new trouble had occurred thus to disturb her."

"New trouble—yes, and you are the cause. What we shall do I do not know. Tom Hennis has been here, and told me that when you went to that odious cricket match you affronted Squire Dean, and assumed such airs as only the gentry put on, and that because he would not let you go to dinner with the lords and ladies, you would not play, and that you were impudent to the squire." Here the mother appeared lost in horror at her son's enormity; stopped out of breath, her face exhibited the bright red spot of anger, which was always the harbinger of a storm. After respiring, she continued, "What have you to say to all this, sir? is it true you have insulted—"

"My dear mother, what Tom Hennis has told you is correct, and—"

"Correct! Good heavens!" answered the widow in consternation. "And have you dared to offend Mr. Dean; do you know the consequences? We rent under him, and he will drive for arrears, or take the land away that your poor father (here a gush of tears burst from their channels) had for thirty years, and then what am I to do. Oh, I shall go distracted. Oh, my head."

Edmund did not appear deeply affected at his parent's anguish, and we are sorry to record that his upper lip curled at the consequences which his mother's grief depicted. In a firm voice he replied, "Mother, dear parent, hear me. The first duty inculcated into my youthful heart was love and obedience to you and my departed parent. I have never violated that duty in thought or deed. You kindly gave me an education which has utterly unfitted me for slavish adulation to the rich and powerful. When, then, in my youth I was taught to lift my hat at the approach of the squire or magistrates, you impressed on my young heart an idea of their superior attributes, and induced a belief that they were of another order of human creatures. My association with the most gifted in science, in literature, and the arts, has taught me that it is unwise to inculcate the elements of slavery into a young and guileless mind, for men become tyrants in proportion to the homage they receive."

"Edmund, you astonish me—utter rank blasphemy against the great and good. I charge you to say no more."

"My only parent, hear me for the last time on this subject. I utter no blasphemy against the great or good. I will bend my knees—I will distort my back to do homage to an estimable man. I idolise talent; but never will I bow to gold—to dross. That power, which is derived from mind, I venerate, regard, and respect; but to command me to revere ignorance and assumption, clothed in ermine, is to request me to perform that plainly against the dictates of my nature, and diametrically opposed to the natural independence af man."

"Good God!" exclaimed the astonished parent, with starting eye-balls, "I never heard such language before from any of my children. What! have I lived to be talked thus to about such stuff as the independence of man and all that nonsense. You will bring ruin on me, and the workhouse will be my portion; in my old days I shall be distracted."

Here the lady stamped on the carpet until the dust ascended in clouds to the ceiling.

"No, mother; the workhouse can never be your portion while I possess life and health; let this proud youth dare oppress us; let him carry his threats into execution, and I will wither his heart and sear his brain: my revenge shall be so crushing and deadly that he would be the world's pity and its scorn." The lightning flashed from the artist's eyes as he uttered this address. He had risen from his seat, and, with his right arm elevated, looked the impersonation of resolution sublimated. His mother gazed on him in

wonder, as she said—"And what can you do to hurt the heir of one of the greatest estates in the country? Pooh, pooh, Edmund; go and beg the squire's pardon."

"Never," replied the son with fierce determination. "I refused to play the game out, because I was grossly insulted; and as I am the party aggrieved, it is for Dean to apologise, not me. I am concerned that you, my dear parent, should thus wish to degrade your son, and crush that independence of mind, which, when judiciously and properly exercised, is the only bulwark the poor possess against the grinding oppression of the rich. You teach us, as a duty, to bow to titled fools in our early youth; and you expect us to remain slaves for ever, that the wealthy may revel in luxury, while the poor are worked beyond their powers, and their reward in old age, the workhouse! Oh, that education could be diffused throughout the length and breadth of the land; it is that, and that alone, which can teach man he is intended for high aspirations; that his noble powers were designed by the Almighty to increase the general sum of happiness, and that his life was not given him to oppress others, but as a trust to use justly and humanely for the whole family of mankind."

"Ah! my dear son, I fear you are past advice; your residence amongst foreigners and books, and that painting, by which you earn nothing, have ruined you. You would do well to resume the hoe and the spade, and renounce these foolish pursuits which, in an evil hour, I was persuaded to have taught you. Son, think yourself a gentleman, and heaven knows what will come of it."

"If you knew," cried Edmund, with strong emotion, and taking his mother's hand, "the ardent gratitude which now almost chokes my utterance for your care of me and my culture; if you could imagine the pleasure I derive, and which has been opened to me by education, and that art I honour and love, you would then appreciate how much I venerate the hand and heart that have created feelings which can never die while existence remains. Oh, condemn not your own goodness, but rather thank Providence that induced you so to bless your son with power and the will to serve you and his fellow creatures."

"Well, well," cried the mother, softened, "I will say no more on this subject; but time will show whether all your learning will protect me and yourself from evil."

"Rest assured it will, dear mother."

"I hope to heaven it may; but I have heard of another circumstance that has grieved me. It is reported that you have joined the famous smuggler, Cumlin, and his band. Oh, contradict this calumny.

(To be continued.)

HEADS AT A PREMIUM.

Though *head-work* is that of which the English have long been proud; heads themselves are not so valued here as they are in some parts of the world.

Mr. James Brooke, of Sarawak, in his journal of the expedition to Borneo, has furnished an amusing account of some of the Dyak tribes, who have been supposed the aborigines of Borneo. He describes their cottages to be decorated with skulls, on which they set extraordinary value; so much so that a youthful Dyak cannot hope to prosper in love, unless he can nod with a second head. Possibly this arises from a conviction on the part of the Dyak ladies that "Two heads are botter than one." If they had visited England it might be supposed that they had witnessed the misery which here often results from the marriages of people who are said "to have no heads at all."

Whatever the cause, skulls and heads are in great demand in the Dyak community. Mr. Brooke writes:—

"On inquiring, I was told that it is indispensably necessary a young man should procure a skull before he gets married. On my urging them that the custom would be more honoured in the breach than in the observance, they replied, that it was established from time immemorial, and could not be dispensed with. Subsequently, however, Sejugah allowed that heads were very difficult to obtain now, and a young man might sometimes get married by giving presents to his ladye-love's parents. At all times they denied warmly ever obtaining any heads but those of their enemies, adding, they were bad people, and deserved to die. I asked a young unmarried man whether he would be obliged to get a head before he could obtain a wife? He replied, 'Yes.'—'When would he get one?'—'Soon.'—'Where would he go to get one?' 'To the Sarebus river.' I mention these particulars in detail, as I think, had their practice extended to taking the head of any defenceless traveller, or any Malay surprised in his dwelling or boat, I should have wormed the secret out of them. The men of this tribe marry but one wife, and that not until they have attained the age of seventeen or eighteen. Their wedding ceremony is curious, and, as related, is performed by the bride and bridegroom being brought in procession along the large room, where a brace of fowls is placed over the bridegroom's neck, which he whirls seven times round his head. The fowls are then killed, and their blood sprinkled on the forehead of the pair, which done, they are cooked, and eaten by the new-married couple *alone*, whilst the rest feast and drink during the whole night. Their dead are put in a coffin and

buried, but Sehugah informed me that the different tribes vary in this particular, and it would appear they differ from their near neighbours the Dyaks of Lundu."

Not only in matters of love and matrimony are heads of value. They are generally regarded as wealth. What follows shows, among other customs, that *stealing heads* is not uncommon in that part of the world:—

"Matari, or 'the Sun,' the Sakarran chief I have already mentioned, arrived with two boats, and paid me several visits. He assured me he wanted to enter into an agreement to the effect that neither should injure the other. To this treaty I was obliged to add the stipulation that he was neither to pirate by sea nor by land, and not to go, under any pretence, into the interior of the country. His shrewdness and cunning were remarkably displayed. He began by inquiring, if a tribe, either Sakarran or Sarebus, pirated on my territory, what I intended to do? My answer was, 'To enter their country and lay it waste.' But he asked me again, 'You will give me, your friend, leave to steal a few heads occasionally?' 'No,' I replied, 'you cannot take a single head; you cannot enter the country, and if you or your countrymen do, I will have a hundred Sakarran heads for every one you take here.' He recurred to this request several times: 'just to steal one or two,' as a schoolboy would ask for apples. There is no doubt that the two tribes of Sakarran and Sarebus are greatly addicted to head-hunting, and consider the possession as indispensable. The more a man has, the greater his honour and rank, nor is there anything without to check or ameliorate this barbarous habit, for the Malays of all classes, on this coast, take the same pride in heads as the Dyaks themselves, with the exception that they do not place them in their houses, or attach any superstitious ideas to them. I asked Matari what was the solemn form of agreement amongst the tribes, and he assured me the most solemn was drinking each other's blood, in which case it was considered they were brothers; but pledging the blood of fowls was another and less solemn form."

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A CORONER.

Of all the vices common to the age, assuredly drunkenness is the most fearful in its consequences. It is, indeed, the parent of crime. It is a vice that saps the morals of youth, kills the germ of generous ambition, desolates the domestic hearth, renders families fatherless, and digs dishonoured graves. It fills our asylums with lunatics, our hospitals with diseased wretches, our ponds and rivers with suicides, our jails with thieves and murderers, our streets with prostitution.

Were I to relate, in detail, every case which has fallen under my observation in which drunkenness has been the originating cause of ruin, wretchedness, beggary, and death, I should require whole volumes to execute the task, so much do they numerically preponderate over all others. The following record, one which, in my official capacity, was brought before me some years back, presents, however, an exception to this general rule, and has always struck me as being one which would go far to prove that habitual intoxication should be considered but as a species of madness, requiring, as much as any other form of that disease, restriction and proper medical treatment.

Frederick Clifton had entered life with the brightest prospects. At a comparatively early age he was sent to college, and here, although, at first, he showed some outward respect and attention to his superiors, he found, nevertheless, plenty of opportunity for gratifying, to the fullest extent, his ruling passions. Here, too, it was that were implanted the seeds of that vice which clung to him through life—which blighted every prospect, and which, in the end, drove him on to ruin, and hurled him headlong down the abyss of crime. Night after night, with others, the most dissolute of his fellows, did he revel in the most frightful orgies. Every better feeling was disregarded; reason was drowned beneath the maddening influence of the bowl, and nightly was the quiet of the college disturbed by the wild yells, impious exclamations, and obscene riot of Clifton and his companions. Every effort was made by the superiors to put a stop to practices so disgraceful and subversive of discipline; but in vain. At length, the measure of his iniquity was full, and, to avoid expulsion, Clifton quitted the college. Had his parents been made acquainted with the disgrace which had thus fallen on their son—this blight to their fondest hopes—assuredly they would have seen the folly and error of their past conduct towards him, and would yet have made some effort to have saved him from impending ruin. Bnt they were in happy, to them at least, happy ignorance of his wild career, his riots and debauchery. While he was at college, and about a year ere he had attained his majority, his father died, and, before three months had rolled past, his mother had also gone down to the grave.

When the first burst of his grief had subsided, for, selfish as he was, he loved his parents with all the ardour of which he was capable, he repaired to London, where

he entered, to the fullest extent, in the vortex of dissipation. Shortly afterwards, he came of age and took possession of his estate; and even then he might have reformed and taken his station in that rank of society for which his wealth and connexions seemed to have destined him. But his evil genius, or, to speak more correctly, his evil habits and passions, drove away every good resolution, and gained a complete mastery over him. The position in which he was now placed was the worst in which he could possibly have found himself. In a large metropolis, bristling with temptations, with no power to control him, with wealth to gratify every desire, not only had he his own wayward heart to battle with, but he was assailed by the seductions of others. There is a certain class of men in great cities who manage just to keep within the pale of decent society, notwithstanding their habits and modes of living render them unworthy of the association.

These men are always on the look out for young heirs, with more money than wit. They found Clifton, and found him, too, fully prepared for all their purposes. He joined them, frequented the gaming table, the tavern, night-houses—those dens of infamy, where women, forgetful of all the attributes and feelings which shed a halo round their sex, give themselves up to every vice that can degrade them, and vie with each other in doing evil. Night after night did he reel home from his dissolute companions in a state of the most fearful intoxication. Another year rolled on, and he began to mortgage his estates to provide for the expenses of his dissipated life; and, before he had attained his twenty-fifth year, the whole of his property was mortgaged to its full extent.

Dissipation ever brings with it its own punishment; remorse dogs its footsteps; disease and suffering are its handmaidens. Four years after he had commenced his town career, he found himself not only reduced to poverty, but compelled to leave London to restore his shattered frame. He accordingly repaired to his country residence, that spot wherein he had passed the happy days of his boyhood, in a state of mind which it would be difficult to describe. The sight of his early home, and the recollection of the deep and boundless affection of his parents, the sacred influence of quiet and repose, of woods, waters, and meadows, birds, flowers, and all the combined harmony of nature, for awhile awakened in his heart that rural feeling so nearly allied to virtue.

In close proximity with the estate of Clifton resided the orphan daughter of a merchant, Grace Harley. Her father had accumulated, by care and industry, a princely fortune, had retired, and taken up his abode in a beautiful cottage which he had himself built in the neighbourhood of Clifton's mansion. But he had not lived long to enjoy the fruits of his industry; for, about a year before the time of which I speak, he was suddenly carried off by apoplexy, leaving the whole of his fortune, without reserve or condition, to his beloved child. Her person was attractive—almost beautiful; and the lustre of a pair of intelligent black eyes was contrasted with a beautiful set of teeth. Clifton had often met her in his walks, and had naturally made inquiries concerning her:—chance brought about a formal introduction, on the occasion of a public ball in the neighbouring county town. By degrees an intimacy sprung up between them, which, on the lady's side at least, soon ripened into love.

For a time all went on smoothly enough, and the success of his plans drove away all feelings of remorse. But he was not happy, although he had gained possession of youth, beauty, and fortune; he could not conceal from himself that he had played the hypocrite and the villain, in disguising from her the state of his fortune; nor could he, even now, summon up courage sufficient to tell her all. To drown thought, he had recourse again to the fatal habit which had already wrought him so much misery. A circumstance, too, occurred about this time, which increased his uneasiness. His intimate friend at the club, who, previously to his quitting London, had won of him three thousand pounds, wrote, requesting its payment. After the lapse of a week, a fresh, and more pressing, summons for payment was received, which was soon followed up by a threat, that, if not paid within a certain period, he would post Clifton's name at the club. The dread of this drove him to extremities; he had no money himself: and, to raise sufficient to liquidate this debt of honour, he secretly drew from the funds the required amount.

From the moment that he had accomplished his object, a strange infatuation seized him. He had loved his wife with all the ardour of which his selfish nature was capable; but now he hated her with a deadly and bitter hatred. The dread of discovery rendered him guilty of the greatest injustice; he fancied that she was a spy upon his actions; that she watched his every movement, and was constantly on the alert to detect him in his guilt. More deeply than ever did he drink of brandy; and, to lull the sense of infamy, he resolved once more to visit London. He began, now, to estrange himself from home, and to drink drams to keep up the courage of dastardly guilt, and give him

boldness to meet his poor suffering wife, after his nightly orgies. He fell into company with his old associates, frequented the gaming table, and, in the frenzy of intoxication, lost large sums of money, to meet which perpetual losses, he made other drafts upon his wife's fortune, which was now disappearing as rapidly as his own had done.

During all this time, Grace showed all the meekness and gentleness of a woman; no reproach, not a murmur escaped her lips. In secret, she wept over the destruction of her fondest hopes; nay, she even mildly remonstrated with her brutal husband, who, in return, but heaped curses on her head. But although some of her friends pressed round her, to offer their assistance—for, already, rumours began to be afloat, that all was not as it should be—firmly, but kindly, she refused all these offers; she kept her husband's secret, and never uttered a complaint. And so matters grew daily worse. Poverty was hastening on with giant strides—friends dropped off, one by one, and Clifton daily sunk lower into the depths of degradation. From drinking by night, he began to get intoxicated by day. About this time, a slight attack of delirium tremens frightened Clifton into a temporary abstinence from spirits; but it was but for a time.

From time to time Grace had been strongly urged by her friends to quit her husband; but she had always mildly but peremptorily refused. "My lot," she said, "was of my own choosing, and, whatever it may be, I have made up my mind to bear it to the end."

But there is a certain state of endurance, a forced elevation of the spirits, which cannot be sustained beyond its stated period, without shaking the intellectual fabric to the foundation. The perpetual tax upon the mind, for high, unnatural exertion, sooner or later, will beggar it at last, must drive it into excesses. And thus it was with Grace Clifton. Her mental powers were shaken; her reason was tottering on its throne. Her mind was, sometimes, evidently, not mistress of itself; and her vivacity became, at intervals, when she was strongly excited, so misplaced and ungovernable, as to indicate, too evidently, that the springs which regulated the fine machine were deranged or worn out, by intense and perpetual exertion. Debased as Clifton was, this truth at length flashed upon him. And how did he act? Did he not try to soothe her again into her former state of innocent and natural vivacity? Did it not shame him from his excesses? Alas! no; he had gone too far to rally, or retrace the path upwards. No; instead of endeavouring to give her peace and quiet, he took a malignant pleasure in tempting his wife to share with him in those excesses which had blasted his prospects, which had indirectly destroyed her reason. The innate delicacy of her sex, and the barriers of a refined education, had hitherto preserved her from that influence which is so often exercised by the husband over the wife, or the wife over the husband. But use lessens the sense of disgust, and continued forgiveness and reconciliation at length induces compromise with vice, fraught with imminent danger to the innocent.

Grace, probably owing to her state of mind, yielded to her husband's solicitations. By slow and imperceptible degrees she fell from her high estate, and sunk—not indeed to his dead level of measureless brutality—but low enough to lose herself and all she once had been. Let me draw a veil over the scenes that ensued. Husband and wife, day after day, drunk, madly drunk. Now, singing and laughing—now, cursing and swearing, like the inmates of a mad-house.

One day the drunken debauch had been carried on to the greatest possible extent. Grace made some appearance of hesitation in resuming their carouse, but her husband seemed determined to force her to join him.

"Drink, drink!" said he; "drink deeply and be happy. Is it not happiness?"

Grace burst into tears, and covered her face with her hands for a minute; then slowly removing them, she exclaimed, in tones of deep agony, "Happiness!—aye, but we have paid deeply for it—you with the loss of fortune, fame, and goodness—I with a broken heart and shattered reason."

"And I suppose I am to blame for all this," shouted the infuriated drunkard.

"No; I blame you not; rather must I my own folly. I was warned by those who wished my welfare, but I shut my ears to all their warnings. Would I had been in my grave!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Clifton—"I have broken your spirit, eh? I knew I could. I knew I would punish you."

"Punish me!—for what? With what can you charge me?"

"Your fortune is dissipated," said Clifton, in a taunting tone.

"Who was it wasted it in vile orgies and foul debauchery?"

"Your beauty is gone—you are hidious and ugly."

"Who ruined it, by robbing me of my nightly rest, of daily happiness?—Do you know who it was?" she shrieked, her eyes flashing with frenzy, her whole frame dilated with the passion that was at her heart. "Do you know the monster who deceived my inexperienced youth, wasted my

fortune, destroyed my happiness, degraded the modesty of my sex and station, rendered the past a recollection of horror—the the present yet worse—the future —— Oh, heavens!" — and again she covered her face with her hands.

"It was I," roared the infuriated monster, "*I* who did it, and will yet do more. Here," he continued, as he poured out a brimming bumper of liquor, "here!—no more reproaches—no more recriminations —drink—drink this!"

"I will drink no more."

"I swear you shall."

"I will not."

"I swear by all the fiends, you shall."

"I swear by Heaven, I will not."

Who can answer for the actions of a man mad with drink? He staggered forward for the purpose of enforcing his desire. A struggle ensued, which but increased his fury. At length she succeeded in dashing the glass from his hand. It fell and was broken to atoms. Stung to fury, he threw her from him with all his force, and followed up his attack by hurling at her a bottle, which stood upon the table. She staggered beneath the crash of glass, fell heavily against the fender, half raised herself, and gazing upon her husband with a meaningless stare, fell back, *dead.*

The verdict of "manslaughter" sent Clifton for trial; but it was impossible to convince a jury that any man guilty of such acts as those I have related could be sane. He was, therefore, acquitted, on the ground of insanity, and died, wretched and miserable, in a madhouse, a few days after his admission.—*Abridged from the London Magazine.*

SECOND THOUGHTS ARE BEST.

For some considerable period previous to the world's arrival at years of discretion, it was a question whether women had souls; but that men, by whom the question was modestly mooted, had minds—each male creature having a whole one to his own share—was never disputed for an instant. Yet this, like other indubitable truths, there is great reason to doubt. How many hundreds of particular friends could each of us give a list of, who never thoroughly succeeded in "making up their minds;" who really "never know their own minds." How should they when they change them so often? They are not in the same mind two seconds together. They never keep a mind long enough to know it. Yet while in this very state, the whole tribe of human chameleons are fain to flatter themselves that they have "two minds," instead of none. When a man doesn't know what to think, he observes, "I have two minds." When most irresolute, we think ourselves capable of wonderful determination. How to decide is more than we can tell—what in the world to do, we know not—but we have "a very *great* mind." Second thoughts are often sneakers—treacherous untiers of true love-knots, roguish dishonourers of handsome acceptances. The first thought comes with a hand open as day, the second with a tight fist prepared rather for a blow than a boon. The first springs from a generous disinterested impulse, the second from a shrinking of the heart and a selfish betrayal of self. The first is a gallant gentleman, a little imprudent and headlong sometimes; the second, a close curmudgeon who won't do good when it costs him nothing, lest it grow into a habit, and he be induced to sacrifice a sixpence at past eighty. Second thoughts turn the jovial resolution to make your visitor stop to dinner, into a hesitating hope that he will come and dine some day when the weather settles. They pare a banquet down to a sandwich, under the pretence of making it the feast of reason, and leave you to find the flow of soul in cold water. All that need be said for them is that they are best once in a way, but the exception proves the rule of inferiority. A man whose impulses are in favour of stinginess is seldom generous on second thoughts; but generosity often falls back upon meanness when it has had time to cogitate. Second thoughts are far less liable to say, boldly, "I'll make him a present of it," or "I'll discharge the duties gratuitously," than to mutter inwardly, "Why should I?" or "I may as well ask for another hundred a-year while I'm about it." The effort to be virtuous, in frequent instances dies away before its purpose is completed; but meditated vice rarely rises, by the second thought medium, into pure and exalted virtue. Even when second thoughts come to a right purpose, they generally come in the wrong place. They thrust themselves forward to break off a match after a heart has been won, and a family thrown into convulsions; but they never made their appearance at the heels of the declaration of love, when it might more easily have been tripped up. Second thoughts have an awkward habit of being too late. They have a knack of sending the reprieve after the victim has been turned off. The good intention of going to drag a neighbour out of the flames when his house is on fire, is, if the result of second thoughts, pretty sure to find the object of its tardy humanity reduced to a cinder. The good intention of plunging in to the rescue of a drowning wretch who has twice risen to the surface, is defeated by the selfish intruder, second thoughts, suggesting to the humane spec-

tator of the accident, "Though you can swim well, you may be seized with the cramp;" and second thoughts may be seen scampering off along the banks of the river, on a benevolent search for assistance half a mile off. Before this has been attained it has become useless, and then another thought arises—"Perhaps I had better know nothing about the affair thus accidentally witnessed, or I may get blamed for inhumanity which was but common prudence—rheumatism's no joke." This is another disadvantage attendant upon second thoughts—they lead to third; and these in turn to suggestions darker and darker—and so on to things without number, that are no thoughts at all, until the mind becomes a prey to indecision, and exhausts itself in the conviction that it cannot be stable unless it is shifting, and that the way to be right is to be continually abandoning one wrong position for another. —*Sketches from Life by the late Laman Blanchard.*

STRAY NOTES ON THE CHURCHES AND CHURCH-GOERS OF WORCESTERSHIRE.

BY A RAMBLER.

"Sweet Sabbath morn! From childhood's dimpled prime
I've loved to hail thy calm-renewing time;
Soft steal thy bells upon the pensive mind,
In mingling murmurs falling on the wind,
Telling of friend and times long wing'd away,
And blissful hopes, harmonious with the day,"

COTHERIDGE.—The traveller who has ever journeyed west of Worcester, on the way to Bromyard, has unquestionably noticed, when between three and four miles from the city, a noble avenue of lofty trees, which extends in a perfectly straight line for nearly a mile, and affords a magnificent vista, terminated by a large mansion. This is Cotheridge Court, the seat of the rev. John Berkeley, who is the hereditary holder of the perpetual curacy, and also proprietor of the parish—some 2,230 acres. Hard by is the old village church. Towards this point I shaped my course on a warm and dry morning about a month ago, and arrived at the lodge gates just as the bell was summoning to worship. Straggling parties here and there dotted the fields and other approaches to the humble but interesting building which formed the common centre of their Sabbath day's journey; and two or three labouring boys, who, with open mouths and staring eyes, had waited for me to draw near, as if anxious to satisfy themselves by a closer inspection that I was really one of the human species, formed in a single file behind me, and followed so rapidly and closely in my wake that more than once I fancied the iron-tipped shoes of the corporal were grazing my heels: so, in order to prevent any unpleasantness, I made a sudden halt, when the whole party struck together with an emphasis which would have effectually beaten the breath out of any similar number of emaciated town-bred boys. Falling into conversation with the biggest of the rank, I put to him a variety of questions, but the poor fellow evidently knew as much about the source of the Niger, or the quadrature of the circle, as of the parochial events and circumstances amid which he had spent his youth. In the first place, he did not seem morally certain that the church to which we were going was in the same position as it was on the previous Sunday; and on asking him who was the present curate, he replied that "he'd never seen more than one mon pull the rope (meaning the sexton), as he know'd on;" but on explaining to him the difference between a curator of souls and a conservator of bell-ropes, he promptly replied that "he'd seen so many faces a-preaching there o'late, that nobody wa'n't sure o' catching the same chap again." He had never seen or heard of a Sunday school, and likewise manifested no little malice against the cause of letters generally, from the fact of his having received, some months ago, on a nameless part of his person, a severe flagellation at the hands of some pedagogue, whose name and place of residence, however, he never knew nor cared to recollect. Finding I could gather nothing from this rustic group, I left them to the tender care of their spiritual instructors, and moved on towards the mansion, while they struck out a shorter path to the church. With regard to Mr. Berkeley's dwelling it is especially true that "distance lends enchantment to the view," for while the appearance of the house from the road is of the most fascinating description, occasioned by the fine perspective through that noble grove, yet, when submitted to a closer inspection, it reminds one of a gaudy bird robbed of its plumage; and there is besides an air of negligence and a lack of neatness which to my mind almost invariably mark the dwelling of "the single man," whether bachelor or widower—aye, though he may have a hundred servants. The only indication of life or motion I observed on the premises was a solitary greyhound, which was careering round the enclosed lawn, but whose native enjoyment of freedom was clearly modified with a dash of sadness at being "alone with nature," and having no companion of its own or any other species.

The church, which is within gun-shot of the mansion, is beautifully situated, partly concealed by trees, and seems in its simplicity and rustic beauty peculiarly fitted to the scene. An obliging correspondent

informs me that it was originally built by Borlace de Fitz, to commemorate the birth of his son, and partly as an expiation for the crimes of his youth. The original building was demolished in the reign of Henry VIII, and partly pulled down, the drawbridge, &c., still remaining to mark the age of the erection. It was here (see notes to Sharon Turner's History) that Lord Audley and the fair Anne of Cotheridge were united after their flight from Evesham in 1407. The present building was consecrated by the bishop of Worcester on its restoration in 1684. The parsonage (says Nash) was anciently annexed to the monastery of Westwood, in this county, and both were given by Osbert Fitz-Hugh to the monks of Font Everaud, in Normandy. At the dissolution the patronage came to Mr. Thomas Packington, and Evett of Hallow, whose son sold it to the Berkeleys. The church is dedicated to St. Leonard. It is a plain ochre-washed erection, not cruciform, and having no transepts. The porch is built up into a wooden bell turret, and the entrance consequently serves for a belfry. The interior consists only of a nave and chancel, with a chapel on the north side of the altar, which is kept as a crypt for the Berkeley family, but which, in my opinion, might be much more usefully applied as a school-room for Sunday scholars, or as a vestry for the clergyman, to avoid the necessity of robing and unrobing before the congregation, as is now the case. Against the south wall of this chapel is a cenotaph to the memory of Thomas Berkeley, Esq., who in 1669 accompanied Sir D. Harvey, the ambassador from Charles II to the emperor of the Turks, but died at a city called Megree, in Greece, and was buried among the christians there. In the highest pane of the east window are the remains of blazonries designed for the armorial bearings of Say and Mortimer and Lucy, lords of Cotheridge. The chancel is divided from the nave by what may not improperly be called a partition wall, in which are three very low arches; the central one is circular, and is evidently of Norman workmanship by the character of its supporters; the southern arch is in the pointed style; thus denoting the period of the erection to have been during the "transition." This part of the church, therefore, cannot, I should think, be less than seven centuries old, and there are many other marks of great age about it. The chancel floor is covered with encaustic tiles, the armorial and other devices on which are almost obliterated, owing to the circumstance that the ground underneath is occupied by vaults, every opening of which demands the removal of the tiles. The seats, which can accommodate nearly 200 persons, are of strong old oak, put together in a right primitive fashion, without those modern notions of economy of space through which I have so often been victimized with cramps and other aches and pains. The pulpit, too, with its sexagonal carved body, long narrow neck, and thin spider arms, or rails, by which it is approached, looks down dejectedly on the oft-returning congregation as though it had grown old and gaunt and hermit-like in the bootless task of exhortation. On the wall is a solitary table of charities, which contains about as much actual pith and marrow as do royal speeches in general—that is to say, nothing worthy of mention; in fact, two or three of the names were of donors of some 40*s.* or 5*l.* or 6*l.* towards the repairs of the church in 1687, and who for so trifling a service, could hardly have expected their names would be emblazoned on the walls for all time. Surely they have been already doubly paid for their small outlay by this notoriety of nearly two centuries. At the west end is a gallery or rather a square box projecting from the wall, and of most unpretending appearance. Here were seated, high and unapproachable in their glory, the village choir, consisting of clarionet, flute and bass-viol, with a voice or two beside; and as if to resent the affront I had done to his venerable but inefficient friend at Grimley, the first-named gentleman (Mr. Clarionet) saluted me on my entrance into the church with a note or shriek which would have eclipsed a moderate railway engine; and if the other members of the choral body did not come up to their leader in force and intensity, it could not be attributed to a lack of good will, but simply to a difference in the calibre of their instruments. This being nothing more than a little private practice, before the services, was only an epitome of what they evidently intended to achieve, and with that assurance I gave way to a kind of sad resignation. An elderly man (apparently an invalid) was seated in a wheeled chair underneath the gallery, and on addressing him I found that he had been for many years the clerk at the church, but through physical suffering was now unable to perform the duties of that office; he was an intelligent and communicative man, and seemed to entertain a most commendable pride on the score of his long connection with the church. The combined efforts of Messrs. Clarionet, Flute, and Bass-viol, had become actually desirable to his ear, solely by dint of long acquaintanceship; and I have no doubt that it was his rule to fix himself in this position before the arrival of the congregation, in order to take in as much as possible of their witching strains. He, too, evidently felt most anxi-

ons on the part of his deputy-clerk—a simple, well-behaved yeoman—that the conduct of the services should not suffer, from his own inability to discharge them; and as the *locum tenens* led the responses, or left his sitting to ascend the little gallery for the purpose of giving out the psalms, the earnest eye of the ex-official was upon him, as though by his supervision he would have communicated to him a portion of his own efficiency and devotional spirit. How forcible are the effects of habit! The good old clerk at Cotheridge, after thirty years' servitude, in ministering at the altar, could not exist, I dare say, without constantly going through the same welcome routine, and hearing the same old version of psalms, interpreted by the same triumvirate that has, I suppose, for years awoke the echoes and disturbed the dust in the good old church of Cotheridge. Many years ago, I remember, business obliged me to pass daily by a certain field, in which was a horse that had spent a great portion of its youth in a mill, but which was now superannuated; and constantly at certain hours every day that horse was seen performing its little circles—round and round—with mathematical accuracy in one particular corner of the field, where it had beaten out for itself a hard path. I often think of that animal when I detect in myself or others the effects of early habits, long pursued. The worthy clerk of Cotheridge will forgive the comparison: it is as applicable to myself as to him.

The monkish custom of dividing the sexes is here observed—the silks, satins, cotton and straws, being arranged on one side, and the broad-cloths on the other—like a border of roses breathing their fragrance in contempt over an adjoining plot of cabbages. I should like to know what is gained to piety by this arrangement. If a man cannot direct his mind heavenward in the society of his wife, or mother, or sister—ay, or of her to whom he is betrothed—most assuredly he will not be induced to do so by any degree of space which may exist between them. I noticed that in one of the principal seats, a family had acquired the courage to break through this custom, and I do not see why the example should not be followed. There was a deal of late coming here, and the people generally seemed to be indifferent to the services—the responses were but faintly if at all uttered; and there was scarcely any sign of devotion except from the clergyman or his clerk—an ambiguous kind of service, truly, to the great author of our being, that our adorations should thus be dependent on a salary. I have heard of persons who object to shed tears at any sermon except in their own parish church, but I do not think the natives of Cotheridge are likely to become very lachrymose even there. Let us hope, however, that if there was no "outward and visible sign," there was "an inward and spiritual grace" among that flock; though the existence of the one is far more satisfactorily proved by the presence of the other. The services were admirably performed by the new curate—a circumstance however which shall not prevent my saying that to me it would have been a source of greater gratification to have seen in the Cotheridge canonicals some one of the many needy curates I could have pointed out in this vicinity, to whom £70 or £80 per annum would have been a most desirable object. When a rich man accepts a small post, the advantage, which to him may indeed scarcely be felt at all, is probably to another a matter of severe necessity; to say nothing of the opportunity which it gives to the enemies of the church to weaken her in the affections of the people. It is also very clear that a resident minister is much wanted at Cotheridge, for the present hereditary proprietor of the benefice seems too far advanced in years to satisfy, unaided by a constant assistant, the spiritual wants of the parish, to visit the sick, to establish a Sunday school, to organise a choir, to perform more than one service on the Sabbath, and to improve generally the present system of instruction at Cotheridge, of which the youth I have mentioned at the early part of this chapter was so notable an example. Should, however, the new curate accomplish these things—in regard to which I have not any doubt of his ability and good intentions—I shall be half inclined not to look grudgingly on the small emolument thereby derived to him. The sermon was a good commentary on the 27th Psalm, 25th v.; "I have been young, and now am old, and yet saw I never the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread." The preacher alludes to the season (Christmas) as one the most eligible for the exercise of reflection on the rapid progress of time and the use to which we had applied it; and indeed his exhortation was efficiently seconded by the sprigs of holly which here and there fringed the seats, and reminded me, in language not to be mistaken, of that period (a long time ago) when my youthful eye first beheld, admired, and wondered at the cause of this ancient custom—of the chequered scenes which since then had been spread around my path—of the follies of youth and the sorrows and experience of manhood;—all these things did one little holly sprig, with its cunning sorcery, bring up before me. The remainder of the sermon was devoted to the proof that the practice of piety and good morals was wise and salutary, even as regarded the probability of an earthly

reward, and the success and good name which generally wait upon the exercise of honesty, sobriety, and the other cardinal virtues. This, I confess, is a line of argument which frequently carries the greatest weight with the majority of congregations, for our infidel natures are more inclined to be enticed by the offer of what we imagine to be a tangible fee, presently forthcoming, than by all the splendid offers of happiness in reversion. I was much pleased, not only with the subject of the discourse, but at the mode and manner of the preacher's illustration; he also occasionally fixed his eye upon me, and no doubt imagined he saw in my person the effects of his discourse, in the burnings of a sensitive conscience, as visible on my face; but whatever may have been the salutary effect of his excellent theology, I can assure him that the perspiration under which I suffered was solely occasioned by a red-hot stove which came close to my seat-door, and which had already singed two or three ladies' dresses in passing, it being placed, unguarded, in the central aisle, which is too narrow for that purpose.

On leaving the church, a row of labourers, who had drawn themselves up in a line facing the entrance, made their obeisance in right rustic fashion to all whom they recognised—a good old relic of the Sir Roger de Coverly times. Up the little pathway of the churchyard was moving a mournful procession: a few simple villagers attending the remains of some deceased friend to the home appointed for all living. There is something peculiarly affecting in this last solemn rite, as administered in a rural churchyard—

"When one well known to the village group
His latest breath has given,
And his soul has passed from his clay-cold form,
And found its rest in heaven."

At all times and in all places the interment of a fellow creature is indeed a subject for deep reflection, but in the crowded city the exit of a brother mortal seems to have no greater effect than the casting of a pebble into the sea: there is a temporary division of the waters, but in a moment they are reunited, and the disarrangement is not perceptible. In a small unpopulous village the death of a neighbour or friend is however a veritable sermon, lasting and impressive—from ear to ear travels the melancholy tidings—each hearer has known the deceased, perhaps for many years—and there is a mournful interest felt in his death which cannot but have its due effect on the thoughtful—while around his grave congregate not alone the paid mimics of grief, but the old and young of that rustic group in whose circle of acquaintanceship his death has occasioned a vacuum, perhaps not readily to be filled up. Man is selfish to the last, and shudders at being forgotten. While on the subject of funerals, I shall quote some observations by "A Rambler in America," who speaks some good commonsense respecting the needless and wasteful habits observed by society in general in regard to burials. Speaking of the Quaker funerals there, he says that "the friends assemble in their usual dress, and by a numerous muster, rather than by inky habiliments, testify their regard to the memory of the defunct. As for hearses and mourning coaches, plumes, cloaks, and hatbands, with all other tricks of undertakers to make out a long bill for funeral expenses, all such nonsense is unknown in America; whilst the act of sepulture is performed with as much propriety and decency as in London, and probably does not cost more than a sovereign! And why should it? This is one of the most glaring follies of my English countrymen, and it is to be hoped their good sense will not much longer submit to the tyranny of undertakers."

Among the inscriptions in the churchyard are the following (the stone is erected to one Rowbery):—

"Time is a wheel that runs along;
By this the will of God was done.
The best of friends—the surgeon's skill—
Could not command against God's will."

There are here many other sly hits at the medical faculty, but I must now conclude by copying only one epitaph:—

"Here lieth the body of Tom Crissell,
an old fox-hunter for 66 years; he died 1768, aged 82.
"My glass is run, my time is spent:
Good people all in time repent."

—*Worcestershire Chronicle.*

PORTRAITS OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND SIR ROBERT PEEL, BY A FOREIGN ARTIST.

Dr. Carus, who accompanied the king of Saxony to England in 1844, thus describes the hero of Waterloo and the Premier:

Duke of Wellington.—Just the model of an old soldier! Stiff, half-deaf, yet cheerful: you may see, even now, that he was, in his day, a well-formed, compact man. The form of his head and his face inclines to length: the forehead and the posterior part are tolerably well elevated. His white hair is rather plentiful for his age. His eyes are set in white hollows, and seem to bear witness to his character as a man accustomed to trust his own eyes rather than listen to others.

Sir Robert Peel.—His majesty (the king of Saxony) accepted an invitation to dine with Sir Robert Peel. I was curious to observe whether the crisis at which the ministry has arrived would be at all marked on the minister's face. [Dr. Carus seems not to know that we have always *a crisis*

in England.] Sir R. Peel appears about fifty years old. He is well built, rather stout, with a significant structure of the head, inclining towards breadth—[Dr. Carus is a cranioscopist]—the three divisions of the cranium are tolerably well proportioned, so far as I could observe through the rather thick grissled hair—the middle of the head is not high. The countenance expresses much firmness; united with something thoroughly prosaic, but acute and judicious. In conversation with superior personages, his mode of expression, with all its reserve, falls into an amiable tone, and his gestures also partake the change. His general demeanour is polite, cautious, and self-possessed. I add a few remarks, which I heard respecting his talents as prime minister: "Peel has been made exactly for his situation. By birth belonging to the people; by his connexion with Oxford university, bound up with all that is styled conservatism, he seems created for his time and his office. There can be only one opinion of his talents: and he is also favoured with physical energy, and a large independent property." The English have a proverb, "An empty bag will not stand upright." In his daily intercourse, he is reckoned cold and stiff (literally *wooden*) in his manner; and he has no intimate personal friends.

PARODY.

To love or not to love—that is the question—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The changing fortunes of an amorous swain,
Or take up arms against one's inclination,
And, by opposing, crush it. To love—to sigh—
No more; and by one act to say we end
The heart ache, and a thousand kindred ills
The mind is heir to!—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To sigh—to love—
To love!—perchance to wed!—ay, there's the rub;
For in that blessed state oft are sweet dreams
Cut short by *curtain lectures* and the like;
Here let us pause. 'Tis the grand spell
That binds poor bachelors to their cheerless fate;
For who can bear the whips and taunts of her,
Who, full of spleen, spurns at the injured god
Of balmy slumber, and, with tongue so glib,
Vents dire resentments on her couch and spouse.
Grieved at her weakness, he with patience strives
To quell the torrent of his lady's anger
By sweet replies and soft remonstrances.
Ay, where's the bachelor who would fardels bear
To sigh and groan away a single life
But that the dread of matrimonial lectures
(From whose repeated miseries 'tis said
Few Benedicts escape) dampens his ardour,
And makes him rather bear those ills he has,
Than wed and yield compulsory submission.
These *lectures* then make cowards of us all,
And though the native love of matrimony
Is strong within us, yet our hearts recoil
From prospects, coloured with the sickly hue
Of female domination.

Nantwich. J. T. W.

The Gatherer.

Ascending and Descending the Pyramids of Egypt.—You look up the tremendous steps, with a score of savage ruffians bellowing round you; you hear faint cheers and cries high up, and catch sight of little reptiles crawling upwards; or, having achieved the summit, they came hopping and bouncing down again from degree to degree,—the cheers and cries swell louder and more disagreeable; presently the little jumping thing, no bigger than an insect a moment ago, bounces down upon you expanded into a panting major of Bengal cavalry. He drives off the Arabs with an oath,—wipes his red shining face with his yellow handkerchief, drops puffing on the sand in a shady corner, where cold fowl and hard eggs are awaiting him, and the next minute you see his nose plunged in a foaming beaker of brandy and soda-water.

* * *

He can say now and for ever, he has been up the Pyramid. There is nothing sublime in it. You cast your eye once more up that staggering perspective of a zig-zag line, which ends at the summit, and wish you were up there, and down again. Forwards!—Up with you! It must be done. Six Arabs are behind you, who won't let you escape, if you would. * * The ascent is not the least romantic, or difficult or sublime: you walk up a great broken staircase, of which some of the steps are four feet high. It's not hard, only a little high. You see no better view from the top than you behold from the bottom; only a little more river, and sand, and rice field.

An Unpleasant Native.—Earl, in his Tropical Australia, says: "A circumstance occurred while digging a well, that made a great sensation at the time. One of the men employed, while sleeping in a hammock suspended between two trees, was disturbed during the night by something dragging away the blanket that covered him; and on looking over the side of the hammock, he discovered, to his intense horror, that the intruder was a large alligator. His shouts alarmed the animal; which retreated in great haste in the sea. The man's story was not at first credited by those who came to his assistance; but in the morning, sure enough, the blanket was found on the beach half immersed in water, and the animal itself was shot a few nights afterwards, the ball striking the forehead above the eye, and splintering off a portion of the skull, thus exposing the brain. He did not die, however, until after a violent struggle of many minutes, during which he lashed the sea around him into a foam.

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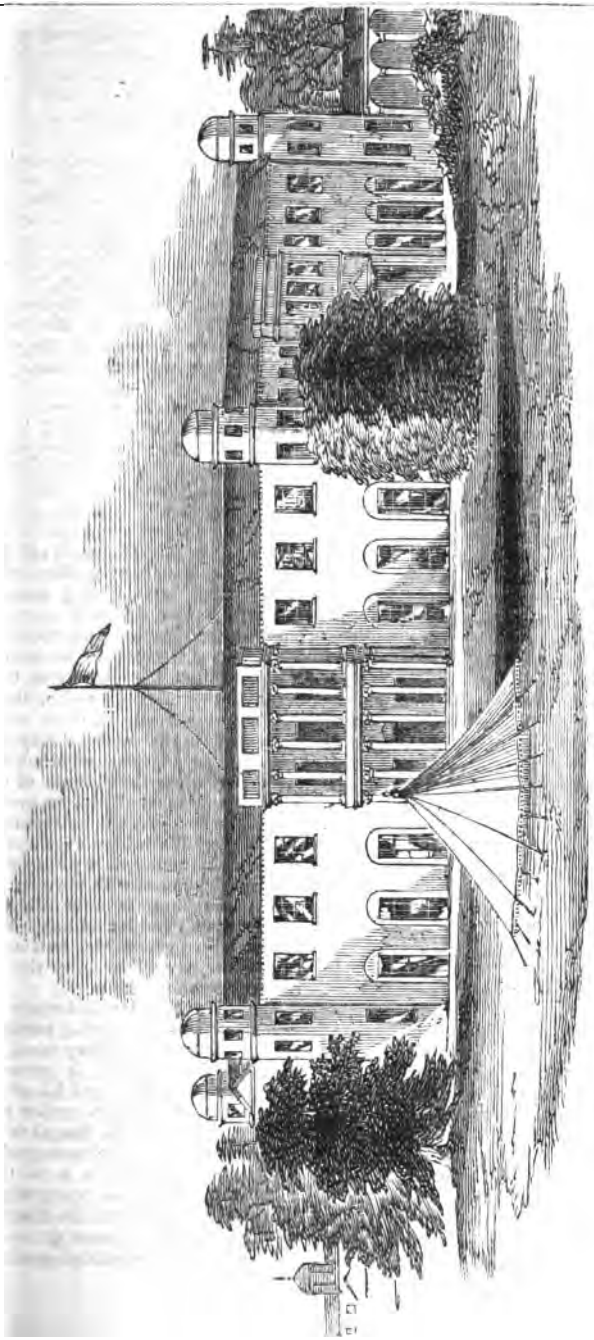

GOODWOOD HOUSE.

GOODWOOD HOUSE.

The annexed representation of Goodwood House, in Sussex, the seat of the Duke of Richmond, is one of those princely mansions of which it may be said that

"Splendour there a residence has found,
And grandeur a magnificent abode."

Attention rests upon it at this moment more than usual, from the circumstance of its noble owner having recently made himself conspicuous by the determined stand he has announced it to be his intention to make against that change in the commercial system of the country which the minister has deemed it expedient to propose, and which the great majority of the nation are anxious to see carried.

A political controversy would be out of its place in these pages. We may, however, be allowed to express a hope that those measures which the noble proprietor of Goodwood House deems nothing less than revolutionary, will not prove so fruitful of evil as he anticipates. He will probably long exercise hospitality in the lordly halls of Goodwood, after the danger shall have passed away, and when the alarm now experienced in certain quarters is remembered but as a dream.

Without entering into the merits of the corn laws, it may not be impertinent to remark that those who advocate the present protective system, as it is called, on account of its antiquity, are perhaps not generally aware that fourteen centuries ago England was a corn-exporting country. When the emperor Julian made war against the Germans in the fourth century, the tillage of the provinces of Gaul having been interrupted, six hundred large barks, framed in the forest of Ardennes, made several voyages to the coast of Britain, and carried their cargoes of corn to the towns on the Rhine. If this can supply an argument that will appease the popular impatience, it is much at the service of those who share the views of the noble owner of Goodwood.

THE SMUGGLER OF FOLKSTONE.

A TALE OF TRUTH AND FICTION.

By Edward Portwine.

CHAPTER XXV—(*continued*).

"Had I committed that rash act, I should indeed have blushed before you. Much as I am impressed with the hypocrisy of the rich towards Cumlin—greatly as I despise the revenue laws, which grind the poor and petty breaker of them, and permit greater criminals to grow rich, yet I have never contemplated so suicidal an act."

"You relieve my mind. I feared it was so, for my informant states that you were seen paying great attentions to the smuggler's daughter. Some vulgar girl, I suppose, who desires to inveigle you to join her father."

Edmund's colour deepened on his pale countenance, as he silently led his mother to the portrait which he had concealed on her entrance. He then said, looking on the portrait, "Is that the countenance of a vulgar girl?"

His mother could not suppress her admiration; she muttered, "Ah, she is indeed lovely, but beware of her. She may have an angel's form, but the heart of a demon.

"Believe it not, mother, nought of the demon dwells in her bosom. It is the seat of honour, purity, and truth."

"God grant it may be, for her own sake," replied his mother, as she rose, gazed again on the portrait of the young girl with a sigh, and left the studio.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Opposite to the Guildhall in the high street of Hythe, is a thoroughfare once called "Marshall's Lane," but, since the municipal bill, altered to some other cognomen. A small town like this to have each nook and corner named is ridiculous, and yet so it is. The good old denominations are abolished by modern innovation of the Whig school, and strange terms written on the different corners of the lanes and streets, in order to indicate that the Solons of the corporation have not been idle, and that they preferred to give their funds to their friends rather than to permit them to lie idle in their coffers. All these new fangled notions may exist for a time, but we question whether the day is far distant when the haunts of our youth will not appear as of old, to greet our venerable years. At the bottom of this lane is constructed a bridge over a stream; the visitor is attracted to a pretty field on his left hand, planted with shrubs; and what amazes him most is a building of wood graced with Venetian blinds. This elevation was once a stable, but is now converted into a residence, by the son of the old magistrate of the port.

From Mr. Shipdern's domain and mansion the traveller reaches another bridge thrown across the military canal, swarming with the finny tribe. A grove of elms now greets his optics, and he swings a neat white gate, and enters under the shade. Time has thrown the branches close together at their upper extremities, and in the summer the foliage is so thick as to prevent Sol's rays from penetrating the gravel road or to embrown the beauties of the vicinity. In this marine grove are placed seats, for the accommodation of the inhabi-

tants; and as it leads the visitor to the seaside, and one of the best strands of shingle for bathing in England, it is much frequented for its delicious coolness, its umbrageous forest-like appearance, and its seclusion. In this grove many a heart has given vent to its aspirations—many a soul has throbbed wildly. Oh! if its venerable trees could speak, what volumes might be written from their dictation of broken hearts, blighted affections, deception, and crime, and how many hearts have been made happy here by the first ardent declaration of passion to a trembling frame beneath their shade.

In the month of August there is scarcely any night; the twilight fades, and is succeeded by the bright and glorious morning waking all nature from repose. On a night in August, mild and beautiful, Edmund Poynder left his studio, after three days' labour, and repaired to his favourite seat in this grove. Twilight had deepened as he seated himself in a chair, thinking on the conversation with his mother of Margaret, of Sarah, and his reflections caused him painful sighs. All was as still as night. There were no visitors, at least so thought Edmund. He remained until the clock struck ten, then rose and repaired slowly to the top of the grove. As he approached the gate faint music reached his ears. He stopped and listened; the sounds appeared at a distance. The quietude of the night induced him to follow the sounds. Presently a blaze of light, streaming from the grounds of General Johnson, fell on his eyes, and the full tones of a large band apprised him that a party was held at the veteran's mansion. As he came near the principal portico carriages were entering, and he mechanically followed them on to the lawn in front of the mansion, without a question. Indeed he did not waste a thought about being a trespasser. Wrapt in feelings which music generally induced, he seated himself on the ground, gazing on the figures flirting past the open windows. When the music ceased he became sensible of his position, and had some thoughts of retreating, when a female figure was observed to emerge from the lower tier of windows on to the lawn. She stood sometime gazing on the glorious heavens and its starry canopy, in thought and meditation. At length she walked directly to the place where Edmund was seated; on observing a man she started, and said, "Walter, is that you?" No answer, for Edmund was in a position not very enviable. "Who can it be then?—speak, sir."

Poynder rose, and in a deep voice replied, "Your friend Edmund, the artist of Florence."

Sarah Johnson, for it was herself, uttered a faint scream, and held out her hand to the intruder, which he pressed.

"How, in the name of heaven, came you here? What madness has induced you to hazard a discovery by entering these grounds?" cried the lady, in a tremulous voice.

"I was attracted by the music, and no one knows the power that sweet sound has over me so well as Miss Johnson."

"Well do I know this," replied Sarah, with bitterness, "especially sounds proceeding from the voice of women. But why did you not see me after the cricket match? Do you shun me?"

"You must know that I should have been but poor society after the disappointment I received in not being able to look again on the peerless beauty of the Arno."

"That beautiful river again calls forth circumstances which led to our first acquaintance. I am aware of the conduct of Mr. Dean, and deeply deplore it."

"Indeed! you are considerate, but a 'plebeian' may be insulted with impunity," returned Poynder, with meaning.

"You terrify me, Edmund," and the fair girl laid her hand on his arm with confiding tenderness, "after what occurred on that dreadful night. Oh God, I fear you have some motive in your allusion. My poor brother has not yet recovered from the effects of the pistol wound in his breast, which, happily, is not considered dangerous. Oh, Edmund, say you will not revenge this insult—promise me this," she concluded with anguish.

"Is it for Dean you fear?" asked the artist, with bitterness.

"No!" returned Sarah, wildly, "it is not, but for one a thousand times more dear to me—for—yourself; you force this from me by your cold, calm conduct."

"Enough, Sarah, I will seek no quarrel with Dean, without he crosses my path. He has already threatened me with his vengeance; let him beware."

"Surely, Edmund, you are mistaken; he could not add injury to insult, it is impossible."

"Love, hatred, and jealousy, will alter man's nature, and convert a human creature into a demon. This no one knows better than the excellent creature before me. I say again he has threatened me."

"Too well I know this."

"It is now time, Sarah, that you should know a fact which has been concealed from you so long. That you loved me fondly and devotedly, I am certain — that you would have accepted the hand of the humble painter you have often declared."

Sarah here became dreadfully agitated, and would have sunk to the earth had not Edmund caught her in his arms; she appeared to have fainted. By a powerful,

effort she recovered, and said—"Edmund, proceed; I am better now."

"When our meetings were discovered by your father, and I became known, his rage knew no bounds; you were confined to your room, and after endeavouring to obtain an interview, or convey a letter to you, I was one evening observed by a young man I never saw before. He rudely accosted me, and after some bravado on both sides, we became mad with rage. He struck me, by heavens! and I returned the blow with interest. Blinded with passion, we proceeded to a private place, when I discovered that my antagonist had pistols with him. It was at sunset, and on the very spot opposite to the chateau where we save met so often; he drew them from his hocket—'Now,' cried the young man, 'you shall know why I assaulted you in the streets of Florence. You have presumed, plebeian, to love a lady, your superior in birth and fortune; you have met her frequently on this very spot, and in yonder villa. The disgrace she has inflicted on her family, she shall never more inflict; so prepare, Poynder, for your death.' 'Ah! I am known then. Sir, I disdain to answer your insolent address. Let us to business. If I fall, convey the intelligence of my death to my mother. Here is her address. If you fall, I will do the same by you.' He agreed, and we exchanged cards. I placed his in my pocket without inspection."

"Gracious heavens!" exclaimed Sarah, "you knew not you were speaking to my poor brother."

"As the Almighty is my judge, I did not. There, then, in that lonely spot, without seconds, with the rage of lions, seeking for prey, in our hearts, did we load the pistols; I believing I was chastising a rival's insolence, your brother conceiving he was rewarding the baseness of a villain. We paced out twelve steps, and fired directly. My antagonist was wounded in the breast; I in the right leg. He fell. I staggered on to him; he lay groaning, yet sensible; but believing he had met his death wound, I called loudly for help; but none came. I could not leave the place. I sat down, and then, for the first time, I learned that my supposed rival was your brother; then did I feel poignant anguish. I tore his coat from him, and then his waistcoat, staunched the wound, and called again loudly for help."

"Merciful heaven," cried Sarah, with emotion, "what a situation for both."

"At length my cries brought a peasant to the spot, who obtained a litter, and your brother was conveyed home in a state of insensibility, while I halted into the city. After lying in bed for three weeks, I recovered sufficiently to be able to travel. left Florence about three months since, travelled through France, and arrived here a fortnight ago."

"You have relieved my mind from a great load of grief; I always supposed you knew you had fought with my brother; but thank heaven you are guiltless. I have suffered much from ill treatment; but after our departure from the scene of so much anguish and happiness my father's kindness returned, and I felt comparatively happy. We left Italy, and by easy stages arrived at Calais about three weeks since. My brother now is nearly recovered; he has never mentioned the dreadful duel, or his antagonist."

"He is generous, and I respect his delicacy; but I am detaining you from yonder happy circle. I will now bid you good night."

"Do not leave me yet, Edmund; I have a thousand questions to ask. I have no desire to reenter the room again."

"You know, Sarah, that there is a spell in your presence, a charm in your conversation, which renders me selfish. But I know the anomalous position in which we are placed, and I must tear myself from you now, and for ever."

The pale moon struggling through fleecy clouds and misty vapours, shed a mournful radiance on that couple on the lawn, and profound grief appeared depicted on the marble features of the beautiful lady, while Edmund seemed the picture of a desolated spirit. Miss Johnson looked at her companion for some seconds, in mute surprise, and her heart palpitated against her bosom, as if it desired to burst its lovely confines.

"Alas! Edmund; and is it so? Do you no longer regard me? are your professions false? answer me."

"Sarah, the affection I professed for you, when we parted under sunny skies and amidst dangers and difficulties, I feel now, here, in this heart, that never yet harboured falsehood or deceit; but fate has placed a gulf between us, which can never pass, without you lose caste in society, and a parent's love. Believe me, dear girl, that the exchange of my station for that of your family, would be a poor one, and which you would bitterly regret. To give up all those elegant amusements—to debar yourself from those luxuries, which have surrounded you from infancy, is a madness which I can never tempt you to commit."

"Hear me, Edmund," cried Sarah, with resolute determination, and with much emotion; "my love for you can know no change; it is a part and parcel of my existence, and to be deprived of my only hope of happiness, will reduce me to the condition of a lifeless being. Heaven

my witness how I love my father, my brothers, and only sister, but that Almighty power, whether for good or for evil, has implanted in my heart a superior passion, which prostrates to the dust all minor affections. Here I give to the winds all considerations—erase from my heart all affections save that of love for you. I renounce luxuries and amusements from this moment, and place myself and fortune at your disposal for ever. Reject me not, unless you desire to see me a blackened corpse at your feet."

The wild energy with which this fair creature delivered this extraordinary exposition of her love and determination cannot be described, and its effects on her auditor were such as induced him to waver in his determination of leaving her for ever. He could not gaze on the peerless being, without feeling that she was high in rank, rich, beautiful, and accomplished, and that she was his own heart and soul. Her appeal, which came directly from a warm and passionate heart, found a response in a kindred spirit. The arms which were extended to the confiding girl, enfolded one of nature's loveliest beings. That embrace was a sufficient answer to all doubts, and under the glorious orb of night, which has witnessed so many protestations of eternal affection, did these beings pledge their souls to love each other during their sojourn on this earth.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The guardian of the elegant and lovely Amanda Burton, the Rev. Mr. C———, was an important member of the *élite* of society, in the neighbourhood of the borough of Hythe; tall, well proportioned, with an intellectual countenance, he was regarded by all classes as one of the most fortunate sons of the clergy. His handsome person, and natural genius, which had been highly cultivated, marked him out as one calculated to rise high in his sacred profession. Mr. C——— was so fortunate as to win the affections of one of the daughters of the archbishop of Canterbury, and as such a marriage is the best step in the ladder of preferment, he was very early in life destined to become rector of Honecliff, also of Goodsalt, to which was annexed a chapelry or two. He was also made an archdeacon and prebendary of Canterbury cathedral. All these blushing honours were quickly showered upon him, and he was "passing rich," with ten thousand a year.

This gentleman, therefore, had the power to perform many good and great actions. Eloquent and impassioned in the pulpit, he was listened to with respect and admiration. The auditors, when listening to his elegant and classical language, mentally exclaimed, "How beautiful, grand, and effective, are the discourses of this accomplished clergyman." Mr. C. possessed considerable landed property in the vicinity of the vicarage, including a modern mansion, of modest pretensions. Besides these, he was a proprietor of the tithes of two large parishes; these he had a great affection for. Amongst those gentlemen in the vicinity of the vicarage, lived Mr. Dean, possessing a fine estate, and living in splendour: this squire was an intimate friend of our rich pastor, and no one was more regular in his attendance at church than Mr. D. and his family. Mr. C———, in common with the landed gentry, had an abhorrence of independence in the inferior class, and he religiously believed that there are certain good things of this earth, which heaven, in its infinite mercy, has created especially for the rich and powerful. Amongst these things he considered it a crime, nay felony, that any but the favoured few should look at a hare or a pheasant, and to kill either was a crime of such magnitude, that he considered it deserved condign punishment, and the persons guilty he frequently held up to public execration from the pulpit, as men to be avoided and despised. So greatly had this passion against poaching increased in the mind of our excellent rector, that it disturbed his repose, and he has been perceived, on many occasions, walking in the twilight of evening, and the early haze of morning, amidst his preserves, to protect them from invasion; and being a powerful man, and a fast runner, he was a dangerous keeper of his own game. Frequently this christian minister, after having preached an eloquent sermon, rich in the most beautiful precepts, calculated to raise the soul in ecstacy to heaven, descended from his pulpit, and left the house of prayer—not for the purpose of meditation on the effect his words had produced, but in fear that some marauder, while he was engaged in his sacred office, would have the wickedness to kill a hare in his own plundered garden. He has struck across his domain with rapid strides, his heart beating with anything rather than devotion to the great Architect of the universe.

On one occasion, on the Lord's day, this meek, humble follower of our blessed Saviour, on leaving the church-yard, after an unusually eloquent and impressive discourse, discerned a man hurrying across an adjacent paddock with something hanging over his shoulder, which his keen perception discovered to be a hare. He stood still for some time, as if petrified with horror and surprise at the enormous crime. At that moment, when the good priest appeared to be rooted to the ground, the man, who was dressed as a mechanic, gazed

round warily, and perceiving the parson, he started into a full trot, to elude the farther scrutiny of so relentless a persecutor of persons offending against the laws protecting game for the exclusive benefit and palates of the wealthy. Away over hedge and ditch scampered the poacher, and with superior speed followed the godly preacher. The man proved himself an excellent runner, but being "burthened with sin, his speed was impeded thereby." On, on, they pursued their course, leaping over everything in their way, till at length they reached the precincts of the ancient castle of Goodsalt, which stands on the brow of a hill looking down into what was in other days a moat, over which the old castle walls, covered with ivy and grey from time, frowned in hoary sternness. One leap, and the poacher is over the hedge, adroitly leaving the hare on the other side, down into the moat, and over the other side, was the work of a moment, while the minister was perceived at another point, leaping high in the air; he descends, loses his equilibrium, and falls. It is impossible to impede his descent, the gradient being about one in twenty, and down came the man of peace with great force to the bottom. Flushed with rage, or exertion, he rises, looks about him, shrugs his shoulders, and darts again up the opposite acclivity. On attaining the summit, his eyes were greeted with one of the most beautiful valleys in the world, reposing in silent grandeur. In the middle of this valley is a small shave, into which he perceives the daring poacher enter. Mr. C. now puts forth all his powers; away he dashes down the glade, and in a minute or two he is in a thick underwood. The poacher, perceiving he was no match for the minister, "doubles," and, with herculean strength, rushes like a whirlwind up the hill, but in a more southerly direction. And now the top is reached, which brings him into the high road. This manœuvre was accomplished while the pastor gazed into the woodland. He turns rapidly, and perceiving his "enemy" ascending the acclivity, he "girds up his loins," and again is in full chase. The parson was tall and thin, the poacher thick-set and bull-necked, with brawny shoulders; therefore, in a chase up hill, the parson was no match for the hare-stealer. But "No surrender!" cries the poacher; and "No flincher in a race am I," cried the preacher of peace. The brow of the hill is attained; over the hedge flies the first, rapidly followed by the second, and down the shady lane they rush like a locomotive. They now encounter the town's-people taking a walk, the afternoon service at Hythe being ended. They stare at the first runner, and are amazed at the flight of their rector. Neither the pursued nor the pursuer utter a word, excepting "out of the way." The old, the young, all shout, and the peaceful Sabbath is broken by a scene which was scandalous to all right-thinking Christians. They approach the brow of the hill, overlooking the eastern part of the town of Hythe. They stop not to view the lovely scenery which presents itself from this spot; nature is forgotten; only one object is sought; by one to capture, and by the other to escape. The poacher now begins to feel fagged; he perceives that the parson is fast gaining ground, and without some *ruse* he must be caught. He now rushes to the right, and dashes into a feltmonger's yard, and the parson, as he turns, recognises his features for the first time during the race.

"Ah, ah!" he muttered, out of breath, "I have you now."

"Don't be too sure, parson," cries the poacher, as he crosses the pits.

Alas! there is but very little certainty in sublunary things, and there are "many slips between the cup and the lip," and so our parson discovered, for he no sooner entered the yard than, being utterly unacquainted with its *locale*, he plunged at his first step into one of the pits full of tan-water. Being a tall man, there was no danger to be apprehended from drowning, and as soon as he had regained his footing, he appeared, half suffocated with the odious fluid he had imbibed internally and his garments externally. However, it cooled his heated frame, for he stood with his head only out of the noxious element, until the scared and amazed people who had followed the chase came to his assistance. The good Samaritans helped their esteemed pastor out of the pit, and for their lives they could not forbear tittering at the plight of a dignified prebendary whose suit of black, including his white cravat, was completely dyed brown, that any one might have mistaken their revered pastor for a quaker without being guilty of a solecism in good manners. The gentleman shook himself, and casting a keen glance around, discovered his enemy quietly seated on the top of the hill which overlooks the pits, gazing down on the foiled hunter with a triumphant leer.

"Ah, rascal! I know you, and will have you to-morrow."

To which salutation the poacher turned the back of his person by way of answer, which, to say the least, was not very polite to one of the superior clergy.

The good parson then departed to his curate's dwelling, who was "passing rich" with £40 a-year, in order to cleanse himself from the "sweet odours" arising from morbid sheepskins and oxen hides.

The triumph of the poacher was of short duration, for on the following day he was

apprehended and conveyed before the parson, who being a magistrate, constituted himself both jury and judge in the case. Mr. — declared he had seen a hare on the delinquent's back, but how it disappeared he knew not; that he saw the face of the poacher, and he was certain that the man Elkins before him was the person he chased. He then, as a matter of grace, asked the accused what he had to say in his defence. Elkins said he was a poor carpenter, living in the town of Hythe, and being called to look at a job of work at Stone, a village at the end of the parson's princely domain, he repaired there on Sunday morning, for he could not afford to lose a day, having eight children to support. On his return, and at Sand Hill, a hare dashed across the high road, and not thinking of the game laws, but believing that the wild creatures were given by the Almighty to both rich and poor, and knowing that these animals sometimes deprived his famished children of the produce of his garden, he, with a blow of his walking stick, killed the hare; and, supposing that the animal would only rot in the woods, he threw it across his shoulders as food for his children.

"Wretch," cried the pastor, "you knew it was my property. Why did you not run to the parsonage and inform the gamekeeper of the fact, if your story be true? Why did you endeavour to escape me? Hanging is too good for such criminals," cried the infuriated magistrate.

"How could I know, sir," replied Elkins, with sturdy independence, "that the wild animal was your property? the creature was in the high road, and might have come from Mr. Barnard's grounds, or Mr. Dean's, and I killed it; and I do not believe that the Almighty sent what the law calls game, for the exclusive use of the law makers. It is a rank blasphemy to say so. I ran away from you, sir, because I wished to try your speed, and to do you justice you are a capital runner. Hanging matter, ah, ah! It would please you no doubt, but you have to administer the law, and can crush me with a fine, and will do so. I have eight little children; endeavour to starve them—it will be charitable of you."

The pastor looked dreadfully annoyed at the cutting remarks of this specimen of an English yeoman, and remembering his defeat, and the pickle, and the disgrace he had suffered in the eyes of his parishioners, he at once sentenced Elkins to pay a fine of £20, or six months' imprisonment. To which fiat Elkins said, bitterly, "The poor have no one to advocate their cause when oppressed by the rich; they look to their pastors for assistance in distress, but they find that it is not all charity that is preached. This fine will send my children to the workhouse. I plead for them. If I am imprisoned they will starve; for their sakes I beg your mercy."

"I will not alter my decision, your insolence and crime deserves a greater punishment."

The fine was paid by the sale of the poor fellow's chest of tools, but the inhabitants sympathising with the man entered into a subscription and redeemed them. This hard case, as it was supposed by the townspeople, did not stop poaching, for, from that day, the parson's preserves were violated and the game destroyed. In vain large rewards were offered, no informers could be found. The enormous fine inflicted on Elkins is remembered to this day, to the prejudice of the humanity of the rector.

(To be continued.)

BURNING THE DEAD.

A finer instance of that state of things which must exist

"Where beasts with man divided empire claim,"

can hardly be imagined than that furnished at Benguela, a Portuguese possession in South-Western Africa. Dr. Tams, a German author, writes:

"In Benguela, it is the special office of one negro to burn the dead. By the existing laws, this burning cannot take place till after sun-set; and as the burner is quite alone in the cemetery while he is performing his trying duty, in fearful momentary expectation that some wild beast will issue from his retreat and fall upon him, he hurries through his task with as much expedition as possible; but so carelessly and inefficiently was this done, that I often saw him cover the bodies so scantily with dry grass and twigs, that the feet or arms of the corpse projected beyond the pile, without the action of fire seeming to have passed over them. The corpse is laid flat upon the ground, with the feet turned towards the sea. At this extremity, the twigs are first set on fire, because the sea-breeze, which is pretty strong, quickly drives the flames up to the head. As soon as this process has been gone through, the negro hastens to quit his post, and abandons the corpse, which is perhaps hardly touched by the fire, to the mercy of the ravenous beasts, which scarcely leave a trace of the body by the dawn of day. Fragments of gnawed bones and human skulls are everywhere lying about in Calundo; nay, even in every street, and every dilapidated building, such remains are found; and it excites no surprise, if a man on opening his door in the morning, finds upon his threshold a fresh human skull which a hyena has carried there during

the night. These animals are so numerous in Benguela and its environs, that it is no difficult matter to find hundreds of their holes in the space of half an hour; and not a night passes without their proximity being betrayed by their disagreeable howl."

THE GEOMETRICAL ORIGIN OF OUR LANGUAGE.

It must have occurred to every thinking mind, that written, or even spoken language, to be a perfect medium of communication, should not be subject to misapprehension, and that it should be significant of the ideas or things intended to be conveyed to another. But what say some regarding our language? That it is an assemblage of arbitrary signs and conventional meanings put upon forms which have no base in nature, and meanings which have no analogy to the things endeavoured to be conveyed; consequently, this is the reason we so often misunderstand each other, and do not come to any precise conclusions on many of the most important subjects that can engage the human mind.

Language, to be worthy of the ideas we form of Deity, should be equal to its proposed end, which is not only to express our wants and feelings, but also as a means to attain sound reason. To accomplish this, it should be significant of the phenomena of nature, and also of reason, or laws of mind by which we become acquainted with the order displayed in the universe, and through which we get a knowledge of Essence and God.

If, then, these meanings or constructions were purely conventional, I think it will be apparent that they never could effect the purpose language aims at; that many words in common may have acquired a conventional meaning I am not prepared to deny, but when we examine closely, I think it will appear they are few, and that this conventionality is a graft upon what was originally simple, and based in nature, or what I call nature, the phenomena and order displayed in the universe. Some great writers on languages have argued that this primordial, and, if I may be allowed to say it, perfect character of language, may be traced in the Hebrew, Chaldaic, and Arabic languages, but cannot be seen in ours. It is to lead the mind to a better acquaintance with our own tongue, and dispossess it of this vagueness, that I propose to examine the forms of our letters, and endeavour to trace their original meaning. The utility of such a study must strike every mind; reason being the law of order and arrangement, unless our common measure, language, be founded upon that base, in vain shall we attempt to become rational.

I presume, then, God has not left this part of his work to the mere caprice of man, no more than he has left the laws which regulate life to him; nor the beauty and harmony of the universe to the mere opinion ignorance may form of them. No! to every reflecting mind this beauty and order obtains our admiration and assent from the constitution of our nature; these are the everlasting landmarks of divinity. So is it with language; in fact, the universe is the language of God, that by which he speaks to every creature under heaven, and adapted to the nature of its being. From this I contend that our language is a transcript from this universal language.

I propose, also, in the inquiry of the origin of language, to show the immense significance of letters and words in conveying a more accurate acquaintance with the learning and knowledge of the ancients, whereby we may correct many vague notions we form concerning their mythology and early history. It is a practice in schools of any rank to teach the heathen mythology, &c. The loves, the rapes, the murders of the gods are subjects of instruction, accompanied with the assertion that they are all fables. Now why fables should be taught in christian seminaries seems an anomaly. Again, what avails it should we cram our minds with mere dry details of history, whether profane or sacred? it is of little use to us except to flatter our vanity, making us believe we are learned, even when we have no reason or ratio connecting these things with actualities existing around us; but there is a morbid appetite existing regarding such knowledge. We even have an art to assist it: I allude to phrenotypics, or the art of cramming the memory, which I would say assist in obliterating the mental faculties.

This course will always create a vacuum, as it does not satisfy the rational part of our nature. The phenomena of the universe is a display of mind, and the history of man is another display of mind, as exhibited in man; consequently, the knowledge of Canute, Edward I, or Alfred the Great's existence, their marriages, wars, &c., is perfectly useless, unless we connect therewith the amount of mind they exhibited, and what they did to assist in the development of the general mind, or, on the contrary, to retard it. The advancement of the human species to that goal to which we are all aiming, or the perfection of our nature, is alone the object that can hallow the toil which we take upon ourselves after learning and knowledge. That many have motives less noble, we know, but envy not.

To eat, to drink, to pass our life without exertion, or even excite the senses by mere art, however refined and calculated merely for our physical wants and desires, even the more laudable motive of affording means of subsistence, are all minor motives to a rational mind. Seeing then that to satisfy our rational being is the great object of existence, language is a means to this, and is of great importance. The great antiquity of language may be inferred from the many striking analogies we find in it to the original tongues now called dead languages; but when we learn from history the base of our tongue is Saxon, and that the Saxons were an important branch of the German family, and that the Germans are descendants of the ancient Tuetones, and that these Tuetones were of Asiatic origin, it would be foreign to our purpose to trace the steps by which branch of mankind we havebecome what we now find. We appeal to well-known facts of history. Another fact of history may be mentioned —there was a period when men began to separate. This is shown by the Pelasgi in profane history, and by the Peleg of Scripture. Upon another occasion, I propose to show the identity of these two. I only mention them to show the probable origin of all the European languages from one source. We also know from records and remnants of antiquity, that the square form of letters prevailed in Chaldea, Egypt, and India, from the earliest periods; and that the Hieroglyphic, Sanscrit, Arabic, Chinese, and many others, are deviations from this geometric or square form. Now the Pelasgi and Tuetones being separatists, and in fact wanderers, from the more settled states of society, were less likely to corrupt their mode of communication by art than those who had a priesthood who made it a point to conceal their knowledge from the vulgar, as on this depended their power of ruling them in the arbitrary manner they did. The Tuetones were known to possess more freedom, and the spirit of freedom, than any other people, because it was a principle among them that the feelings and desires of our nature ought to form all law of action. Consequently, we find them claiming the right of setting up their rulers, or putting them down; also of regulating their individual families;—their priests could gain no ascendancy over them only in proportion as they addressed their feelings. Their principles prevailing, no doubt led to many disorders; but we find they have been instrumental in the hands of Providence in breaking down the greatest tyrannies of old society, which have often reduced the masses to mere automatons.

All this goes to account for the prevalence of the square form in the European languages; even the Greek partakes largely of this character, they being both of Pelagian and Egyptian origin. The Roman also may be shown to be formed from the same source as the Tuscans; and the Sabines, or Sabeans, whom Job mentions, were of the same stock, and formed the principal of the people who settled early in Rome. Having given a slight sketch how these forms have been preserved, we shall now attempt to give some reasons for their origin. They were, I am disposed to think, first communicated to man by inspired individuals, as Scripture declares, rather than to the accumulated experience of ages, as in the latter case we should be under the necessity of supposing such a period of prior existence before man could have attained to such natural and abstract knowledge, that no authentic history warrants. As to the mythological periods of Hindostan and China, &c., they can now be shown not to relate to the history of man, but are astronomical periods of the courses of the stars and planets, with a feigned association of events taking place on this earth, so that they are to be regarded only in the light of a system of philosophy and religion. First, as regards their mathematical origin depending on the mind, we shall trace them from the data the mathematician deduces his science from—the point and line, and self-evident truths founded upon our mode of consciousness, such as we cannot deny without denying our own sensations and consciousness. Now a point is position simply—from this to some other point let it be granted a line may be drawn, which we cannot deny, as we can conceive such a thing in the mind which is pure, and draw such a thing visibly, which is its sensible representative, consequently imperfect; but our object is to show the most perfect sensible mode of conveying an idea of the entirety of mind and its modes of operating. This fluxing out of the line gives the idea of an actor, agent, an act, also an effect. Speaking of ourselves, this may be thus illustrated: Our consciousness represents the point, the continuation of that consciousness the line, and the bringing this into contact with other existences the effect. Speaking of it as regards Deity, the point would represent Deity, the line His act, and their effect our sensible mode of being conscious of His act. Here then the point, abstractedly considered, is a thing of the mind, and, representatively considered, is analogous to Deity; sensibly represented, it is also the same, it being a circle. Every circle being only a point expanded, a circle, or sphere, contains all form; and as the fusing out of a point creates figure and this identity, so is a point and circle in nature analogous. Now as we have the point, the generator, always accompanied with it

and the line, this is our i, indicative of identity, individuality; the bringing this into sensible existence, which is quite out of mind. We have Λ both flowing from one centre, between the divergence of which double identity is knowledge, and denoted by the mark across the Λ. This is the measure of the angle, and constitutes the all of sensible and mental existence, the great alpha of being, tri-literal in its form and signification. If we expand this letter to its utmost, we have it in its original condition; it becomes the generator of the circle and sphere—another significant symbol. Now with the line I, the Λ, and the circle, we can be enabled to represent identity, every act of identity and effect also. These simple forms, variously compounded, make all our letters expressive of every sentiment, feeling, and act of our mind as well as the phenomena of nature. The A inverted with indicating its line of measures is our V and U joined in the base (knowledge); the first highly expressive of vitality, the other of the use of nature or the universe. This U placed thus ⊏ with the line of identity emanating from its centre, is the Egyptian and our E. How beautifully expressive of efficiency is this letter! Here is the double identity, with knowledge flowing to it, and effecting its purpose; these constitute the vowel sounds, and generating powers for the consonants—sounds and forms conformable to these natural sounds of the human voice, and expressive of man's existence as symbols. We will now turn to the forms and significancy of the consonants. The I of identity joined with its effect or U-niverse becomes P, expressive of power; this, joined with identity going from it, is R, expressive of power radiating. D, or as the Greeks wrote it Δ, is the same expansion of double, being connected in its extremes, indicating that which limits man and the universe definite; the index of definition and demonstration join with I, identity U or V, and we have a significant symbol of that which F-lows: examine the words this letter is in, and we shall perceive this office indicated. G is formed the U carrying the sphere with it, indicative of all gyration returning into itself. This conjoined with O, the sphere of being, and Δ, the definer and demonstrator of being, is a word highly significant of Deity, God. H is the double identity joined, indicating the life, as in heart the seat of life, and head the seat of mind. B is identity united with VV, or UU, by which it indicates boundary and being, for without this double vitality we cannot, in the fullest sense, be said to have being.

K is identity conjoined with V or U (for they both nearly indicate the same), becomes the cronologisca of what the universe gives out the Kronts of time, the marker of time, and in words which mark acts of the universe and beings this letter is used. L is identity, or the flowing out of being in its principal effects—Light—Love—Lege—Law. M is the double identity supporting the U-re of the Universe, indicative of motion, or that which gives motion, as Mind; also something great, as Ma-gnitude. It is a tri-literal letter, indicating the U-niverse, and that which gives being to or upholds the universe, conveying an idea of greatness. N is indicative of the state or condition of being, from V-itality, and Native, an identified vital being in the word Neptune, the vital principal of the waters identified or personified in nature. This letter always signifies the elements or course of the elements, with its vitality. Q is the sphere or existence marked in a particular manner, indicating the circle of being in a particular state, as in quorum, the circle of beings, quiet, quick, quintessence, quantity, all conditions of being. S is the circle opened, or V of Vitality in its ten-fold character, token of external and internal being, represented thus Σ, showing the flow of the spirit; therefore in all words which indicate continuity simply is indicated by this letter. T is identity supporting all identity past and to come, thereby declaring truth; it was originally written †, and was used by the Egyptians as expressive of the elemental state of being. This elemental state of being, united with R (power radiating) and U (the universe), and T again, the elements of our double being H, is one word truth—a symbol highly significant of what truth should be. X is expressive of vitality, flowing out in its two modes, and is peculiarly significant of our being. Y is identity vitalized, as Y, which can be shown to be its office in many words, as in city the vitality of the C-ronus, time and its collective thing. The collective thing Z is only another position of the N, and indicates the place of elemental being, as Zone, Zodiac, Zion; and as N is significant of nativity or birth, so is Z of the place of birth: hence all animals are classed into a science called Zoology. Thus, then, we may perceive that the vowels are peculiarly symbolical of vitality, and the consonants expressive of the modes of that vitality manifesting itself; but I find that I shall transgress the limits allowed me. I hereafter purpose illustrating my position by analysing many words, and by that means bring out the meaning they were intended to convey, and without which knowledge we lose much of the force and beauty of language. It is curious to see this language of ours less corrupted than most European tongues after a lapse of so many ages, now rising again by force of

its native energy, and likely to become the universal language of the world, and the regenerator of man by commerce, science, art, and a pure religion, being extended to all mankind through its instrumentality, triumphing over the thraldoms, superstitions, and subtleties of witty and crafty men. The progressive spirit of divine purpose has ever flowed westward, and must continue so to do until all mankind shall become one, impregnating the east with a vivifying power that shall teach man that every part of his nature must be called into action, and thereby become a truly rational being, capable of contemplating and enjoying the boundless stores the Author of his being has placed within his reach. H. J.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF VALETTA.

On the 5th, to the inexpressible joy of all, we reached Valetta, the entrance to the harbour of which is one of the most stately and agreeable scenes ever admired by sea-sick traveller. The small basin was busy with a hundred ships, from the huge guard ship, which lies there a city in itself; merchantmen loading and crews cheering, under all the flags of the world flaunting in the sunshine; a half score of busy black steamers perpetually coming and going, coaling and painting, and puffing and hissing in and out of harbour; slim men-of-wars' barges shooting to and fro, with long shining oars flashing like wings over the water; hundreds of painted town-boats, with high heads and white awning—down to the little tubs in which some naked, tawny young beggars came paddling up to the steamer, entreating us to let them dive for halfpence. Round this busy blue water rise rocks blazing in sunshine, and covered with every imaginable device of fortification. To the right, St. Elmo, with flag and lighthouse; and opposite, the Military Hospital, looking like a palace; and all round, the houses of the city—for its size the handsomest and most stately in the world. Nor does it disappoint you on a closer inspection, as many a foreign town does. The streets are thronged with a lively, comfortable-looking population; the poor seem to inhabit handsome stone palaces, with balconies and projecting windows of heavy carved stone. The lights and shadows, the cries and stenches, the fruit-shop and fish-stalls, the dresses and clatter of all nations; the soldiers in scarlet, and women in black mantillas; the beggars, boatmen, barrels of pickled herrings and maccaroni; the shovel-hatted priests and bearded capuchins; the tobacco, grapes, onions, and sunshine; the sign-boards, bottle porter stores, the statues of saints and little chapels, which jostle the strangers' eyes as he goes up the famous stairs from the water-gate, make a scene of such pleasant confusion and liveliness as I have never witnessed before. And the effect of the groups of multitudinous actors in this busy, cheerful drama, is heightened as it were by the decorations of the stage. The sky is delightfully brilliant; all the houses and ornaments are stately; castles and palaces are rising all round; and the flag, towers, and walls of Fort St. Elmo look as fresh and magnificent as if they had been erected only yesterday.

Review.

Pictorial History of America, from its discovery by the Northmen to the present time. By John Frost, A.M.

At a moment when the United States claim to rank among the great nations of the earth—when, having artfully secured one vast territory, they impudently lay claim to another—it may not be less useful than it will assuredly be entertaining to trace the rise and progress of these arrogant and greedy pretenders. A history, therefore, of America, from an American hand, must be welcomed by politicians of all parties, and readers of every class. That now before us, of which two numbers only have appeared, beside the recommendation of cheapness, is illustrated with numerous engravings; and by their means a vast variety of memorable scenes and striking objects are brought before the eye, so as to produce a more instantaneous impression on the mind than could be derived from the most careful and elaborate description, unaided by the pencil of the artist.

In the progress of the work, it is not unlikely we may differ on some points from the opinions of the writer, on which we shall animadvert with our wonted frankness and independence; but at this moment we have to perform the more agreeable task of speaking to the capital style in which (its price remembered) the book has been brought out. The paper is unexceptionably good, the type fresh and clear, and the working off does credit to Willoughby and Co.

Many readers have yet to learn that Columbus was not the first discoverer of the American continent. The narrative which our author gives of its discovery, is curious and valuable, because it is authentic. From this, therefore, we make an extract:

"The honour of making it effectively known to the inhabitants of the Old World unquestionably belongs to Columbus. From his glory as the great discoverer, it would be unjust in the slightest degree to detract. But the claim to a prior dis-

covery, urged in favour of the Northmen, and never relinquished by the Icelandic scholars, has recently been revived by the Royal Society of Antiquaries at Copenhagen, and supported by such weighty testimony, that it is now treated with respect by most historical writers. The facts, as recorded by the Icelandic authorities, cited by the Danish antiquaries, in their recently published volume, are briefly these:—In the spring of the year 986, Eric Rauda, that is Eric the Red, emigrated from Iceland to Greenland, and formed a settlement there called Brattalid, at a place named from himself Ericsfiord. Among those who accompanied him was Heriulf Bardson, who established himself at a place which still bears the name of Heriulfness. Heriulf had a son named Biarne, Biorne, or (in some modern writers) Biron. Biarne was absent on a trading voyage in Norway, when his father accompanied Eric to Greenland. Returning to Iceland in the course of the summer, and finding his father gone, he sailed in pursuit of him, though wholly ignorant of the navigation between Greenland and Iceland. His vessel was soon enveloped in fogs; and after many days' sailing, he knew not whither he had been carried. When the fog cleared up, the voyagers found themselves sailing with a south-west wind, and saw land to the left. It was without mountains, overgrown with woods, and rose in several gentle elevations. As it did not correspond with the descriptions of Greenland, the country of which they were in search, they left it to larboard, and continued sailing for two days, when they saw another land, which was flat and overgrown with wood. From thence they stood out to sea, and sailed three days with a south-west wind, when they saw a third land which was high and mountainous, and covered with glaciers. Coasting along its shore, they discovered that it was an island. They bore away from it without landing, and after four days' sailing with fresh gales, reached Heriulfness in Greenland. Such is the tradition of Biarne's voyage in 986. He appears to have been carried by a north-east wind and currents far to the south till he struck the coast of America; and thence, with an opposite wind, stretched along the coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador, till he reached his destination in Greenland. Biarne is stated not to have landed on the continent of America. Some time after this, probably in 994, Biarne made a visit to Eric, earl of Norway; and gave him an account of his voyage, and of the unknown land he had seen. He was censured by the earl, for not having explored the region. On his return to Greenland, a voyage of exploration was determined upon. Leif, a son of Eric the Red, for this purpose bought Biarne's ship, and put on board a crew of twenty-five men, among whom was a German, named Tyrker, who had long been attached to the family of Eric. They sailed in the year 1000, and came first to the land which had been last discovered by Biarne. Here they landed. No grass was visible; the shore was lined with icebergs, and the intermediate space between them and the water was one continuous stratum of slate. This substance is called Hella, in the Icelandic tongue, and hence the region was named Helluland. This must have been Newfoundland or Labrador. The voyagers now put out to sea from Helluland, and descried another land, where they also went on shore. It was level, covered with wood, and presented a front of white sand bluffs. This they called Markland or Woodland. It is supposed to have been the coast of Nova Scotia. Again, standing out to sea, they sailed for two days, with a north-east wind, before they saw land again. They then came to an island, east of the main, and entered a channel between this island and a promontory projecting in an easterly (or northerly) direction from the main land. They sailed westward; there was much land left dry at ebb tide. Afterwards, they went on shore at a place where a river, issuing from a lake, fell into the sea. They brought their ship into the river, thence into the lake, and there anchored. Here they first constructed temporary huts; but having determined to pass the winter, they erected more permanent buildings, which they called Leifsbuthir, Leif's booths or huts. Thus established, Leif divided his company into two parties, whose business it was alternately to watch the settlements and to explore the country. It happened one day that Tyrker, the German, was missing, and as Leif set a great value upon the youth, on account of his skill in various arts, he sent his followers in search of him in every direction. When they at last found him, he began to speak to them in the Teutonic language, with many extravagant signs of joy. They at last made out to understand him in the North tongue, that he had found in the vicinity vines bearing wild grapes. He led them to the spot, and they brought to their chief a quantity of the grapes which they had gathered. At first, Leif doubted whether they were really that fruit; but the German assured him that he was well acquainted with it, being a native of the southern wine countries. Leif, thereupon, named the country Vinland or Wineland. After passing the winter at this spot, Leif and his party returned to Greenland, in the spring. The island above-mentioned

is supposed by the editor of the *Antiquitates Americanæ* to have been Nantucket; and the region called Vinland the states of Massachusetts and Rhode Island. The length of the shortest day here, so far as it can be made out from the obscure passage of the narrative in which it is recorded, confirms this opinion. On his return to Greenland, Leif's discovery was the object of much inquiry; and Thorwald, his brother, borrowing Leif's vessel, undertook another voyage in the same direction, in the year 1002, determined to explore the country further in a southern direction. They reached Vinland before winter, which they passed at Leif's booths, employing themselves in fishing. In the spring of 1003, a party was sent by Thorwald, in the ship's long-boat, to explore the country to the south. They passed the summer in this employment, and found the country beautiful and well wooded, with a narrow belt of sand between the forest and the sea. They also encountered many shallows and islands. They found no traces of men, except a shed upon an island lying to the westward. In the spring of 1004, Thorwald sailed out to the eastward, in the large ship, and then northward, past a remarkable headland, enclosing a bay, and which was opposite to another headland. They called this Cape of Kiarlaness. Doubling this cape they skirted the shores and crossed the inlets till they came to a projecting promontory covered with wood. This spot charmed Thorwald; he exclaimed, 'This is a beautiful spot, and here I should like to fix my dwelling.' As they were preparing to go on board they noticed three canoes on the beach, and under each canoe three Skrœlings or dwarfs, which is the name given by the Northmen to the Esquimaux. A contest ensued, and eight of the nine Skrœlings were killed. The ninth fled into the interior of the bay, from whence he soon returned with a vast number of his countrymen. The party of Thorwald retreated to their vessel and sheltered themselves behind its bulwarks; but Thorwald himself was mortally wounded by an arrow under his arm. Perceiving the wound to be fatal, he said to his companions, 'I now advise you to prepare for your departure as soon as possible; but me ye shall bring to the promontory where I thought it good to dwell. It may be that it was a prophetic word which fell from my mouth, about abiding there for a season. There shall ye bury me, and plant a cross at my head and another at my feet, and call the place Krossaness in all coming time.' They obeyed this command. Returning to Leif's booths, they passed the winter there, and the following spring went back to Greenland. The keel-cap, in the opinion of the editor of the *Antiquitates Americanæ*, is Cape Cod; and the promontory called Krossaness from the fate of Thorwald, is either the Gurnet opposite Plymouth, or Point Alderton, in Boston harbour. In the season following these events, Thornstein, the third son of Eric, embarked with his wife Gudrida, in search of the body of Thorwald, which they wished to bring back to Greenland. The voyage was unsuccessful. They were tossed about all summer, and knew not whither they were driven. It was winter before they made the western coast of Greenland, where Thornstein died. In the spring, Gudrida, his wife, returned to the family seat at Ericsfiord. The following year, 1006, is of importance in the history of these expeditions. In the summer of this year, there arrived in Greenland two ships from Iceland. The one was commanded by Thorfinn, surnamed Karlsefne, that is, the Hopeful, a wealthy and powerful personage, of illustrious lineage, descended from Danish, Norwegian, Swedish, Irish, and Scottish ancestors, some of whom were of royal rank. The other ship was commanded by Bisrne Grimolfson and Thorhall Gamlason. They kept the festival of Yule (Christmas) at Ericsfiord. Here Thorfinn became enamoured of Gudrida, and espoused her in the course of the winter. The discoveries in Vinland were the subject of great interest in the family of Eric. Thorfinn was urged by his wife and the other members of the family to undertake a voyage to the newly-discovered country. Accordingly, in the spring of 1007, he and his associates embarked in their two vessels; and a third ship, commanded by Thorwald (who had married Freydisa, a natural daughter of Eric), was joined to the expedition. The party consisted, in the whole, of one hundred and forty men. They took with them all kinds of live stock, intending, if possible, to colonise the country. They touched at Helluland, on their way southward, and found many foxes there. Markland also they found stocked with wild animals. Proceeding southward, the voyagers made Kiarlaness (Cape Cod), and passed trackless deserts and long tracts of sandy beach, which they called Furdustrandir. They continued their course until they came to a place, where a frith penetrated far into the country, Off the mouth of it was an island, past which there ran strong currents, which was also the case farther up the frith. On the island there were an immense number of eyder-ducks, so that it was scarcely possible to walk without treading upon their eggs. They called the island Straumey or Stream Isle (Martha's Vineyard), and the frith, Straum Fiords or Stream Frith (Buzzard's Bay); and on its shores they landed and made preparations

for a winter's residence. They found the country extremely beautiful, and set themselves to explore it in all directions. Thorhall, with a party of eight men, took a course northward, in search of the settlements of Leif, at Vinland; but they were driven by westerly gales to the coast of Iceland, and there made slaves. Thorfinn, with the rest of the company, in all one hundred and thirty-one men, sailed southward, and arrived at a place where a river falls into the sea from a lake. Opposite to the mouth of the river were large islands. They steered into the lake and called the place Hop (Mount Hope Bay). On the low grounds they found fields covered with wheat growing wild, and on the rising grounds, vines. Here they were visited by great numbers of the natives in canoes. These people are described as sallow-coloured, ill-looking, with unsightly heads of hair, large eyes, and broad cheeks. Thorfinn and his company erected their houses a little above the bay, and passed the winter there. No snow fell, and the cattle found their food in the open field. In the following spring, 1008, the natives began to assemble in numbers, and open a trade with the strangers. The articles exchanged were furs on the one side, and strips of cloth on the other. In the course of the season, Gudrida, the wife of Thorfinn, gave birth to a son, who was called Snorre, and who was the first child, of European descent, born in America, and the ancestor of many distinguished personages at the present day, whose descent is lineally traced to Thorfinn and Gudrida, in the Icelandic genealogical tables. Among these are professor Finn Magnussen, a native Icelander, now resident at Copenhagen, one of the most distinguished Icelandic scholars of the day, and the immortal sculptor, Thorwaldsen. After other adventures and contests with the natives, Thorfinn returned to Greenland, leaving a part of his company established in the new country. After a few years spent in Greenland, Thorfinn purchased an estate in Iceland, in 1015, where he passed the rest of his life, as did Snorre, his American son. After the death of Thorfinn, and the marriage of her son, Gudrida made a pilgrimage to Rome. The family remained distinguished for wealth, influence, and intelligence. Thorlak, the grandson of Snorre, was raised to the episcopal rank, and was of great repute for his learning. He compiled a code of the ecclesiastical law of Iceland, which is still extant; and he is very likely to have been the person who committed to writing the *Sagas*, or traditions of the voyages and adventures of which the foregoing narrative is an abstract. In the year 1011, the colony in Vinland left by Thorfinn, was joined by Helge and Finaboge, two brothers from Iceland, who were accompanied in their voyage by Thorwald, and his wife Freydisa, a daughter of Eric the Red. This woman excited a quarrel, which proved fatal to about thirty of the colonists. Detested for her vices, she was constrained to return to Greenland, where she lived despised and died unlamented. Towards the end of the reign of Olaf, the Saint (1026), an Icelander, named Gudleif, embarked for Dublin. The vessel being driven by boisterous winds far from its direct course, towards the south-west, approached an unknown shore. He and the crew were soon seized by the natives, and carried into the interior. Here, however, to their great surprise, they were accosted by a venerable chief in their own language, who inquired after some individuals in Iceland. He refused to tell his name; but as he sent a present of a gold ring to Thurida, the sister of Snorre Gode, and a sword for her son, no doubt was entertained that he was the Scald (Bard) Biorn, who had been her lover, and who had left Iceland nearly thirty years before that time (998). The natives were described as of a red colour and cruel to strangers; indeed, it required the influence of the friendly chief to rescue Gudleif and his companions from destruction. From this period, we hear no more of the northern colony in America till the year 1059, when an Irish or Saxon priest, named Jon or John, who had preached some time as a missionary in Iceland, went to Vinland for the purpose of converting the colonists to Christianity, where he was murdered by the heathens. A bishop of Greenland, Eric, afterwards (1121) undertook the same voyage, for the same purpose, but his success is uncertain. The authenticity of the Icelandic account of the discovery and settlement of Vinland, were recognised in Denmark, shortly after this period, by king Svend Estrithson, Sweno II, in a conversation which Adam of Bremen had with this monarch. In the latter part of the fourteenth century, two Venetian navigators, sailing in the service of a Norman prince of the Orcades, are said to have visited Vinland, and to have found traces of the colony left by the Northmen. From that time to the discovery of the new world by Columbus, there was no communication—none at least that is known—between it and the north of Europe. This circumstance, says Dunham, has produced many to doubt of facts which have already been related. If, they contend, North America were really discovered and repeatedly visited by the Icelanders, how came a country so fertile in comparison with that island or with Greenland, or even Norway, to be so suddenly abandoned? This is certainly a difficulty, but a greater

one in our opinion is involved in the rejection of all the evidence that has been adduced. The history is not founded upon one tradition or record, but upon many; and it is confirmed by a variety of collateral and incidental facts, as well established as any of the contemporary relations upon which historical inquirers are accustomed to rely. For relations so numerous, so uniform, for circumstance, so naturally and so graphically described, there must have been some foundation. Even fiction does not invent, it only exaggerates. There is nothing improbable in the alleged voyages. The Scandinavians were the best navigators in the world. From authentic and indubitable testimony, we know that their ships visited every sea, from the Mediterranean to the Baltic, from the extremity of the Finland Gulf to the entrance of Davis's Straits. Men thus familiar with distant seas must have made a greater progress in the science of navigation than we generally allow. The voyage from Reykiavik, in Iceland, to Cape Farewell, is not longer than that from the south-western extremity of Iceland—once well colonised—to the eastern coast of Labrador. But does the latter country itself exhibit in modern times any vestiges of a higher civilisation than we should expect to find if no European had ever visited it? So at least the Jesuit missionaries inform us. They found the cross, a knowledge of the stars, a superior kind of worship, a more ingenious mind, among the inhabitants of the coast which is thought to have been colonized in the dialect of the people. The causes which led to the destruction of the settlement were probably similar to those which produced the same effect in Greenland. A handful of colonists, cut off from all communication with the mother country, and consequently deprived of the means for repressing their savage neighbours, could not be expected to preserve always their original characteristics. They would either be exterminated by hostilities or driven to amalgamate with the natives: probably both causes led to the unfortunate result. The only difficulty in this subject is that which we have before mentioned, viz.: the sudden and total cessation of all intercourse with Iceland or Greenland; and even this must diminish when we remember that in the fourteenth century the

Norwegian colony in Greenland disappeared in the same manner, after a residence in the country of more than three hundred years. On weighing the preceding circumstances and the simple and natural language in which they are recorded, few men not born in Italy or Spain will deny to the Scandinavians the claim of having been the original discoverers of the New World. Even Robertson, imperfectly acquainted as he was with the links in this chain of evidence, dared not wholly to reject it. Since his day, the researches of the northern antiquaries, and a more attentive consideration of the subject, have caused most writers to mention it with respect."

Other editions of this history have been announced, but none of them have the original illustrations but the one before us. Many of these have great merit. We subjoin one which refers to the history of Captain Smith, inserted in the last number of THE MIRROR.

The Gatherer.

Music.—"In music, as in the other arts, a person may be very accomplished," saith an eminent writer, "but a very indifferent instructor therein. The two qualifications seem, most unaccountably, to run in opposite directions; but when they chance to meet, if only in a second rate degree, the one is such a help to the other, in imparting the elements and practice, that combined they render the individual pre-eminent in his avocation, and a person highly to be estimated as a master of the science." —To these points, and good morals, should all parents and guardians, and every one look, in making choice of masters for those under their peculiar care.

Pedantry.—Pedantry is the spirit of a pedagogue: and the most polished and accomplished pedagogue the world ever saw, was my lord Chesterfield. His letters to his son have whipped more learning and true knowledge out of men, than all the stiff-necked coxcomical pedagogues in the world.

International Peace.—Peace is the great cause of human nature; it is the great secret of prosperity to all nations, collectively and individually; it is, therefore, the common policy of all.—*Wm. Smyth.*

Thoughts of the Moment.—A man would do well to carry a pencil in his pocket and write down the thoughts of the moment. Those that come unsought for are commonly the most valuable, and should be secured, because they seldom return.—*Bacon.*

Lost Time.—Lost wealth may be restored by industry—the wreck of health regained by temperance—forgotten knowledge restored by study—alienated friendship smoothed into forgetfulness—even forfeited reputation won by penitence and virtue; but whoever again looked upon his vanished hours—recalled his slighted years, stamped them with wisdom, or effaced from Heaven's record the fearful blot of wasted time.—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

The Physician's Cane.—It was formerly the practice among the physicians to use a cane with a hollow head, the top of which was of gold, pierced with holes like a pepper-box. This top contained a small quantity of aromatic powder, or of snuff; and on entering a house or room where a disease, supposed to be infectious, prevailed, the doctor would strike his cane on the floor to agitate the powder, and then apply it to his nose. Hence all the old prints of physicians represent them with a cane at their nose.

Genuine Eloquence.—One man whom I saw sitting on the ground, leaning his back against the wall, attracted my attention by a degree of squalour in his appearance, which I had rarely before observed in Ireland. His clothes were ragged to indecency—a very common circumstance, however, with the males—and his face was pale and sickly. He did not address me, and I passed by; but having gone a few paces, my heart smote me, and I turned back. "If you are in want," said I, with some degree of peevishness, "why do you not beg?"—"Sure, it is begging I am," was the reply. —"You did not utter a word."—"No! is it looking you are with me, sir? Look there!" holding up the tattered remnant of what had once been a coat, "do you see how the skin is speaking through the holes of my trousers, and the bones crying out through my skin? Look at my sunken cheeks, and the famine that's staring in my eyes! Man alive, isn't it begging I am, with a hundred tongues?"—*Leitch Ritchie's Ireland.*

Colonel Blood.—Few persons are acquainted with the fact, that the famous Colonel Blood, who attempted to steal the regalia from the Tower, desirous of concealing himself for some years before the attempt, settled his wife and son at Romford, in an apothecary's shop, by the name of Weston, turned doctor himself, and practised for some time, under the name of Ayliffe.

Application.—Application is the quick eye of discernment, and the ready hand of action; the spur to good enduring resolutions, and the forerunner of certain success.

H. A. Burstall, Printer, 2, Tavistock-street, Strand.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

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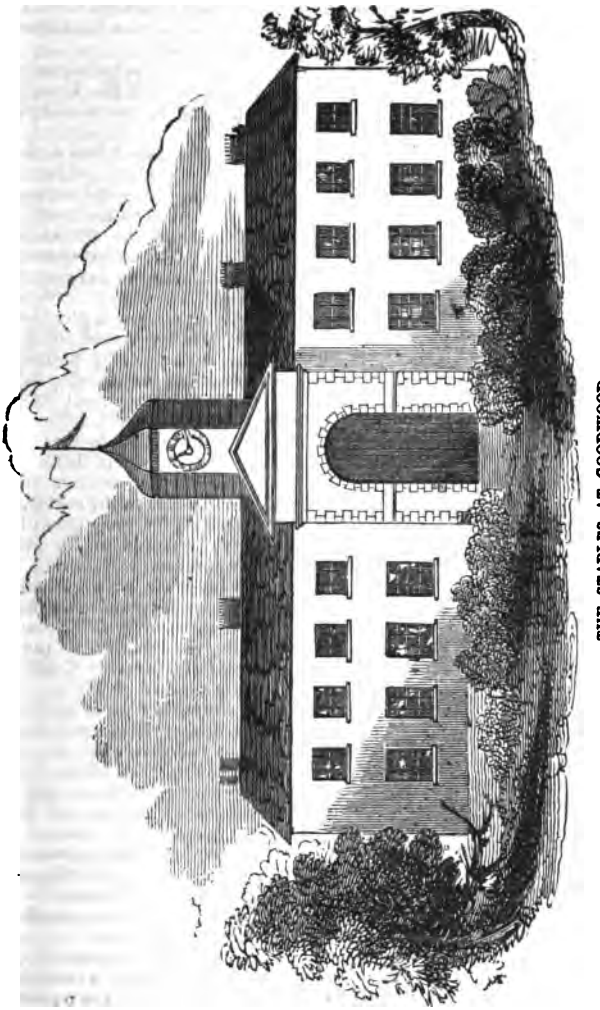

THE STABLES AT GOODWOOD.

THE STABLES OF GOODWOOD.

Journeying in the land of the Houyhnhnms, and having fallen into their hands, or hoofs, perhaps it would be more correct to say, the accomplished and singularly veritable Gulliver writes, "we came to a long kind of building made of timber, stuck in the ground, and wattled across; the roof was low, and covered with straw. I now began to be a little comforted, and took out some toys, which travellers usually carry for presents to the savage Indians of America, and other parts, in hopes the people of the house would be thereby encouraged to receive me kindly. The horse (his conductor) made me a sign to go in

first. It was a large room with a smooth clay floor, and a rack and manger extending the whole length on one side. There were three nags and two mares, not eating, but some of them sitting down upon their hams. Beyond this room there were three others, reaching the length of the house."

The description above quoted of a horse's dwelling in the country, where horses were lords of the soil, by no means comes up to the palace-like structure which opulence has raised for the comfort and repose of those noble quadrupeds at Goodwood. This will at once be seen in the view we give of the stables—the appropriate *pendant* to the lordly mansion which furnished a cut for our last number.

The Goodwood races are constantly rising in the estimation of the Londoners, as, by means of the railroads, the scene of action can be reached from year to year so much more expeditiously than formerly. To the left of the mansion the stables are placed, and both will be found in the midst of a noble domain. Apart from the main object which the lovers of racing have in view, the ride from town, and the scene which awaits the inhabitant of the metropolis when he reaches his destination, largely repay the toil and expense that must first be encountered. An able writer on the occasion of the last Goodwood meeting thus rationally but enthusiastically delivers himself:—"That mortal had been indeed ungrateful who, locally placed as ourselves, had desired any other abode than his own planet on the days of the unequalled Goodwood meeting. Never sun beamed more brightly than that which disclosed the beauties of art and nature on the table-land of gorgeous beauty, 'ycleped the race-course, as we surmounted the summit of the mountain whereon it stands (which we did just as the coursers were preparing to run for 'the Craven')—the effect of the *coup d'œil* was *unique* in the calendar of sights. The extent of the prospect alone was worth much; the country now clothed in its richest luxuriance, the bold winding and circular sweep of the coast of the Isle of Wight traced like a map at our feet, the noble domain of the Lennox within our more immediate ken, these claimed at first much of our admiration. The brilliant racing, the show of the best horses in the world, the splendid equipages, the rank and wealth abounding, and the galaxy of beauty displayed in the Grand Stand, soon fixed it within the arena of this the most peculiar and picturesque race-course in England.

"If anything be set to a wrong taste
'Tis not the meat here, but the mouth's displaced;
Remove but that sick palate, *all* is well."

THE SMUGGLER OF FOLKSTONE.

A TALE OF TRUTH AND FICTION.

By Edward Portwine.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The rector of Goodsalt, in inflicting a large a penalty on the poor carpenta strained the chord beyond its tension, an the consequence was an increased preva lence of poaching.

We frequently perceive, in reference t other infractions of the laws, that an ex treme penalty by no means deters fro crime.

The worthy priest had a deep interes in the late game of cricket played on Sand gate Plain, and it will be recollected th he was present with his ward—Miss Bu ton. The chagrin he felt at the termina tion of the sports was extreme, and h asked Mr. Dean, a few days after the matc the cause of the disaster. When informe that Poynder refused to play, he recollecte that his mother rented land under th squire, and the worthy pair consulted to gether on some means of punishment fo this youth's presumption. It was impos sible that Dean could injure the widow after a promise had been given to Mi Johnson that he would think no more o the affair of the cricket match. Th squire hinted this to the rector. This ge tleman mused for some time; he then le his friend, repaired to his steward, an having given him instructions, returned t the drawing-room with an ineffable smi of charity on his handsome features.

The next morning, as Edmund Poynd was giving the last tints to the portrait o the beautiful Margaret Cumlin, he pe ceived the steward of Mr. C——— admi ing the beautiful flowers in the garden be fore the cottage. His surprise was great, h could not conceive what the gentleman business could be, as his mother regular paid the parson his tithes and was a goo churchwoman. He was not left long i doubt. Mr. Walker entered the studi with an air of great politeness, and in quired after the health of his parent, whic that parent answered herself, having pe ceived the gentleman as he walked throug the garden to the house.

"I believe, Mrs. Poynder," commence Mr. Walker, bowing respectfully, "yo occupy some land in the parish of Good salt."

"I do, sir."

"Bless my soul," cried the steward, tak ing a pinch of snuff, "I wonder I could forget that circumstance, but it is a strange oversight—there are about six acres, more or less, madam, I believe, are there not?"

"I believe there are, sir."

"Well to be sure," rejoined the parson's

man, diving into the recesses of a leathern pocket book, "and I not to know this, after residing in Goodsalt for nineteen years. I have—" here the functionary slightly coughed, "a leetle demand on you, widow Poynder, for arrears of tithes for nineteen years, on this six acres of land, amounting to—"

"What, sir," screamed the widow, "I have regularly paid my tithes, and to you every year, and I possess the receipts, which I can show you."

"Oh yes, madam," replied Mr. Walker, with great urbanity, "you have paid me every year, but that was for property over the water, and *not* in Goodsalt, which, by a strange oversight, I have neglected to collect. I must, therefore, trouble you for the amount." Here the steward handed to the widow his demand.

The poor woman sat like a statue, petrified and unable to speak, and Edmund did not appear to understand the purport of the demand. The feeling emissary, perceiving he had astonished both, rose and said, with studied politeness, "I will call on you in three days, Mrs. Poynder, for an answer to the application. I wish you good morning;" saying which he departed. The mother and son sat regarding each other in silence. At length the widow burst into a passionate flood of tears, and declared herself a ruined woman, and that she could not survive the robbery perpetrated by the clergyman she had sat under so many years, while Edmund felt this demand as a part of the vengeance of Dean. If the sum was recoverable by the parson, it would inflict a serious injury on his own and his mother's prospects. He proceeded to examine the receipts for previous years, and found "land" specified. They were receipts for "tithes on land" in the occupation of his parent. After endeavouring to sooth his mother's feelings, he proceeded to the residence of some influential friends, and one and all shook their heads and recommended payment, for they said, "remember poor Elkins, and recollect the parson's wealth. You cannot go to law with such a man, even if his demand be unjust, and we dare say it is. It may be. Nineteen years' arrears is certainly a long time for an account to run, but he may be right, and it would be worse if not paid."

Such was the advice Edmund received from the mayor of the town down to the industrious tradesman, which amounted to this, "that you must submit to be shamefully robbed, because you have no power to prevent it; and as it is perpetrated by a clergyman it becomes sanctified."

Edmund returned home with a bitter feeling that this injustice was sought because of his independent conduct at the cricket match, and yet he had no power to avert the blow but by borrowing the cash, and this his proud spirit would not submit to. It was true that by a line or word he could obtain the money, but to avow himself and parent so poor and not able to pay this sum was madness. He found his mother in tears when he entered the room, and she eagerly asked the result of his inquiries, which were soon and sadly told. She dried her eyes, threw on her shawl and bonnet, and repaired to the residence of the pastor, whom she found inexorable, and determined to enforce payment on the day named by the steward. The mother came back to her house an altered woman. For the first time she doubted the goodness of Providence—for the first time she complained, and bitterly too, of HIS decrees as exhibited through THIS minister. She wept no more, sternness superseded infirmity of purpose, and she resolved to pay the demand, if the workhouse should be her portion. This could only be done by sacrificing the cattle on her grounds, which were fattening for the rent, and yet she courageously looked the evil in its face. The cattle were disposed of, which left the grounds bare, and the parson was paid his arrears. This payment reduced the widow to poverty, and compelled her to leave her family pew in the parish church, in which she sat as a girl, as a bride, and a mother, for forty years, for she could never believe a man who while preaching peace perpetrated such acts of injustice and oppression. This clergyman was a tool in the hands of another, but this fact does not lessen the immorality of the action. Oh, that there can be such men in the church who thus disgrace tolerant and blessed doctrines inculcated by our own holy religion.

This unexpected blow was felt severely by Edmund and his mother, who, after struggling some time, were obliged to give up their land. This was what the squire and parson desired. Then their pretty cottage was abandoned. In consequence of these misfortunes, Edmund appeared but little in public; and after seeing his mother in a humble abode, suddenly left his native, his much loved home, to enter on new scenes, peopled with good and bad, the clever and the imbecile.

CHAPTER XXIX.

After the successful adventure under Dover Cliffs, the smuggler band, with their daring leader, affected little or no concealment. Thousands of kegs and myriads of bales, the produce of France and the eastern world, were run on this coast, and sold in the interior at enormous profits. In mid-day smugglers have landed their car-

goes under the protection of the band, which daily increased in number and wealth. In fact, there was no preventing this illicit traffic; the force was ridiculously ineffective. Two-thirds of the inhabitants from Margate to Land's End were engaged in this profitable speculation, and those the most loud in their condemnation of smuggling frequently had the greatest venture. In Dover, Folkstone, and Hythe, the heads of the corporation and the magistrates ventured their capital; and at this period, the close of the peninsular war, waggons full of ankers of brandy were perceived at all hours leaving the coast in defiance of the revenue officers, who, it was said, were handsomely bribed by Cumlin. Practices like these began to injure the fair trader, and complaints were constantly reaching the government, yet so crippled was the executive that they could neither spare men nor shipping to suppress the contraband traffic on the shores of Kent. Many individuals now living in affluence can date their rise from obscurity to this period. Hundreds of names could be placed on record in the towns before alluded to who suddenly became independent, and few could tell the cause. Of many it was whispered, who now live on their property in the town of Hythe, Folkstone, and Dover, that they had found money in the bowels of the earth, or on the sea-shore, when the foundation of their wealth was smuggling, and yet, by a refinement of hypocrisy, they were the loudest in their abuse of it. To such a height had this traffic attained, that the Lapwing and her brave crew were openly defied, even on her own element, by armed luggers carrying metal of enormous calibre for their slight tonnage. These boats were commanded by a tall, powerful man, who appeared like a will-o'-the-wisp, one night fighting the revenue-cutters on the deep waters, and as if by magic escaping, running his long boats on shore, and transporting cargoes of silks and brandies into the interior. Often have the Lapwings been out-manœuvred by the genius before-named in broad daylight or in the depths of night. Sometimes they have been permitted to approach luggers and to board them, when, to their great chagrin, they have not found anything on which they could lay their hands for the benefit of his majesty's exchequer; while they have been pursuing this boat, another has been landed without opposition. And although our navy was riding in the channel at the time of this traffic, yet no captures of any magnitude took place, which indicated the power and skill of that man who conducted the whole system, and so successfully, that it had grown into a proverb that "Cumlin's luck was superior to the king's."

It was in March, 1815, that two lugg[ers] appeared at the close of the evening [off] Seabrook; these boats were manned b[y a] number of the secret band. The rev[enue] officers were apprised of this run by Cap[-] tain Sarson and the officer on the stati[on] at Dungeness. They were compelled [to] attend. This information was conveyed by some traitor in the band, and the g[al]lant captain availed himself of the circum[-] stance to attempt a capture. The cutt[er] were perceived by Gettings cruising [off] their stations as if unsuspicious of the ven[-] ture. The smugglers arrived, about [the] in number appeared, and the work co[m]- menced, when the sharp crack of a pist[ol] was heard from under the shorn cliff, [and] the next moment the crew of the cutt[er] with the revenue officers, appeared on [the] beach. Cumlin commanded the band, [and] Captain Sarson the officers; the form[er] hastily placed a mask on his face, and gav[e] a signal of danger, when the work was [in]- stantly suspended, and a hundred cutlas[ses] gleamed in the darkness of night.

"In the name of the king I seize the goods," cried Sarson, in a commanding tone.

"And pray, what right has his most gra[-] cious majesty to this property, and wh[at] are you that thus dare intrude here to seize other men's goods?" answered Cum[-] lin.

"Daring freebooter, your hour of reck[-] oning is come; Lapwings, seize that out[-] law," shouted the officer.

Twenty men sprang forward to effect this order amongst the band; the young officer appeared in the van. The smug[-] glers, true to discipline, taught them amidst so many dangers, ranged themselves in file by their leader. When, therefore, the officers dashed forward, they found themselves opposed to men who knew the fearful penalty of being taken in arms, and they were resolved to die rather than their beloved leader should be taken. Steel clashed against steel; the Lapwings and the crew of his majesty's cutter Star[-] ling fought with bull-dog courage to cut their way to the smuggler. Cumlin had not unsheathed his rapier; he contented himself with directing the melée. The land revenue officers being unarmed, did not take any part in the fray. The action which commenced on the "full," now reached the water's edge, and many a deep wound was given and received by both parties. The force of the smugglers was superior to the officers, but their discipline and cause being inferior, at least so thought the sailors, made them about equal. The affair had now become serious; more than a dozen men lay wounded or dying on the strand. Sarson behaved with great valour and courage. More than once he ende[-]

vessel to reach the daring smuggler, who stood soaring above his band, calmly directing the whole in his deep voice. At length, perceiving his men falling around him, he drew his rapier, shouting, "On to the sea-dogs," and dashed into the fray. Fearfully glared the eyes of that extraordinary man, as he lifted high in air his fine Damascus. One sweep of his sword cut down several of the foremost Lapwings, who fell dreadfully wounded. Wherever the eyes of Cumlin glared, the men looked on them but once, and then fled in panic at their extraordinary brilliancy. Sarson and the smuggler met at last.

"Be you man or demon, I fear you not," cried the officer, as their swords crossed each other.

"I desire not your blood," replied Cumlin, with a touch of compassion; "therefore, retire with thy men."

"Never! I will not call my men off until I have crushed this dangerous band. Surrender, then, in the king's name."

"Ah, ah, what magic do you suppose there is in his most sacred majesty's name, that you again invoke it? It may scare fools or children, but not a man that has faced a thousand dangers. Give way there!" saying which, his eyes appeared like coals of fire through his mask as his rapier descended on the guard of the young officer. Sarson, although an athletic and powerful man, in the prime of life, with great muscular development, fell like an ox struck with the fatal pole-axe. The smuggler strode over his body, and dashed on the Lapwings with his well-known shout. They gave way before that desperate man, and retired in confusion. When his own band were frightened at the fearful appearance of their leader, whom they had only perceived at the council and the festive board with admiration, but never in conflict, when the furious passions of his nature were roused. They gazed upon him as something unearthly or demoniac while the affair lasted, and although but few minutes sufficed to decide the fight, yet in that brief space of time he had scattered, with his own bright gleaming steel, nearly the whole crews of two cutters, and with one blow he had defeated the most renowned man for physical strength known in that part of the country. The groans of the wounded and the dying were now heard above the roaring of the sea; the smugglers rapidly removed their men and cargo, and the crews of the cutters returned to the beach to ascertain their loss without making any further effort to resist the interesting contrabandists. Twelve men were severely wounded; amongst these were Captain Sarson, who exhibited a severe cut on the right shoulder, in consequence of his sword breaking when struck by the stalwart arm of Cumlin. These men were removed to Deal hospital, where two died of their wounds. Sarson recovered, and again commanded his beautiful craft.

This affair was duly reported to government, and a large reward was offered by large placards along the coast for the apprehension of Edgar Cumlin. As soon as these broadsides appeared, the smugglers erased them and substituted another, offering double the reward to any man who dared obey the government. This bravado was not to be borne, and the smuggler was obliged to pass the Channel, leaving his band under the orders of his lieutenant. But Cumlin was as often a denizen of his own cottage as he was of St. Maloes.

(To be continued.)

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

Hail, Bishop Valentine! whose day this is;
All the air is thy diocese,
And all the chriping choristers,
And other birds, are they parishioners.
Donne.

On this day, from time immemorial, all those who had reached the age of indiscretion considered the time had arrived for them to fall in love. How many metaphorical monograms were in olden times sent to favoured Valentines? How many charming Cupids crept from cabbage-roses, and hovering over hearts filled with double-headed arrows, uttered their piteous plainings? With regard to these observances, we speak in the past tense, for though anonymous letters, purporting to be valentines, are still sent on this day, their most general feature is a spirit of mischief, and far different from the sensations experienced when St. Valentine was duly honoured. The embossed margins, between which delicate crow-quills, traced hearts, darts, flames, pains, blue, you, with various other versified, varieties, have now, by the sway of fashion, been yielded to the undisputed possession of the humbler classes, who still interchange such epistles on the day in question. It is generally noted that the increase of letters on St. Valentine's Day is enormous; and, not many years since, though for the moment we forget the exact date, it was dated in the official returns that more than two hundred thousand letters passed through the post-office on the 14th of February, in addition to the average number. It would certainly be a curious speculation to separate the sense from the nonsense, contained in these epistolary productions. Little thought the good saint Valentine, who was beheaded at Rome, A.D. 271, under the emperor Claudius II, of the vagaries and vanities which in after times would be enacted under his

implied patronage. These customs became so numerous towards the commencement of the seventeenth century, that Alban Butler relates of another saint (Francis de Sales) that he not only severely reprehended the custom of valentines, by which boys gave the names of girls to be admired and attended on by them, but in order to abolish the practice he introduced another, giving instead thereof, billets containing the names of certain saints, whose virtues they might venerate, and do honour to themselves by following their examples. We must confess ourselves not very deeply read in the lives of Romish saints, but we think it was this same worthy man who showed so much tact and discernment with regard to a lady penitent, who, although professing to renounce the pomps and vanities of the world, compounded, in the words of a modern poet—

"For sins she was inclined to
By damning those she had no mind to."

The lady entreated the saint, who was her confessor, to allow her to continue the use of rouge, and besought the good man so urgently, that she at length thought him inclined to yield. How was she undeceived when she heard the decree—that he wished not to press too harshly on an awakening conscience, and would therefore permit her to wear it on one cheek. It need scarcely be intimated that the lady preferred remaining entirely unrouged, to the pursuance of such half measures. *Mais revenons à nos moutons.* It would be useless to attempt to draw back the curtain of time in order to discover the origin of the peculiar customs for which St. Valentine's day, or rather the 14th of February, has been famous for considerably more than two thousand years. Suffice it to say, that the saint himself appears to have had no influence whatever in establishing them, but that they appear on the contrary to have been entirely of heathenish origin, from the feast of purification called the Lupercalia, solemnised among the ancient Romans, and which originally signified the feast of wolves. This commenced on the 15th of February, and is by some authors said to have been established by Romulus. Others, with a greater show of probability, derive it from Evander, who retired into Italy sixty years before the Trojan war, and being a native of Arcadia, of which country Pan was the chief deity, he established the feast of the Lupercalia in honour of that god, one of whose principal employments appears to have been keeping off attacks of wolves from the fleecy tribe. The learned Bayle infers, "that the festival was not instituted by Romulus, but that the peculiar circumstances said to have been attendant on his own early education induced him to continue a custom already established, and to render it still more conspicuous." Those who cherish customs for their antiquity alone, will no doubt approve of this interpretation, as the destruction of Troy, according to Appian, occurred in the year of the world 2960, or the thirty-second year of the reign of Solomon, king of Judah and Israel, and by counting sixty years back for the period of Evander's visit to Italy, we find that very early in the century following the year of the world 2900, the various rites and ceremonies from which the moderns have derived their custom of valentines, and which were therefore cotemporaneous with king David, were first established.

It may well be imagined that the pastors of the christian church would, by every means in their power, endeavour to eradicate the superstitions and customs of the heathens; but so thoroughly were the commonalty imbued with these superstitions, that the entire extirpation of them would have been difficult, if not dangerous; a middle course was therefore adopted, by which the outline of some of the ancient customs was preserved, and St. Valentine's day occurring on the 14th (while the festival of the Lupercalia commenced about the same period), offered a favourable opportunity for commemorating the virtues of one of the early martyrs, by modifying and adapting the established ceremonies to the christian religion. Let not *hypercritics* in religious matters object to this—it is a well-established fact that the prejudices of mankind are in some cases most difficult to manage; and we have a very good illustration of the matter in the commencement of the reign of Elizabeth, who so scrupulously avoided mentioning anything in the Liturgy which might be offensive to her catholic subjects, that for a long time they attended the church of the new establishment.

Of the various customs by which St. Valentine's day and eve have been heralded, we shall not attempt a description: one object has been merely to give some account of the source of the spring, not to trace it through all its meanderings. To one point, however, we may be permitted to revert, though we have not been able to furnish ourselves with any accurate data for its elucidation; it has long been asserted that the birds on this day choose their mates; this, however, we take to be merely a poetical idea; but whether it be true or not we must agree with Gay—

"'Tis plain that they were always able
To hold discourse at least in table."

We now, as loyal subjects, refer to the marriage of the princess Elizabeth (daughter of James I), with the elector palatine, on whom the spirit of her father's predecessors appears to have descended—had fate

so willed it that the unfortunate Charles I had followed the youthful Henry to the tomb, the glories of Elizabeth II might have been equally resplendent with her's whose name is now solitary.

The marriage in question occurred on Valentine's day, 1612, and was solemnised at Whitehall; so splendid were the entertainments that the fireworks alone were computed to have cost more than nine thousand pounds; from this marriage, the present sovereign, whom God long preserve, descends; and we therefore close with the commencement of Dr. Donne's epithalamium, composed on the occasion —HAIL! BISHOP VALENTINE.—*Court Gazette.*

ABD EL KADER.

This is a name "unmusical to *Gallic* ears." Seldom is the strain of triumph raised in France for victories won in Algeria, when it is interrupted by news of fresh during on the part of the warrior of the desert, Abd el Kader, spreading blood and devastation around, which French widows and orphans will long have to deplore.

A recent work on the Sahara, by Lieut.-col. Daumas brings before us some new traits in the history of this chief, which are worth selecting and putting together. They are told, it must be observed, by a rancorous foe, who in the most unmeasured terms condemns his perfidy and cruelty. That the bold Arab uses much artifice cannot be denied. How else could his comparatively small band of followers ever render themselves formidable to the French? Whether it is the savage nature of a free-booter making war on civilisation, or the spirit of a patriot living but to revenge the wrongs of Africa, is a question which will be variously answered. Should he fall into the hands of the French, it is doubtful whether he will be paraded at Paris with the honours due to a captive prince, or executed in Algeria as a public robber and wholesale murderer.

The facts stated by the officer to whose work we have referred, show much ferocity. According to the writer, when the people of El Arooat had displeased him, we are told that he ordered his lieutenant to 'kill the chiefs—sack the town—cut down the fruit-trees!' They were too powerful for him. Rising *en masse* they slew or expelled his soldiers, threw off his authority, and declared themselves vassals of the French. In his rage, he swore that he would pluck out the eyes of all the inhabitants that should ever fall into his power, flay them alive, and make drums of their skins. It is not asserted that he carried this dreadful menace into execution in more than one instance. This conduct our author tells us made him hated in the desert. His conduct to Ain Madi increased the detestation so inspired. It appears that city promised to become a useful base of operations in his encounters with the French, he proceeded to besiege it—affording no other reason for his hostility than this, that he, the heavenly-appointed defender of Islam, was entitled to the co-operation of the faithful in every part of Africa, and to every sacrifice which the cause might demand from them. The hereditary chief of the place, being both a sherif and a marabout (a descendant from the prophet's family, and a saint), who was entirely wrapt up in the contemplation of heavenly things, and who never left his own house, except for the mosque, on Fridays, did not seem likely to make much resistance. But though the attempts to storm the fortress were frequent and desperate, during a protracted siege of eight months, all were repulsed—a result owing partly to the veneration for the holy chief, and partly to the unerring aim of three-hundred and fifty riflemen, the most expert of the desert. Conceiving his authority no less than his honour to be concerned in gaining possession of the place, Abd el Kader had recourse to stratagem, and the following particulars are given. He sent an embassy of holy men to the marabout, and alleged that his only object in wishing for an entrance into the city, was the performance of a vow which he had made some time before—of worshipping in the mosque of Ain Madi. However much he might regret the inconvenience which he had caused to so illustrious a chief, he could not recede from his engagement, which was registered in heaven; but if, with a suitable number of attendants, he might be permitted to enter the place, he would leave in peace the moment his devotions were performed. Tedjini (such was the name of the chief) had too little experience with life to suppose that religion could be made the cloak of treachery; as a faithful Mohammedan, he could not condemn the vow; and at length a treaty was made and sworn to on the Koran, that he should retire for five days to El Arooat, and return to his capital, which would then be evacuated by the pious pilgrim. No sooner had Abd el Kader passed through the gates, than, instead of proceeding to the mosque, he ordered every house in the place (save that in which he resided, the palace of Tedjini), together with the walls surrounding the town, to be levelled with the ground. In a short time Ain Madi was a heap of ruins. But the cry of indignation from the neighbouring tribes soon reached his ears; hostile bands hovered around him; his convoys were interrupted, and the escorts massacred; and he soon found that it

would be necessary to break up his encampment, and retire to some safer asylum. It is supposed that the storm thus raised induced him to dismiss uninjured the son of Tedjini (whom he had detained as hostage) with his wives and children—it is only certain that he did so dismiss them. At this same time he gave his own version of the affair to his consul at Oran; that he might stand less odious in the eyes of all the faithful in northern Africa. This letter, valuable as a curiosity, contains a somewhat different account. "To our perfect friend, the respectable and well nurtured, our consul at Oran, whom God protect! God having intrusted us with the mission of defending the interests of Islam, and of assuming the guidance of all the tribes subject to the law of Mohammed our chief (may he be ever blessed!) we came into the desert—not to injure, fight, humble, or destroy the true believers, but, on the contrary, to instruct them in the law of the prophet, to reconcile their jarring interests, and to establish order among them. All of them listened to our voice, engaged to obey us, and to receive us as chief to the utmost extent, except the son of Tedjini, who alone withstood us (God keep us from speaking and acting as doth the son of Tedjini!) We conversed with those who serve him; and who were ready to fight for God and his prophet; we earnestly besought them to join us, in the very words of the book! but all was in vain, owing to this man, of whose conversion we then despaired; and forasmuch as we could prevail nothing with him by fair means, we did not think it our duty to overlook his behaviour. Wherefore, apprehensive lest we should lose the object in view, viz., the uniting of the interests of the true believers; their instruction in the law of the prophet; the plucking up by the roots of bad example; the purifying of some others who are sadly infected by corruption (as every Moor and Arab well knows), and not only they, but their wives, children, and dependents; we began to employ the right of arms usual with all conquerors; and as they were the first to attack us, we allowed our heaven-favoured soldiers to fight them: religion itself commanded me to do so. But when they met us face to face, they ran away; and we again besought them, in God's name, to be friendly with us. Again they refused; and this son of Tedjini said—"I trust in the strength of my ramparts and of my city!" Then we invested the place, and our heaven-protected soldiers arrived at the ramparts. Seeing that the victory must be ours, since we had thus reached their stronghold, they sued at length for pardon and friendship, which I granted them at once, though they had betrayed me many times. Thus we have obeyed the command of the most high, which says, "Forgive and forget!" And truly do I hope that one day he will show me favour for having thus pacifically concluded the matter—for having prevented the effusion of blood as respects both men and children, and for having respected the women; for verily our men have not caused them so much as to unveil. And we have granted them our entire favour, on the condition merely that they should leave the ramparts and the town, and go whithersoever they pleased. And thus it has been done: all have left their habitations, and gone whither they would, without harm or hindrance. The son of Tedjini left his wives, his children, his domestics; and we have sent them to El Arooat, though he himself has fled into the desert. Thus everything like war, everything like dispute, is at an end. These lines I write from the house of Tedjini on the terrace. I have determined to destroy the place as a warning to others. May God give us the victory, and keep us from an ill end! Oh Mussulmans, pray for your emir, who labours only for your own good! Rejoice, and at the same time pray he may be strengthened! Trust in the mercy of the Most High, and read the chapter of the Koran, entitled *el Mued-na*, which tells us that the earth belongs to God, who gives it to the best beloved of his creatures!—Written on the morning of the 27th Shoal, 1254 (Sunday, Jan. 12th, 1839)."

Abd el Kader was soon compelled to evacuate Ain Madi, to which Tedjini returned, and began to rebuild, though not to fortify. At present it bears little resemblance to its former state. The marabout, therefore, though wholly occupied in holy contemplation, is not insensible to the responsibilities of his post. Indeed, during the siege of his city, he proposed more than once to decide the war by a single combat between himself and Abd el Kader. But this was stoutly opposed by the officers of the emir on the ground that the contest could not be a fair one, since the marabout was supernaturally defended, both by his own sanctity, and by the amulets which holy men receive from above.

The Beni Mzab have given him great offence. These are a race less dark than the Moors are generally; indeed, so much so that they have been called white. They profess to be very religious, and their professions are in many respects borne out by their general conduct. Their promise is always sacred; they are constant to any trust reposed in them; they do not smoke; and they hold drunkenness in the utmost abhorrence. All deliberate sin indeed they hold to be treason against God, and even inexpiable; and when a member of the com-

manity does so offend, they expel him. It is so with regard to what we should denominate inferior crimes; higher offences are more severely punished. Thus the adulteress is stoned to death; and her accomplice is scarcely more fortunate, since he is very heavily fined, beat with five hundred stripes, and banished for ever. To remove as much as possible the temptations inseparable from humanity, no woman of this tribe is allowed to leave the house unless she is so closely veiled as to render it impossible for any one to discover whether she be old or young; she is not allowed to be openly seen even by her own brother; her father alone having that privilege. If one of the body leaves his tribe to reside in another, he is regarded as lost, and held to be excommunicated. They have, indeed, a supreme dislike to other branches of the great Mohammedan stock, whom they regard as unclean, reprobate, cut off from the hopes of heaven. They never seek to make converts: if one insists on being received, they will not refuse him; but neither will they admit him, or his descendants for many generations, to the same privileges as themselves. In their political organisation, they have the semblance at least of freedom—their government consisting of twelve elders elected by themselves, and headed by a chief, apparently with the hereditary privilege. But the united voice of the thirteen is dumb before the chief of religion, the Sheikh Baba, whose commands have the force of law.

Abd el Kader, while occupied with the siege of Ain Madi, wrote formally to the Beni Mzab, as he had done to many other tribes, commanding them to recognise his authority as supreme chief of Islam in northern Africa. He asked, Was he not everywhere victorious? Who then could have the impiety to deny that he was chosen by heaven for a great work, and that every Mussulman was bound to obey him? But lest these religious considerations should fail of their due weight, he threatened, if they did not instantly submit to them, to behead every one of the tribe that should fall into his hands. The reply was one of open defiance, and not less characteristic than the letter we have transcribed. It ran thus: "We shall not forsake the path which our forefathers traced for us. Our travellers and merchants, when in districts subject to thee, will pay thee the duties which they formerly paid to the Turks: but never shall we deliver our towns into thine hands. Come if thou wilt with thy artillery and battalions, and be assured that so far from sheltering ourselves behind our fortifications, we will level them with the ground, that our young men may stand face to face with thine. Thou threatenest to deprive us of the corn of the Tell, but, for twenty years to come, we have dates enough, and shot too; and as for corn, we reap nearly sufficient enough for our own consumption. Again: thou declarest thou wilt put to death all the Beni Mzab that dwell in thy towns. Kill them if thou wilt!—what is that to us. For anything we care, thou mayst flay them alive."

THE COLONISATION OF PALESTINE.

This subject is perhaps as important as it is interesting; no one can tell what may be the result even of an infant colony, as the babe might soon grow to the full stature of a perfect man. It has been matter of surprise to us that this inviting question has never been before thus seriously and practically considered. When we observe the efforts and the expenditure which have been lavished on so many comparatively ineligible schemes, and the importance of the site, the richness of the soil, the salubrity of the clime, with all the other desirable political, philanthropic, and moral ends which it would subserve, we cannot but own that we feel disappointed at that thoughtlessness which has consigned Palestine to such an oblivion. Other countries less promising have large forests to clear; and the most laborious, long-continued toil, without any immediate prospect of the cultivator being rewarded, may well throw a stumbling block in the way of any company ambitious of conquering the soil. But this cannot apply to Palestine. There are innumerable reasons that should urge its claims upon our consideration. As for ridiculing the thing as though it were not strictly and altogether within our reach, would indeed be ridiculous—it would be tantamount to saying that we had no money at our disposal, and possessed no knowledge of agriculture; that we had no influence as a nation, or as though we had none but strictly internal domestic concerns that should occupy our attention. We cannot, therefore, but congratulate our readers on the formation and the encouraging prospects of "The British and Foreign Society for promoting the Colonisation of the Holy Land." It is well deserving of the cordial support both of Jews and Christians, and of all classes in the empire. If that man is to be accounted a benefactor who makes another blade of glass to grow, how much more that society that would redeem one of the most promising countries in the world from the curse of untoward ages. For our own part, we feel no more doubt of the certainty of success, than if the society directed their attention and expended their efforts on pro-

moting the further cultivation of the Isle of Man. The return of the Jews to their own long-lost land, we need not say will be one of the most interesting and memorable events of modern history. That they will do so, their present dispersed position, the confident expectation they entertain of speedily doing so, and the present favourable position of the European and Asiatic powers for securing that object, and the relaxation of the persecution against them, all combine to prove. It is astonishing what splendid advantages are often lost to the hand and the pocket, because lost to the eye; and what great things escape us, merely because we have not the determination or the principle that might compel us to confederate in one glorious phalanx; how mere private feelings, and partial interests, and petty passions, will blind the judgment and seer the conscience. To stand aloof from such a society will be indeed to bring home charges against ourselves that will prove us anything but what we profess to be.

We are glad to find the present society so nobly supported alike by rank, riches, and wisdom—by the great and the good; but it will yet have many difficulties to cope with. Its grand and benevolent object may perhaps be lost sight of by many in the little talk of the parties connected with it, as though the former were of no account; but though this may be the case with the weak-minded and the wrong-minded in the present day, whatever is fairly brought before the public eye will only rise or fall by its own intrinsic merits, as the greatest names can neither sanction nor establish folly at once in a barbarous age, nor yet withstand the efforts even of mere multitudinous strength, if supported by reason and experience.

We shall not at present further enter into this inviting subject, but content ourselves with referring to the report drawn up by the secretary, in which the fertility of the land is proved by a number of the highest testimonies, as well as the duty and desirableness of making an effort for its immediate cultivation. The society has already met with the cordial support and commendation of many of the organs both of the English and Scotch press.

We learn that there is a movement in Berlin amongst the Jews with a view to form a colony in America. If there is any truth in Scripture, or the Jews still continue Jews, this will never take place to any extent. They had better unite with this society.

He that pities misfortune, recommends himself; but he that is without compassion, deserves no friend to pity him.

STRAY NOTES ON THE CHURCHES AND CHURCH-GOERS OF WORCESTERSHIRE.

BY A RAMBLER.

Spetchley, anciently written "Speclea," in the hundred of Oswaldslowe, bounded east by White Lady Aston, west by St. Peter's and St. Martin's, near Worcester, south by Norton near Kempsey, and north by Warndon. The historian is very explicit as to the precise latitude of this parish, no doubt on account of its diminutive size, the main part of it consisting of Squire Berkeley's park and a solitary farm. Indeed the good people of Spetchley are chiefly indebted to the number of poaching cases usually sent from that district to the sessions, as also to the fact that a line of railway found them them out a few years ago, for the circumstance of their being numbered among the entities, as an assemblage for people having "a local habitation and a name." The little church, standing on an eminence, and partly concealed in the verdure of some fine old yews which o'erhang the road, had frequently attracted my attention from the top of coach or omnibus, until I noted it down for one of my February visitations —a period when the state of the weather does not generally sanction a ramble too far from home. The road to it passes over Red Hill—a place famous from having been the position occupied by Cromwell, and where he entrenched his troops, in the unhappy conflicts with Charles II, then quartering at Worcester. From hence the moralist looks down on the fertile vale of the Severn, on the numerous spires and chimneys of old Vigornia, and blesses his good fortune that his lot was not cast in those turbulent days when the lea was torn up by the hoof of the dragoon's horse, the sanctuary was converted into barracks, and the smoke of the city mingled with the hot and unnatural breath of the engines of civil war.

As I arrived at the wicket-gate which admits to the church steps, the clergyman was descending from his phaeton, and nodding familiarly to two or three of the villagers who had been awaiting his arrival; and I could read in the countenances of both parties that a proper feeling existed between them, void as much of ostentation on the one hand as of blind servility on the other. The simplicity of that little rustic group harmonised well with the quietude of the spot and unpretending edifice in which they were about to worship the God of their fathers; while the Sabbath repose which seemed to have tranquillised all things, animate and inanimate, peculiarly fitted the mind to partake of those beautiful and comprehensive services which the church has framed for her chil-

dren, and in which the highest may join with the most lowly. When we see (says the Rev. Canon Bankes) near some little village, its quiet church, environed around with its rugged elms, and its yew trees' shade, we are strongly struck with a feeling how beautifully in accord and harmony with the place are those venerable and time-hallowed walls, with that call for the devotions of the living, and that home for the reposings of the dead. Nothing jars against this impression which is being so powerfully produced in us, nothing disturbs and drives off these sensations which we feel—those almost themselves without religion are sensible that in that place religion hath a claim which ought not to be resisted, and own that there, as in a dominion indeed her own, her dictates should be reverenced, and her promptings received into the mind; that same suitableness is recognised which the gay and thoughtless themselves acknowledge when they see the calm evening of some declining life given over to the meditations of seriousness, and some Simeon or some Anna resigning up the conflicts of this world for the impressions of that other which is soon to be their own.

The interior of the church has a venerable appearance, notwithstanding its diminutive size. The chancel, with the chapel on its south side, contains some finely carved monuments to the members of the Berkeley family, the principal of which is that to Mr. Rowland Berkeley and his wife Katherine, whose effigies lie on an altar tomb, under a beautiful canopy of white marble, supported by pillars of porphyry; the monument, together with the chapel, having been built in 1614. There is also, on the south side of this chapel, on a raised monument of white and black marble, a very good recumbent figure of Sir R. Berkeley, who was promoted in 1632 to be a justice of the king's bench. He is represented in his robes, and holds a scroll in his right hand. This is the Sir Robert, who, with several of his brethern, having given his opinion for ship-money, was impeached by the parliament for high treason, and condemned to pay the then enormous sum of £10,000, deprived of his post, and imprisoned in the Tower. He also suffered much at the time of the civil war in Worcester, but is said to have suffered more from the conversion of his only son Thomas to the church of Rome, than from all his other calamities. The father of the judge was a wealthy clothier at Worcester, descended from an ancient and noble family. There are four or five mural monuments exhibiting excellent carving, and the chapel is hung around with hatchments; while at one corner, near the roof, a veritable helmet, with its crest of the muzzled bear, and surmounting an armorial banner, which the tooth of time has almost gnawed into shreds, looks down upon the pageantry of death with a grim look of reproach, and the visor being up, imparts to it a yawning death-like aspect, which seems to read the following bitter moral:

> The glories of our birth and state
> Are shadows, not substantial things;
> There is no armour against fate;
> Death lays his icy hands on kings.
> Sceptre and crown
> Must tumble down,
> And in the dust be equal made
> With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

A few old encaustic tiles, brasses, and scattered pieces of painted glass remaining in the window, make up the sum total of antiques. The seats, with the exception of the rector's, are confined to the nave; they consist of two batches, and would probably accommodate a hundred persons in close quarters; they are of tough old oak, and carried up so high that from the seat in which I sat it was almost a matter of compulsion to climb up for the purpose of seeing the minister, who was reading the service from a little box, placed considerably lower than the rest of us. It was almost impossible to see the clerk, and, in fact, I should have been entirely ignorant of the presence of such a functionary had it not been for a hollow sound which, during the responses, seemed to issue from a sepulchral cavity near to the reading desk. There is one advantage in high pews—they prevent one being stared at when at prayers, but at the same time they afford a shelter for the young and profane, which cannot be desirable. By reducing the height of the pews at least a foot, the churchwardens would be effecting a real service to the congregation, as well as supplying the poor parishioners with fuel for the remainder of the winter; at the same time a new cloth for the pulpit and reading desk, I suppose, would be appreciated by the clergyman, for the tatters with which they are now covered seem as though they had been shot at by the parishioners for the last century. In fact, the whole interior of the church requires revision and a better arrangement, including the removal of the pulpit, which now stands in an improper site, under the archway dividing the nave from the chancel, and shutting out all view of the eastern end.

The services were well and steadily performed; the responses were generally joined in by the two or three there assembled together; and a few school girls in a little gallery at the west end, led on by a male villager of no great ambition, poured out their artless and unpretending psalmody. Wycliffe himself, had he been there, could

not have seen an atom of supererogation to reproach—not a note of that "high crying," as he calls it, "which was ordained of sinful men, to lett men fro the sentence and undirstonding of that that was sung, and to make men weary and undisposed to study God's law." Simplicity indeed characterised the whole of the services; the sermon also was a sound and good discourse, enjoining the rejection of sensualities, strifes, selfishness, and so forth; at the same time it held out no hope that a man might be enabled, by dint of a naturally good disposition, to steal silently and quietly into the kingdom of heaven, but warned him to take heed that, even with all the moral virtues in his bosom, he be not looked upon as a thief and a robber in the final day of account. Under the head of strifes and complainings, the preacher directed his advice to certain grumblers against taxation—whether pointedly alluding to any individual member of his congregation, or to English society in general, I cannot say; but if the rev. gentleman himself is not aware, it seems to be a fact, agreed to on all hands, that there never was a more legitimate period for the exercise of grumbling in this particular than the present. Had he been a curate, with something less than £150 per annum income, I could have accounted for the quiet and satisfied manner with which the advice was given; but, as it is, and after the specimen we have recently had in Worcester of the conduct of the Income Tax Commissioners, this part of the sermon was to me inexplicable, except for the reason that the rev gentleman had probably composed his sermon in some happy moment when her majesty's commissioners had no place in his thoughts. A respectable man—an agriculturist, I think—who sat beside me, was evidently sympathising with my cogitations at this moment, for he gave me an intelligent glance which most happily conveyed the language of the great Addison:—

"'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
And carry smiles and sunshine in my face,
When discontent lies heavy at my heart;—
I have not yet so much the Roman in me."

There is but little more for me to add with regard to Spetchley. It seems there is but one service here on Sundays, held alternately with that of Bredicot, the school children of the latter parish also attending Spetchley church. I have been unable to ascertain (owing to a breach of promise) the state of education and some other branches of statistics I had intended for the present chapter. Almost the whole parish seems to be under Roman Catholic auspices, through, of course, the influence which the proprietor (the present Robert Berkeley, Esq.) possesses, and the 'squire has beside a handsome Catholic chapel in his mansion, and a residence on the estate for a priest. I have no reason however to believe that undue advantage is taken of the influence, for the few church-goers who reside hereabout are unmolested in their creed, and the church clergyman is allowed quietly to mingle with and instruct his people, neither party interfering with the other.

The list of charities hung up in the church contains but two donations—one from Moses Hyett (1767), who left £80 to remain in stock for the poor; and another sum of £20 for a like purpose; the name of the donor, singularly enough, being unknown.

It appears, by an original ledger of Worcester priory, compiled temp. Henry III, that Spetchley was at that time only a chapel, but it does not appear which was the mother church, but probably St. Mary's, or the cathedral at Worcester. "Capelle de Wittentun et Spetchley."

After spending a quarter of an hour in the churchyard, inspecting the tombs and a delicate piece of armorial carving in stone, which is placed over the exterior of the chapel door, I at length departed, much to the satisfaction of the sexton, who had all the time been keeping watch and ward over the graves, as though entertaining strong suspicion that I was a "resurrectionist." The 'squire being gone to Rome—no doubt to receive a blessing from his holiness at the carnival—I took a leisurely stroll by his mansion and through the park, which contains a magnificent grove of oaks, leading from the house in the direction of the road to Worcester. The mansion is nearly a square structure, having two fronts commanding beautiful views; the one front is plain, and the other is enriched by a lofty and elegant portico, supported by Ionic columns; but here I am unfortunately cut short in my description, for while making my observations on entablature, architrave, frieze, cornice and so forth, a malicious and felonious gust of wind carried off my hat, and took it far away, and further still, in the direction of the park gates—every now and then deluding me with the prospect of being near enough to clutch it, then whisking away at the critical moment, as though endowed with instinct to elude my abortive efforts, and not until its trickishness had been sobered down and the wind was beaten out of it by a blow against a tree, could I manage to come up with the truant, which I then re-established on my head with a smart blow, teaching it effectually to know and keep its place.

P.S. I forgot to ask a favour of the churchwarden, but, perhaps, it is now too late. Will he have the kindness to inform

the young woman who stared me full in the face during the greater part of the service, that I am a single man, but I fear a great deal too old for her.—*Worcester Chronicle.*

THREE DAYS IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY J. B.

Under various titles, and at different periods, since my last arrival in England, in April 1844, I have exhibited in the MIRROR, some of the pencillings which I sketched in the United States, during three years' perigrinations in that great republic, always attending to homely truisms, rather than the unsubstantial delicacies of fiction.

In this place I propose to give an outline of my first journey from Philadelphia to Baltimore, intermixed with a few geographical, historical, and other remarks, and if possible, without egotism, preaching, or becoming dogmatical.

On the 18th of August, 1842, I started from Philadelphia (the city of Brotherly-love) by steam-boat, for Delaware city, a distance of forty-one miles down the river; it is needless to describe the steam-boats on the American rivers, as most people are acquainted with their peculiarities, but certainly the plan of having the steersman in front on the promenade deck, ten or twelve feet above the mean or spar deck, is superior to our system of placing him at the stern, and having a look out man at the bow, especially in crowded rivers. The American does two men's work—he is in a small turret, neatly fitted up with glass on all sides, and surely if this mode of conducting steam-boats was adopted on the Thames, many accidents might be prevented.

We soon cleared the few ships that lay before the city, opposite the Navy yard, which place I had visited the day before —it contains but two houses or sheds to build ships in, the one capable of containing a first-rate man of war, the other is of much smaller dimensions; there were only five men employed, because (as I afterwards learned) there was "not a *fip*" in the national treasury to pay them. The day was intensely hot, the barometer stood at 94 deg. in the shade, and probably at 100 deg. in the sun, so all the passengers were obliged to keep under the awnings on the quarter-deck, or in the cabin, consequently we soon fell into conversation.

The second observation of my next seat companion commenced with, "We authors:" this did not surprise me, for all the Americans dabble in literature, however, this man had puzzled himself o'er the deep triangles; he took the greatest pains to prove to me, that America was the finest country in the world. The Delaware river, as he remarked, is a splendid one, navigable for the largest ships to Philadelphia; a distance of one hundred and twenty six miles from the sea, but in vain he pointed to either banks. I could see neither scenery nor cultivation. There were of course plenty of trees, yet none of them could be said to be timber. As I cannot say that the aspect of the flat low meadows that skirt the Delaware on the south, nor the sand formation of New Jersey on the north, as viewed from the steam-boats, presented any very exquisite points of beauty, I shall therefore indulge in some farther confab with my learned companion.

To leave no doubts on my mind that he was indeed an author, he presented me with a small book of forty pages, on arithmetic, and turning to a particular page, he said:—"We claim for ourselves the merit of being the first who have applied formal alligation to cold water." From which I read the following example:—Suppose on a hot day in July, the temperature of the Schuylkill water being at ninety deg. that of a cistern forty-eight deg., sea-water thirty-four deg., and ice thirty-two deg., what portion of each will it take to make a pleasant drink at forty-five deg.? I told my learned friend that his book would suit admirably for the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and that the principal part of it ought to be read before the British Association for the Advancement of Science. We had now passed Fort Mifflin, Lazaretto, and the little town of Chester, where the first legislative assembly was held, I believe in 1683, at that time called Upland; we soon passed Marcus Hook, and had a splendid view of Wilmington, the largest and most important town in the state of Delaware—it is termed the metropolis of the state, but Dover, an insignificant place, is the capital. Wilmington is situated between Christiana and Brandy-wine creeks, one mile above their confluence; it contains about 8,000 inhabitants, thirteen churches, two market-houses, three banks, and a city-hall; the flour-mills near this place, on the Brandy-wine, are said to be the best and most celebrated in the United States. The Brandy-wine springs are situate about five miles west of Wilmington. There is an historical association worthy of mention connected with this little creek Brandy-wine. On its banks in September, 1777, Washington for once relinquished his usual policy, and hazarded an open action, for the security of Philadelphia; he was defeated, with the loss of 1200 men. Two distinguished foreigners served under the American banners at the Brandy-wine;

the Marquis de la Fayette, and Count Polaski, the one a native of France, and the other of Poland. Opposed to the three generals just mentioned were Sir William Howe, Lord Cornwallis, and Knippausen; with an inferior number of men. I again joined my acquaintance, and had lunch, after which my friend became more agreeable, though before he was like the decimal part of a logarithm, always positive. It may be here remarked, that though a handful of broken ice put into a glass of ale, when the barometer stands at ninety-four deg. in the shade, and a yankee sailor is compelled to wear an umbrella at the helm, may be acceptable, but certainly it takes off all flavour of malt and hops, if ever there was any. But what surprised me most, was, to hear the man of science from Pensylvania abuse the Yankees for their cheating and trickery. A little time ago, he remarked, there were two Yankees, one of whom, having a complaint peculiar to North Britain, travelled over all the country, and in the most condescending manner, shook hands with every one he met; while his companion followed a week or two after him, offering for sale an ointment which he pronounced to be a certain cure for the itch! No doubt this scheme succeeded admirably, for there never was such a place for shaking hands as America, the greatest stranger on the slightest introduction is saluted with a shake of the hand, however, it means nothing more than, "Ha! you're a stranger; how can I turn you to my advantage; or it's all very well for once, but you are not rich, I will escape you for the future;" and such is nearly its signification among older civilisation.

We touched at Newcastle (the Casimer of the Swedes, and Niewer Amstel of the Dutch), it is remarkable for being the first place that William Penn landed in 1682, yet at present it does not contain 1000 inhabitants. There are sixteen miles of a railway from this place, to Frenchtown, a village situated on the Elk river. However, to proceed with my tour, we arrived at Delaware city about two o'clock; this city is nothing more than a village with a population of 500; it is situated at the beginning of the Chesapeake and Delaware canal, this canal passes westerly fourteen miles to Rock creek, a navigable branch of Elk river.* Of the multitudinous passengers on board this boat I have one general remark to make, which will hold good if applied to any part of the union. Mamma's and papa's were inferior to their children in polish and appearance, which mark a progressive growth, from trade to independence, or a sudden walk from toil to at least competency. I landed on the abutment of the canal, took my *valise*, and made for the first restaurant, a favorite name in the states for any place of refreshment, were it only a lady of distinction selling, "Cat-fish and Coffee."

With respect to the American landlords, apart from the great Atlantic cities, I must say that, however humble their fare, there is always a degree of civility, kindness, and attention to travellers, and the charge reasonable. I soon learned, that there was no regular mode of conveyance for passengers along the canal, but steam-boats have since been established. I hailed the first schooner that suited my time, and inquired of the captain, might I go with him to Chesapeake city? He answered in the affirmative, and I stepped from the drawbridge on the quarter-deck. Three horses were put to the clipper, the spear hands commenced cooking, and the captain and I to discuss the merits of monarchical and republican governments. My new acquaintance had not renounced every pleasing page for the square of Hypothenuse, for he quoted passages from Sir J. Harrington and Milton with great precision; however, by both giving way a little, we soon got quite familiar and intimate. Tea was soon ready, accompanied with a hot cake, and a jar of whiskey; the skipper with an easy, unembarrassed, unceremonious hospitality, pressed me to join him at supper, though the sun had not yet set, but no class of people in America eat oftener than three times a day. I made an excellent repast.

We had now got into the cut, which is a passage through a hill four miles long, and ninety feet in height, which, I was told, was the deepest cut of any canal in the world. The summit bridge which crosses the canal at this place, is a single arch 255 feet in length. The major part of the canal appears as if the towing-path had been formed through a swamp. At this time, we were near the terminus of the canal, and consequently the city. I asked my companion his charge, but to my surprise he would not accept any remuneration. He said, "I was not among the Yankees, and that any little kindness they could show to strangers, and particularly travellers, gave them great pleasure, besides he considered such his duty." Though at variance with a very popular superstition in some parts of the world (not to make a present of an edge tool), I presented him with a very ugly knife with one blade, for which I paid five shillings in St. Paul's Church-yard; with this he seemed better pleased than if I had given him an eagle. At a quarter past eight, the schooner touched the sluice-gate of the lock, com-

* The passengers were of a respectable class, being all chiefly going to Cape May, the watering-place of Philadelphia.

municating with Rock creek, and I was only a few yards from a very large hotel. The captain introduced me to the landlord, we washed down the whiskey with a more costly beverage, and I put up for the night. It may here be remarked that although the common language of the American people is much vitiated by slang phraseology, it is not disfigured or rendered disgusting by profane swearing.

The American hotels have been often described, so I shall not dwell long on the point—my bed-room was on the first floor, on a level with which a grand balcony circumscribed the house, but my chamber had neither the luxury of a window-curtain nor a wash-basin. This addition to ornament, and neglect of comfort and convenience, is a strong characteristic of Americans; at present, luxuries often abounding, where decencies cannot be procured. It is the necessary result of a young civilisation, and reminds me a little of Rosamond's purple jar, or Sir Joshua Reynold's charming picture of the naked child with a court cap full of flowers and feathers stuck on her head. I rose early next morning, and discovered that Chesapeake city contained only three brick houses, and twenty-five frame or wooden ones. I often read in the bible, the injunction, "not to muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn," but here for the first time, is an animal's power employed to thrash grain by treading upon it. It may be a very primitive mode, but, certainly, it is a very slovenly one. On crossing a plank that was fixed to the flood gate of the canal, and over one hundred yards of loose planks laid on piles, I arrived at Bohemia village, on the opposite bank, a place much larger than its neighbouring city; but neither the city nor the village contained either a school, or a place of worship. I returned to breakfast, and found that there was no conveyance to Havre de Grace until next morning, when a steamer would come over to tow the canal boats thither, which had collected in a kind of pool during the last forty-eight hours. I also learned, that there was a camp meeting, about eight miles distant, towards Frenchtown—to this assembly, (of which I had heard so much) I bent my way. On this excursion I first saw a real live slave; and certainly, I saw nothing to alter my preformed impressions of this class of the human family. I saw a female slave ploughing, I watched her for a considerable time on one of the headlands; she had a child wrapt up in something like a piece of carpet, which she stopped to suckle occasionally!

"And what man, seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush,
And hang his head, to think himself a man?"

Led on by coaches, chaises, waggons, carts, people on horseback, and multitudes travelling from a distance on foot, I arrived at the scene of action. This central spot was in the midst of a grove of those beautiful and lofty trees natural to the vallies of America, in its deepest verdure, and beside a running stream, for the requisite supply of water. About two acres of ground were circumscribed with tents and covered waggons containing beds, mattrasses, cooking utensils, and all the requisite arrangements for the stay of a week. The ambitious and wealthy were there, because in the states opinion is all powerful, and they were there, either to extend their influence, or that their absence might not be noted, to diminish it—aspirants for office were there to electioneer and gain popularity. Vast numbers were there from simple curiosity, and merely to enjoy the spectacle. The young and the beautiful were there, with mixed motives, which it is best not severely to scrutinise. Children were there, their young eyes glistening with the intense interest of eager curiosity. The middle aged fathers and mothers of families were there with the sober views of people whose plans in life are fixed, and waiting calmly to hear.

(To be continued.)

The Gatherer.

Praise.—When we are praised with skill and decency, it is the most agreeable perfume; but if too strongly imparted and admitted into a brain of less vigorous and happy texture, it will, like too strong an odour, overcome the senses, and prove pernicious to those nerves it was intended to refresh.

The Philosophy of Love.—It appears that the world has become experienced enough to be capable of receiving its best profit through the medium of pleasurable, instead of painful, appeals to its reflection. There is an old philosophic conviction reviving among us as a popular one, that it is time for those who would benefit their species, to put an end to recriminations, and denouncements, and threats, and agree to consider the sufferings of mankind as arising out of want of knowledge rather than defect of goodness.

True Wisdom.—Who is the greater sage, he who lifts himself above the stormy time, and contemplates it without action, or he who from the high region of calmness throws himself into the battling tumult of the times? Sublime is it when the eagle soars upward through the storm into clear heaven; but sublimer when, floating in the serene blue above, he darts down through the thick storm cloud to the rock-hung eyrie, where his unfeathered young live and tremble.

A Bedfordshire Fact.—Last week, a comical thing happened not a hundred miles from Goldington. A farmer's daughter wanted some postage stamps, and told the village errand man to bring her a dozen queen's heads. The man proceeded to Bedford, and having executed his business returned, but to the astonishment of Miss ——, out tumbled from his basket eleven sheep's heads, the commissioner saying they were all he could get in the town, after walking all over it, but he hoped they would do, as some of them were almost as big as two heads. The mortification at the dulness of the fellow was soon drowned in a laugh at his explanation, that the only heads he was accustomed to fetch for Mrs. —— were sheep's heads, and he thought that Miss —— had made a mistake.—*Bedford Mercury.*

A Roaring Orator.—"Mr. President," said a Yankee orator, "I shall not remain silent, sir, while I have a voice that is not dumb in this assembly. The gentleman, sir, cannot expostulate this matter to any future time that is more suitable than now. He may talk, sir, of the Herculaneum revolutions where republics are hurled into arctic regions, and the works of centuries refrigerated to ashes; but, sir, we can tell him, indefatagibly, that the consequence multiplied subterraneously by the everlasting principles contended for thereby, can no more shake this resolution than the roar of Niagara rejuvenate around these walls or the howl of the midnight tempest conflagarate the marble statue into ice. That's what I told them." The president fainted.

Anecdote of a Chinese Emperor.—Vouti, emperor of China, was passionately fond of the occult sciences. An imposter availed himself of this foible, brought him an elixir, exhorting him to drink it, and assuring him that it would render him immortal. One of his ministers, who was present, having in vain attempted to undeceive him, hastily snatched the cup and drank the liquor. The emperor, enraged at this insult, ordered the mandarin to be put to death. The honest minister, not in the least disconcerted, said to him, "If the elixir bestows immortality, all your efforts to put me to death will prove unavailing; and if it does not, surely you will not be guilty of such an act of injustice for so insignificant a theft?" These striking words pacified the emperor, who afterwards highly commended him for his fortitude in the cause of truth, in opposition to imposture.

Ferocity of an Elephant.—It is impossible to imagine the ferocity of the elephant when he is excited to revenge. The melancholy end of Major Haddoc, of the 97th regiment, was horribly illustrative of this; he had fired his last barrel when an elephant gave chace, and Haddoc made the best of his way to a small patch of jungle close by, hoping to dodge the elephant round it until it got tired of the fun, and sheered off, but before five minutes had elapsed he, unfortunately ran round the very corner behind which the animal kept itself concealed, and in a moment he was laid hold of. He had no one with him but natives, who, at a pinch, are about the greatest fools ever born; the consequence was, that the elephant having crushed poor Haddoc to death, by kneeling on him, began to dissect him; and so cleanly was it done that scarcely two joints were left together in the body of the victim. How an animal could have thus accomplished such a task by means of that unwieldy lop[ped] instrument it possesses, in the shape [of] trunk, is utterly inexplicable.

Rustic Politeness.—The father [of] present lord Abington, one day [as] through a village near Oxford, met [a] dragging a calf along the road, [when] his lordship came up to him, [made] and stared him full in the face. "[Pray] said my lord, "do you know me?" "[No,]" replied the boy. "What is my [name]?" "Lord Abingdon," said the boy. "[Then] don't you take off your hat then, sir?" "[No,] I will, if you will hold the calf!"

Man.—Man in his link with human[ity] ture, is an animal endowed with [cer]tain instincts: in his connection with [spir]itual things he has a soul which does "[not] impel him to god like aspirations. [The] two primary phases in his character [are] be opposed to each other, as some [dar]ishly assert: else the Creator would [not] have implanted them in the same [man]; would our Saviour have taken the [form] a man on earth—to the perversion [and] or abuse alone of these internal [sen]thought and feeling, engendered [by] treatment of parents, guardians, [in]tors, or associates, in childhood and [youth] may be attributed the flagrant follies of mankind, and the vicious tendency of the age.

The common definition of man is false; he is *not* a reasoning animal. The best you can predicate of him is, that he is an animal *capable* of reasoning.

Science and Learning.—Wherein is knowledge but in the study of Nature? What is the study of words compared to this? The noblest employment of the mind is to lift itself to heaven; to look upon the earth, and to dive into its depths for wonders. These are the sources of the greatest knowledge.

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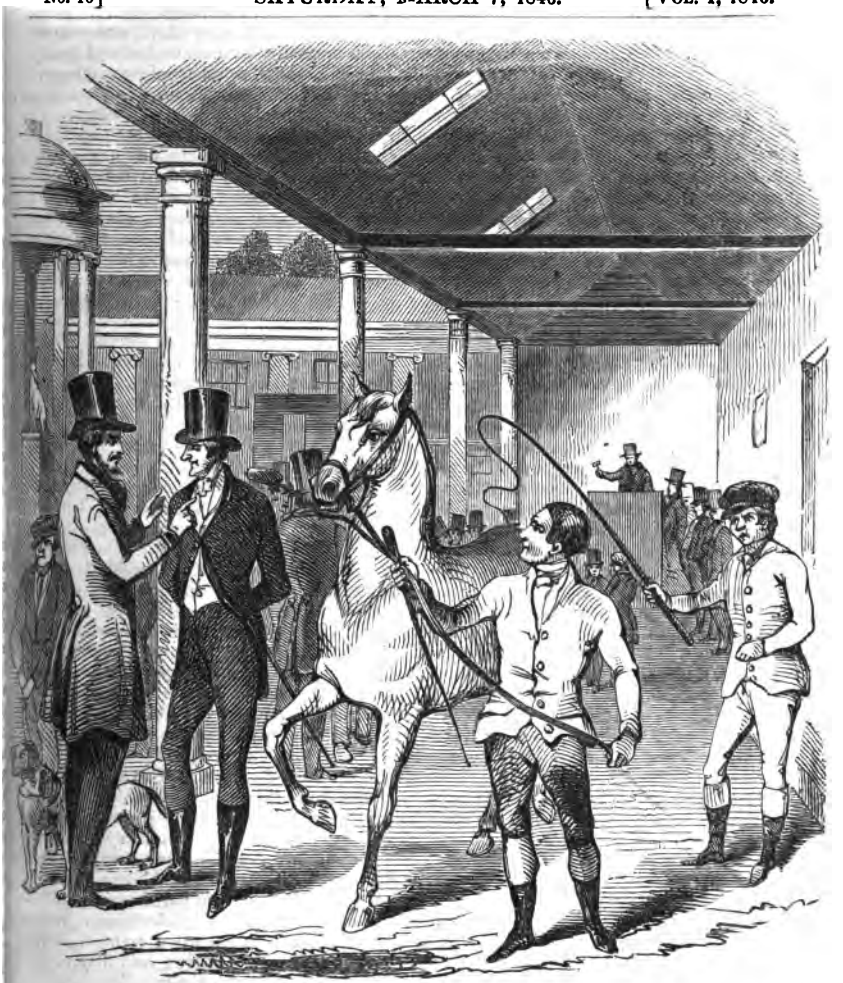

TATTERSALL'S REPOSITORY.

If the importance of a place is to be determined by the extent of the pecuniary arrangements made within its walls, the establishment represented in our cut this week is one of the most important in the country.

From the very great interest taken in races by the people of England, Tattersalls has long commanded the attention of the opulent and the enterprising. Its influence has extended far and wide, and some intelligent foreigners have ascribed to it the extraordinary perfection to which English horses have been brought in modern times.

Racing is not to be regarded as merely a passing fashion—the whim of the day. It has been identified with the tastes and habits of Englishmen for many centuries.

The old chronicler Fitz Stephen, who wrote in the time of Henry II, speaks of the great delight which the Londoners took in it. It was decried by Lord Herbert of Cherbury as an unworthy sport. He was evidently disgusted with some of the frauds of the jockies of that day, for he says: "The exercise I do not approve of is running of horses, there being much cheating in that kind; neither do I see why a brave man should delight in a creature whose chief use is to help him to run away." This was certainly a one-sided view of the case. The steed which aided the recreant's flight, would carry the brave man sooner into battle, and further in pursuit of the foe. The censure of his lordship did not prevent racing from being very popular in the time of queen Elizabeth. In 1599, "running horses" were mentioned by James Markham, but it is believed that he referred only to private matches made between the owners of particular animals, who ran races, being their own jockies. Public races were established in the reign of James I. Garterly, in Yorkshire, Croydon, in Surrey, and Theobalds, near Enfield, where James commonly resided with "Dog Stenny," are named as the places appointed for them "to come off," as the modern phrase runs. A system of preparation, similar to that now in use, was then adopted. A silver bell was commonly the prize of the victor in the race, whence it has been supposed we derive the saying of "he bore off the bell," to indicate the success or superiority of any individual. Races, in the time of Charles I, were common in Hyde Park. By his successor they were much delighted in. When at Windsor, he caused races to take place at Datchet Mead; and in various ways, and by many liberal rewards, he and his favourite ladies encouraged the practice. At Newmarket, the races had been established and largely patronised in the preceding reign. During the civil wars they were discontinued. Scenes of a mirthful character were not then to the taste of the dominant party, and the nation at large had no opportunities for indulging in them.

After the abdication of James II, king William courted popularity by encouraging races, and giving additional prizes to be run for. Queen Anne continued to treat them with the same liberality; and by the Georges, William IV, and her present majesty, they have been steadily favoured.

The Repository of which we have now to speak is situated near Hyde Park Corner. It was established in 1773 by Mr. Richard Tattersall, for the reception, and sale by auction, of horses, carriages, coach-harness, hounds, &c. It is the grand mart for everything connected with the sports of the field and equestrian recreations. The days of sale are every Monday and Thursday during the winter season, and on Mondays only in the summer. On the mornings when there is no sale, this Repository is a favourite lounge for sporting gentlemen. The horses, &c., are then examined, their merits or defects considered, and sporting intelligence from all parts of the country disseminated. The premises are spacious and convenient, and contain accommodation for one hundred and twenty horses, a large number of carriages and coach-harness, as well as a commodious kennel for hounds.

A room is appropriated for the use of subscribers, who pay one guinea per annum each. Here the generality of bets which relate to the turf are settled, at whatever place they may originate, as it is not the custom among these noblemen and gentlemen to pay on the spot where the bets have been lost, but, on the return of the respective parties to town, at Tattersall's, so that this Repository is become a kind of exchange for gentlemen of the turf. Debts of this kind are settled here to an incredible amount. A scene most animated and singular, and occasionally, in some of its features, most sad, is often witnessed here immediately after the Epsom and other principal races.

A fashionable house of entertainment, well known by the name of the Turf tavern, once formed a part of these premises, but has been discontinued during the last fifteen years. The dining-room, though not large, is uncommonly elegant, and was fitted up at a very great expense; the ceiling alone, which is adorned with allegorical paintings, cost eight hundred guineas. The sides of the room are enriched also with paintings and sculpture, with the addition of many detached pictures of horses which were famous in their day for their exploits on the turf.

The annual aggregate value of the horses and other property which is sold at this Repository is very great. "They consist," says the Microcosm of London, "chiefly of saddle-horses, coach-horses, hunters, and race-horses. The value of saddle-horses, warranted sound, without fault or blemish, extends from forty to two hundred guineas; a good pair of coach-horses, from one hundred and fifty to four hundred guineas; excellent hunters average about three hundred and fifty pounds, and race-horses about fifteen hundred. One of the most celebrated horses in his time, well known by the name of Highflyer, was purchased by Mr. Richard Tattersall, the founder of this establishment, for two thousand five hundred guineas."

Cart and agricultural horses are seldom offered at this place, as the purchasers who attend here are devoted rather to the pursuit of pleasure than of business.

THE SMUGGLER OF FOLKSTONE.

A TALE OF TRUTH AND FICTION.

By Edward Portwine.

CHAPTER XXX.

On one of his visits to Folkestone, Waldron, who had behaved with great courage in the affair of March, pleaded his services as a recommendation for his sanction to a union with the fair Margaret, to which Cumlin lent an unwilling ear. In fact, since the cricket match in which Edmund Poynder had behaved with such dignity and courage, he repented having given his consent to Waldron's union with his daughter. If he could recall his promise with honour, he would, but that was impossible. He assented to the desire of James to plead his suit at the desire of Margaret; at the same time, he devoutly wished him to be rejected. Poynder had coiled himself about the best affections of the old man, and he would have felt happy in entrusting the future felicity of his child to his keeping. Of this Margaret was ignorant, and she mourned in secret over blighted hopes. She had not seen Edmund since the memorable cricket-match; she had received her portrait, done by his hands, and although it displayed her rare beauty with a master's hand, yet she valued it only as the production of the mind of one she idolised. She heard of the oppression of his parent, and the departure from his native home, with consternation, and although ignorant of his residence, she felt a melancholy pleasure in discoursing with any one on the merits of the painter. The honest friendship that Waldron professed for Edmund was the ready passport to the presence of Margaret, who, since the fatal affray at Seabrook, had sought solitude and retirement as a relief to her wounded spirit. When, then, James Waldron, armed with the permission of her father to plead his suit, waited on her one afternoon, he found her melancholy and subdued. After a few common-place observations, James said,

"I have this day heard from Poynder, who has enclosed a note for you, Margaret."

The pale face of the smuggler's daughter became suffused with a bright blush; her dark eyes emitted glances which, when compared to her listlessness previously to the name of Edmund being mentioned, was like lightning irradiating Cimmerian darkness. With a trembling hand she received the epistle, and begged James to excuse her, and retired. Waldron regarded his promised bride with astonishment, and from her conduct when Poynder's name was mentioned, a suspicion was mixed with it that she cherished for him a warmer sentiment than mere friendship. He started as if an adder had stung him; his eyebrows contracted, and he paced the room with rapid strides. A demon had taken possession of his heart, and similar to all created beings who have truly loved, he felt what no earthly writer, not even our own immortal Shakespeare, can pourtray. No! the passion of jealousy may be called an unjust feeling—a selfish sentiment—a madness—stupidity; it may be assimilated to the best and the worst feelings of human nature, but no one can describe its first horrid impression on the heart. Its effects may be daily witnessed, but the reality of the bitter hell within cannot be analysed. It assumes as many varieties as there are temperaments, and in all it exhibits man below the brute creation. Therefore we will not attempt to analyse the feelings of Waldron as he paced the room of the smuggler on that eventful day. About half an hour elapsed, and Margaret appeared, radiant with smiles, insolent in happiness; so thought James. The young man gazed on her with a jaundiced expression, in which gall predominated.

"I am happy, Miss Cumlin," remarked Waldron, when the lady resumed her seat by the window, "to be the bearer of a letter which appears to chase away your melancholy and abstraction. I am certain the writer would be a happy man could he witness the contrast his note has produced."

Margaret raised her beautiful eyes, whose brightness was yet dimmed with weeping, and gazed on Waldron with surprise, as she slowly, but with great precision, uttered—

"I am greatly obliged to you, Mr. Waldron, for your kindness in handing a letter from our mutual friend. I shall not conceal the pleasure I experience in again hearing of his welfare, nor shall I attempt to disguise from you that I feel a deep interest in the fate of your friend. Waldron, I have known you for many years, respected, and once thought I could have been your happy and contented wife; hear me, sir—I owe it to you and to myself to be thus explicit. This letter has arrived at a moment, of all others, the most important to my future fate. You appear here to-day to ask my consent to our union—you perceive I know all. To save you from needless pain, I introduce the subject myself. I will own that I respect and esteem you highly; that until I saw Poynder—start not—I should have accepted your hand, but I knew not my own heart then. I do now. I promised once to be your bride; my father has also given his word that if I loved you I should have given you my hand. James, I do not love you as a wife should love her husband, and I never can.

Another passion occupies my heart, and if I give you a fight over my person, yet my every thought and feeling will be dead. Do not suppose I say all this to deny your right to demand me in marriage. No, Waldron! I admit the obligation, and the sacredness of the promise made you by my father; therefore, James, if you, after this explanation, persist in your right, I shall obey and be your bride."

The energy and feeling with which Margaret delivered her sentiments, the earnestness and truthfulness of her accents and gesticulation, struck James dumb with conflicting emotions, but his generous nature triumphed over all base considerations; he rose, and approached the beautiful creature with powerful feeling, as he faltered—

"Margaret, your statement is candid, although it rings the death-knell of my happiness. Oh! tell me, and truly, did Poynder ever propose for you? does he love you?"

"He never has; and more, I do not know whether he cherishes for me any warmer sentiment than friendship."

"Good, I thought so; he is an honourable and an excellent young man, and if he loves you, you shall not be long asunder while James Waldron lives to bring you together, although your meeting and union break my heart. I cannot accept a lifeless inanimate form without a heart; I here return your promise. I shall see your father, and request him to forgive me for declining his alliance. I shall then repair to London, and seek an interview with Poynder, and state, as a friend, what I think. Farewell, sweet Margaret! Your candour has made me miserable, yet I shall never cease to be your friend."

Saying which, the youth kissed Miss Cumlin's hand, and rushed from the house, leaving Margaret drowned in tears of happiness for her release, her heart beating with gratitude and admiration for the honourable and manly bearing of her rejected lover.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The war which commenced at the conclusion of the first French revolution with most of the great powers of Europe, and in which England expended her best blood and treasure—a war that shook the worn-out dynasties of Europe to ashes, and exterminated five or six millions of human lives to the ambition of a few despots—a war that placed adventurers on old thrones—had now terminated on the blood-stained plains of Waterloo. The exterminator and scourge of his race now inhabited a narrow sea-girt isle, fifteen hundred miles from any continent, chained to a rock where he had time to reflect on his horrid crimes committed against civil, political, and social liberty. This man met a fate too mild for such a renegade and butcher. Thus reflected Cumlin, when the news of the little corporal's defeat and imprisonment reached him. While the morbid excitement existed which war always creates, an artificial prosperity was maintained. High prices were obtained for produce of all descriptions, whether manufacturing or agricultural. The price of grain was enormous, which arose from the enactment of a corn law, and from deficient harvests and the closing of the ports of the continent against us. Thus the population of the country was drawn from it and exterminated, and the evils of war were not felt amongst the people, who were heavily taxed to support our aggressions on a foreign enemy. If the people paid largely to the support of the state, they were not then suffering from want of employment, and consequently were not starving. It is true that our debt had arrived to the enormous amount of a thousand millions of pounds; yet we were not indebted to any country for one shilling. Our own resources were adequate to this unparalleled emergency, and cheerfully did the capitalists of England advance their cash to enslave their own countrymen and the people of other nations. When Napoleon was fairly caged at St. Helena, our troops returned, and were pensioned or disbanded. Then commenced those frightful social evils, the consequences of which will be felt for centuries to come. Then the government of the day endeavoured to protect trade and agriculture, and the surplus sailors that were not required in the service were drafted off as a band for the prevention of smuggling. From the mouth of the Thames to Portsmouth, of which we write, the coast blockade was established, consisting of men that had seen service, and not at all particular respecting the lives or liberties of the inhabitants. In every man they saw a smuggler, and they were placed on the coast to prevent an illicit traffic. Little discrimination was exercised in the execution of their duty, and the insults and cruelty perpetrated on unoffending peaceable people of the coast were of daily occurrence. In the early days of this monster establishment, it was exceedingly dangerous for any person to appear after daylight on the strand; if they did have the temerity to enjoy the sea-breezes, they were liable to a fiery word, a blow with a cutlass, or a pistol-ball. It was during this reign of terror amongst the denizens of the coast, that the smuggler band was summoned by their leader to meet at the chamber for especial business. The chamber and house were crammed with eager and expectant women

on the memorable evening. Cumlin had arrived a few hours previously from France, and appeared amongst his men with a countenance indicative of some stern resolve. When he took his seat, there was an attempt at a cheer, which was effectively checked by Gettings. The smuggler rose to address the assembly amidst the most profound silence. After enumerating the advantages that had accrued to the band from their traffic, he with bitter sarcasm alluded to the hypocrisy of the lawmakers and landed gentry, who, while with their left hands they supported the contrabandists, yet, in order to stand well with the country generally, they assisted the government in its attempts to check smuggling, or to annihilate it altogether. He then alluded to the possibility of smuggling being checked, which he perfectly agreed in, with the enormous force stationed on the coast, assisted by the war ship Ramilies, which had just arrived in the Downs, commanded by a Scotchman named Jock M'Cullum. Although this might be the case, yet smuggling would be carried on through other channels, indirectly, if not directly. This he prophesied would be the case. Now he had intended never more to lead his brave band into danger, but it should not be asserted that he flinched in the hour of danger, or that the government had by a stroke of policy made a coward of him. They had offered a reward for him, dead or alive; but he had paraded the streets of Folkstone in broad daylight, without any friends excepting his body guard (here he touched the hilt of his rapier, with a meaning smile), and not one man had been found to earn the reward of the government (great cheering). He called them together, to say that he desired their assistance for one venture more (renewed applause), for the benefit of the disabled and aged men, and the widows and children of those who had recently died of the wounds received at Seabrook, although he believed the Lapwings and the Starlings had but little the best of the fray (hear, hear). The officers struck the first blow, and woe to those who strike the first, in the last expedition in which he should be engaged in. Circumstances had occurred respecting his private affairs, which imperatively called him to his native land. The traitor Napoleon's power was annihilated for ever, and the fall of that military despot had materially altered his fortunes. But although he should not after the next "run" be with them in person, yet his best wishes for their welfare and happiness should ever be breathed by him most fervently (immense cheering). He had ordered and paid for one thousand ankers of brandy; these he gave to the band, with his parting blessing. They will arrive next week in three luggers, and your lieutenant, Mr. Gettings, will arrange as he always does, and judiciously too (hear, hear), the details of our last venture together. He implored the band to observe caution; it was now more necessary than ever, since those hell-hounds the refuse of the navy of England have been placed on that devoted coast. The smuggler then said: "It is also my parting injunction that you observe strict obedience to orders, not only before, but on the eventful night in question (hear, hear). Recollect you have no pigmy force to cope with, but able, experienced, and disciplined seamen—men who have won immortal honour in scenes of mortal strife on the shores of many lands, and who are now disgraced by the government of England by being placed to protect a few monopolists—leviathans in commerce. If these heroes mean mischief, strike not a blow, fire not a ball. If they are the aggressors, then ——" (and the speaker's eye again emitted that fearful glare which had caused many men in a battle-field, and on the decks of many a gallant vessel, to retire in mortal fear from one they supposed to be more than man. Those in the band who had not seen him thus excited started from their seats in terror, and those who had witnessed his daring bravery in the affair at Seabrook smiled in triumph at the fierce valour that characterised the mysterious being before them) —"then," cried the smuggler in a voice of thunder, "my bright rapier" — he unsheathed the glittering steel — "shall gleam amongst you, and lead you on to victory."

The band were electrified at this address, delivered with great energy and self-possession, until he arrived at the conclusion; then the wonted fire of his fierce nature agitated him, and that phenomenon which, once seen, could never be forgotten, was presented to an astonished audience. When the men recovered from their wonder, they indulged themselves in wild shouts of applause for some minutes. Having given vent to their excitement, they looked to the chairman for their next business, when the chair appeared empty. Cumlin had disappeared from the scene. Gettings, after intimating that the band should have timely notice of the next "run," disappeared.

When the smuggler retired, he walked hastily to his dwelling, where, after having tenderly embraced his daughter, he changed his dress for a seaman's. On his brow he placed a glazed low crowned hat, on which could be discerned the word "Ramilies." He briefly informed Margaret of his future plans, and was shortly after joined by Gettings; and again embracing

his beloved child, they departed. About two hours after, a light skiff with her sails set shot out from Roundown with one solitary being in it; she was painted white, and glided over the waters with great rapidity, like a thing with life. The boat was bound for St. Maloes, and the being was the smuggler.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The commander of the good ship Ramilies was a seaman of some experience, and had seen service amongst those islands in the West Indies which were and are occasionally the haunts of pirates. Jock M'Cullum, as he was familiarly called, was a stalwart man, a good sailor, and a rigid disciplinarian. He was commander of the coast from Margate to Dungeness, and all the blockade were under his orders. Two cutters cruised between these points, armed to their tonnage, manned by experienced seamen. All great men have their favourites, and Jock had his, in the shape of a little cringing, cowardly fellow named Joe Lilliput. This fellow was employed to perform any sneaking job, such as peering into hen-roosts, or lying on his back, as if dead, under the windows of honest citizens, to listen to their domestic history. But his principal occupation was being employed as a spy, for which his habitual cunning peculiarly fitted him. But Joe had one failing — an attachment to strong waters—which had become a part and parcel of his nature. In the dead of night this little apology of a man would steal into the stores, and there lay with a pipe, sucking the cognac from a hole which he had bored, until inebriety would destroy the little that was immortal in his nature, and leave all that was brutal behind. Joe was about five feet two inches in height, with a rubicond visage and a swaggering gait. His little grey eyes constantly twinkled with malice and cunning, whether drunk or sober, but as he was continually inebriated, perhaps the phenomena ought to be ascribed to its right cause. It was said that Joe had made a mistake in early life, in one of our inland counties, by appropriating the contents of a hen-roost as his own; if this be true, it accounted for his strange predilection while coxswain to the Ramilies. This nondescript was, then, the favourite of Jock M'Cullum, and employed by him in all secret missions where foxish cunning was required. On the memorable evening on which Cumlin appeared before his band, this fellow, dressed as one of the fishermen of the port, was actively employed in the front room of the Chequers discussing a glass of grog and smoking his pipe. His cunning was on the alert; he perceived the far-famed smuggler enter and leave the house, and gathered from the company that another venture was to be run. This was news for his master. When Gettings returned from his attendance on Cumlin, he entered the chamber, and the emissary of Captain Jack staggered after him. On perceiving a stranger in the passage, the lieutenant turned and caught Joe by the collar, and, in no gentle mood, requested to know his business. The little coward stuttered and trembled, but did not utter anything intelligible. Gettings thrust him forth from the passage, shut the door, and retired. The cunning spy, however, nothing daunted, persevered, in order to ascertain the day that this venture was to take place, but he could not satisfy his curiosity, so, like many better men, he, with true drunken gravity, thought he would guess. With this determination he departed from the Chequers, and leaped into a boat, which conveyed him to the Lapwing in the offing. In due time he arrived in the Downs, where he reported to his superior that another venture was to be run beyond Hythe, and on the next Thursday. Here there were two inventions, but, nevertheless, Jock's eyes glistened with pleasure as he muttered,

"I shall then meet this celebrated devil or man from whom so many shrink with foolish terror. Ah, Cumlin! I shall be more than a match for you and your myrmidons."

The captain placed brandy before his spy, and then commenced making preparations to defeat so renowned a smuggler. Singularly enough, the inventions of Joe were strictly correct; the boats were to be stranded beyond the port of Hythe, and the kegs to be carried across the marshes to the neighbourhood of Lympne.

(To be continued.)

THE PALIMPSEST OF THE BRAIN.

The fleeting accidents of man's life, and its external shows, may indeed be irrelate and incongruous: but the organising principles which fuse into harmony, and gather about fixed predetermined centres, whatever heterogeneous elements of life may have accumulated from without, will not permit the grandeur of human unity greatly to be violated, or its ultimate repose to be troubled in the retrospect from dying moments, or from other great convulsions. Such a convulsion is the struggle of gradual suffocation, as in drowning; and, in the original "Opium Confessions," I mentioned a case of that nature communicated to me by a lady from her own childish experience. The lady is still living, though now of unusually great age;

and I may mention, that amongst her faults never was numbered any levity of principle, or carelessness of the most scrupulous veracity; but, on the contrary, such faults as arise from austerity, too harsh, perhaps, and gloomy—indulgent neither to others nor herself; and, at the time of relating this incident, when already very old, she had become religious to scepticism. According to my present belief, she had completed her ninth year, when playing at the side of a solitary brook, she fell into one of its deepest pools. Eventually, but after what lapse of time nobody ever knew, she was saved from death by a farmer, who, riding in some distant lane, had seen her rise to the surface; but not till she had descended within the abyss of death, and looked into its secrets, as far, perhaps, as ever human eye can have looked that had permission to return. At a certain age of this descent, a blow seemed to strike her—phosphoric radiance sprang forth from her eye-balls, and immediately a mighty theatre expanded within her brain. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, every act—every design of her past life lived again—arraying themselves not as a succession, but as parts of a co-existence. Such a light fell upon the whole path of her life backwards into the shades of infancy, as the light, perhaps, which wrapt the destined apostle on his road to Damascus. Yet that light blinded for a season; but her's poured celestial vision upon the brain, so that her consciousness became omnipresent at one moment to every feature in the infinite review. This anecdote was treated sceptically at the time by some critics. But besides that it has since been confirmed by other experiences essentially the same, reported by other parties in the same circumstances who had never heard of each other, the true point for astonishment is not the *simultaneity* of arrangement under which the past events of life—though in fact successive—had formed their dread line of revelation. This was but a secondary phenomenon; the deeper lay in the resurrection itself, and the possibility of resurrection for what had so long slept in the dust. A pall, deep as oblivion, had been thrown by life over every trace of these experiences; and yet, suddenly, at a silent command, at the signal of a blazing rocket sent up from the brain, the pall draws up, and the whole depths of the theatre are exposed. Here was the greater mystery: now this mystery is liable to no doubt; for it is repeated, and ten thousand times repeated by opium, for those who are its martyrs. Yes, reader, countless are the mysterious handwritings of grief or joy which have inscribed themselves successively on the palimpsest of your brain; and like the annual leaves of aboriginal forests, or the undissolving snows on the Himalaya, or light falling upon light, the endless strata have covered up each other in forgetfulness. But by the hour of death, but by fever, but by the scorchings of opium, all these can revive in strength. They are not dead, but sleeping.—*De Quincy.*

THREE DAYS IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY J. B.

(Continued from page 143.*)*

Men and women of hoary hairs were there, with such thoughts, it may be hoped, as their years invite. Such was the congregation, consisting of thousands—a host of preachers, of different denominations, was there, all of whom itinerant, and consequently have but little to expect from pecuniary support and less from the prescribed reverence and influence, which can only appertain to a stated minister, find at once that everything depends upon the cultivation of popular talents. None but one who has seen can imagine how profanely they have understood what produces effect, and how well they have practised upon it. Zeal those preachers must have for their cause, mixed, perhaps imperceptibly, with a species of earthly ambition, and the latent emulation and pride of our natures, and other motives, which unconsciously influence, more or less, the most sincere and the disinterested, the desire of distinction among their contemporaries and their brethren, and a reaching struggle for the fascination of popularity, goad them on to study all the means and arts of winning the people.

Some men there, possessed of rude, boisterous; and unlettered eloquence, whose fame had travelled before them, waiting an opportunity to make the woods echo with their vehement declamations; others were there who had proclaimed the gospel, as pilgrims of the cross from the remotest north of their vast country, to the shores of the Mexican gulf, and ready to utter the words, the feelings, and the experience, which they had treasured up in a travelling ministry of fifty years, and whose accents, trembling with age, still more impressive than their words, announce that they will soon travel and preach no more on earth. — Such were the preachers.

I entered the religious city about five in the evening, the time of least excitement, for, with the exception of a few hours, morning and evening, the whole week, night and day, is spent in preaching or singing. Opposite the entrance, at the far side of the area, was a large platform, roofed with boards, for the preachers; in

front of the platform, only much lower, there was an orchestra for the singers; then a rectangular space on the ground, fenced with rails and covered with straw; the remainder of the enclosed ground was nearly filled with seats, formed of planks, with stakes drove into the ground. The multitudes with the highest animation of social fellings, added to the general enthusiasm of expectation, passed from tent to tent, and interchanged apostolic greetings, and embraces, and talked of the coming night's solemnities; their coffee and tea were prepared, and their supper finished. Lamps were hung on lines among the branches of the trees, and the effect of their glare upon the surrounding forest was as magic. The scenery of the most brilliant theatre in the world is a painting only for children compared with it. By this time the moon (for they take thought to appoint the meeting at the proper time of the moon, by having notices circulated two or three months previous) began to show its disc above the dark summits of the distant mountains, and a few stars could be seen glimmering through the branches at intervals. The whole constituted a temple worthy of the Great First Cause; meantime the preachers ascend the platform. An old man, in a dress of the quaintest simplicity, came forward, wiped the dust from his spectacles, and in a voice of suppressed emotion, gave out a hymn, of which the whole assembly could notice the words, and an air in which every voice could join. The heart must be hard, indeed, that would not thrill as the song was heard, "like the sound of many waters," echoing among the hills and valleys. Such are the scenes—the associations, and such the influence of external things upon a nature so "fearfully and wonderfully" constituted as ours, that little effort is necessary on such a theme as religion, urged at such a place, under such circumstances, to fill up the heart and the eyes. The hoary orator told of God, of eternity, judgment to come, and all that were likely to impress on their minds the awful responsibility of not giving up their hearts and minds to the service of the Great Creator during their short sojourn in this vale of tears. He spoke of his experience, his toils and travels, his persecutions, and welcomes, and how many he had seen in hope, in peace, and triumph, gathered to their fathers; and when he spoke of the short space that remained to him, his only regret was, that he could no more proclaim, in the silence of death, the mercies of his crucified Redeemer.

There was no need of the studied trick of oratory to produce, in such a place, the deepest movements of the heart. No wonder, as the speaker paused to dash the glittering moisture from his own eye, that his audience were dissolved in tears or uttering the exclamations of penitence.

Nor is it a cause of admiration, that many who prized themselves on an estimation of higher intellect, and a nobler insensibility than the crowd, caught the infectious feeling, and became women and children in their turn, and though they came to "mock remained to pray," for this was the theme of earnest discussion, reviewing, comparison, and intense interest.

However, this state of things did not continue; a more exciting, enthusiastic preacher succeeded; his first aim was to excite the feelings, with his voice pitched upon the tones, and his utterance filled with that awful judgment, to which every string of the human heart ever responds, and while the woods reverberated his vehement declamations, his audience were alternately dissolved in tears, awed to profound feeling, or falling into spasms. Only the latter class were said to have got religion, and they were carried, without distinction, to age or sex, to the pen. In less than half an hour upwards of one hundred were in the straw; some tore their hair, others their garments, some moaned heavily, while others shrieked bitterly, and a scene of the utmost confusion ensued. Amidst this uproar, I was able to distinguish the following exclamations:—"Will you come? will you come? just now?" "Yes, I will come—yes, I will come. Just now—just—just now." "Brother, pray with me." "Now expect it." "O! come down on me?" "Let the Lord open your understanding; I claim you as mine; shout and roar; we are gaining ground." "Sing Hallelujah, &c."

These excitements, or, in religious parlance, awakenings, increased beyond description; from the sublime they became the ridiculous — the whole was worthy the pencil of Maclise. I quitted this spectacle, and took a survey of the rear of the tents, behind each of which there was a fire, attended by badly clad slaves, that were afraid to speak, knowing I was a stranger from the questions I put. Describing another circle with a greater radius, I encountered many whites, by whom religion was but little minded, and morality altogether forgotten. I left the camp meeting, and directed my steps towards my lodging, through tortuous paths and by-roads, which were well calculated to distract a stranger by their perplexity and intricacy, particularly at night.

However, I arrived safe at two o'clock in the morning; had a few hour's sleep, and left for Havre-de-Grace on board the Leannans steamer tug, with twenty-two large canal boats dragging after her. Our

rate of sailing was slow, and being the only cabin passenger, I had ample time to meditate on the romantic spectacle of the previous night. Here I shall venture to offer my protest against those canting hypocritical advocates of truth, morality, and virtue, who treat these subjects as marketable commodities; the ready disposal of which requires an occasional puff at their hands. They offer that which ought to be above all price, as something of which themselves have a large stock on hand, thereby lessening its intrinsic value, and discount what ought to be above par.

The state of Delaware is divided into three counties, Kent and Sussex to the south, and Newcastle to the north.

The two southern counties are level, but in the northern part of Newcastle county, hills of considerable elevation occur. One of the most remarkable features in the natural geography of the state, is the noted swamp, situate on the summit of the main ridge, from which the water flows into both the Chesapeake Bay on the west, and Delaware on the east.

We sailed down Rock Creek into Elk river, crossed a portion of the Chesapeake Bay, and came into the mouth of the river Susquehanna, to Havre-de-Grace. Here the railroad from Philadelphia to Baltimore crosses the Susquehanna; the train does not cross, but the luggage cars and passengers are brought over in an enormous steam-boat. This is an inconsiderable place, with about one hundred houses, dispersed over a considerable extent. The principal buildings are O'Neil's banking-house, and the United States hotel. This establishment afforded no refreshment, when I visited it, but peaches, for, in the phraseology of the place, it had gone to "tarnation smash." There were nine or ten other respectable brick built houses; but inns seemed scarce, for I could not get accommodated for the night, neither was there any train for Baltimore that evening, but a luggage one. In one of those immense things, like what horses are stored to in England, sitting on a box, with the two side doors open, I set off for Baltimore, paying, at the same time, as much as if in the regular car.

There were a good many schooners and other small craft here, in the coal and wood trade. The place of landing is very incommodious, and the town small and irregular.

Up the river, on the eastern side, at about a mile and a half distance, I could discern the town Port Deposit; opposite which there is an island and a wooded bridge, crossing the Susquehanna. The canal boats that come from Havre-de-Grace, entered another canal at this place, which, I believe, is destined to overcome the rapids of the Susquehanna above Port Deposit.

It is well known that Maryland is divided in two parts by Chesapeake Bay, called the eastern and western shores. The inhabitants near to the margin of this great bay are liable to severe attacks of bilious fever and ague, in the summer and full months; but nature has her own way in balancing advantages and disadvantages over the globe, and those people find sufficient reasons, on comparing their section of country with others, to be satisfied with their lot.

The country on either side of the road is level, the soil apparently sterile, and has received little improvement from human industry. On arriving within a mile and a quarter from Baltimore depôt, the engine was detached, and two horses put to each car, in the same way as the trains are brought out of Philadelphia.

I mention this circumstance on account of the little time this system of horsing occupies.

The whole distance from Philadelphia to Baltimore, accounted ninety-five miles, is generally travelled in four and a half hours, including stoppages; two horses being sufficient for a carriage containing seventy-two passengers. On my way to the Exchange hotel, the first thing that attracted me was a notice for the sale of four slaves, to be sold by auction on the morrow; among them was described "a yellow girl, aged seventeen, handsome and well made." This seemed, for a short time, a mystery to me, what appearances could have to do with a slave? but I afterwards learned, to my astonishment, that a handsome negro girl brought a higher price than an ordinary one, for reasons the most disgusting.

The Baltimore papers were full of such advertisements. I give here one of the many, which will show to what extent the slave trade flourishes, even in liberal enlightened Baltimore:—

CASH FOR NEGROES.

THE highest prices will at all times be given for NEGROES OF BOTH SEXES that are slaves for life and good titles. My office is in Pratt-street, No. 85, between Sharp and Howard Streets, where myself or my agent, J. M. Wilson, can be seen at all times. All persons having Negroes to sell would do well to see me before they dispose of them, as I am always buying and forwarding to the New Orleans market. I will also receive and keep Negroes at twenty-five cents each per day, and forward them to any southern part, at the request of the owner. My establishment is large, comfortable, and airy, and all above ground, and kept in complete order,

with a large yard for exercise, and is the strongest and most splendid building of the kind in the United States. And as the character of my House and Yard is so completely established for strength, comfort, and cleanliness, and it being a place where I keep all my own, that I will not be accountable for the future for escapes of any kind from my Establishment.—HOPE H. SLATTER. Baltimore, Aug. 19, 1842.

Well might Campbell say—

"United States, your banner wears
Two emblems—one of fame;
Alas, the other that it bears,
Reminds me of your shame.
The white man's liberty, in types,
Are blazoned by your stars,
But what's the meaning of your stripes?
They mean your negroes' scars."

THE MAIDEN'S RESOLVE.

Dost deem my love so light a boon,
That thou may'st throw it idly by—
As winds may waft a flower at noon,
And leave it low at night to die?

By all my spirit's pain and strife—
By all the hopes that now reward thee—
Thy proudest boast in after life
Shall be that I—that I ador'd thee!

Not mine the brow to droop in grief—
Not mine the soul to pine alone:
The pang, tho' passionate, is brief—
The doubt is o'er—the dream has flown.

The love of one so light of heart,
Were scarcely worth one foud regret;
All is not lost although we part—
The pearl in life's cup sparkles yet.

Some chords there are in love's sweet lyre,
Thy false hand knew not how to play;
Some gleams remain of feeling's fire,
Thou couldst not all my heart betray.

I'll win a name from wayward fame,
That thou shalt hear with fond regret;
The heart thy falsehood left to shame,
Shall find some glorious solace yet.

Yes! by this moment's pain and strife—
By all the vows I have restored thee—
Thy dearest boast in after life
Shall be, that I—that I ador'd thee!

H. H.

HERMAN MELVILLE.

The above name sounds marvellously like the fanciful appellation of a hero of romance. It is, however, nothing of the kind, but a true cognomen, unless, indeed, Mr. Murray deems it necessary to require his authors to adopt more euphonious names than those which they have had in common use; as Mr. Raphino Lacy, after the established fashion of the gentry of the stage, called his daughter Miss Delsey; and as the Hugginses, and Wigginses, and Bumpuses, have from time immemorial been in the habit of translating their patronymics into Belville, Montgomery, and De Courcy. Herman Melville is an American, who finding himself at the Marquesas islands, thought proper to desert from his ship with a companion named Toby.

Preparatory to their start, the associates provided themselves with a few handfuls of midshipman's nuts, some bread, tobacco, a few yards of cotton concealed in their trowsers, and several other trifles. Their adventures, though true, are not less striking than the fictitious incidents reported by Crusoe and Quarll, which have been the delight of succeeding generations. Some brief specimens will please. It is to be borne in mind that in the Marquesas islands one tribe, called Typees, had the reputation of being cannibals.

Melville and his friend having got away from the ship, made for a high ridge which they saw at a distance; but on approaching, found they had to make their way through a cane or reed wood. These reeds, which were tall,

"Grew together as thickly as they could stand, and as tough and stubborn as so many rods of steel; and we perceived, to our chagrin, that they extended midway up the elevation we purposed to ascend. For a moment we gazed about us in quest of a more practicable route; it was, however, at once apparent that there was no resource but to pierce this thicket of canes at all hazards. We now reversed our order of march, I, being the heaviest, taking the lead, with a view of breaking a path through the obstruction, while Toby fell into the rear. Two or three times I endeavoured to insinuate myself between the canes, and by dint of coaxing and bending them to make some progress; but a bull-frog might as well have tried to work a passage through the teeth of a comb, and I gave up the attempt in despair. Half wild with meeting an obstacle we had so little anticipated, I threw myself desperately against it, crushing to the ground the canes with which I came in contact; and rising to my feet again, repeated the action with like effect. Twenty minutes of this violent exercise almost exhausted me, but it carried us some way into the thicket; when Toby, who had been reaping the benefit of my labours by following close at my heels, proposed to become pioneer in turn, and accordingly passed ahead with a view of affording me a respite from my exertions. As, however, with his slight frame he made but bad work of it, I was soon obliged to resume my old place again. On we toiled, the perspiration starting from our bodies in floods, our limbs torn and lacerated with the splintered fragments of the broken canes, until we had proceeded perhaps as far as the middle of the brake, when suddenly it ceased raining, and the atmosphere around us became close and sultry

beyond expression. The elasticity of the reeds, quickly recovering from the temporary pressure of our bodies, caused them to spring back to their original position; so that they closed in upon us as we advanced, and prevented the circulation of the little air which might otherwise have reached us. Besides this, their great height completely shut us out from the view of surrounding objects, and we were not certain but that we might have been going all the time in a wrong direction. Fatigued with my long-continued efforts, and panting for breath, I felt myself completely incapacitated for any further exertion. I rolled up the sleeve of my frock, and squeezed the moisture it contained into my parched mouth. But the few drops I managed to obtain gave me little relief, and I sunk down for a moment with a sort of dogged apathy, from which I was aroused by Toby, who had devised a plan to free us from the net in which we had become entangled. He was laying about him lustily with his sheath-knife, lopping the canes right and left, like a reaper, and soon made quite a clearing around us. This sight reanimated me, and seizing my own knife, I hacked and hewed away without mercy. But alas! the farther we advanced, the thicker and taller, and apparently the more interminable, the reeds became. I began to think we were fairly snared, and had almost made up my mind that without a pair of wings we should never be able to escape from the toils, when all at once I discerned a peep of daylight through the canes on my right, and, communicated the joyful tidings to Toby, we both fell to with fresh spirit, and speedily opening a passage towards it we found ourselves clear of perplexities, and in the near vicinity of the ridge. After resting for a few moments, we began the ascent, and after a little vigorous climbing found ourselves close to its summit. Instead, however, of walking along its ridge, where we should have been in full view of the natives in the vales beneath, and at a point where they could easily intercept us were they so inclined, we cautiously advanced on one side, crawling on our hands and knees, and screened from observation by the grass through which we glided, much in the fashion of a couple of serpents. After an hour employed in this unpleasant kind of locomotion, we started to our feet again, and pursued our way boldly along the crest of the ridge. This salient spur of the lofty elevations that encompassed the bay rose with a sharp angle from the vallies at its base, and presented, with the exception of a few steep acclivities, the appearance of a vast inclined plain, sweeping down towards the sea from the heights in the distance. We had ascended it near the place of its termination and at its lowest point, and now saw our route to the mountains distinctly defined along its narrow crest, which was covered with a soft carpet of verdure, and was in many parts only a few feet wide. Elated with the success which had so far attended our enterprise, and invigorated by the refreshing atmosphere we now inhaled, Toby and I in high spirits were making our way rapidly along the ridge, when suddenly from the valleys below which lay on either side of us we heard the distant shouts of the natives, who had just descried us, and to whom our figures, brought in bold relief against the sky, were plainly revealed. Glancing our eyes into these valleys, we perceived their savage inhabitants hurrying to and fro, seemingly under the influence of some sudden alarm, and appearing to the eye scarcely bigger than so many pigmies; while their white thatched dwellings, dwarfed by the distance, looked like baby-houses. As we looked down upon the islanders from our lofty elevation, we experienced a sense of security; feeling confident that, should they undertake a pursuit, it would, from the start we now had, prove entirely fruitless, unless they followed us into the mountains, where we knew they cared not to venture."

Their supplies soon failed; they wanted shelter, and observing a path, they resolved to follow it wherever it might lead. Soon were the wanderers among foaming streams and gloomy rocks, and here they resolved to construct a temporary hut, to serve them for the night. A lively picture of their sufferings succeeds:

"This (the hut) we were obliged to build close to the foot of the cataract, for the current of water extended very nearly to the sides of the gorge. The few moments of light that remained we employed in covering our hut with a species of broad-bladed grass that grew in every fissure of the ravine. Our hut, if it deserved to be called one, consisted of six or eight of the straighest branches we could find laid obliquely against the steep wall of rock, with their lower ends within a foot of the stream. Into the space thus covered over, we managed to crawl, and disposed our wearied bodies as best we could. Shall I ever forget that horrid night? As for poor Toby, I could scarcely get a word out of him. It would have been some consolation to have heard his voice, but he lay shivering the live-long night like a man afflicted with the palsy, with his knees drawn up to his head, while his back was supported against the dripping side of the rock. During this wretched night there seemed nothing wanting to complete the perfect misery of our condition. The rain descended in such torrents that our poor

shelter proved a mere mockery. In vain did I try to elude the incessant streams that poured upon me; by protecting one part I only exposed another, and the water was continually finding some new opening through which to drench us. I have had many a ducking in the course of my life, and, in general, cared little about it; but the accumulated horrors of that night, the death-like coldness of the place, the appalling darkness, and the dismal sense of our forlorn condition almost unmanned me."

In traversing these wilds, they at length perceive human beings. The adventurers advance in cautious silence to gaze upon them. An interesting picture of two children of nature is then furnished:

"They must have previously perceived us, and withdrawn into the depths of the wood to elude our observation. My mind was at once made up. Dropping my staff, and tearing open the package of things we had brought from the ship, I unrolled the cotton cloth, and holding it in one hand plucked with the other a twig from the bushes beside me, and telling Toby to follow my example, I broke through the covert and advanced, waving the branch in token of peace towards the shrinking forms before me. They were a boy and a girl, slender and graceful, and completely naked, with the exception of a slight girdle of bark, from which depended at opposite points two of the russet leaves of the bread-fruit tree. An arm of the boy, half screened from sight by her wild tresses, was thrown about the neck of the girl, while with the other he held one of her hands in his; and thus they stood together, their heads inclined forward, catching the faint noise we made in our progress, and with one foot in advance, as if half inclined to fly from our presence."

By the boy and girl they are introduced to the adult natives. Among the supposed cannibals their presence caused a great sensation. One scene we must transcribe, and then pause:

"Reclining upon our mats, we now held a kind of levee, giving audience to successive troops of the natives, who introduced themselves to us by pronouncing their respective names, and retired in high good humour on receiving ours in return. During this ceremony the greatest merriment prevailed, nearly every announcement on the part of the islanders being followed by a fresh sally of gaiety, which induced me to believe that some of them at least were innocently diverting the company at our expense, by bestowing upon themselves a string of absurd titles, of the humour of which we were of course entirely ignorant. All this occupied about an hour, when the throng having a little diminished, I turned to Mehevi and gave him to understand that we were in need of food and sleep. Immediately the attentive chief addressed a few words to one of the crowd, who disappeared, and returned in a few moments with a calibash of 'poee-poee,' and two or three young cocoa-nuts stripped of their husks, and with their shells partially broken. We both of us forthwith placed one of these natural goblets to our lips, and drained it in a moment of the refreshing draught it contained. The poee-poee was then placed before us, and even famished as I was, I paused to consider in what manner to convey it to my mouth. This staple article of food among the Marquesas islanders is manufactured from the produce of the bread-fruit tree. It somewhat resembles in its plastic nature our bookbinders' paste, is of a yellow colour, and somewhat tart to the taste. Such was the dish, the merits of which I was now eager to discuss. I eyed it wistfully for a moment, and then unable any longer to stand on ceremony, plunged my hand into the yielding mass, and to the boisterous mirth of the natives drew it forth laden with the poee-poee, which adhered in lengthy strings to every finger. So stubborn was its consistency, that in conveying my heavily-freighted hand to my mouth, the connecting links almost raised the calibash from the mats on which it had been placed. This display of awkwardness—in which, by-the-bye, Toby kept me company—convulsed the bystanders with uncontrollable laughter. As soon as their merriment had somewhat subsided, Mehevi, motioning us to be attentive, dipped the fore finger of his right hand in the dish, and giving it a rapid and scientific twirl, drew it out coated smoothly with the preparation. With a second peculiar flourish he prevented the poee-poee from dropping to the ground as he raised it to his mouth, into which the finger was inserted and drawn forth perfectly free from any adhesive matter. This performance was evidently intended for our instruction; so I again essayed the feat on the principles inculcated, but with very ill success. A starving man, however, little heeds conventional proprieties, especially on a South Sea Island, and accordingly Toby and I partook of the dish after our own clumsy fashion, beplastering our faces all over with the glutinous compound, and daubing our hands nearly to the wrist."

They were subsequently regaled with dishes, which are pronounced to have been "positively delicious," and with tobacco. The natives of the place curiously examined the limbs of the strangers. "They felt our skin," says the writer, "much in the same way that a mercer would handle a remarkably fine piece of

satin; and some of them went so far in the investigation as to apply the olfactory organ."

TRUST NOT.

Trust not a maiden's eye,
Bright though it flashes
Sparks of sweet silver light
Beneath its lashes—
It will deceive you.

Trust not a maiden's smile,
So soft and beaming;
The while her looks are sweet,
Deceit she's meaning,
And will deceive you.

Trust not a maiden's voice
Of honey'd sweetness;
Trust not though tears she shed,
Trust not her weakness—
She will deceive you.

Trust in a maiden's heart,
Strive till thou gain it;
Perchance you win; till death
You may retain it—
'Twill ne'er deceive you.

Her eyes, her smile, her voice,
With her heart she gives;
Seek then the goal to win,
Where bright honour lives,
Ne'er to deceive you.

W. B. A.

Review.

New London Magazine.

This miscellany continues to favour the public with articles of a highly readable character. They may be termed light, yet they are morally instructive, and well calculated to while away a tedious winter's evening. An occasional scientific article might be introduced with advantage, as the mind relishes a change, and that change, in this case, should be either of an historical or scientific nature. The "Last Bottle of Champagne," the opening article in the number, is wordy, and lacks that vein of humour usually found in the papers of the editor. "Evenings with our English Essayists" is characteristic of Zachary Gobbletop, and forms one of the most interesting papers in the number. "A Gossip about Getting-up" has interest, and as such, we extract it:—

A GOSSIP ABOUT GETTING UP.

"'Life,' says somebody, somewhere, 'is no more than a series of buttonings and unbuttonings,' and truly, in one point of view, may that description be considered correct, with the aboriginal unclothed natives of uncivilised regions alone excepted. Getting up in the morning, and going to bed at night, constitute the two great epochs in the existence of many, varied only by an occasional episode in the shape of fresh garments and clean linen. The remainder of existence with your dull witless mortals being a mere blank, a monotonous routine of drudgery, from which it were bliss to get free. We know not what the rest of the world think about going to bed, but, for our own part, it is a practice which we never put in execution without having some very strange thoughts creeping over us as we disrobe, of which the doubt of our ever waking again is not the least. Then comes the nestling down into a soft corner, to make it warm, the half-hour's bout at fisty-cuffs with the pillow to make it soft, the banking up of the bed-clothes to make them easy, and finally the gradual relapsing off into a delicious, delightful, dreamless, slumber, the intensity of happiness during which seems too powerful for the senses to measure; so they relapse into inanity too. This said going to bed, in some cases, indeed, becomes a struggle of no small difficulty. To leave the genial fireside for the cold bed-room, and terminate in blankets and oblivion the pleasures of an agreeable day, is a resignation which requires a firm resolution to make. We have whilsome heard of sundry individuals whose condition may be briefly described as that wherein the preservation of the centre of gravity becomes doubly hazardous, who, being very strongly impressed with a vague notion that the abduction of bemudded Wellingtons from the feet was an unnecessary exercise of the muscles, have deemed themselves perfectly justified in rolling into bed with their daily garments for companions—an idiosyncrasy which we simply record, without advancing it as a precedent to be followed. If our schoolboy classics serve us rightly, there should be in one of the early books of Virgil a passage which saith, 'tot homines tot sententiæ'—so many men, so many opinions; and upon nothing has humanity varied more greatly than upon the mode and manner of getting into bed. Some sidle up to the bed-post, and sneak in between the sheets, as if they were thoroughly ashamed of themselves; others tear asunder the bed curtains in a fit of frantic desperation, and plunge into the aperture then made, something after the fashion of Harlequin taking a leap through a scene in the pantomime, and one friend of ours indeed protested that he made an invariable practice of getting in at the bottom of the bed, by creating a kind of tunnel beneath, and then burrowing under the bed-clothes like a rabbit. But Thomson, the poet, whose love of 'Idleness' he hath himself so beautifully recorded, could never endure even this trouble; for it is stated by one of his biographers that, after his bed had been made, he would proceed most methodically to evolve the process of untucking, and that then grasping the extremity of the coverings convulsively

between his fingers, he would roll himself from the left side to the right, clothing and all, until the mammoth-like convolutions of sheet and counterpane suggested a comparison between the poet and an unswathed Egyptian mummy. Well, then, here we are in bed, with a more intense respect than ever for that sepulchral inscription of 'requiescat in pace,' and deluding ourselves into a belief that such moral reflections as we have above advanced will more than extenuate the kind of dreamy doziness into which we have fallen. The getting up, indeed, on these cold mornings becomes really a serious piece of business. Ugh! Ugh! To leave one's warm, comfortable bed—to brave the chilliness of the raw morning air—to abandon the billowy embrace of the heaving counterpane for the encircling frigidity of a clean—ahem! and to exchange the breath-warmed atmosphere of your chamber, for the sleety, snowy, north-westerly blast outside, that cuts your body into an infinitesimal number of small particles, as you hasten to overtake at full speed the coach that is to convey you to the railway terminus. This is a portion of the miseries of life which, if any one of readers should say he has never experienced, would cause us to respond, 'Happy man be his dole!' Just, too, as we have begun to indulge in a pleasing consciousness of having got the bed to ourself—revelling in ample appreciation of the blessing of our absent 'better half,' we are most unreasonably asked, 'Are you going to get up?' We appeal—no—not to our brethren in bondage, because we should be sorry to run the risk of involving them in a domestic difference, but to our beloved friends of bygone brotherhood, the bachelors; we appeal to them, whether a bed to one's self, with a pile of pillows for two, remember, and a mass of superabundant clothing on either side of us, does not amount to such a luxury, on a winter's morning, that no man who possesses a proper sense of the blessings of existence can be expected to forego the possession of at a moment's notice. 'Of course not.' To be sure—sensibly spoken, as the bachelorhood, on such points, always do speak—but alas! Mrs. —— thinks differently. 'Now, are you going to get up?' 'Most decidedly.' That's what we all say, when questioned upon a point that admits of no denial; yes, we are going to get up, but—it looks very cold out of the windows, and there is something so exceedingly pleasant in the sense of comfort, protection, and independence which one enjoys, in the contrast between the warmth within and the cold without (the morning's compulsory 'cold without,') that really it would be a wanton act, aye, almost a brutal act of self-infliction, to forego such excessive happiness. 'The shaving water is getting cold.' Well—it has nothing else to do; and besides, the warmth of the water can easily be restored, even after all its caloric has gone; but there is no restoring the warmth that a human body must lose by suddenly being plunged into the cold air out of featherbed, sheets, and blankets. Ugh!—such an ordeal might be very wholesome for a Russian who has been used to plunge from hot baths into cold ones, but we English are a much more delicate and sensitive set of people—that is, the more refined and intellectual class of us, and authors—aye, authors——'There's that boy waiting below for copy.' Well, but we are not up; people cannot be expected to write in bed, though one may lie and think, for all that. We have not written a line yet; and it would be foolish to attempt it till we have got the whole subject lithographed on the tablet of our brain, so that we can strike it off on paper ready for printing. There's nothing like—(how that pillow keeps slipping away from us) there is nothing like a little morning's reflection. Now, about ten minutes' quiet thought, and then, after a cup of Mocha and a muffin—but that shaving water is quite cold. 'Always the way; you never will get up!' There is no fear of that; but we should like to know what is the use of getting up when the water is not in a fit state to shave with? Eh!—gone—well, it is very obliging, but, really there was no hurry. That boy from the office must have some breakfast—boys can always eat two breakfasts on cold mornings. Well, it will be very easy to send him away satisfied so far, but where is the copy to come from? Oh that we were blessed, like Milton, with two daughtors, or even one, for an amanuensis!—we would not get up until we could quit our bed with an honourable consciousness of having acquitted ourself of our duty. And really, the brightest ideas always come when one is in bed—the body at rest and the brain at work; but commonplace people call that idleness. There was poor Thomson, to whom we before alluded—how that man was calumniated! He saw what an absurd thing it was to be expected to get up unless he had a motive. Now men of business always have; they must make their appearance in the world at a certain hour; but people who are under no compulsion——'Now, really—you are not up yet!' We were waiting for the water. 'Breakfast is quite ready.' Very good. As we were about saying, when thus interrupted, we once knew a very sensible old lady who never used to get up during the entire winter. She observed she did not see the good of it. Very unwholesome you think. We doubt it;—children and

old folks require a deal of warmth—and in proportion as a man is declining in the vale of years, so may he lie abed with impunity. It will probably have the effect of making him corpulent, and that is better than being thin; age, to be at all imposing in its effect, and excite a proper feeling of respect among its juniors, should always carry a due weight of flesh. Now, the old gentlemen who pride themselves so much upon their habit of getting up early, are almost invariably thin and weazened. 'But they have such excellent health.' That is true, though we suspect that, after all, it is a matter of constitution. Now, there was Sir Walter Scott; he used to get up and write before breakfast, but Byron, and in fact the generality of writers of imagination, have preferred the sitting up to the getting up. A bad plan, you think. 'Yes! early to bed, early to—' We know; but we doubt the infallibility of the maxim; it all depends upon what people are doing when they are up. Even the acquisition of health, or the possession of it, is not always so easy, and as to the wealth and wisdom they are no more the abstract result of one's getting up early than poverty and ignorance are of our rising late. Not but what we readily admit that early rising is decidedly an excellent, admirable, and most recommendable thing—in theory and summer time, but, in practice, how few act upon the precepts they would teach. To a bachelor who has to jerk himself violently out of bed at eight, light his own fire, brew his own coffee, and make his own toast, and, after all that, be three miles off to business by nine, the act of getting up is not one of the least formidable difficulties he has to surmount. We can picture to ourselves the contemplative miseries of such a one as we have described on first awaking to a consciousness of a grey, cold light of a December morning struggling through the dingy dimity curtains that flap listlessly over the lattice window of his solitary lodging. How he first rubs his weary eyes, that would fain close again in spite of him, did not constant friction cause a kind of blinking uncertainty as to whether it was really Sunday morning or not; and then the gradual knowledge of the error into which he would fain cheat himself, and the thoughts of his imperative employer (who has a servant to call him, and comes by an omnibus into town), float gloomily athwart his mind. Now he makes a sudden and desperate resolution to rise, but the frosty air comes freezily across his shoulders, and he nestles again despondingly back for comfort's sake. Hark! the clock of the neighbouring church strikes the hour of eight. Eight?—yes, he counted every stroke; still he might have made a mistake, and perhaps, in reality, it was only seven, and there was one hour of repose for him. No! —other clocks socially follow the example of their neighbouring time-keeper, and confirm his first arithmetical calculation. He will but count twenty to himself—just twenty—and then get up. The last numbers — eighteen, nineteen, twenty — are counted very slow indeed; so slow that he has even time to take a short nap between, but the half hour is chimed, and he can delay no longer without risking the loss of his situation. So out he rushes, and then a shivering suggestion of Greenland steals over him. What thrusting of an entire bundle of wood into the grate at once, and what coy coquetting with the cold damp towel, as he undergoes the necessary ordeal of ablution. First, the lucifer match won't ignite, and then the kettle will obstinately persist in not boiling for some time, till just as the fire is blazing up brightly, and the first cup of scalding tea is poured out, not swallowed, this mischievous horologe proclaims the transit of the third quarter, and when he is thinking within himself how delightful it would be to sit sipping his diluted congou there for another hour at least, he is compelled to run the three miles between his lodging and his office in fifteen minutes, which the pedestrian powers of a Townsend or a Mountjoy would scarcely accomplish in double the time. He has even scarcely time, as he passes shivering along, to gaze wistfully up at the snugly drawn-down blinds of the houses where the undisturbed comfort that prevails bespeaks the power of lying a-bed a little longer; but still his sympathy the more extends itself to those equally miserable fellow-clerks, whom he encounters in his passage, drearily munching a portion of their bread and butter, which at half-past one o'clock of the same day they put their head and shoulders into their writing desk, and dine off. To the married man the getting out of bed on such mornings presents, however, few such contingencies as described. The fifteen minutes before rising then generally affords the opportunity of dreamily cogitating upon what important business the married man may have to transact that day, and wherefore he should put his name to that three months' bill of Jenkins's or not. Perhaps, in the midst of some occult meditation, he is aroused by a hasty summons to breakfast, to which the necessary responsive adjunct of 'Coming directly, my dear,' gives him the opportunity of meditating for five minutes longer; but then, breakfast with him has been already prepared without any trouble on his part. He has but to slip on his dressing-gown and slippers—the very luxury of indolence—and open the door of his breakfast-room, and lo! his wishes are

anticipated. Glaring, huge lumps of coals peer cheerfully through the brightly polished bars, and the toast is steaming in buttered seductiveness upon his plate, and the Mocha is sending up flavorous wreaths of fragrance, and the morning paper is spread before the fire with its printed columns of everything for everybody. Ah! that's something like an inducement to get up!—but what's that?—*Ten o'clock!* and that boy waiting for copy, too—how fast the clocks go this cold weather. Well, now we really must—one plunge, and, there—booh! wooh! Our 'Gossip about getting up' is all over, and we must now sit down, and see what can be done for a magazine contribution to the 'NEW LONDON.'"

The Gatherer.

Married Life.—Married life is frequently rendered miserable by a woman's struggle for power, than which nothing can be more unwise; for it is only when she loses sight of her own sweet attributes—which are tenderness, affection, devotion, and fidelity—that man forgets his higher calling, which is to protect, cherish, and preserve her from ill. Their relative duties differ, but neither is inferior to the other. When woman, however, seeks to usurp a power unbecoming her position, she gives a man a pretext for withholding what is really her due. No man ever prospered in the world without the co-operation of his wife. If she unites in mutual endeavours or rewards his labour with an endearing smile, with what confidence will he resort to his merchandise or his farm; fly over lands; sail upon the seas; meet difficulty and encounter danger; if he knows he is not spending his strength in vain, but that his labour will be rewarded by the sweets of home! Solitude and disappointment enter the history of every man's life; and he is but half provided for his voyage, who finds but an associate for happy hours, while for his months of darkness no sympathising partner is prepared!

A Prize Quest.—Mdlle Fanny Elssler, being at Foligno, on her way from Rome, many of the principal inhabitants had prepared a guest-chamber, in the hopes of lodging so distinguished a personage. Loath to cause heart-burning by an invidious preference, Mdlle. Fanny resorted to the expedient of drawing lots, and the names of M. and Mad. Falconieri, merchants, having come from the urn, she "descended" at their house.

Authors and Publishers.—As the gods get nothing but the smoke of their offerings, and the priests the meat, so authors get the fame and the booksellers the profit of their works; the noses of the one are tickled, and the stomachs of the other filled.

A Just Reproof.—A lady who had married a man of great good-nature, but a little deficient in point of understanding, was reproached by her brother-in-law, who told her in derision that she had coupled herself to a fool. "So has my sister," she replied, "for no man of sense would endeavour to give any woman a mean opinion of her husband."

Opinion.—Opinion is a monster! with ten thousand tongues to tell its varied tales: and yet, after all is said, one true opinion only can there be, concerning any matter: all the rest are mixed up, more or less, with base alloy, and therefore counterfeit. Reader, under such conditions, would you really pin your faith to another's as many do!—whose sluggish minds are left asleep, when they are wildly whirled about through every form and turn of fantasy! Still, on the other hand, its treacherous voice must not be entirely scorned; for every creed holds something good, which thought's crucible may extract from the dross, if the proper test be taken. Therefore seek for the ore; lay it to your own good stock which has passed refinement, and you'll have a golden opinion for your guidance, that will shame the baser metals so current in the world.

Scraps for the Curious.—If a tallow candle be placed in a gun, and shot at a door, it will go through without sustaining any injury; and if a musket-ball be fired into water, it will not only rebound, but be flattened as if fired against a solid substance. A musket may be fired through a pane of glass, making the hole the size of the ball, without cracking the glass; if suspended by a thread, it will make no difference, and the thread will not even vibrate. Cork, if sunk two hundred feet in the ocean, will not rise on account of the pressure of the water. In the Arctic regions, when the thermometer is below zero, persons can converse more than a mile distant. Dr. Jamieson asserts that he heard every word of a sermon at a distance of two miles. We have written upon paper manufactured from iron, and seen a book with leaves and binding of the same material.—*Mining Journal.*

Warlike Preparations.—A New York Paper, under a flaming head, "Preparations for War," seriously gives the extract from *Punch*, touching the four-penny steam-boat captains having had a hint from official quarters to keep up their own crews to the full complement of three men and a boy!

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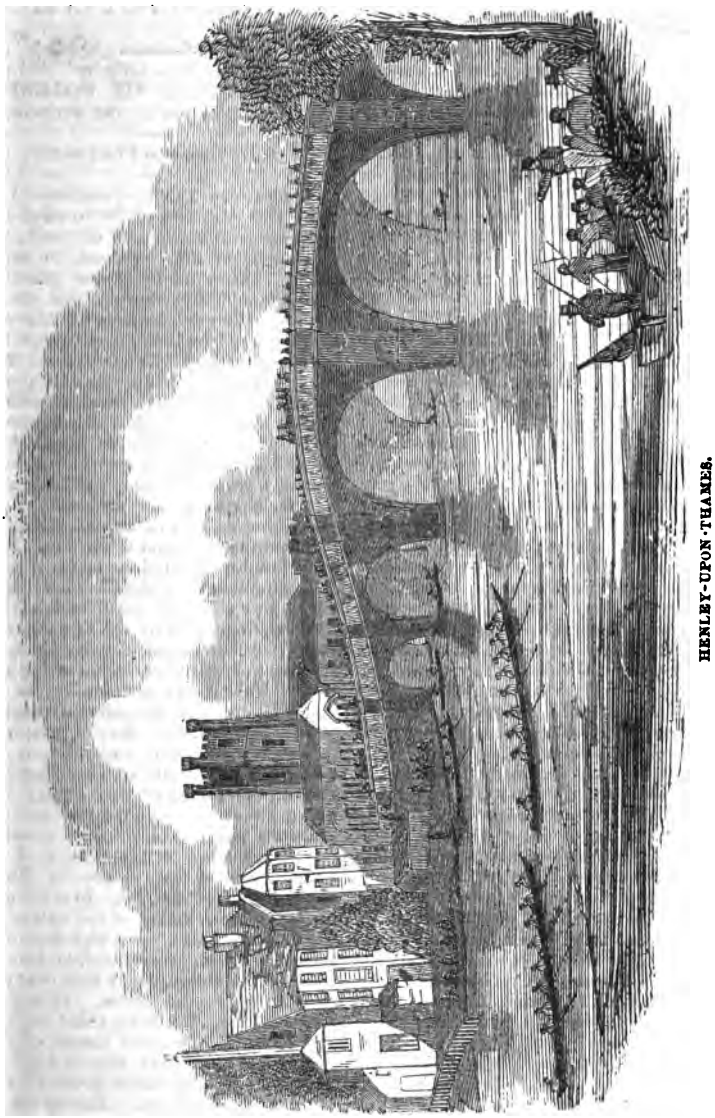

HENLEY-UPON-THAMES.

HENLEY-UPON-THAMES.

Few places more agreeably arrest attention journeying from London to Oxford than Henley-upon-Thames. Its smiling aspect invites a visit from the tourist, and its age commends it to the inquiries of the curious antiquarian.

It gracefully reclines on the banks of the Thames, at the foot of some high grounds, which for a time mark the course of the river. It is pronounced by Dr. Plot to be "the ancientest town in the county." This is saying much for Oxfordshire; at Grand Pont, Friar Bacon, the reputed magician, is believed to have fixed his abode in the thirteenth century, "Here," says Anthony à Wood, "before I go further, I must take notice of the tower, with a gate and common passage underneath, called *Friar Bacon's study*, which standeth on this bridge, near the city." The writer, to be sure, adds that this name was merely traditional, and not to be found in any ancient record. But he proceeds, "It has been delivered as a fact from one generation to another, and from them well versed in astronomy, and the antiquities of Roger Bacon, a Franciscan friar of this place, who died 1292, known to be a great astronomer, that he was used in the night to ascend this place, and to take the altitude and distance of the stars." With this a saying was connected—that the magician's study was so constructed that whenever a man of greater learning than himself should pass beneath it, the whole fabric would instantly fall in ruins. By less imaginary writers the building in question is supposed to be a pharos or high watch tower, erected in the time of king Stephen.

Henley is entered from the London road by a handsome stone bridge, of five arches, as appears in our illustration, the keystone of the centre arches being ornamented by sculptured masks, from the elegant chisel of the honourable Mr. Damer. The prospects from this spot are in the highest degree picturesque and beautiful. The church is a very handsome building, of Gothic structure; its tower is lofty, having a taper turret at each angle. This is, for the most part, composed of flint.

Henley is situate in the hundred of Benfield, and is a market town. Its name expresses antiquity, being derived from "*Hen* signifying old, and *Ley* a place." In an inspirimus granted by queen Elizabeth to the corporation of Henley, it was called Hanlegauz and Hanneburg. The town is governed by a high steward, mayor, ten aldermen, and twenty-six burgesses. It is the scene of four annual fairs.

At the distance of a mile from the town, Park-place, the seat of the earl of Malmsbury, is found. The grounds are adorned with hanging woods, and besides are objects of great interest—a Druidical temple, which the late general Conway caused to be brought to this place from Jersey, and the stones arranged as they had been in the original erection. Within that enclosure the sacrifice of a human victim may have been witnessed, and men reputed to be wise, as the sufferer fell beneath the destroying sword, those, perhaps, took upon themselves from his dying convulsions to predict coming events,

"We tell the secrets of the world unknown."

THE SMUGGLER OF FOLKSTONE.

A TALE OF TRUTH AND FICTION.

By Edward Portwine.

CHAPTER XXXII.—*(continued.)*

At the west end of the town of Hythe commences a wilderness of beach, which reaches from the highroad to the seashore. This road leads the traveller to the village of Dymchurch. On the right of this road are pastures of the richest soil, bordered by that range which terminates in the blue hills of Sussex. At the base of this ridge lies a stagnant pond, the Royal Military canal, teeming with fish, and on whose silvery bosom passage-boats glide in their course to Rye. At this point Romney Marsh may be said to commence, a level of twenty odd miles long, and from two to six or seven in width, containing an area of several thousands of acres of the best land in Britain. Leland, an old and quaint writer, states it as a fact that the waters of the Channel once covered this extensive level, which is somewhat corroborated by the fact that an extensive embankment has been raised on that part of the coast, commencing at the Grand Tower and terminating at Dymchurch, to prevent the saline element from encroaching on the fertile pastures of these lowlands. This embankment is denominated a "wall," or Dymchurch wall, and at the period of this history it was about twenty feet above the level of the sea. On this elevation horses and carriages travelled to the hamlet of Dymchurch, and from thence to Romney, Lydd, Rye, Hastings, &c. In order to prevent an encroachment of the waters of the bay at this point, piles had been driven, intersected with underwood, to break the force of the waves, which rush over extensive sands to the shore. This, in the course of time, has been found ineffectual, and stone is now used instead of underwood, and travellers are no longer delighted with the saline breezes wafting health in their course. During the panic created by the threat of invasion held out

by Napoleon in 1805, Martello towers and forts of great magnitude were built from Folkstone to midway between Dymchurch and Romney, to protect the country from the depredations of the French. These elevations, which are of an annular form, of extreme thickness, and bomb proof, are occupied by the coast-guard, formerly called the Blockade. It is to a spot on this lonely coast, about half a mile from the Grand Tower, we now desire to conduct the reader. There stood, at the period we are writing of, a farm or grazing-house, in which resided a quiet family whose employment consisted in looking after the cattle in the adjacent marshes. On the east side of this house is a gate, which leads the visitor to others, and by an intricate bridle-road into the heart of the level and to the fertile hills beyond.

On Thursday, February —, 18—, and at about eleven o'clock at night, a large body of men, dressed in pea jackets, blue trousers, and low-crowned hats, were perceived approaching from the road leading to St. Botolph's Bride; their number could not be less than two hundred. When they arrived at the end of the lane opposite the Grand Tower, and on which then stood a few houses called Brockman's Barn, the dark-looking body of men struck silently across the fields, and took up their station in large pounds behind the solitary grazing-house before-mentioned. There they laid down, observing the absence from a murmur which had characterised their long march over the hills and through the marsh. One or two only spoke, and these appeared in authority. The men were all armed with pistols in a leathern belt buckled round their waists, while a cutlass sheathed appeared girded on their left sides. Indeed, they looked what they were—a band of fierce and desperate men resolved to break the laws of their country at any hazard and in defiance of any force brought against them. It was now past twelve, and the rain began to descend in torrents. Motionless and silent lay the mass of human beings, until a word from their leader brought every man to his legs. The scout on the wall had at that moment given the signal in imitation of the peculiar cry of the sea-gull, and in another moment the masses were in motion towards the shore. If the human eye could have penetrated through the rain and darkness which now enveloped all nature, it would have perceived several horses and carts in a paddock behind the pounds which were destined to carry the spirits to the hills.

When the leader and his band reached the wall, the latter crouched down under its shelter, while Cumlin and Gettings, with the scout (our old friend Handy), occupied the post of danger. They perceived the solitary guard parading his beat in utter loneliness, while the south-east wind dashed the rain violently on his devoted features. By a quick perception the smuggler could discern three long boats plying their muffled oars in the direction to where they stood, and he whispered to his lieutenant, "That man must be disposed of." No sooner were the words uttered than the athletic Handy disappeared, and they presently perceived the scout threading his way like a serpent to where the guard had seated himself on a pile. It was the work of a moment with Handy to knock the poor fellow down, and then, with the assistance of Gettings, gag him. They then rolled the guard over the wall, and left him to his fate. The boats had now reached the strand, and so noiselessly, that two hundred kegs were out of them in the brief space of a few minutes. The men appeared again, and a similar number disappeared over the wall as if by magic. At that moment Cumlin started like a warhorse; his keen faculties soon perceived they were discovered, and that the blockade were on the alert. He approached the water's edge, laid himself level with the waves, and then returned to his lieutenant.

"Gettings, as I live, there are three or four boats full of men approaching the shore with the regular pull of a man-of-war's man! Is this the third haul?"

"No, sir," returned Gettings, "the fourth."

"Good; warn them when they reappear; we have plenty of time; the hounds will not discover us for a few minutes; quick, men, and cheerily; the Philistines are on us."

The men heard the latter part of the advice as they appeared, and a fourth time the ankers travelled over the wall.

When they returned the signal was given to fall into line to protect the remaining two hundred kegs: the eight hundred were safe from pursuit. The smuggler whispered to one near him, and like wildfire the command flew to all. Seventy-five men now stood back to back, with seventy-five others, leaving space for fifty men to work the last boat. At the moment the men were descending the fall for that purpose, four large boats grated the strand, and Jock M'Cullum, and Joe, Captain Sarson, Captain Bird, of the Starling, followed by the dark forms of seventy seamen, leaped close to the smugglers. From the west could be perceived a body of dark figures approaching—they were quickly on the spot.

"We were well nigh too late," cried the officer in command; "but better late than never."

Then elevating his voice, he vociferated —"Yield ye prisoners to his majesty, or we fire."

This menace was received with a mocking laugh by Cumlin, who replied, "Your powder must be in a fit state to explode in this drenching rain—ah, ah."

The excited commander of the Ramilies replied—"I should be sorry to waste life; but my duty impels me. Give me way there; will you yield yourselves prisoners, with all your contraband?"

Another loud laugh was the answer. The captain of the Ramilies then ordered his men to fire, and as the smuggler surmised the powder did not ignite, and before the sailors could return their pistols to their belts and draw their cutlasses, the smuggler had given the word to charge them. The forces were about equal, but the seamen were thrown into confusion at the unexpected circumstance of a regular battle, and many paid the penalty of their folly. The sailors soon recovered their confusion and fought like lions, determined to conquer a foe they despised. The party that had approached from the west, now attacked the other line, and the fight became general. The rain still descended with violence; bright lightning and loud thunder now reverberated along the shore; loud howled the wind, and the waves lashed the strand with fury. But the oaths, groans, and clashing of steel could be heard above the din of the elements, now sublime in storm. The ankers were now all removed; this Joe ascertained and communicated to his superior in one of those moments when he ceased from hacking his way into the midst of the smugglers' band. Mad with rage, he charged again with his men; the contrabandists being again pressed by the western division, began to display signs of fatigue before such determined valour, and they retreated to the wall. Hitherto Gettings, Handy, nor the smuggler had not mixed in the affray, but perceiving their men sorely pressed, Cumlin yielded to the entreaties of his lieutenant, and drawing his flaming sword, cried, "Cumlin, to the rescue;" and with glaring eyes he bore all down before him. In vain Jock M'Cullum and Sarson called their men to stand firm; but the men declared the smuggler to be the devil and not a man, and fled in confusion. At length Cumlin reached the commander of the Ramilies, and their weapons were crossed in an instant. Bravely did that celebrated Scotchman do his devoir in an unequal contest; but it was no avail; and his sword was seen cutting the air as a cry arose above the din of the elements, that the Flying Dutchman was amongst them, and superstition, so indigenous to a sailor, obtained for the smuggler a complete victory. The man-of-war's men, whom no danger could subdue, not even the cannon's mouth, yielded before their supernatural fears; and they fled in confusion: many were wounded on both sides; two sailors were dead, and three smugglers paid the last debt of nature and forfeited their lives. The band returned, with their killed and wounded, to the field, behind the grazier's house, where they were placed in vehicles, and the melancholy procession pursued their way to the northern hills.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Cumlin stood contemplating the funereal cavalcade with a mournful expression of countenance. Opposite him he perceived Gettings and Handy — all the band had departed.

"Gettings," said Cumlin, with a sadness in his tones, "this is the last time we shall ever meet in such a scene. I feel sick at thus warring against laws I consider so unjust. We close this affair as we commenced the first, with victory, and to-morrow I retire from England and its people, and for ever. Here, then, let us bid farewell."

"Oh, say not so, captain; leave us not yet, tarry awhile and finish the good work you commenced so many years since."

"It may not be—a daughter's happiness is now my only consideration. The object for which I visited this coast is now obtained. If I have effected good to many deserving men I shall ever feel gratified; if I have struck terror into the hearts of the executors of bad laws, I have done so disinterestedly; and I now leave the administration of the affairs of the land in your hands, and that you may prosper is my most ardent wish. Business now calls me to London, and when I return to the continent my name will not be forgotten by your island king, nor by the people of this coast."

Thus spoke this misguided man, who had conceived a strong prejudice against our laws. Gettings appeared greatly affected at the old smuggler's determination, and again endeavoured to dissuade him from his resolve to leave the band. This conversation had taken place without the railings of the sheep's pound, and Cumlin, in answer to the repeated solicitations of Gettings, while leaning on a corner of the enclosure, said—"No, friend; my decision is unalterable, and I expect to hear the signal from Waldron, with the vehicle that will carry me to the metropolis of this island." He held out his hand — "Gettings," he said, "I hear the whistle; it sounds from the northern road; and now farewell, farewell for ever."

A voice close to him, on the other side

of the fence, echoed the words, "Farewell, for ever," accompanied with the sharp report of a pistol. The smuggler leaped high in the air, and fell a dead man at the feet of the astonished smugglers, penetrated through the heart by a bullet from an unseen hand. The consternation of the men was dreadful; they raised the old man in their arms, bathed his temples with brandy; but he never spoke more. They then, with drawn cutlasses, entered the pound; the rain and tempest had now ceased — the pale moon shone into the enclosure on vacancy. It lighted up the inanimate countenance of Cumlin with an unearthly glare, and shed its melancholy radiance on the living and the dead.

So fell Cumlin ingloriously, by the hand of an unknown assassin, after having given evidence of valour and prowess in many a battle field, and displayed wisdom and fitness to command a body of reckless, dissatisfied spirits who never experienced defeat before a foe, nor lost a keg by the revenue officers.

The carriage designed to convey Cumlin to the London road bore his lifeless remains to the only being who knew his worth and deplored his misfortunes—his daughter. We draw a veil over her sufferings, and leave humanity to imagine the desolation of heart in that abode containing the dead father and inconsolable child.

A few evenings after this unexpected termination of the life of the famous smuggler, a hearse and mourning coach were perceived winding up the mountain side which overlooks the town of Folkstone, and leads the traveller through a fine valley to the port of Dover. Slowly the horses toiled up this long hill, attended by hundreds of the inhabitants, who, with tearful eyes and melancholy countenances, followed the vehicles. The carriage was closed. When arrived at the top of the hill, a small white handkerchief was waved from one of the windows; the people bowed in token of respect, and gave no other utterance to their grief. The carriages then passed rapidly through the turnpike-gate, and in half an hour reached the port of Dover. Arriving at the quay, a coffin was lowered into a vessel from the hearse, and presently a lady in deep mourning, wearing an impenetrable veil, descended with the aid of a gentleman. The gallant vessel immediately left the harbour, spread all its canvas, and steered for the coast of the Gaul.

"And in that narrow coffin rest the remains of that far-famed smuggler," cried a mournful voice to his neighbour, who had been a spectator of the melancholy proceedings.

"Yes, sir, I grieve to say you are correct, and that elegant lady is his only child. Poor girl! so young and lovely, to be deprived of her only protector at an early age, and by such violent means, is indeed a melancholy spectacle."

"But what could the young lady expect for her reckless father but such a death, sooner or later? And the gentleman—is he a relation? he appeared attentive and tender."

"No, sir; that gentleman is a young painter of some promise, who is accompanying the lady to the land of her father's kindred, and for whom, it is said, the smuggler's daughter feels great regard."

"Ah, perhaps the painter may in time soothe her present sorrows and induce her to look forward to a brighter future."

"God grant he may!" was the response from the heart as well as lips of James Waldron, who had joined in this conversation with a humane citizen of the good port of Dover.

Being engaged in surveying the south-eastern coast of Kent last summer, the author indulged in walking about the fertile level of Romney Marsh, and also in visiting the various places mentioned in this tale. One day, feeling exceedingly thirsty, and perceiving no tavern for miles, he ventured into a grazier's house, in the hope of obtaining a draught of milk. He was not disappointed; the daughter of the looker very courteously invited him to enter her parents' dwelling. Being much fatigued, he accepted the invitation. After some conversation on the rearing of cattle, he asked if smuggling was prevalent in those parts. The daughter and mother gazed at the writer with astonishment, and the latter replied,

"Since '17 there had not been so much as the ghost of a keg run on shore."

"And in that year, my good lady, was there smuggling in these parts?"

The old lady shook her head with a saddened expression of countenance, and replied,

"Since the affair of Cumlin in that year in which there was a matter of seven men killed and sixty wounded, some seriously, there had not been a run on the coast."

"And pray, madam, who was Cumlin?"

"What, sir, you must be a stranger in these parts not to know that famous smuggler! Why, on the night of —, in '17, he worked a thousand tubs in defiance of the blockade men, and the crews of the Ramillies, Lapwing, and Starling. But he was shot after the affair in cold blood by some enemy just behind this house. Lord, sir! we were well nigh scared to death at the fearful fight that occurred on the beach exactly opposite this poor old house. We did not dare appear even at the windows,

and the thunder and lightning were awful. It blew a heavy gale, and rained in torrents, and yet the famous smuggler and band carried off all the tubs and saved the boats. But he was shot." The old lady concluded her account of the transaction in a mournful voice.

After a pause the author requested the good woman to show him the spot where it was supposed the smuggler fell.

"Supposed, sir! there is no supposing in the case. There are marks which have existed now nearly twenty-seven years, and there they will remain until time shall be no more. Come, sir, I will show you the place."

The gentleman rose and followed the loquacious dame; she led him to a large sheep pound, used for shearing, and other purposes, a few feet on the north-east of which she stopped.

"Here is the spot, sir; you perceive that the green grass will not grow on it; all is bare as the high road. Here you perceive these great letters, "E. C.;" they were cut shortly after the murder, and there they remain, and will do so to all eternity."

The old lady had described the piece of earth correctly; there, indeed, were the large letters, about a foot in length, and the ground was bare of herbage. The initials were cut deep in the soil, and commemorated the fall of the far-famed

"Smuggler of Folkstone."

We shall not attempt to remedy the defects of this legend. We are aware that its faults are of a grave nature, and that they are very numerous. Many of the persons who are mentioned in these pages are still living, and if the reading public feel any curiosity to know the early adventures of the smuggler, and the fortunes of those who appear in our story, we will take an early opportunity to satisfy them.

Documents and papers have been recently forwarded to us from the "sweet south," which, on perusal, we find contain a history of the early life of Cumlin, and the subsequent adventures of those who have figured in this tale. The voluminous MSS. are signed "Edmund Poynder."

P.S.—After the death of Cumlin, the band separated, from several causes, and the majority of the smugglers resorted to fishing, the produce of which was sent to the London markets. The principal cause of the disbanding was the death of Cumlin—their master-spirit, and an increase of the force sent into these parts by the government. We hinted, when some of the men disgraced their natures and received the stern rebuke of the smuggler in the affair of Captain Sarson and Miss Jeffery, that a mightier power was at work to punish them. A few months after the affair at the Grand Tower, the band were attracted to a new fishery just discovered about midway between Folkstone and Calais, and one eventful morning every seaworthy boat was launched from the beach, and, with hundreds of fishermen, proceeded to the ground. About mid-day there arose a terrible gale, which continued to increase with great violence, accompanied with thunder and lightning. It rained in torrents—all nature seemed roused to fury; a mighty power directed the tremendous elements, and not one of the hundreds of young men and middle-aged ever returned alive to the shore they left in the morning hale and full of hope! Thus wives were deprived of their partners, children bereaved of their parents, and last, but not least, many a young heart that had just learned to love and hope became desolated.

HISTORY AND CHARACTERISTICS OF SUPERSTITION.

BY DR. EDWARDS.

We have been examining the scripture account of the doctrine of the supernatural. Let us proceed to the abuse of these truths, as discoverable in the history of superstition. Error is always suggessive of truth; and all truth is to weak-minded erring man, the parent of error. Idolatry with all its false doctrines, foul practices, and babbling pretensions, is but the spawn of revelation. The false doctrines and rites of the papacy will be found, if their origin is traced, to be the degenerate children of pure primitive times. The confessional is not, as some ecclesiastical writers would represent, the mere invention of artful, ambitious, priestly men; nor has it a pagan origin; it is an abuse of scriptural rule and the practice of social piety. In the same manner, all superstition speaks of true religion. As truth proves to blind mortals, the seed of error, so does religion, of superstition.

Superstition is a word which has been used so indefinitely, that it becomes difficult to determine its precise import. Without labouring, from the aid of etymology, to define what admits of such extensive signification, the best way, perhaps, would be to consider to what objects it is applied; and then, by observing what is common to them all, we shall be enabled to fix with some degree of precision, the meaning of the term. We apply it to the idolatry of the heathens; we apply it also to the Jews, who made the will of God of no ef-

fect by their traditions and substituted ceremonies in place of the religion of their fathers. We also say that some christians are guilty of superstition; those who are, place too much dependence on mere ceremonies, what we may call the pietism of external forms, or those who are too credulous of tales unsupported by sufficient evidence.

Now though we have in the present treatise only directly to consider the latter, yet as it will appear, on a careful comparison, that every form of superstition springs from the same principles and source of error, it will not be deemed inadmissible, if we dwell for a short time on its nature and effects, and then proceed to apply it more immediately to the doctrine of the supernatural, now under discussion; the one being found to illustrate the other.

If we would thus learn the nature of superstition from its effects, all those additions to our faith enforced not by scripture, but extrinsic authority, come under this designation. The Latin derivation, "super," above, and "sto," to stand, prove this to be the true meaning of the word. Every article of faith, which does not receive some countenance from the only rule of faith, is the result of its working. The church is made to usurp the seat and authority of the Lord of the church. The papist follows the authoritative antiquity of the ninth and tenth centuries; the tractarian, that of the fourth; as though the stream were not purer at the fountain-head. An undue reverence of testimonies and authorities unsanctioned by scripture, which teaches us to call no man rabbi, lifts up the floodgates for the admission of all the heresies, follies, and insanities which have overspread and desolated the nominal christian world. To enumerate these might take up many pages, let it suffice to mention the calendar of saints—the adoration of rotten relics—the baptism of bells—then of horses, and cows, and asses—the infliction of painful penances, of every variety and degree of suffering and of duration—the administration of sacraments to the dead and to infants—charms, incantations, and confessions, and the offering up the priest-invented sacrifice, to secure a good take of herrings. The love of human merit more largely contributed to originate this state of things than ignorance. The former invented, and the latter supported, those meretrecious trappings of sanctuary worship, as well as that self-denial and monasticism, which thus soon found admirers as well as vindicators. Let us beware of this spirit, which is again spreading; the spirit of popery, which is the spirit of human nature, originating in that conceit and ostentation, which cannot practise chastity without a vow and exilement, patience without stoicism, temperance without abstinence, and charity without the aid of a trumpet. Formalism is another cause of superstitious idolatry; and if we here allow the Romanist a large portion, we must also concede a little to the Anglican, at least the modern admirers of Laud and Sachaeverel, to those who would either mutilate or obscure the pure doctrines of the reformation. If no public prayer can be spiritual and acceptable to God but what is found in the Prayer Book; no sermon orthodox but what is delivered in a surplice, if the material building is the temple of God, and the sacramental table his altar, and genuflexious and bowings already sufficiently numerous, must be multiplied, is there not a relapse, a leaning towards that system of the "man of sin," which eats as a canker vital spiritual worship; and may we not address to such the words of our saviour, with which he reproved some of their spiritual ancestors, the self-righteous idolators of "anisee and cummin?" "Ye fools, and blind! for whether is greater, the gift, or the altar that sanctifieth the gift?" What a lamentable and pitiable spectacle of superstious debasement, as well as of ecclesiastical arrogance and tyranny, to see a presbyter of the church refusing to bury the child of Wesleyan parents; and when legally forced to comply, in the spirit of unchristian revenge, burying her north and south instead of east and west. When such language as the following is not only spoken, but printed and freely circulated, by one eminent in university station and learning, "We find, oh, most joyful, most wonderful, most unexpected sight! we find the whole cycle of Roman doctrine gradually possessing numbers of English churchmen:" it is surely time for the true and zealous disciples of the church of England to explode the suspicious expression of ultra-protestant, and to say to one another, "Let us not look back to Egypt, lest we perish in the wilderness."

The other branch of superstition which we are about to consider, springs from the same general principles. It is the exercise of a mind or rather fancy, misdirected; fancy and feeling usurping the place of reason, fact, and scripture. That both forms of superstition spring from the same causes, is evident from their blending in the Romish church, whose coming and progress. as predicted, were "with lying wonders and miracles, and all deceivableness of unrighteousness." The triumphs of the former were the measure of those of the latter; and were popery again to prevail, the obsolete superstitions of ghosts and hobgoblins, and of enchantments, charms, and raising of spirits, would, not-

withstanding the enlightenment of the age, again supersede the present popular credence on this subject, and every street have its haunted house, and every curious coincidence be pregnant with bright or bodeful destiny.

We have just given and explained the Latin etymology of the word superstition. According to the Greek derivation, it is the apprehension of demons; and hence it is used by us to denote all those dread fears which ignorance of God and true religion are apt to excite in the minds of the weak and uninformed. Our exposure to its withering influence will be proportionate to the expansiveness of our views on God's character and feelings, as shown by natural and revealed religion. Contracting our views to the present limited scene—the little machine and workshop of this world—without studying minutely and extensively the revelation God has given to dispel the gloom of mere natural religion, men lie exposed to the doggedness and grovelling licentiousness of atheism, on the one hand, and the terrors which superstition imposes on their liberty, on the other. The obscurity of their knowledge, and the weakness of their faith, either leads them to give up God altogether, or else acting on the imagination, which is often a foe to wide views and large attainments, leads them to the other extreme of pantheism. Extremes, it is justly said, often meet, of which the present subject furnishes a forcible illustration; for superstition and atheism are twin-sisters—and though infidelity may boast of more knowledge than the former, on which it may look down with contempt, and even triumph in its existence, as an argument in its favour, they both proceed from the same abuse of scanty knowledge and shallow intellect. As in olden days, the palmy days of popery, before the star of the reformation arose on the moral horizon, the priests, we have reason to believe, were influenced by the latter, and the common people adhered to the former; in proof of which, we may quote the words which are said to have dropped from one of the most distinguished bishops of Rome, "How profitable this fable is to us." The former were thus urged to grow as despotic, as the latter were to be servile and abject; a truth as old as the days of Plutarch, who justly observes, "Barbarous nations are naturally prone to superstition; and a weak, illiterate, and feeble multitude, when they are once brought under its dominion, will be more obedient to their priests, than to their civil or military leaders." Atheism and infidelity being a little wiser than superstition, resorts to its favourite principle, in order to escape from the other, as though an antidote; as on the other hand the superstitious, too enlightened for infidelity, will resort to vapid devotion, punctiliousness of ritual, and self-inflicted stripes, to screen itself from the consequences of the other, and appease the angry workings of conscience. Not being sufficiently acquainted with true spiritual religion, and destitute of that faith which revelation alone can give; or else actuated by enmity towards a purer and warmer light—not daring, or averse to scan higher ground, it takes up with this false and fatal substitute, and being perhaps more disposed or better enabled to direct its thoughts and feelings towards religion, it forms to itself innumerable chimeras, wrought in the obscurity and perplexity of its erring imagination.

Man has been styled a religious animal, even by infidels. He cannot, without great difficulty, rid himself of the thought of an unseen agency, of a superior power, and of certain mysterious laws of destiny. He finds both natural and moral evil in the world, and his reason naturally suggests that the former proceeds from the latter. His conscience, as scripture declares, often accuses him. In the mean time, there are certain glimmerings of a visible providence; virtue is often so signally and strikingly rewarded, and vice so signally and strikingly punished, that the natural sensitiveness of conscience is thus increased. In proportion as he perceives the intervention of a higher control, he is led to reason on the nature of the being or beings from whom it proceeds. In so doing, it is natural that his views should be somewhat regulated by what he knows of earthly power and character and magistracy; and as he cannot remove the veil of futurity, and at the same time, has his hopes and fears, he is ready to become the dupe of every appearance or token that might seem to embody the one or the other; everything that might court his attention as an avenue to the unseen world, and a clue to guide the onward thought through the avenues of an approaching destiny. What astonishes and alarms him, is the fact that his Maker has so long, so completely hid Himself; that the Creator of all things should thus forsake the work of His own hands, as well as the natural and moral lights already referred to—increase the forebodings which ignorance and fancy and guilt might suggest. He would thus fain gratify his curiosity and quell his fear; and as he sees that man, without exception, is mortal, and dreads that unknown land whence the traveller returns not, or returns but with no certain tidings; with everything to increase rather than diminish all that it has of the extraordinary and mysterious and awful; hence he early becomes a prey of a restless con-

science and unwelcome forebodings, which lead him to seek relief in expedients of a character similar to the objects that excite his curiosity and dread. A mind not truly enlightened and expanded by christian philosophy, is never free from the incrustations of superstition, or the mutilating hand of infidelity. Let men be ill at ease in their own minds, let religious fear be sanctioned, and everything around is imagined to contribute to their disquiet. Or let scripture once be tampered with, and from what error of fancy are we safe? Lord Bacon, it is well known, gave the designation of idols to various false notions which distort men's judgments, and prevent their making progress in philosophy. The same may, with equal propriety, be extended to the conduct of many in the pursuit of religious knowledge; and idols may be thus understood in their common acceptation of objects of worship. Many of these have been the predisposing causes of superstition in all ages, and even in spots where the light shines most brilliantly; and here we have another cause, in addition to those just mentioned; and such Utopias may even be violently extorted from scripture itself.

The history of superstition is almost coeval with that of man. It becomes the natural resource of minds blinded by the prince of darkness, and whose whole history, without the light of revelation, is one unravelled mystery. The dark conjectures of philosophy, combined with the idle dreams of poetry, would thus fain dispel the mists that encircle its path, and release the spirit from its unwelcome thraldom. And as the heart of man is the same, despite of external circumstances, we find the superstitions which disgraced ancient Egypt, still copied in the modern Indies, Persia, and the North. The descendants of Abraham were peculiarly favoured with divine revelations; but the fairest beams of light that shone from heaven upon that people, could not destroy idolatry, though so awfully forbidden by the Levitical law. These special communications only made way for superstition, whose influence has been perpetuated not only amongst that "holy nation," but amongst others who have lighted their tapers from their temple. The vestiges of superstitions known in the darkest ages, may be discovered in the most enlightened parts of Europe; where the light of the gospel shines brightest, it has not yet removed, though it may have corrected, the frauds or the errors taught by the guides who ruled the faith of our forefathers.

Amongst other ancient and long-established forms of superstition, one of the most common and deep-rooted is that of auguries. Astrology, necromancy, certain fortunate times and seasons, peculiar coincidences, or the character of certain passing events, as specified by soothsayers, all were placed in requisition to direct the inquirer to a knowledge of the future, or what was mysterious in the present aspect of things. This practice is generally attributed to the Chaldeans, but it prevailed in Egypt, and was known to the descendants of Abraham. Joseph, when reprimanding his brethren for the cup that was found in Benjamin's sack, assures them that he had found it by this art,—"Knew ye not that such a man as I could certainly divine."

The custom of divination which prevailed so much in Egypt, was delivered to the Greeks, and from them to the Latins and Romans. It was thus Romulus and Remus agreed to decide their rival claims to the government of the infant city, that was one day to govern the world. A certain class of the Roman priesthood were devoted to this object, who thus determined on social and public events. They often decided by the flight of birds, especially owls, according as they flew, to the right or to the left. It must be evident what an opportunity was thus furnished them, of turning their office to their own private account, whilst they deluded the multitude; which Lucan tells us they knew how to improve——

"Nor impious Rome heaven's sacred signs obeys,
While Jove still thunders as the augurs please;
And when left owls some sure disaster bode,
The starving miscreants, at their master's nod,
Look to the right, and swear the omen's good."

This strange superstition is not yet exterminated even from enlightened Europe. In some parts of our own country, as well as on the continent, the flight of three magpies across the way, will put some country people into consternation. The Saxons imitated the Romans, whom they succeeded, and not only predicted future events by the flight of birds, but also by the colour of horses—the white ones being considered fortunate to their owners. A relic of this latter superstition is still preserved by some weak people, who tell us to wish when we see a piebald horse, and our wish will be fulfilled. But though these fancies may be now exceedingly rare, the general art of divination is not yet extinct. The gipsy tribe meets with encouragement in every part of Europe. It was only a short time since, that an inquest was held at Sheffield on a poor girl, the victim of credulity, named Elizabeth Hewitt. From the evidence, it appeared, that about four months previously, she went to an old woman to have her fortune told, or her "planet ruled," as she called it. The sybil told her, she would leave Sheffield for two months; that she would after

wards return, and have a quarrel with her sweetheart; and lastly, that she would poison herself shortly after Christmas. Such was the superstitious infatuation under which this poor girl laboured, that she verified every one of the fortune-teller's predictions. She did leave Sheffield, and visited Bradford. She returned and had a quarrel with her sweetheart, and then put a climax on the beldam's prophecy, by taking poison, of which she died.

The Romans had also their fortunate and unfortunate days. The latter, they called the dies atri, or days of mourning; the month of February was considered as unfortunate to any undertaking commenced therein. Marriages were then accordingly regarded as unlucky, and during this month they celebrated the parentalia, when they visited the tombs of their deceased relations and friends. The month of May was also considered ominous to the celebration of matrimony. One of the Latin poets assigns this as a reason, that maidens married in this month, would most probably turn out very indifferent wives.

> "No tapers then should burn, nor ever bride
> Linked at this season long her bliss enjoys;
> Hence our wise masters of the proverbs say,
> The girls are all stark rought that wed in May."

The bridal ceremony was distinguished by several superstitious practices, some of which are yet in existence, such as strewing the floor of the house of the new-married pair with flowers and green boughs, and the path of the bride with leaves and flowers, especially at the entrance of the sacred temple—which Catullus thus describes, "Vestibulum ut molli velatum fronde vireret"—"The porch clothed with soft green leaves." The bride washed the door-posts of the house to keep out infection and sorcery. A distaff and spindle were generally borne along with her; and hence the origin of the term spinster, applied to young women in publishing the bans of marriage in our churches.

We have not time to describe any more of the common and remarkable superstitions of the Romans, much less of other pagan countries. What else could be expected? Idolatry and superstition are twin-born principles; and so great is the resemblance, that they are scarcely known apart. Idolatry, however, takes the lead; but superstition adopts the same errors where idolatry has been rejected. Many superstitious customs were thus established from the Romans, among both our Celtic and Saxon ancestors. Superstition, however, whilst it lost much by a mixture of heathenish rites with the principles of christianity, acquired also additional strength in another way; and as the Romish church grew in power and activity, every leader in her august, invincible priestly association, from the pontiff of Rome downwards, lent his consent and his powers to encourage its increase, in order to profit by its delusions.

(To be continued.)

ANGELIQUE COTTON, THE ELECTRICAL GIRL.

Wonders multiply upon us so fast in this age of mesmerism, &c., that we know not what next to anticipate. That

> "Burnam's wood should come to Dunsinane,"

would not be more amazing than some of the things of which we now daily read. A recent number of *Galignani* gives a strange account of a young female called the Electric Girl. It seems Angélique Cotton is thirteen, a native of the department of the Finisère, where she was employed in a thread-glove manufactory as a winder. One day, whilst at work with her companions, the reel on which she was winding thread was suddenly projected from her. The circumstances excited surprise, the reel was replaced, when the same effect was renewed. It was then evident that Angélique herself was the cause. The affair made a noise in the village, and the curé was called in. It was supposed by them that she was possessed, and an exorcism was had recourse to, but no devil came out. After the priest, the doctor was applied to, but he was as unable to effect a cure as the curé had been. Another doctor then visited her, and witnessed the same effect as the other had seen, but being a sensible man, he made no attempt to cure an affection which he did not understand. This gentleman induced the mother of Angélique to send her to Paris, and accompanied her. A few days ago, she was taken to the Observatory, where Messrs. Arago, Mathieu, Laugier, and Goujon, witnessed the following experiments;—A piece of paper, placed upon the edge of a table, was immediately attracted by the left hand of the girl. She then, holding her apron in her hand, approached a gueridon, which was pushed back, although the apron scarcely touched it. The next experiment was to place her in a chair with her feet on the ground. The chair was projected with violence against the wall, while the girl was thrown the other way. This experiment was repeated several times, and with the same results. M. Arago laid his hand upon the chair to prevent its moving, but the force was too great for his resistance, and M. Goujon, having seated himself on a part of the chair, was thrown off as soon as Angélique had also taken her seat. Such, said M. Arago, were the facts witnessed, and he

had seen nothing to justify an opinion that any deception had been practised. Since then, other experiments have been performed by Dr. Tauchon. This gentleman had the chair in which Angélique was seated held by two powerful men. In this instance it was not driven away, but broke in their hands. A table, a gueridon and a heavy sofa were projected by the mere contact of the girl's clothes. Dr. Tauchon ascertained that the chair in which she sits is first attracted, anb next repulsed. When Angélique is isolated from the ground by a glass stool, oiled silk, or any other non-conductor of electricity, the projections do not take place. A loadstone being placed near the left hand, which alone is magnetic, she experienced different sensations, according as the north and south poles were applied, and could tell with which pole she was in contact. She is repulsed by the north pole. She experiences violent commotions, when the electric discharges take place, and suffers greatly from them. It is in the evening, between seven and nine, about an hour after she has dined, that her electrical power is most strongly developed. Her pulse then beats from 105 to 120 per minute.

The same journal has been favoured with the following communication from M. Arago:—

"The academy, on my motion, appointed a committee to examine a young girl who was reported to possess most marvellous qualities. The committee held two sittings. At first I was unable to attend, but I can rely on the account given me by my honourable colleagues. I have now to declare that none of the experiments were made successful—the young person did not produce any of the effects that had been announced. At the second sitting I was myself witness of the absence of the power talked of. Twenty times the pretended electrical child seated herself in a chair, and as often the chair remained in its place, without retiring, without the least movement. M. Chollet, who introduced her, attributed this want of success to intermittances which, he said, he had before observed. The following, however, are some details of other experiments:—At the Garden of Plants, on Tuesday last, the same movements of the chair were observed, as my colleagues and myself had previously ascertained to have been produced. They were seen a great number of times, and it was believed that the cause was discovered, and one of the persons present repeated them at the end of the sitting. The explanation in question reposes on the supposition of the use of one of the hands, but I am certain that, in the trials which I witnessed at the Observatory, before making my communication on Monday, the hands had nothing to dó with the matter. On Wednesday last, at the second sitting of the committee, we saw nothing, for nothing was produced. We made trials with the apron, but it could not attract or repel the guéridons or tables, and we could not discover any effect whatever. There was one fact in the mémoire of M. Tanchon about which there could not possibly be any deception. He stated that the girl, on touching the poles of a loadstone, would feel a sensation of burning which would make her recognise the north pole. At the Garden of Plants this faculty was manifested; but the loadstone being put into a box, the girl said she felt a burning when the south pole as well as when the north pole was touched by her, and even declared that she had the same sensation when the box was presented to her without the loadstone. With regard, therefore, to this latter quality, the committee entertain no doubt. They are not, perhaps, so well convinced upon the two others. Thus to meet the excuse drawn from possible intermittances in these phenomena, two members of the committee have been to the hotel in which the girl is lodged, and they affirm that there, from seven till nine in the evening, the phenomena were manifested in all their force. The phenomena have not reappeared since the sitting of Tuesday in the Garden of Plants. It appears, however, that this intermittance is not indefinite, for I have this moment received a notice that the phenomena have recommenced. I have returned for answer, that the committee will meet again, and see the girl once more on the day and at the hour that may be appointed. The committee will fulfil the duties imposed upon it to the fullest extent."

The communication of M. Arago was listened to with great attention, but at the conclusion M. Majendie said—"The academy regrets much the part that you have made it perform in this affair." M. Poinset had previously said, "Such facts do not deserve the honour of an official committee. We should have waited. All the good that could result from the intervention of the academy would never compensate for the harm that results when a juggle is so well conducted that the academy is deceived by it." M. Arago, replying to M. Majendie, said, "It is only persons who think they know everything who refuse to open their eyes to evidence;" in reply to M. Poinset, he said, "If it is a juggle, a committee of the academy will never allow itself to be caught by it." He then alluded to the resistance manifested by the academy to admit the discoveries of vaccination and the lightning-conductor, and yet, he said, they were both brilliant discoveries. "Vaccination (added M. Arago) was the most

splendid discovery of modern times, but it had knocked twenty times in vain at the doors of the academies."

THE KALEMALA—A FINNIS EPIC POEM.

The author of "Revelations of Russia," in a recent publication, gives a literary curiosity—an analysis of the Kalemala, a Finnish poem. It is in thirty-two *Runes*. In the first, the god Wainamoinen is born, his mother having been thirty years pregnant with him. The young deity immediately makes a blue elk to serve him for a horse, and on this he is proceeding towards the water, when he is menaced by that fearful character a Lapland wizard, who is described in the poem to have "an obliquely glancing eye" (a terrifying squint), and the poet tells that—

"He cherished dark thoughts against the venerable Wainamoinen. Skilled in the craft of fashioning deadly weapons, he prepared a bow by means of fire. Gold, silver, iron, and steel lent to his work in turn their lustre and their power. Thus did he prepare a bow, bright to the eye, and costly in its price. Inlaid upon its back a horse bristles up its mane; another speeds along on that part which the arrow traverses. A bull reposes on the two wings of the bow, and a hare crouches near the notches. Then he prepares a sheaf of arrows, adorning each with a triple row of feathers. He cuts them carefully, and his sons attach thereunto the light wing of the sparrow, the swallow's tiny feathers. But these shafts, who will harden them, what balsam will anoint them with its power? The black venom of the snake, the atrocious poison of the adder. Wouldst thou know, too, how the feathers are attached to the shaft wherewith the bow is strung? With hairs from the mane of the hell-horse Hisii — of the stallion Lemmo. The shafts are ready: with bow in hand, and quiver resounding on his shoulders, the Laplander wends his way. He reaches the cataract of the fiery torrent, the whirlpool of the sacred stream. There he watches at morn, he watches at even, he watches at mid-day. He waits the venerable Wainamoinen, the friend of the waters. One day, one morn, he lifts his eyes towards the west, he turns his head towards the sun, and he sees the venerable Wainamoinen advancing towards the dark sea-waves. Seizing hurriedly his bow of fire, his beautiful, his iron-bound bow, he draws from his quiver a feathered shaft, a shaft unerring and fatal, and aims at the death of Wainamoinen, at the death of the friend of the waters. His mother, his wife, two sprites, and the three daughters of nature cry out together: 'Stay! slay not Wainamoinen! Waina is thine own aunt's son!' But the cruel Laplander remains inflexible; he replies: 'If I raise my hand and aim too high, may the shaft fall lower; if I lower my hand too far, may it rise higher.' And he shot his shaft, but it rose too high; the sky was rent; the arches of the air were shaken. He shot a second, but it fell too low; it sunk into the depths of the earth, the mother of men, down to Manala, whose vaults is made to tremble. He shot a third, but this shaft pierced the blue elk through the spleen, and transfixed it through the left leg and shoulder. Wainamoinen falls into the waters from the back of his strange courser, the blue elk, and the obliquely-visioned Laplander says: —'Now, oh venerable Wainamoinen, as long as centuries roll on their course, as long as the moon sheds out its light, thou shalt never tread again the fields of Wainalen, the plains of Kalevala!' And Wainamoinen, the venerable and the valiant, wandered for six winters, for seven summers, for eight years, on the plains of the waters, and the wide straits of the ocean, with the waves boiling beneath, and the sky stretching out its boundless blue above him."

Wainamoinen reaches a good old age, and becomes an Orpheus. At the sound of his harp all living creatures rejoice:—

"The wolf quits the sedges in which he was prowling, the bear emerges from his den in the roots of an over-turned pine-tree, they climb a hedge,—the hedge is borne down and broken by their weight; the one ascends the trunk of a pine, the other climbs a birch-tree, whilst Wainamoinen sings and gives birth to joy. The black-bearded old man, the noble king of the forest, all the host of Tapio hasten up to listen. The very hostess of the woods herself, the fearless woman of Tapiola, dons her blue hose, arrays herself in red ribbons, ascends into the trunk of a hollow birch, lending a wondering ear to the god's song. There is no beast of the forest, no bird of the air, which does not hasten to hear the marvellous art of the musician, the melody of the singer. The eagle descends from the clouds, the falcon swoops down through the air, the sea-gull wings its way from the sullen marsh, the swan from the bosom of the limpid waters; the lively linnet, the swift-winged lark, and the merry goldfinch, come to perch upon the shoulders of the god-hero. The beauteous virgins of the air, the sun dazzling in splendour, and the soft rayed moon, have alike paused to listen at the further end of a long light cloud, in the luminous vault of heaven. There they were weaving the wonderful texture of the skies, with a golden shuttle and a silver comb,

when astonished by the strange voice and melodious accents of the hero's song. The comb of silver fell from their hands, the golden shuttle, breaking the threads of the woof, escaped from their fingers. All the living things of the waters, all the fishes waving at once their myriad fins, swam up to hear the voice of Wainamoinen, to listen to the harmony of his song. The salmon and the trout, the pike and the seal, the large fishes and the small, draw as near as possible to the voice of the charmer."

THE PARTICULARLY AGREEABLE LADY.

BY JOIT.

What an incomparable treasure is a little cajolery! How it smoothes one's passage through life! Great care, however, should be taken in applying it, lest it appear not genuine.

Tell a young lady (who prides herself in her vocal powers) that her singing is somewhat defective, but that by her following certain directions it will be considerably improved, and she will hate you. But tell an indifferent singer that she sings divinely, like a syren, and she will be suddenly seized with the profoundest regard for you. People don't like to be told the truth, although it be to them advantageous; hence their aptness to mistake friends for enemies, and *vice versâ*.

Where Mrs. Blarney picked up the rudiments of her education (education it certainly is) it is impossible to say; but certain it is, she must have been a remarkably apt scholar, and studied under the best masters.

Mrs. Blarney was *au fait* in the art of toadyism.

We have put a Mrs. to the lady's name, but we have done so on her own authority, and we must here plead guilty to a decided antipathy towards the disbelieving the statement of a lady. Mrs. or no Mrs., the good lady wore weeds, and represented herself to be the relict of one Abraham Blarney, who, in his palmy days, had been a thriving ornamental painter in Camden Town. There were plenty of people who said that such a person as Abraham Blarney had never, within their remembrance, either lived, or painted a sign, in Camden Town, and who furthermore pretended to be capable of proving beyond a doubt that Mrs. Blarney was no other than one Sally Dumps, a dress-maker, who had once committed what they termed a grievous mistake with a gentleman residing in that locality.

Mrs. Blarney was fair, fat, and forty, and, to all appearance, the very best creature in existence; so sympathetic, so obliging, so fair spoken withal, that it was almost impossible for people to help loving her, even if it were ever so much against their inclination. Being, as she represented herself, a poor widow, many persons had compassion upon her, and showed her various little kindnesses, with the view of alleviating the destitute situation in which the decease of Abraham Blarney had ungenerously left his beloved wife. That gentleman, the widow often used to say, ought to have made adequate provision for her before leaving this sublunary sphere, and so thought many of the friends of the soi-disant Mrs. Blarney.

Mrs. Blarney was not a sempstress, nor she was not a nurse, nor she was not a housekeeper, and yet her occupation was tinctured more or less with the duties of each of these. If a family were going away for a few days, Mrs. Blarney was ever ready to take charge of the house till they returned. If a family had a great number of small children, and could not afford to employ a regular nurse, Mrs. Blarney was ever ready to keep an eye upon the little darlings. In a word, no kind of employment seemed to come wrong to the amiable relict of the deceased ornamental painter.

The residence of Mrs. Blarney was a small three-pair back, in a house in St. Martin's Lane; and anybody requiring her services had nothing to do but call before nine o'clock in the morning, and he or she would in all probability have the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Blarney. If a party could not make it convenient to call, he or she had merely to despatch a note to the place just spoken of, and if Mrs. Blarney were in good health, and not otherwise engaged, the summons would be answered immediately.

Seated at her own breakfast table one morning about half-past eight, Mrs. Blarney was sipping her coffee, and chewing the fragments of a seed-cake that had been made for a small tea-party which Mrs. Blarney had entertained on the previous afternoon, when somebody knocked three times with their knuckles at Mrs. Blarney's door.

"Come in," shouted the widow.

The door was opened, and a dirty, slatternly looking girl, with her cheeks muffled up with flannels, and having a large checkered shawl thrown carelessly over her shoulders, entered the room.

"You're Mrs. Blarney, ma'am, ain't ye?" said the girl.

"Blarney's my name," said the widow. "Would I'd never knowd the man as give it me."

"Mrs. Gibby has sent me to say, ma'am," said the girl, "that she'll be very glad, if

so be as you can make it convenient to come and look after the house and the children, as she and Mrs. Gibby are a going to Margate for a few days."

"When does she want me?" asked Mrs. Blarney.

"She wants you directly, ma'am," said the girl. "You ain't engaged, are you?"

"No, I ain't engaged, thank goodness," said Mrs. Blarney. "My compliments to Mrs. Gibby, and tell her I'll be along in a few minutes."

"Very well, ma'am," said the girl.

"How's the children?" asked Mrs. Blarney.

"All well," said the girl.

"More's the pity," thought Mrs. Blarney; "they're quiet when they're ill, for they don't kick about so, and see everything that is going on."

"Do they go to school yet?" asked the widow.

"No, ma'am," said the girl; "Mrs. Gibby has undertook to teach 'em herself, and I believe you are to do the same in her absence."

"More's the pity," again thought Mrs. Blarney. "No matter; I'll cut 'em precious short."

"Then you won't forget to come?" said the girl, opening the door.

"Forget, child!" said Mrs. Blarney; "nobody never knowd me forget anything. I'll be there in a few minutes."

When the girl had gone, Mrs. Blarney poured herself out another cup of coffee; and having drunk it off, she proceeded to put on her shawl and her bonnet, muttering to herself, as she did so, "I ain't very anxious to go to Mrs. Gibby's; it ain't a first-rate place. However, as I have nothing in hand at present, I may as well go there for a day or two."

As soon as Mrs. Blarney had properly equipped herself, she put the breakfast service, bread, &c., into a little cupboard that was fixed in the corner of the apartment, took the fire out of the bars, locked the door, and put the key into her pocket.

"I ain't at home, if wanted, Mrs. Wiffen," said the widow, as in her progress towards the street door she passed the room of her landlady.

"Very good, Mrs. Blarney. If anybody calls, I shall say so," said Mrs. Wiffin.

"I shan't be at home for a few days," said Mrs. Blarney.

"Wery well, ma'am."

Whilst Mrs. Blarney is hurrying through the crowded streets towards the residence of Mrs. Gibby, diving through all sorts of narrow lanes and passages, and elbowing, as she trots along, all kinds of pedestrians, we will explain more fully upon what footing Mrs. Blarney visited, in her professional capacity, the various houses that constituted (to use a mercantile phrase) "her connexion." It was not in the capacity of a servant—it was more in that of a friend. She was not indeed considered an equal of the persons who honoured her with their patronage; but she was considered as somebody that approximated very much to an equal. She always, when the family were at home, dined and supped with them, and got her share of hot spirits and water before she went to bed at night.

Mrs. Gibby (there was no Mr. Gibby, that gentleman died virtually three weeks after his marriage—there was animal Mr. Gibby, but that was all)—Mrs. Gibby lived in a house in Gray's Inn Lane, and it was not many minutes after quitting her own domicile, that Mrs. Blarney stood at the door of that lady. She did not wait long before she was admitted.

"Well, Mrs. Gibby, how d'ye do?" said Mr. Blarney, as soon as she entered that lady's room, and discovered her seated upon the sofa.

"Pretty well, thank you," said Mrs Gibby.

Mrs. Gibby was a remarkably corpulent lady, with a very masculine expression of countenance, and an arm and hand that might have felled a bullock. Master Tibby, a little boy in petticoats, and Miss Tibby and Miss Amelia, were in the parlour with their ma.

"And how are the little dears, bless 'em?" said Mrs. Blarney.

"They're all pretty well, I dare say," said Mrs. Gibby. "How have you been all this time?"

"Nothing to boast of, ma'am," said Mrs. Blarney, "nothing to boast of, but as well as can be expected, considering my feeble condition and delicate constitution."

"Tibby and me are a-going to Margate," said Mrs. Gibby, "and we want you to look after the house and the children till we come back. We shan't be more than a few days from home. I was a-going to take the children with me, instead of Gibby, but he petitioned so hard for a few days' holiday, that I couldn't refuse."

"How is Mr. Gibby?" asked Mrs. Blarney.

"Oh! he never ails anything," said Mrs. Gibby; "he's always the same."

"He has a good wife to wait upon him, that's one consolation," said Mrs. Blarney.

"You may say that," said Mrs. Gibby.

"I always have said it, Mrs. Gibby, and always will say it, and if he were here I would tell him to his face. You've been the making of that man—that I know."

"If it hadn't been for me, I don't know what would have become of him," observed Mrs. Gibby.

"Nor anybody else either," said Mrs. Blarney. "I was just such another to

Blarney, ma'am. If I had been guided by selfish motives, I should never have been the wife of that man, Mrs. Gibby. No, I might have been a lady now, and riding in my carriage."

"I dare say," said Mr. Gibby. "You'll look to the children, Mrs. Blarney, and be good enough to hear 'em their lessons twice or thrice a day—that 'll be nice amusement for you. And be kind enough to keep an eye upon the servant, and see that she does her work."

"I will, ma'am; you may depend upon everything being just done the same as if you were here yourself. And as for the little dears, bless em! they shall say their lessons to me every day. What do you say to that, Johnny? You'll say your lessons to poor Blarney, won't you?"

"Oh, yes, I'll say it to poor old Blarney," said the precious youth.

"Bless his little heart!" said the widow, whilst she inwardly "dratted" the child for putting old before her name.

"We shall all be so good till ma comes back; shan't we, dears?" said Mrs. Blarney. "And then whoever is best will get something nice when she does come back. Isn't that true, ma?"

"Certainly," said Mrs. Gibby; "the best child shall have the best present."

"I told you so," said Mrs. Blarney, "I told you so."

"I'll leave all the keys in your charge, Mrs. Blarney," said Mrs. Gibby.

"Farewell, ma'am. I shall take care of everything."

"In the closet in the back parlour you'll find a bottle, containing some gin; you can help yourself to a glass every night before you go to bed," said Mrs. Gibby.

"You are very kind," said the widow; "but really I don't care anything about spirits. I have not, ma'am, tasted a drop of any kind, I believe, for these last two months."

"Never mind," said Mrs. Gibby, "take a glass every night before you go to bed; it 'll make you sleep sounder."

"You are such a generous woman, Mrs. Gibby," said Mrs. Blarney, "that it would be a sin to refuse you anything."

This was said as though Mrs. Blarney was making a great sacrifice of her personal comfort by complying with the request of Mrs. Gibby.

"At eight o'clock you must put the children to bed," said Mrs. Gibby.

"The moment the clock strikes they shall go, ma'am," said Mrs. Blarney; "and they will go too, won't you, dears? bless 'em!" and Mrs. Blarney kissed them all affectionately.

"If them ere children had been my own, Mrs. Gibby, I couldn't have been fonder on 'em. I don't know how it is, but I always fancy (it may be very foolish of me, very likely it is), I always fancy that your children are prettier and sweeter tempered than any other children I ever see."

Mrs. Gibby put her handkerchief up to her eyes, and squeezed out a tear or two; whereupon Mrs. Blarney put the corner of her shawl into her eye, and endeavoured to do the same; but the attempt was a failure. She made up for it by looking very demure, and sighing audibly.

"God love 'em!" said Mrs. Gibby, after she had recovered, and devouring them with kisses; "they are the picture of what I was, when I was little like them."

Now this remark gives one but a poor opinion of Mrs. Gibby's personal appearance in her youthful days, for not one of the children could be said to be either interesting or pretty. On the contrary, they were as plain in appearance as you can well imagine. The little boy had an enormous mouth, and a very diminutive nose; Miss Gibby had a decided pug, and a peculiar cast of the left eye by no means improved the expression of a remarkably plain countenance; Miss Amelia had a very flat nose, and one might have supposed, from that feature alone, that a consanguinity existed between her and one of those gentlemen who take a delight in knocking each other about, distorting each other's features, and distinguishing themselves by propensities more akin to the beasts of the field than human beings.

"They are very like you now," said Mrs. Blarney, taking her cue from what Mrs. Gibby had just said. "I don't think they're at all like Mr. Gibby."

"Like him!" exclaimed Mrs. Gibby; "oh, dear no, I shouldn't like 'em to be like him. I certainly gave him my hand, Mrs. Blarney, but my heart was another's. Yes, it was thine, Blubby," and Mrs. Gibby clasped her hands together, and looked at the ceiling, as if she expected to see Blubby there.

"Just the way with me and Blarney, ma'am. I married him out of compassion. But I hope Mr. Gibby will prove a better husband to you than Blarney proved to me. Wasn't it cruel of him, Mrs. Gibby, to leave me in this destitute condition—a poor widow here, who, if it hadn't been for her good friends, you amongst the rest, would have died broken-hearted long before this?"

"He should have made provision, and I always said so," said Mrs. Gibby.

Taking into consideration the great difficulty of making an honest livelihood in these days of railways and steamboats, we think that the complaints of the widow and Mrs. Gibby were founded on somewhat indifferent grounds, seeing that the aforesaid Abraham Blarney (if such a

person ever existed) would probably find it sufficiently difficult to make provision for his own wants during his temporary sojourn here, without contemplating a provision for his widow after his demise.

As soon as Mrs. Gibby and her husband had quitted the house, Mrs. Blarney put the parlour fire out, lest the children should set themselves on fire; and having placed in the room such toys as she thought they would want, she locked them all in, and put the key into her pocket, and descended to the kitchen to have a gossip with the servant. When the dinner hour arrived, she took up their victuals, and having patted them all on the head, and told them to be good, she again locked the door, and left them to their own delightful society. She repeated the same process at tea-time; and at eight o'clock precisely, sent them all off to bed.

After partaking of a hearty supper with the servant in the kitchen, Mrs. Blarney ran up to the parlour for the bottle alluded to by Mrs. Gibby, and she and the servant drank each other's health in hot gin and water till twelve o'clock, at which time they retired to their respective sleeping apartments.

(To be continued.)

LOVE ON.

BY ELIZA COOK.

(In answer to the Hon. MRS. NORTON'S *poem of* "LOVE NOT.")

Love on, love on, the soul *must* have a shrine—
The rudest breast must find *some* hallowed spot;
The God who formed us left no spark divine
In him who dwells on earth yet loveth not:
Devotion's links compose a sacred chain
Of holy brightness and unmeasured length;
The world with selfish rust and reckless stain
May mar its beauty, but not touch it's strength.

Love on, love on—aye, even though the heart
We fondly build on proveth like the sand;
Though one by one Faith's corner stones depart,
And even Hope's last pillar fails to stand:
Though we may dread the lips we once believed,
And know their falsehood shadows all our days,
Who would not rather trust and be deceived,
Than own the mean, cold spirit that betrays?

Love on, love on, though we may live to see
The dear face whiter than its circling shroud,
Though dark and dense the gloom of death may be,
Affection's glory yet shall pierce the cloud.
The truest spell that heaven can give to lure,
The sweetest prospect mercy can bestow,
Is the blest thought that bids the soul be sure
'Twill meet above the things it loved below.

Love on, love on—Creation breathes the words—
Their mystic music ever dwells around;
The strain is echoed by unnumber'd chords,
And gentlest bosoms yield the fullest sound.
As flowers keep springing though their dazzling bloom
Is oft put forth for worms to feed upon,
So hearts, though wrung by traitors and the tomb,
Shall still be precious, and shall still love on.

The Gatherer,

Good Sense.—Good sense is so unfashionable, and conceit so popular, that a simple grain of the one mixed with the full flavour of the other, is quite sufficient to stamp a man, in the eye of the world, a person of superior parts; and enable him to pass through it with honour and *éclat*.

True Eloquence.—If you desire to be truly eloquent, study your subject more than the language in which you would dress it—and never make a set-speech. Words go for nothing if the feelings do not prompt them; therefore speak from the impulse of the moment, and you will always carry your audience with you.

Rules for Star-gazing.—At Berlin Jenny Lind seems to have turned the head of the Prussians. Tickets having been bought on speculation and sold at a premium, the following regulations have been deemed necessary:—"Tickets must be applied for on the day preceding that for which they are required, by letter, signed with applicant's proper and christian names, profession, and place of abode; and sealed with wax, bearing either the writers' initials or his arms. No more than one ticket to be granted to the same person, and no person to apply for two consecutive nights while her engagement continues."

An Evening in Spring.—There is something beautiful in a spring evening. The spring of Heaven seems upon the earth. An hour and scene when the heart is softened and subdued by the spirit of beauty—when the whole visible world seems to us an appointed abiding-place for truth and gentleness; and it is with hard reluctance we believe that tyranny, and woe, and wickedness exist within it. One of the happy hours that, sweet in the present, are yet more delicious in past; treasured as they are, as somewhat akin to the world's youth, when the earth was trod by angels.—*Douglas Jerrold.*

Intellectual Precocity.—A child exhibits considerable talent, as it is supposed, and perhaps a great propensity to reading. It is decided to be a little genius. Undue efforts are made to cultivate its mental powers, and this cultivation is not confined to the faculties proper to youth, but as it occasionally exhibits reasoning powers, every effort is made to cultivate these; or, in short, more or less of the class of intellectual powers. The mind is now strained, the general health is impaired, and he who was so bright at nine or ten, is stupid or an idiot when he comes to maturity.—*Memoir of the late Dr. Hope.*

H. A. Burstall, Printer, 2, Tavistock-street, Strand

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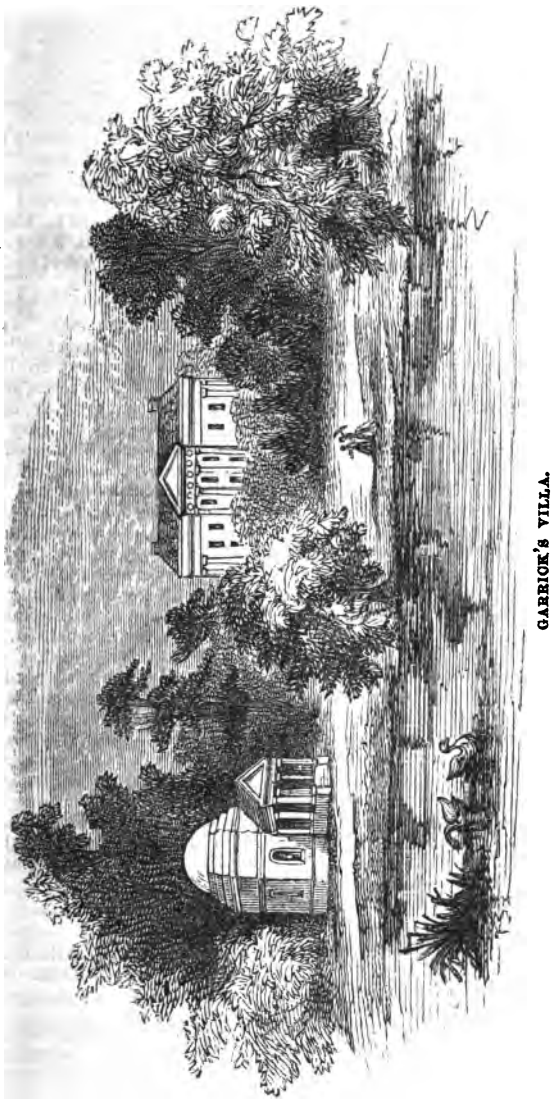

GARRICK'S VILLA.

GARRICK'S VILLA.

This villa, now so much run upon by the more intelligent pleasure-seekers of London, from being rendered easily come-at-able by the new modes of transit, deserves attention for more reasons than one. It is worth seeing again and again for the beauty of the scene with which it is identified, and for the agreeable reminiscences which it fails not to furnish of the extraordinary man whose name it bears, and who, though more than a century has passed since the blaze of his genius burst on the town, is still familiarly known by fame, tradition, and anecdote to every lover of the drama.

Garrick's Villa was formerly known as Hampton House. It is separated from the Thames by a public road, but when seen from the bank of the river, the road is completely hidden by the high bushes which rise to the windows of the first story. The lawn in front of the house, which reaches to the Thames, is accessible by a path beneath the road which joins it to the grounds on the other side. The principal object of interest in this portion of the grounds is the temple of Shakspeare, which Garrick erected close to the borders of the river. It is an octagonal brick building, covered with stucco, and having a domed top, and a portico with an ascent of several steps. It was erected expressly to contain Roubiliac's statue of Shakspeare, which is now placed in the entrance-hall of the British Museum, it having become national property on the death of Mrs. Garrick, to whom it was bequeathed by her husband, with a desire that it should at her death go to the Museum. It was executed by the sculptor at the request and expense of Garrick, to express his sense of the respect and veneration he ever felt for the great poet, whose works had contributed to his fame and fortune.

An impression has been created that Garrick was a very sordid man. Theatrical managers have generally many enemies. That many of the worst specimens of humanity are to be found among them cannot be denied; scamps at once insincere and brutal, brazen and false, have not been scarce since Garrick "shuffled off this mortal coil;" but it ought to be remembered, that with the best intentions, a manager, if resolute to perform his duty, nay, if he wish to escape ruin, must in numerous cases pronounce decisions which crush the fondest hopes of aspirants, who, however unfit to tread the stage, or to write for it, are at least competent to make their sorrows known, and in some way or other to avenge them. The fluctuating property of a theatre will at times cause the boldest to feel alarm, the most profuse to be frugal; and Garrick no doubt had his moments of fear and parsimony, but still more facts which evince a kind and generous nature are extant of him than have ever been told of Foote, or of his other contemporary assailants who charged him with meanness.

Even in the temple which has been mentioned we have something like evidence of a liberal mind. The object of it was, at no small expense, to furnish a shrine in which the labour of one highly-gifted man should be preserved while he lived to assist in perpetuating the fame of another; the statue, when the time should come when it would no longer be gazed on by him, or by those most near to him, to become the property of that public whose fathers he had delighted for nearly forty years.

It has been told that when Whitfield was building the Tabernacle in Tottenham Court Road, the carpenter employed in its erection was the same individual who worked for Garrick. From him the latter learned that the reverend gentleman was somewhat backward in his payments from want of funds; the actor upon this hastened to his assistance, and placed a £500 note at his disposal.

Dr. Burney gives a pleasant sketch of "the great little man," as Miss Bellamy calls him. "I remember," says the doctor, "after his retirement to Hampton Court, seeing him come to town, strutting through the Strand on a wet day, in a large horseman's great coat, the very flaps and skirts of which seemed animated and in perpetual motion. But to have eyed him sitting in the orchestra of Drury Lane on the *début* of young Bannister (as it was then), anticipating every line and gesture, sometimes looking at his favourite *élève*, and sometimes giving a kind nod to his elegant friends in the dress boxes in token of approbation and of future fame, every mortal must have been enchanted."

The late Mr. Phillips, of Bond-stree when a boy, went to school in the neig bourhood of the retired Roscius. He us to relate that Mr. Garrick would occasio ally enter the school-room, and jocular ask the master to select for him the ve *worst* boy, that he might make him so little present. His coming was a glad m ment for the urchins, as it commonly end with his procuring them all an agreeab respite from their studies and a treat at t villa.

THE PARTICULARLY AGREEABL LADY.

BY JOTT.

(Concluded from page 176.)

The next day the widow showed th same kind of treatment towards the chi dren, but finding they were rather reb lious, and by no means disposed to ha

such restraint placed upon them, she was obliged to resort to various expedients to keep them quiet. Lump sugar, currants, and raisins were dealt out very liberally, and the children thus became reconciled to the irksomeness of this confinement. Mrs. Blarney continued this system of treatment till Mr. and Mrs. Gibby returned. From the time of their going away till the day of their return the children had only twice been out of the room, on which occasions they went out to walk with the servant for an hour or so at a time.

It will be a matter of surprise how Mrs. Blarney and the servant disposed of their time. In the morning Mrs. Blarney took a walk into some of the parks, and returned to dinner, after which she had a nap, and generally awoke by the time the servant had got through her work. The twain then sat down to have a game at cards, or tell each other's fortune; after tea, cards again; after supper, cards and gin and water. As soon as the bottle was empty Mrs. Blarney ordered the servant to go and purchase another, and, as she had been entrusted with a small sum of money by Mrs. Gibby to pay for any little trifles they might want, she charged for the gin in sand, pipe-clay, mustard, &c. &c.

"And how have the children behaved?" said Mrs. Gibby, as soon as she and her husband returned from Margate.

"Like angels, ma'am; so good, so obedient, so industrious, you can't think," said Mrs. Blarney; "bless 'em!"

"I hope you all said your lessons," said Mrs. Gibby, addressing her progeny, who were all dancing about the room, partly from pleasure at having been released from their restraint, and partly from joy at beholding their "ma" again.

"We haven't said a lesson since you left, ma," said little Johnny.

"No more we have," said Amelia.

"For shame!" said Mrs. Blarney; "good little children must never tell fibs."

"It's no use a-saying that, dears," said Mrs. Gibby, "for I know Mrs. Blarney would hear your lessons, and insist on your saying them, too."

"To be sure," said Mrs. Blarney, "but they've really been very good children indeed, and I can scarcely say which of 'em has been the best. I hope you've bought 'em something, for they really deserve it."

Here Mrs. Gibby dived into a capacious pocket, and presently hauled out some nuts and gingerbread, which she distributed impartially amongst the children.

Mrs. Gibby and Mrs. Blarney now squared their accounts, and after the latter had been presented with a few shillings for taking "such care" of her house and children, she returned to her lodgings in St. Martin's Lane.

"Anybody been here for me, Mrs. Wiffin?" said Mrs. Blarney, as her landlady gave her admittance.

"Yes, ma'am," said Mrs. Wiffin, "three or four messengers have been here. A boy was here from Mrs. Puckleswust's to say as how you was wanted to help her make some shirts for Mr. Puckleswust and the three Masters Puckleswust, as is a-going into the country for the benefit of their healths. And there's been a young 'oman here from Mrs. Richardson Waverley, to say as how you're wanted to go and help her to make cakes and other little things, as she's a-going to have a party. And there's been another young 'oman from Mrs. Malt to say as how Mrs. Malt has lost the babby, and as she and Mr. Malt are so particular dull every night, a-howing to the loss of the society of their babby, they wants you to go and stop with 'em a few nights by way of keeping 'em company. You needn't take a nightcap, as Mrs. Malt perwides 'em herself."

"Mrs. Malt's the woman for me," thought Mrs. Blarney; "brandy and water every night, and a glass of it in your coffee every morning. Nobody else been here, Mrs. Wiffin?"

"Nobody, ma'am," said the landlady.

Mrs. Blarney thanked Mrs. Wiffin for her kindness in taking in the messages, and then proceeded to her own room.

"I'm glad," said Mrs. Blarney to herself, "that that babby is gone, more particularly as I'm a-going to Mrs. Malt's. 'Twas a sour-tempered child, and always a-screaming. One couldn't hear one's-self speak for it, drat it. Goodness be thanked it's gone. Many and many a time did that blessed child destroy my happiness when I was at Mrs. Malt's, but I bore it patiently. Mrs. Malt is one of my best friends, and she it was who introduced me to all my other connections. Out of respect I think I'll put on a black gown, though it's more than the child deserves."

Mrs. Blarney accordingly dressed herself in her best black gown, threw a black silk handkerchief over her shoulders, and deposited in her pocket a clean white pocket handkerchief, wherewith to do the pathetic. Having put on her bonnet and shawl she again locked the door, and hastened down stairs, leaving directions with Mrs. Wiffin as to what she was to say in case any more inquiries were made about her.

The reader has doubtless often been in Red Lion Street, Theobald's Road, or Holborn, for the said street is as much connected with one thoroughfare as the other. A short time ago there used to be a house in that street of a somewhat striking appearance. The door and the window shutter were painted a glaring green, and the door was surmounted with a large knocker

in the shape of a lion's head; on the middle of the door a huge brass plate was fixed, bearing the following magic letters, MALT. In addition to these peculiarities, several papers were stuck in the parlour window, signifying that Mr. Malt might be consulted every day (Sundays excepted) from ten till four. Having observed that Mr. Malt was a dentist, we will at once proceed to relate what is more immediately connected with the subject of our present paper.

It was to this house that Mrs. Blarney now directed her steps, and she walked quicker than usual to be in time for tea. Arrived at the residence of the Malts, the widow gave a rat-tat-tat that soon brought the servant to the door. She was forthwith ushered into the parlour, where Mr. and Mrs. Malt were discovered seated upon a sofa, taking their tea, Mr. Malt looking very intently at the fire, as if he were fashioning the shape of the "blessed babby" amongst the embers, and Mrs. Malt gazing fixedly at her own portrait, that hung over the mantel-piece, as if in her own lineaments she was tracing those of her child.

"Mrs. Blarney!" said Mrs. Malt, rising immediately to shake hands with her visitor.

"Mrs. Malt," said Mrs. Blarney, "what have I heard?" and Mrs. Blarney drew out the identical pocket handkerchief before spoken of, and put it up to her face.

"Too true, too true," said Malt; "it's gone."

"A heavy blow this, Mrs. Malt, to us all," said Mrs. Blarney, and she sighed convulsively.

"Dire calamity," said Malt.

"I'll have no more children, Mrs. Blarney," said Mrs. Malt, if I am to lose 'em in that way."

This was said as if Mrs. Malt could have children when she pleased.

"I think it hard," said the widow, "that the most sweetest of infants should be taken from the bosoms of its doating parents at so early a period of its precious existence."

"This house ain't like itself," said Mr. Malt.

"No more it ain't," said Mrs. Blarney, and indeed she thought so, for it was now, in her opinion, a heaven upon earth, in comparison with what it had been when the child was living.

"You've not had tea, Mrs. Blarney," said Malt.

"No, sir, I've not," said the widow, "but I couldn't take a drop. The news about that poor child has had such an effect upon me that I sha'n't be myself for a month to come."

"Oh, try to take a cup," said Mrs. Malt, "it'll do you good. I haven't ate anything since it died, poor thing."

"Bless it!" said Mrs. Blarney, and she clasped her hands energetically, as though she were caressing the departed.

Mrs. Malt poured out a cup of tea, and Mrs. Blarney, after a little more pressing, sat down at the table, and didn't rise before she had made a hearty meal.

"You can make make it convenient to stop with us a few days," said Mrs. Malt.

"I can, ma'am," said Mrs. Blarney, "and under such circumstances, if I had any other engagement, I should at once have thrown it up. As soon as Mrs. Wiffin told me the child was dead, says I to Mrs. Wiffin, 'That's a heavy blow for my friend Mrs. Malt, and I wish she may recover from it. She doated upon the blessed babby, and well she might, for she was the sweetest child as ever anybody clapped eyes upon.' Such was my very words to Mrs. Wiffin."

"It's been very surprising to me how I've bore up so well," said Mrs. Malt.

"It's been surprising to everybody, dear," said Malt.

"There is one thing to be said, Mrs. Malt," said the widow, "and that is, if Mrs. Malt resolves upon bearing up against anything, she is almost certain to do it successfully. I never did see a woman possessing such strength of mind, and many a time I've said so."

"But this has been so heavy a blow, Mrs. Blarney," said Mrs. Malt.

"It has been a heavy blow," said Mrs. Blarney; "and as for you, Mr. Malt," continued the widow, "you have always been the most affectionate husband and doating parent that ever I saw, and many's the time I've said it. Oh! had Blarney been like you, I had been better off this precious day. It was cruel of him to leave me without a penny."

"We must be charitable towards the dead," said Mrs. Malt.

"Very true, ma'am, very true, ma'am," said Mrs. Blarney.

This is a principle often inculcated, and it is a very good one, too, for it makes up for the want of it towards the living. *En passant*, what a fine idea it is to erect a splendid sculptured monument to the memory of a great and good man, and to heap upon his name, after his demise, all kinds of encomiums. It is a capital way for making up for the neglect and wrong showed towards him when he was living.

Some days passed away, and the grief of the Malts, partly through the consolation afforded by Mrs. Blarney, had subsided. Mrs. Malt, when she was free from affliction, possessed a tolerable flow of animal spirits, and Mrs. Blarney, whose character assimilated a good deal to that of

ıe pliant Alcibiades, could also accommoate herself to people of that turn of ınd, as well as such as "weep because ıey weep in vain." Many a droll converıtion, therefore, had Mrs. Marsh and the idow, the latter of course always making ır star turn, if possible, upon some good roperty or qualification of Mrs. Malt, or me bad property or qualification of those ho were at enmity with the Malts.

One day, whilst the ladies were enjoying hearty laugh at something they had been lking about, Mr. Malt, accompanied by a abby-genteel little man, walked into the om.

"Mr. Booge, ladies," said Mr. Malt; Mrs. Malt and Mrs. Blarney, Mr. Booge." The widow involuntarily started on beolding the shabby-genteel little man.

"Mrs. Blarney!" exclaimed the little an, taking up a position similar to that f young Hamlet when he beholds his faher's ghost.

"Mrs. Blarney," repeated Mr. Malt.

"Ha, ha, ha!" and the little man shook is sides with laughter, "that's Sally Dumps — Sally Dumps, the dressmaker, who lived a few years ago in Camden-town! What, still at your old tricks, Sally, eh?" ontinued the little gentleman; "still preending to be the widow of Mr. Abraham Blarney, ornamental painter of Camdenown, eh? ha, ha, ha! What a shame to die without leaving you a penny! Cruel, ruel Blarney, he, he, he! Won't do, Sally, won't do, my girl; sure to be found out ome day or other."

"Mr. and Mrs. Malt," said the pretended widow, "this man is totally unknown to me; I never in my recollection saw him afore."

"Ha, ha, ha!" and the little gentleman chuckled again, as though it was the finest joke in the world to detect an impostor like Mrs. Blarney, "ha, ha, ha! Is all your silver plate in the right place, Malt? Look to your wine and your spirits, and examine your linen and see if it's all right."

"Do you charge me with being a thief, fellow?" said the widow, in a fury.

"Ha, ha, ha! not exactly," said the little man; "only with an incapacity to distinguish your own from that of another's;" and the little man coughed, and laughed, and rubbed his face, as though he felt so funny all over that he could not contain himself.

"Malt," said Mrs. Malt, "two tablecloths have been missing; we didn't think of that."

"Yes, my dear, and there's my mourning ring has not been seen within these last few days."

"Ha, ha, ha! look to your property—look to your property," cried the little gentleman. "Oh, Sally Dumps! Sally Dumps!"

"Mrs. Blarney, or rather Sarah Dumps," said Mr. Malt, assuming a dignity that did not sit very gracefully upon him, "Sarah Dumps, confess your delinquencies, restore the stolen property, and leave my house."

"Produce the tickets, Sally," said the little gentleman, "ha, ha, ha! produce the tickets, and make off as soon as you can."

"What tickets, man?" said the widow.

"The pawn-tickets, the pawn-tickets," said the little gentleman; "and make off directly, ha, ha, ha!"

"You had better do so, Sarah Dumps," said Malt, "or I'll call in a policeman at once, and leave the magistrate to deal with the case as he likes."

These words rather startled the widow, and caused her forthwith to produce the tickets in question, for she had in reality pledged the stolen property. Having recovered these, the Malts did not like to prosecute, so the *soi-disant* Mrs. Blarney left the house, and returned to her lodgings, where she found a note from Mrs. Gibby, in which she was informed that she was never to go there again, as the servant had made a full disclosure of all that had occurred while she and her husband were at Margate.

The facetious little gentleman related to the Malts a great many other crimes that Sarah Dumps had committed in Camden-town and other places, and Mrs. Malt took the earliest opportunity of informing all the people that she had introduced the deceitful Sarah to, what a very dangerous character she was.

On the matter being exploded, Miss Dumps went into service, and still passes for Mrs. Blarney, the beloved wife of Abraham Blarney, who, in his palmy days, was a thriving ornamental painter in Camden-town.

HISTORY AND CHARACTERISTICS OF SUPERSTITION.

BY DR. EDWARDS.

(Concluded from page 170.)

Apparitions and ghosts, though believed by the ancient Romans, were not so frequent with them, nor were they supposed to exercise such influence as after the christian era, in christian, or rather popish Europe. One reason for this, may be the credulity which they accorded to the doctrine of metamorphosis; and another, that they had not the same grounds of probability with believers in scripture facts,—amongst which are the constant ministry of supernatural beings, and the special interpositions of a divine Providence.

We have been just referring to the additional impetus given to the spirit and practice of superstition, by a false and cor-

rupted, though professed christianity. This is proved by the immense number of reliques, saints, images, and miracles, which soon overflowed christendom. Not only the lower orders, but even the highest, were thus willingly and notoriously deceived and defrauded. Wealthy persons, nobles, and kings, purchased pieces of the cross, legs and arms of the apostles, and other things supposed to belong to holy men, at enormous prices. Assumed supernatural events became so common, that they ceased to be wonders. Monasteries, the erection and endowment of which were carried on with mad profusion, became the nurseries of every frivolous absurdity; and at length witchcraft, with all its absurdities and cruelties, obtained the credence of both priests and people; the nature and records of which will now demand a short notice.

Witchcraft is to be distinguished from sorcery; the former referring to a supernatural power, supposed to be obtained by entering into a compact with the devil; and the latter, the power of commanding the devil and other infernal spirits, by skill in charms and invocations, and of soothing them by fumigations. The belief that certain persons were endowed with the power of summoning to their aid and subordinating to their purposes, invisible spirits, is very ancient. The sages of the Romans seem rather to have been sorcerers than witches; indeed, the idea of a witch is confined to christians, as the pagan had no knowledge of the scripture devil. That our forefathers fully credited the existence of witches and the operations of witchcraft, is evident from the statutes they enacted. By the 33rd of Henry VIII, c. 8, all witchcraft and sorcery are declared to be felony, without benefit of clergy; and by 1 Jac. I, c. 12, it is enacted that all persons invoking any evil spirit, or consulting, covenanting with, entertaining, employing, or rewarding any evil spirit, or taking up dead bodies from their graves, to be used in any witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or enchantment; or killing, or otherwise hurting any persons by such infernal arts; should be guilty of felony, without benefit of clergy, and suffer death. And if any person should attempt by sorcery, to discover hidden treasure, or to restore stolen goods, or to provoke unlawful love, or to hurt any man or beast, though the same were not effected, he or she should suffer imprisonment and pillory for the first offence, and death for the second. The belief in witchcraft obtained not only with us, but throughout Europe, until the seventeenth century. Luther, and other celebrated public characters and writers, from his age to the time mentioned, not only placed most implicit faith in the doctrine, but were ready to condemn and persecute any who professed to have scruples. The first writers against the popular creed, who lived about the middle of the seventeenth century, were stigmatised as atheists; and this not by the vulgar, but by such distinguished scholars as Dr. Henry More and Cudworth. The first writer who showed himself in this respect in advance of his age, was Reginald Scott; but he only endeavoured to prove the imbecility of the persons accused, and the infatuation or knavery of their accusers. His book was burnt by order of James I, who was as strenuous for demonology, on which he wrote, as he was against the use of tobacco. Webster was the next writer of note in refutation of the common faith; but his work, instead of meeting with the fate of that of his predecessors, was answered by Glanville. The controversy here subsided, and subsequently, facts and the diffusion of general knowledge, philosophic and religious, were more successful than any of the laboured refutations of the learned. One of the most noted opponents of this absurd belief on the continent was Bekkar. In a work entitled Monde Enchantée, he argues at some length against their existence, on the principles of Dés Cartes, who supposed, like the Brahmin that Deity is the Source of universal action, and therefore he concludes that actions so opposed to His character could not exist; an argument as weak and wretched as the system he attempted to overthrow. His work called into the field of controversy, the father of the modern theory and practice of medicine, Professor Hoffman, who endeavoured to vindicate the popular faith, in a dissertation entitled De Diabolia Potentia in Corpora. The acts against witchcraft continued in force until the seventeenth century. The first innovator was Louis XIV, who restrained the tribunals of justice from receiving accusations. England soon followed the example thus set them, and by statute, 9th of George II, c. 5, it was enacted, that no prosecution shall for the future be carried on against any person for conjuration, witchcraft, sorcery, or enchantment. But the misdemeanour of persons pretending to use witchcraft, tell fortunes, or discover stolen goods, was still punished with a year's imprisonment, and standing four times in the pillory. During these barbarous ages,—for such, notwithstanding the great advance of science, literature, and refinement, they may be truly styled barbarous,—vast numbers of reputed witches were convicted and condemned to be burnt every year. During the civil wars, upwards of eighty were hanged in Suffolk, on the accusation of Hopkins the witch finder. The last frenzy was in New England, and never was it carried to a greater height of daring absurdity and wickedness, than just

before it ceased. These laws, whilst in force, were the terror of all ancient females; whilst many poor wretches were sacrificed thereby, to the prejudice of their neighbours and their own illusions; not a few having by some means or other, confessed the guilt imputed to them at the gallows, which must have greatly confirmed the popular delusion. Various methods of discovering them were employed. They were sometimes made to repeat the Lord's prayer, which no witch, it was supposed, could do readily or correctly. It was a practice also to weigh the accused against the church bible, which, if she were guilty, would preponderate. Another method was that of swimming the supposed criminal; being stripped, and cross-bound, the right thumb on the left toe, and the left thumb on the right toe, she was thrown into a river or pond, in which if guilty, she could not sink; for as by her compact with the devil, she had renounced the waters of baptism, that element in return, would not receive her into its bosom. A witch could not weep more than three tears, and that out of her left eye; this was often sufficient to substantiate a charge. The trial by the stool was conducted as follows. The accused was placed in the middle of a room upon a stool or table, cross-legged, or in some other uneasy posture. If she did not submit, she was bound with cords. Thus placed, she was watched for the space of twenty-four hours, during which time, they waited to see if her imp came and sucked her teat, which was raw and insensible; and if squeezed, sometimes yielded a drop of blood. To give these imps room to enter, a little aperture was made in the door; and as they believed it might enter in a disguised form, they that watched were ordered to kill any spiders or flies that might make their appearance, and if they could not, they were then regarded as imps.

We have only time to give the mere outline of the history of witchcraft. That there ever were such beings, or such power in operation, will not, we presume, be allowed by any of our readers. The credulity, the superstition of our ancestors, at which we now wonder, may teach us the folly of intellectual pride, and the arrogance of all assumptions of infallibility. It is true that such a thing as union with evil spirits is possible, that it does not directly contradict scripture; but as there is nothing to favour it—the witch of Endor, supposing it to be a real case of supernatural influence, being nothing to the point, —we must refer to facts. In so doing we find that the actions imputed to them were either absurd or impossible; the witnesses by whose evidence they were condemned, either weak enthusiasts or downright villains; and the confession ascribed to the witches themselves, the effects of a disordered imagination produced by cruel treatment and excessive watchings. As to the nightly meetings, demonologists themselves have been obliged to confess, that they were nothing else but uneasy dreams, often produced by soporific compositions. The facts which have been brought forward by the advocates for witchcraft, bear in their front the most evident mark of trick and imposture; and this has constantly been found out, whenever these facts have been properly examined. The scripture evidently speak of the whole body of magicians, and their kindred, as impostors; and the laws of the Jews in force against them, like those against idolatry, prove the same thing. They are conjointly spoken of in scripture; and we may say of the one what the Apostle does of the other, "We know that witchcraft is nothing." In the original Hebrew, the term "enchantment" signifies "deceit." Whatever power Satan, "the prince of the power of the air," has to bestow, yet it is certainly nothing visible, nothing contrary to the ordinary workings of mind upon mind, the rise and direction of influence—in which sense, he is but superior to wicked men themselves, who are his servants and abettors. It is not until the last forty years that the belief in witchcraft can be said to have disappeared, if it be not yet to be found in some benighted spots in our land. A gentleman informs me, that in some country districts in Yorkshire, a certain woman was almost universally believed to be invested with this spell. It was believed, among other things, that she was in the tub whilst the beer was fermenting, and prevented its due operation; to drive her away, they used to put the poker in the fire until burning hot, and then plunge it into the liquor, when it was supposed that her enchantment ceased. The woman declared to be the witch, was something of a mendicant. I might mention several similar instances. History teems with records of superstition; and we look back with pity and contempt at the ignorance that could permit such absurdities to exist, and with an indignant regret that villany could be so long practised under the sanction of the sacerdotal profession; but have we no superstitions now, and are they not still the offspring of ignorance, and the causes of mischief and misfortune? The spilling of salt—the accidental laying a knife and fork across—the flying of a cinder from the fire—and the chirping of crickets in the hearth, are often taken as signals of misfortune.

"Alas! the salt was spilt, to me it fell,
Then to contribute to my loss,
The knife and fork were laid across;
Last night, (I vow to heaven 'tis true),
Bounce from the fire a coffin flew."

In addition to these we have an endless

variety, such as the writer feels no desire to enumerate, of signs and warnings of death, with prognostications of doleful events, such as odd and even numbers, the winding sheet of the candle, or the startling howl of the midnight dog under our windows. By the same principle of ignorance and fear, terror is displayed in the shades of night, or during the prevalence of some unexplained phenomena. I have heard of a gentleman (such is the tenacious hold of early superstition), who cannot help bowing to the new moon when first he sees her, or turning his money at the first note of the cuckoo. Even the great Dr. Johnson could not help bowing with lowly reverence to the post on his way.

These imagined harbingers of mischief, are found secretly dwelling in minds that are ashamed to own them, and that ought to have better convictions; they are impressed on the yielding minds of youth, and they grow indurated by time and age; many who deny such impressions are like cowards, that pretend to despise dangers while they tremble at their approach.

We cannot conclude this part of our work without offering a few remarks upon modern mesmerism. That there is something more than imagination in its pretensions, we do not doubt; that there is anything beyond the reach of natural causes, we are not prepared to acknowledge. Were all those accounts which its visionary advocates circulate, true, our opinion might be altered; but we stand in doubt of them. The power of exquisite discrimination by any of the senses, during the mesmeric sleep, is sufficient to account for all the phenomena that have come within our actual observation; while to believe all the wonderful accounts of setting space at defiance, and taking aëronaut voyages swifter than on eagle's wings, and diving into the secrets of absent friends or foes, in spite of brick and mortar, is too great a tax on our credulity. To unravel the difficulty by referring such cases to Satanic agency, though it may have the sanction of some influential names, we are bold to state we deem both unwarrantable and mischievous. The dreadful influence and malice of Satan none will be more disposed to allow, but to delegate to him the power of performing actual miracles, and foretelling future events, at the pleasure of man, is to invest him with the prerogative of Him to whom alone such power belongs, and the secret things of the future. Let us not be supposed to question the great power of the evil one; on the contrary, we think that in these days of rationalism and scepticism, the scripture testimony to his influence is sadly forgotten. We believe, him as "the prince of the power of the air," to possess power over the physical frame of men; when the patriarch of Us was afflicted, we read that Satan put forth his hand; when the woman had suffered eighteen years, Satan had bound her; when christians had acted impiously, they were delivered over to Satan, principally, we believe, for bodily suffering, that they might learn not to blaspheme. Perhaps, when our saviour trod the earth, in the deranged intellect and foaming tongue, he had more than usual license. However this may be, doubtless he is the grand author of superstition, whether exhibited under the brooding darkness of the heathen, or the corruptions of christianity in every age.

We have lived to see all these things, once deemed so awful, laughed to scorn. Things believed to be facts in moral history, like dragons, and other things in natural, are no longer regarded as facts, but as fables. Witches, ghosts, and Satan himself, are no longer believed to appear to man in his present state, but, strange to say, the late experiments in mesmerism have alarmed some pious people. Like the ancient arts of infernal invocation, such powers as the mesmerised subject displays, it is argued, ought not to be called into action. To this the distinguished lady, who has lately fixed public attention so largely on herself, thus replies.—

"As for the frequent objection brought against inquiry into mesmerism, that there should be no countenance of an influence which gives human being such power over one another, I really think a moment's reflection, and a very slight knowledge of mesmerism, would supply both the answers which the objection requires. First, it is too late, as I have said above; the power is abroad, and ought to be guided and controlled. Next, this is but one addition to the powers we have over one another already; and a far more slow and difficult one than many which are safely enough possessed. Every apothecary's shop is full of deadly drugs—every workshop is full of deadly weapons—wherever we go, there are plenty of people who could knock us down, rob, and murder us; wherever we live, there are plenty of people who could defame and ruin us. Why do they not? Because moral considerations deter them. Then bring the same moral considerations to bear on the subject of mesmerism. If the fear is of laying victims prostrate in a trance, and exercising spells over them, the answer is, that this is done with infinitely greater ease and certainty by drugs than it can ever be by mesmerism; by drugs which are to be had in every street."

No offence to Miss Martineau, we really think this is more plausible, more calculated to satisfy those who are alarmed at

the dreadful doings of mesmerists, than her facts, curious and startling as they certainly were, are to remove the doubts of those who are sceptical as to its powers.

What man may eventually be able to accomplish, it is difficult to predicate; but that his inquiries into the mysteries of nature ought to be restrained by the scruples alluded to, is that which we are little disposed to admit. Here we can go along with Miss Martineau, who, in her concluding letter, says—

"And now one word of respectful and sympathising accost to those reverent and humble spirits who painfully question men's right to exercise faculties whose scope is a new region of insight and foresight. They frequently ask whether to use these faculties be not to encroach on holy ground, to trespass on the precincts of the future and higher life. May I inquire of these, in reply, what they conceive to be the divinely appointed boundary of our knowledge and our powers? Can they establish, or indicate, any other boundary than the limit of the knowledge and powers themselves? Has not the attempt to do so failed from age to age? Is it not the most remarkable feature of the progress of time, that, in handing over the future into the past, he transmutes its material, incessantly and without pause, converting what truth was mysterious, fearful, impious to glance at, into that which is safe, beautiful, and beneficent to contemplate and use—a clearly consecrated gift from the Father of all to the children who seek the light of His countenance? Where is His pleasure to be ascertained but in the ascertainment of what He gives and permits, in the proof and verification of what powers He has bestowed on us, and what knowledge He has placed within our reach? While regarding with shame all pride of intellect, and with fear the presumption of ignorance, I deeply feel that the truest humility is evinced by those who most simply accept and use the talents placed in their hands; and that the most childlike dependence upon the Creator appears in those who fearlessly apply the knowledge He discloses to the furtherance of that great consecrated object, the welfare of the family of man."

No good reason can be adduced for refusing to avail ourselves of such lights as it may please the Supreme Being to place within the reach of mortals. That He will ever give us powers like those stated to be exercised by her young attendant J., that is, to see events happening in distant parts, and to ascertain the state of the immortal spirit, or those which Miss Martineau believes to have been given to herself, by her will unexpressed to change water into wine, is a matter on which we offer no opinion; not because we have not formed one, but because to express it we believe to be unnecessary.

ON THE ORIGIN OF OUR LANGUAGE.

(*Continued from page* 123.)

In a former paper I endeavoured to give a faint idea of the significancy of the letters used in our language; more especially when reduced to their simplest forms, and which will be found to be mathematical exponents, and founded upon the same intuitive conceptions of the mind that the mathematicians lay down as the data of their science. But is not every demonstration a self-evident truth when our minds have traced over the steps by which we have come rationally to the conclusion of any problem? It is from not having sufficiently understood the laws of our own being, and mode by which we get our ideas, that so much confusion arises; not only in ordinary life, but amongst scholars also. Look at the disputes of the sophists of Greece, and the wrangling of the schools, from Aristotle down to Professor Brown. It is not at present my intention to go into the merits of the various theories of mind that have been advanced. I shall simply state my own convictions, and endeavour to lay before the reader the data by which I have come by them. Their cogency will rest upon the justness of the premises, and the legitimacy of the reasoning built thereupon. Let me premise, however, that although, according to my judgment, we may trace the origin of our ideas, as the concurrent effect of our consciousness in relation with the external world, and our spoken, as well as our written language, as the simplest and only true scientific forms possible to be used to express our wants, and communicate our feelings and sentiments; yet this does not in the least militate against the received opinion, that some person or persons were inspired or instructed, first, in the grand outline of all knowledge, consequently of language, as a pure medium of communication. This I believe to have been the case; but that we were then left to work out the proof of this by our individual and the collective experience of mankind. Indeed this seems to be the order of nature. This might be shown in reference to the order displayed in the diurnal and annual cycle the earth performs. As the very first act declares—"There shall be light," and there was light; but it took four days (periods) to embody that light. Yet may we see it still more exemplified in man; every son of whom cometh into existence ignorant, and depends on his progenitor for law. Yet is he

necessarily obliged to go through all the forms of teaching and experience to know for himself, what was given to him as a dogma, was for his good, and necessary for his incipient state. Here we may observe the two-fold mode of manifestation, in every thing, so apparent when our attention is awakened; viz., the one by mind in its individual capacity, called special, which is the word, or logos, Incarnate, as the forerunner of what is to be realised; the other, in the universal operations of all nature, working upon the same grand primordeal order, founded upon the laws of mind; and which it is the purpose of, to instruct and form us universally, whereby we shall all become as one. This we learn from the account we have of creation, in Genesis down to Revelations, that all is the work of progression in beginning man's mind, up to the standard God has given us the types of in the beginning, and by the order displayed in creation continually to prove his goodness. The foregoing observations are only intended to guard us against the imputation some might be disposed to cast upon us, that we are not believers in special revelation, and that when we trace everything to the order displayed in nature, we are denying the necessity of a special revealing announcement. I take the facts of our own consciousness, and the phenomena of all-existence, as a touchstone to prove that which we have received, and thereby "justify the ways of God to man." I shall now endeavour to give a more comprehensive idea of letters and syllables than was done in my first paper, particularly on the letter N.

We have in this letter, first, the I, indicating the act of deity, and when used with another consonant, or by itself, always signifies identity, or personality; giving a sensible existence to the point. We have also a V conjoined with it, which is a containing symbol, it indicating a V-essel which contains what I has brought into existence. This, then becomes N, a very proper symbol of N-ature. But the whole word, nature, is highly significant, as we may see by taking the other letters, and defining their meaning. The A indicating all that exists, as man, the universe, and knowledge; the double identity flowing from the point, and the bar across indicating Knowledge, or, if you will, Reason, which is the measurer of all knowledge. We have also the letter T, the sign of the elements. This sign was anciently written, particularly by the Egyptians, thus, +, and always used to denote the elements, as may be seen on many of their temples, pillars, &c. Any one consulting works on Egypt, and particularly "Maurice's History on Hindoostan," will find abundant proof. It has both a mathematical and sideral significancy, taking it as a superficies of squares, it expresses the cube, or six-faced solid, indicative of the six modes of all-being, yet in its unfolded state it presents only (+) four—as ether, air, water, earth; when folded up forming a solid—its six faces indicating that this four-fold external has six unities of elements to form one solid or unity. These are in nature, first, an active essence, or subsistence, which we call God, which presents himself to us under a six-fold condition; one, himself, being always hidden, yet we know he exists; as we know that there are six-sides to the cube, yet viewed separately we can never see more than four at once. The other five represent fire—the common base on which the other four stand—ether, air, water, earth; their analogies in us are—feeling, seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling. The cube was a figure much used as a symbol in worship by many people; one great use made of it was to sacrifice upon. I have been a little particular on this symbol, to give some idea of its connection with God and the elements as an exponent; but I assure the reader, that a volume might be written on this one figure alone. Our immediate purpose is to show its use as a sign expressive of the elements, when laid open, or what we would rather say expressed superficially. It is also the second of the regular bodies in geometry. Well, then, this + being expressive of the four elements, we have N A T, the birth-place of all things, expressed externally, the U R E is vessel R-adiating its power—E-fficiency. Here we have a word highly significant of God's act, or external being—the triliteral base upon which it rests, and the four-fold mode by which we tange it, constituted into a U-nity of P-ower R-adiating, his ⊂ reflex E-fficiency and our word N A T U R E. We may now perceive that N and T are the elemental conditions of what the U R E contains (the U R of Chaldea), and that nature is not a goddess, nor a god either, except by delegation or figure of speech; it simply meaning a vessel which God has willed to be the conditions under which internal being and external existence is manifested.

This, I think, leads us not to look upon nature as the great Omniscent Deity, but only as a great and grand expression of his power, a language by which he declares himself, speaking to us intelligibly, because according to our constituted nature. Language, then, to be pure must be a transcript of this primordial language, having in it the same order of development (De-velope, Deity, or defined cover, M, trinitarian, ent, efficient, birth-place, and elements of existence), and whereby we may express and communicate the various modifications of the sensations of the mind.

I will now take the word PAN. The ordinary acceptation of this word is, that Pan is a sort of rural deity, half man half beast, playing upon his pandean-pipes to rural beings like himself. But what do the letters indicate? We have first I, of identity, or act, and C the reflex or effect of that act; conjoined, making P-ower, and A, the all of ex-istence; then N, the place of birth, or V-italising identity, and, as the Tuetones wrote it with a T in it, which indicates the elements we have, or Pan of nature; that is the forming power of God, playing upon his seven reeds, the seven-fold order displayed in the planetary spheres, and seven generating and producing months of the year, &c. Observe he is only represented as a beast in one half of his nature, thereby indicating by that which he is carried about upon is bestial. Even the word beast means the body, or form, nature assumes, it meaning Be, to exist, and est, or east, to cloth (the skins of which God clothed Adam), but the upper part, or directing power is intellectual; thereby indicating the principles which operate as well as the forms under which they are couched. Let us look at this word pan, or pant, or pent, under its various modifications: we find it in the word ex-panse; indeed, under all its modifications it has always one of three meanings, first as pan, a vessel, a container; second, a seizer, as pang or fang, a tooth and finger, &c.; third, the mode of seizing or taking hold of anything. Now, ex-panse, out, and pan, vessel; Se, God's presence, or spirit E-fficicience; therefore, the expanse of the heavens contains the out order, or the spiritual reflex of deity effecting its purpose. In other words, the spiritual efficiency as shown in the expanse of heaven—"The heavens DECLARE the glory of God," &c., Ps. xix. Now, when we seize or take hold of anything, we may be said to pang it, even as regards our hand, which is a five-fold divisional seizer; but also our senses are the same five-fold mode of seizing or taking hold of the five-fold order of nature. (The word pentagon indicates a five-sided figure.) This pent, then, or power of ent, is one four-fold mode of communication, with the corresponding conditions of nature, as feeling is the common base of the rest, so is fire the common base of the elements; ether is the generator of light, which sight is the tongue of; air is the correspondent to hearing; water to listening; and solids to smelling; to show this clearly would take up too much time: for the present I shall only observe on the last, that smell is always excited by particles of solids in motion, and that feeling or sensations, in fact, is the common base, uniting the other four, it corresponding to the thumb of the hand. We have our same five-fold order displayed in the mind: as consciousness is here the base, and perception, conception, imagination, and judgment. This mode of panging and laying hold of ideas, which, after all, are only modes of declaring, or figuring out our being—of our essence. Had we not these modes of consciousness, we could neither have ideas or commune with others. These, then, may be called the forms, or organs of the mind, as the others are of the body, and gives that tangible reality to it, by which we know mind. Mind, again, is that which pangs or tangs the sensations, and thereby corrects one by the other. Here we may see the triliteral base of all existence in its four-fold, or, if you will, five-fold mode of communication. Nature, the order of the universe; sensation, as exhibited in bo ; and mind, the conscious power upon which the whole operates. This word, pan, is of high import, yet can never mean anything more than the order of communication, and not a deity. I shall just observe, before leaving this word, that our word paint is no doubt derived from it; for what does to paint mean, but to paint by our intellect the expressions of mind as exhibited in nature and man, and give them a sensible existence, whereby another shall be affected, as though he saw the original of mind and sense, from which they were taken. Painting is therefore a language of the highest order. We will pursue this word a little further. The word repent has been explained; do penance, which seems a corruption, as we do not in ordinary attach this idea to the word. Let us analyse it, and see what will be the result. RE here means simply, to do again; but why? Because, as already shown, R is expressive of the act of God in his reflex (C) time, going forth, indicated by the stroke of the R. This is the root of the syllable; but, as if to make the idea more complete in its symbol, this C, mark of time, is again added, with an act emanating from it, as in E, signifying a double act, which RE means. Then we have PENT, which has been already defined; therefore, repent means, to go over again, in our intellect, being those steps by which we came to a knowledge of good and evil, and introduced the eve of ill and suffering, and consequent trial of obedience to the moral law, or supremacy of mind, and which alone can, in a perfect example, bring us within the range of God's purpose of RE-generation, that we may take hold of the tree of life, and claim our immortal nature. This re-penting our condition will bring us into this state, but not until mankind have had a dogmatical moral training, as was the case before Christ, and an especial revelation by example in Christ. The words translated fig-leaves, in Hebrew, means repent-

ance; a further proof of this being the true meaning. It may be asked what does serpent mean? Here we have S, the symbol of the serpent (time) in its flowing and connecting mode, uniting the past, the present, and the future; indicating that in its connective series, time caused us to become an E-fficient, Identified, radiating power, in the pent of our being or sensual condition, and by the perfection of these senses, we tasted of the tree of "knowledge of good and evil," but which would perform toward us this double act; first, cause us to become dead to our simple state of following our senses entirely; secondly, to cause us to repent our existence, until the unity of our nature shall be restored. This serpent shall continue to bite our heel, that is, press upon all our efforts to rise, until we shall have experienced all the evils time has inflicted upon us. Then shall we bruise his heel, or front, that which deceived us first: this is, to partake of the effect of the acts of the second Adam, revealing the purpose, and overlooking the justice and mercy of God displayed in his creation.

I could enlarge much on this subject, but my purpose being only to illustrate the import of the letters; I shall only observe, those who are curious may find instruction and amusement by looking over those words having ent, and the element P N T, in them, and I flatter myself they will find many corroborating proofs of what I have advanced; but they will observe, that some of the consonants are what are called cognates, that is, their sound being so much alike, that in the corruptions language has undergone, different nations have used sometimes one for the other, such as B for P and F for V, D for T, S for C, and C and CH for K, &c., but a little experience will enable a student to discriminate, particularly as most of the corruptions have in them a strong affinity, not only of sound, but sense also. We have absolutely more letters than are required, as indicative of simple radical sounds, yet not enough to express every sound we use. We may consult with advantage the "Etymological Dictionary of Universal Language," by Whiters, Cambridge, 1800. Another corruption, mentioned by D'Anville, is worthy of notice; it is the custom of the Asiatics changing Z at the beginning of words into DR, and for Zarangea, they wrote Drangea; they changed the Zain for Daled. May not this account for the word Draud, or Druid, which may originally have been Zoud, or Zuid, or men who taught the doctrine of the Zone; but I could easily show the similarity of the Z to D, not only in form, but in significancy, they both being definers, the one of the course of the path of the earth between the tropics, consequenly the zone or belt of physical life, the other the geometrical expression of the first regular figure (the Greek D, or delta) and measurer; of all other figures, therefore, the definer and demonstrator of identities.

If I have at all hit upon the true source of written language, it will be found of infinite use in tracing the true import of words in classical lore, as well as in scientific and religious use. The first and last will assist us in understanding what the ancients did really teach and know; consequently we shall get a truer estimate of our own condition, both in a philosophic and religious sense. My object is to put our knowledge upon a certain and rational foundation, without which there can be neither union of mind nor purpose in society: therefore, I think, no pains, however great, nor efforts, however humble, contributing to this end, are to be discouraged. If I may be allowed to speak for myself, I can only say, I find constant instruction and delight in being able thus to analyse words, their true meaning coming home to my mind with more than double force, and, I now think I can understand the system of the universe, its wonderful system of evolvements and purpose, and which it will be my pleasure to unfold to others in my future efforts. I have also read and studied most of the theories of mind, from the ancient Bramins and the Greeks down to Imanuel Kant and Professors Stewart and Brown. My impression is, out of much truth that all have written, there is much misunderstanding and consequent confusion, owing to the abuse of language, particularly in what are called synonimous words; even in religion my opinion is, we shall never feel its efficacy as we should, until the full nature of mind be understood and taught in our churches, and a language used highly significant of ideas intended to be conveyed. Let us now look to the word Pyromid. The pyromids of Egypt have engaged the attention of learned men of various ages to discover their purpose, and many strange conjectures have been advanced concerning them. Let us now bring our linealogic system to bear upon the word: first, then, we have P, which includes the I of identify, and C the reflex of the I, or act put with it, constituting it a symbol of power. This ☉ mark is beautifully shown in the rays of the sun upon the moon, it being the time-expansion of his rays, and whether we look upon it as a symbol of the double mode of the mind's consciousness, or as a visible reflex, it indicates the same effect and delegated power, and that by which we know the prismodial action; therefore this put with the original I or act signifies identified Power. Now we have Y R, or I R, which is well known to signify fire, and which is vari-

ously written among the Asiatics as ar, aur, or, and ir; but why it signifies fire I will endeavour to show. We have I, the act of Deity, constituted into an identified I ☉ ☽ or R. This is highly indicative of the active agency of God, not only in His first act, but also in His secondary agent, light, the highest condition of fire. The Y being used instead of I only indicates the vitality of the act. This being peculiar by the significancy of the Y, R is the root of the syllable. These two combined express the power, fire or P Y R. O signifies the sphere, or place of fire, exhibiting its effects. It also may mean the whole circle of God's manifested being. M, the double identity upholding the V-niverse, or M-ind and M-atter, containing the Vitality of the sphere. This is the OM, or home of God. We have now E or ID, the external identified geometrical D-emonstration of his forms or modes of working. Therefore, the word PYROMID is highly expressive of the great power (fire), as exhibited in the sphere, and understood by our double (sensible and mental vessels) identifier, and declared or demonstrated externally. This is what the Egyptians meant to express by building these immense piles—a sensible and geometrical expression of the active and formed agent of the universe; and observe further, they were built on a square base, expressive of the four-fold order in the sphere of being, with one common centre (the apex), fire the line of life—pointing to the place from whence all life comes. This same order is seen in the seasons and elements. The four trilateral sides, symbols, also, of the twelve-fold order which the earth goes through in the year, and type of everything else, as may be shown in the musical scale of chromatics, and also of colours, &c. In those oms of life and death they buried their good kings, believing that in this great formal agent, they would be preserved and resuscitated after a cycle of time, having in it the same order, that is, seven dia-tonic, or six equal divisions, or twelve semi-tones, and which we now understand to be 6,000 years; and they endeavoured to make it as durable as the principles on which it was formed, or until the time comes to fulfil its purpose. The fact of their embalming their dead also confirms this view. Before concluding I will observe that our C when used in its present position, more particularly indicates time, and the modes of marking time, as it is expressive of the act of the sun going over the disc of the moon, therefore marks a revolution; but this way, ☽, act going into its identity of visible existence, and becoming power, p and q, the quantity of time, &c. The Sancrit word Cati, means time, also evil, as time is the producer of evil; and we have it in the words calculate, cent (time ent of being), and car (the time carriage of ar, fire) and that which gives ar a form of being—the elemental T-aur, or C-ar, by which all things ride through time; and, as observed before, when we put the - from its centre, as in E, it means time carrying out its own efficiency. This placed before N (the place of life), and T (the elements), gives us the E N T of being.

I hope to communicate curious information in a future essay. H. J.

YES, GET MARRIED!

Young man! if you have arrived at the right point of life for it, let every other consideration give way to that of getting married. Don't think of anything else. Keep poking about among the rubbish of the world till you have stirred up a gem worth possessing in the shape of a wife. Never think of delaying the matter, for you know delays are dangerous. A good wife is the most constant and faithful companion you can possibly have by your side while performing the journey of life. She is of more service, too, than you may at first imagine. She can "smooth your linen and your cares" for you — mend your trousers, and perchance your manners—sweeten your sour moments as well as your tea and coffee for you—ruffle, perhaps, your shirt bosom, but not your temper—and instead of sowing the seeds of sorrow in your path, she will sew buttons on your shirt, and plant happiness instead of harrow teeth in your bosom. Yes — and if you are too confoundedly lazy and too proud to do such work yourself, she will chop wood and dig potatoes for dinner; for her love for her husband is such, that she will do anything to please him — except receive company in her every-day clothes. Get married by all means. All the excuses you can fish up against "doing the deed" arn't worth a spoonful of pigeon's milk. Mark this: if, blest with health and enjoyment, you are not able to support a wife, depend upon it you are not capable of supporting yourself. Therefore, so much the more need of annexation, for in union, as well as an onion, there is strength. Get married, I repeat, young man! Concentrate your affections upon one object, and not distribute them, crumb by crumb, among a host of Susans, Sarahs, Marys, Loranas, Olivias, Elizas, Augustas, Betsys, Peggys, and Dorothys, allowing each scarcely enough to nibble at. Get married, and have something to cheer you as you journey through this lonely "vale of tears"—somebody to scour up your whole life, and

whatever linen you possess, in some sort of Sunday-go-to-meeting order. — *American paper.*

MADRID.

MODES AND CUSTOMS OF ITS INHABITANTS.

London has its cocknies, a large and distinctive portion of its vast multitude, Paris has its *badauds* and *grisettes* to give it a peculiar individualising character, and other cities, likewise, have their distinguishing features; but this is far less the case in Madrid, where large colonies of provincials, Asturians, Catalans, Estremadurians, Murcians, Valencians, &c., form permament settlements, and constitute more than half of the entire population. London. indeed, comprises great numbers of people from the northern and western counties, as well as Scotch, Welch, and Irish; and so likewise in Paris we find Simousins, Bretons, Auvergnois, and Gascons; but those form a very small proportion to the entire mass, whereas in the metropolis, the chief trade and hardest labour is in the hands of *forasteros*, who come with their wares to create plenty in the midst of the wilderness. The personal appearance of the people is, on the whole, rather prepossessing. The men of Castile are above the average height, with sallow complexions, long noses, well cut mouths, and bright black or hazel eyes, broad shouldered, thin but muscular and exceedingly active; its women carry away the palm from all but the Sevillians, though under the middle height, and sometimes of low stature, they have noble majestic figures, an elegant tournure, beautiful feet and ancles, and strikingly fine features, the whole set off by the *basquina* and *mantilla* form the national costume, neatly dressed hair with large gay combs, and exquisite neat little slippers.

The *forasteros* are distinguished often by dress, but always by their gait and language, both of which greatly differ from the polished style of the true Castilian. As respects the moral feature of the population, a very difficult subject, and in some respect a matter of mere opinion, we may venture to remark, that the Madridlenos are honest, sober, and moderate, careless, indolent, extravagant, and fond of show, at whatever sacrifice it is to be gained; but withal, serious even to gloominess, jealous, and revengeful. The Catalans, and Galicians, are a blunt and hard working, but ignorant and superstitious race; the Andalusian is the Gascon of Spain, a lively, jovial idler, well made and fond of gewgaw finery, handsome women and good cheer; the Valencians are a swarthy, Moorish looking race, the lowest, idlest, most subtle, and most fawning of all the inhabitants.

The state of sociey in Madrid is a subject on which writers have expressed many and conflicting opinions; but we pity the *insouciance* of any one who can call it dull and uninteresting, inasmuch as there are few cities of Europe exhibiting more bustle and variety of its kind. It is true, indeed, that hospitality—by which an Englishman means a willingness to give expensive entertainments, is seldom practised on a large scale here, and families are shy of receiving foreigners, who consequently meet with some difficulty in getting into and catching the spirit of society; but when they have once established a footing, and received the invitation to consider a house at their service, nothing can be conceived more lively, entertaining, and free from reserve, than the society of the capital, wherever it be met with at the morning lounge on the Prado, or at the tertulias of private families. Now to enter somewhat more into detail, let us take a view of the ordinary mode of living. The highest grandees, the diplomatic body, and a few others have large palaces and superbly furnished mansions, with internal courts entered by *porte-cochères*; but by far the majority, even of the upper and middle classes, occupy only flats or stories, often parts or stories, as in Paris, approached by a general staircase, the filth of which only inveterate custom could make endurable, and the passage is not unfrequently tenanted by those whom want or indolence tempts to make their temporary domicile. Half-a-dozen apartments form a *suita*, and the size, as well as comfort, of every other room, is sacrificed to form a handsome showy saloon, for the reception of company. The hour of rising is somewhat late, and midday has well nigh arrived ere the toilette and morning meal of chocolate and bread has been completed. The gentlemen, those at least whom business does not engage more usefully, spend the morning in lounging, smoking, reading the journals, and listening to the gossip of the *cafés*. The ladies sit much at home *en dishabille*, amusing themselves with work, novel reading, and music (in which last, some are no mean adepts); but many don their mantillas and go to church, while others go to visit their female friends, or trifle away an hour shopping, and flirting with gay young *lechuginos*. The hour of dinner is from two to three, and the meal frugal, a light soup, followed by that eternal *plat de résistance*, the *puchero* (a mass of beef, fowl, bacon, and sausages), and concluded by a dessert (*postris*) of fresh or dried fruit and cheese, with the accompaniment of a little light wine, or *aqua frisca*. Then follows

the siesta, which seems pretty well to divide the day in Madrid; and at this season, which lasts till nearly five, there reigns an absolute entire repose.

The thoroughfares, a few hours before busy and noisy, are now deserted by those who have a roof to shelter them, and such as have not, lie composedly down near the fountains or against the wall. All classes sleep, business is for the time wholly stopped, life seems to languish, and the city might be thought to be peopled by the dead. How different the face of affairs only two hours late, when the drowsy god's vespers are ended, and gaiety has resumed her sway. Every place is now instinct with life and motion, the shopkeepers are as active and talkative as ever, the hawkers resume their cries, and the streets are again in bustle with gallant gay, and ladies fair, in carriages, on horseback, and on foot, hastening to the Prado; and now, fair reader, in the words of an old Spanish comedy,

> Iras al Prado, Lanor,
> En cuga grata espeaura
> Toda divina hermosura
> Rinda tributo al amor.

The Prado, as it now stands—for in the time of Cervantes, Quevedo, and Calderon, it was a mere open meadow — was formed and planted by Charles III about the middle of the last century. Its entire length, including the Recoletos, is upwards of two miles, but the central and most frequented part is little more than a quarter of a mile long and a hundred yards broad, planted with parallel rows of trees, flanked by handsome buildings, and embellished with several large and ornamental fountains. At nearly every hour of the day or evening, the Prado has its loungers and promenaders, but the fashionable hours are from four or five till seven in the evening. Amusing is the scene at this time: an infinite variety of colours and costumes meets the eye; the buzz of many voices salutes the ear, from the *pichoncita* or *chignititita* of some laughing flatterer of the fair, to the rougher, noisier appeal of some hawker of flowers or toys—"*Vaya, que barato? Ha visto usted?*—Cheap! cheap! you never saw the like!" The ladies, too, most effectually play their part in the Babel-like pantomime, and many are the merry, jocund laughs and spicy, smart rejoinders that may be heard as the fair ones flutter along the alleys, or enjoy their al fresco tertulia at the pretty-looking water-vendors' stalls. What an extraordinary variety, too, of equestrians and equipages? Here, well-dressed and well-mounted men are escorting a party of beautiful, elegantly-dressed female equestrians, almost as good horsewomen as the English; and every now and then, a youth, handsomer and vainer than the rest, appears conspicuous in the *majo* costume—sugar-loaf hat, embroidered jacket, and endless fringery, &c. The carriages form, indeed, a motley group, for changed as Madrid has been within the last six or seven years, the old-fashioned carriage finery is not yet quite worn out. Hence, among a group of European, well-built carriages, gigs, and cabriolets, becoming every day more common, it is not unusual to see lumbering, shaky *berlinas* and *coches decolleras* drawn by teams of mules, with *bombas*, *calesines*, and other outlandish vehicular machines, that are far less suitable for the modern Spaniards than the departed spirits of their grandfathers. But with time these grotesque inconsistencies will cease, and the Prado, now so fascinating a scene, will ere long vie with the Hyde Park of London or the Corco of Milan.

The evenings are divided between the theatres and tertulia, both of which are indispensable to a Spaniard's happiness, though of course the former is an indulgence that can be only occasional, while the other is nightly. There are two theatres, one for comic, the other for serious dramas and operas, but on the whole, the management and performances are below mediocrity, and the house, decorations, &c., shabby and extremely dirty. The female portion of the audience have a separate accommodation, the ladies sitting in a kind of box or balcony, called the *casuela*, or more frequently the *gallinero*, or "hencoop," while the *manolas* form their rendezvous in the tertulia. The performances at the Sices, however, are very creditable to the parties concerned, but this is a private establishment, whereas the patent houses, Da Cruz and Principe, are under the direction of the Aguntiaments, and ought to be excellently well conducted. Italian operas are pretty frequently represented, but both the orchestral and vocal departments are below mediocrity, and much inferior to those that may be seen at Barcelona and Seville. The tertulias are common to all classes, at all seasons—in closely-curtained rooms, round the brazero, in winter; and in airy balconied saloons, almost al fresco, during summer. They are most agreeable parties, characterised by a freedom and sociality unknown in other countries; the conversation is well kept up, and occasionally rendered even brilliant by wit and repartee, though the subjects embraced rarely go beyond the politics of the day, the scandal of the *coteries*, the gallantries of the men, the charms and accomplishments, loves and adventures of the fair; in short, the airy, trivial topics that beguile the passing hour without troubling the thoughts or informing the understanding. The company, too, is often of a mixed and some-

what objectionable character, and the use of cigars by the male portion—still permitted in the majority of these assemblies—renders them very disagreeable at first to an unsophisticated Englishman. They are almost unattended with expense, the only refreshments being *aqua fresca* seasoned with volados of lemon-flavoured barley-sugar, and only a few ices and wafer-cakes are introduced even on grander occasions. Balls are by no means unfrequent, and in the beginning of the year there are occasional masquerades, equally remarkable for extravagant and expensive costumes, rollicking fun, and very objectionable intrigues. This kind of gallantry, however, is far too common in the every-day routine of life to admit of a censure against the *bals masqués* in particular, for there exists a looseness of morals throughout the higher and middle classes not at all less prevalent, if less obtrusive, than in Italy.

RICHARDSON THE TRAVELLER.

Another daring traveller, ambitious of emulating Park, Clapperton, Lander, and a host besides, who have died in the attempt, is now exploring the wilds of Africa. His position and designs are thus mentioned in the *Malta Times* of the 27th ult.:—

"There are letters in town from Mr. James Richardson, dated November 23, from Ghadames, in the Great Desert, where he had been residing for three months, and whence he was to start on the following day, equipped in the Moorish dress, in order to make his way, along with a negro and a Moor, through the wild tribes, *en route* to Soudan; and should he succeed in reaching that place in safety, he seems inclined to proceed to Timbuctoo, and other parts of the southern interior. The road is very dangerous, for on the 20th they had news of the capture of a caravan belonging to Ghadames in its way to Sonat. Mr. Richardson had purchased a camel, and had prepared biscuits, dried meat, dates, oil, and a few other luxuries for his support. His negro he stole at Jerbay, where, finding him in slavery, he coaxed him to run away, and made a *free* man of him. His Moorish servant is a Ghadameite—a sort of jockey—an African genius, who understands camels and things of that sort. Their route is due south, through Ghat, Aheer, Damerghon, the first negro city of Soudan, Karnac, and then to Juckaton, the capital of Soudan, and the Sultan's head-quarters—a trip of three months' duration. Should he resolve at this city to return, his way back will be through Bornou and Fezzan. The people of Ghadames were very kind to the intrepid traveller, especially the governor, who showed the christian (he had never seen one before) all sorts of attention and civilities. A letter from Tripoli looks upon Mr. Richardson's enterprise as more than courageous or resolute, in fact, as foolhardy and desperate, seeing that he has no guarantee from the English or Ottoman governments. He has been advised by every one to return, but go he would, and much fear is entertained that he may fall a sacrifice to one of two dire enemies—savage cruelty, or the climate."

The Gatherer.

Happiness.—There is a sunshine of the mind, a happy temper of disposition, which far outweighs all external advantages: but this sunshine of the mind, the man of honour and probity alone experiences. No bribe can purchase it for the unjust; no mean devices, no mean arts, can pluck it from the upright.

Keep Out of Dame Nature's Debt.—Beautiful is the regularity, the clockwork of Nature! and certain and severe the penalty on man for playing tricks with it. Though Bacchus himself, overnight, lend you his thyrsus, to advance the hands and push on the hours, it is ten to one that in the morning you will have a smart knock on the head for your boldness. And even if the knock be delayed—why, it is only deferred that it may pay itself with interest—all the single knocks coming down, in after years, as double ones. For time, when it trusts at all, takes huge interest of Intemperance.

Freaks of Nature.—On Tuesday week Mr. Amos Mailes, landlord of the Walwyn Arms, Much Marcle, exhibited at the George Inn, Ledbury, a calf with two heads, two necks, and two separate back bones, as far as the loin. It was calved on the previous night by a cow belonging to Mr. Williams, of Much Marcle, and was at its full time, but died in calving. Its heads were of equal size, and marked exactly alike. We would recommend Mr. Mailes to adopt some method to preserve the animal, as it is a most wonderful curiosity, and no doubt would attract considerable attention.—A few days since, a cat belonging to Mr. E. Pascoe, of Penzance, had a kitten which had two heads, four eyes, two mouths, four ears, and paws the form of the human kind.—On Wednesday se'night an ewe belonging to W. Daubz, Esq., of Killow, yeaned two lambs, one of which had two heads and six legs.

Contentment.—The fountain of content must spring up in the mind; and he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own disposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove.

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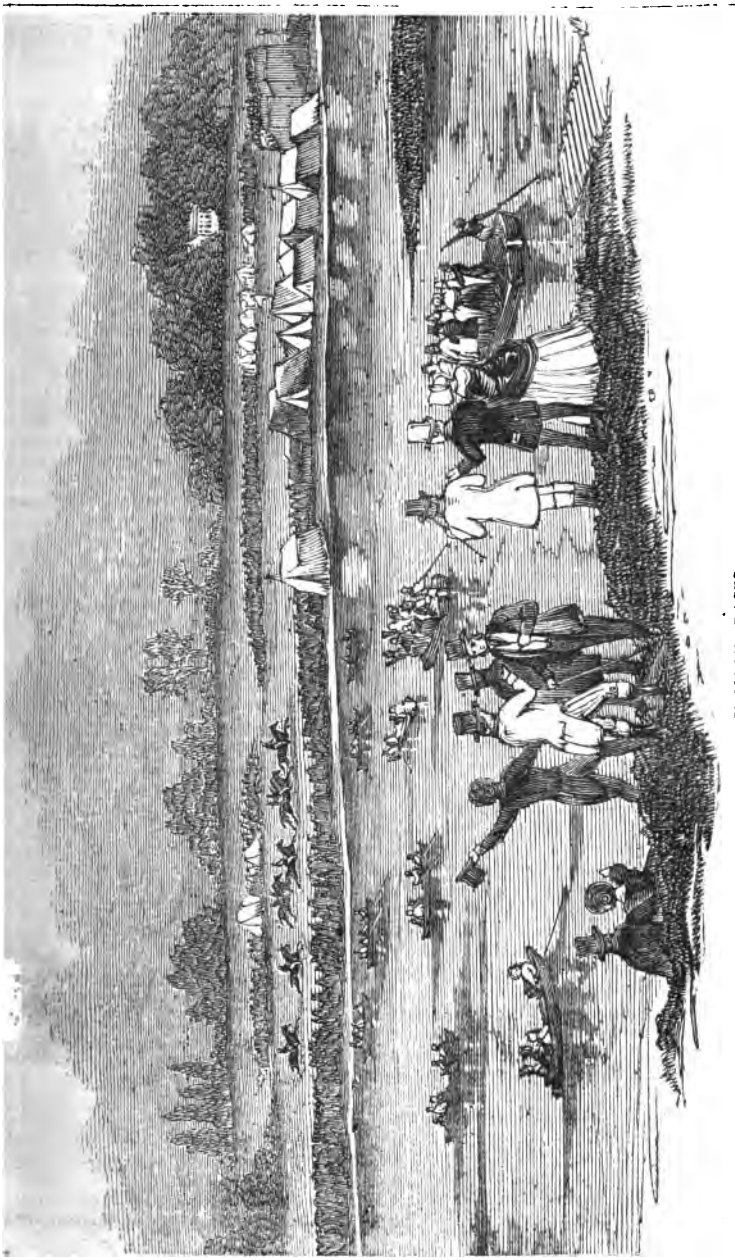

HAMPTON RACES.

HAMPTON RACES.

A sketch of the general features of the scene exhibited at Hampton Races may not be out of place now that the opening spring invites us again to enjoy that popular amusement.

There are some philosophers who think meanly of these trials of horsemanship. There is little to see, they urge, for the cry is, "Here they come," and "There they go," and all is over. That the moments are so few in which the competition can be witnessed is the very circumstance that gives value to the spectacle. Were it only moderately protracted, the beholders would not take the interest in it which they now feel, any more than they would watch with a curious eye the long-continued movement of a broad-wheeled waggon, or the leisurely progress of a brewer's dray.

But the man of classical taste finds in the animated scene on the race-course something that reminds him of the solemn struggles which the poets and historians of ancient days loved to celebrate and record. Chariot races were the great object of attraction in the Olympic games, and those who strove for the prize were accustomed to have four horses in their charge.

> "So when a horseman from the wat'ry mead,
> Skill'd in the manage of the bounding steed,
> Drives four fair coursers."

It is, however, clear from what various authors have written on the subject, that a single riding-horse was sometimes used. This is proved by a singular story, illustrative of the sagacity of the horse, found in Pausanias. One Phidolas, a Corinthian, was the proprietor of a mare named Aura, and she, it is said, in the race, soon after she had started, threw her rider to the ground. The owner was of course alarmed for the result, but, to his infinite relief, the next moment he saw Aura continue the race of her own accord, turn round the pillar which marked the limit of the course as exactly as if she had had a rider to guide her, advance, and hearing the trumpets sound, she put forth all her strength, passed her rivals one and all, and finally took her stand opposite the seats of the judges, conscious of her triumph. To Philodas the crown of victory was awarded.

In Pindar we find the horse Pherenicus lauded for having gained for his master the Olympic crown, and numerous other instances could be adduced of the delight taken in racing by "the fathers of mankind."

In the present state of the world there is little probability of its speedily becoming obsolete. Of late years horse-racing has been more generally patronised by the lower classes than was formerly the case; whether from growing common it will be deemed vulgar, and consequently renounced by those who give the tone to high society, remains to be seen.

STRAY NOTES ON THE CHURCHES AND CHURCH-GOERS OF WORCESTERSHIRE.

BY A RAMBLER.

POWICK.—The church of the pleasant village of Powick, about three miles from Worcester, is situated on an eminence, commanding the vales of the Severn and Teme, and peeping through a thick foliage of yew and elm, overlooks the "faithful city" with the eye of a monitor. On entering the churchyard a few Sundays ago, some time before the morning service, an epitaph caught my eye which recorded the death of one John Titmarsh, of Haseley, in Warwickshire, at the age of 192; but as local history is altogether silent with regard to the extended age of this modern Parr, it is more than likely that he owes his length of years to the experimental chisel of some mason's apprentice, or incipient Canova, who, in passing by the grave, left a memento of his visit by turning the 0 into a 9. Near the north-west corner of the church was a recently-moulded grave — that of an infant — on which had been deposited, no doubt by the hand of maternal affection, a bunch of snow-drops and other flowers, secured to the place with a kind of cage-work of briar. The heart-broken mother, it was evident from the freshness of the flowers, had that very morning made a pilgrimage to the resting-place of her child — perhaps her only child — on whom her happy eye had beamed its warmest and purest affection from the moment of its birth, and over whom she had tended, and watched, and wept, like another Niobe, when the unsparing fates assailed it. I know full well that the swelling, bursting heart "will not be comforted," under such dispensations of Providence, by other than the soothing influences of time; but if I cannot comfort I may at least condole with the lamenting parent (unknown though she be) over the grave of her beautiful and beloved—

> "Fond mother, wipe thy tears away;
> That pledge to thee by God was given;
> But when its prattle and its play,
> And winning smiles of infancy,
> Had weaned thy heart so far astray,
> Then sped an angel on his way,
> And took it back to Heaven."

The churchyard is kept most creditably neat and clean, but I do not altogether approve of the modern plan of drawing up the head-stones in rank and file—it reminds one (at a time when the feelings more willingly indulge in luxury of another kind)

of political economists, of Malthusians, of a population elbowing each other even out of their graves — of anything, in short, rather than the quiet and undisturbed abodes we would fain secure to ourselves in death, and which, by their picturesque disorder, constitute a not unpleasing feature of a rural churchyard. But these feelings, I suppose, like Sir Robert Peel, must give way to the distinctive rule of the present day — *Necessitas non habet leges.* The bodies of Sir Edward Denny, and some of his family, of Tralee Castle, Kerry, who sometime resided at Kingsend House, Powick, lie in this yard, and have a tomb to their memory. The burial ground abounds with barbarisms in the epitaphic line, such as the following (to William Randle)—

"His aim in learning was the seas to rove;
The mathematics was his chiefest love;
But God, who orders all things best,
Eased his cares and took his soul to rest."

The church, which is large and capacious, is of the usual cruciform shape; at the west end is the tower, which is divided into three stages; at the corners are small diagonal buttresses. The stone pinnacles, being considered dangerous to the structure, were removed some four years ago, and are now placed within the porch or entrance, to which, by the aid of some other rubbish of a similar character, they give the appearance of a museum of ancient vases or architectural remains; added to this, if the reader will imagine two filthy, worn-out curtains of green baize, like those at the door of a penny theatre, which divide the church from the porch, he may form a good estimate of the decency of these approaches to the house of God. The interior has undergone great improvement, and more is intended to be done as soon as the "sinews" can be obtained. The ancient closet-like seats have been superseded by low, open, and more commodious ones, in which here and there the rough and grim carving of the knotty old oak may be seen to dovetail, somewhat inharmoniously, with the plainness of modern deal—like an old veteran who, having outlived his day and generation, remains to be jeered and flouted by his more refined and polished descendants. A handsome glazed screen, well carved, divides the chancel from the nave; another, in an unfinished state, cuts off the south transept, and a third is projected for the north; it is also proposed to bring forward the communion table, and place it in front of the first-mentioned screen. I have not heard whether it is intended to convert the chancel into a ladye chapel, but a portion of it at least I would beg for the purpose of a vestry, the clergyman at present having to disrobe behind a piece of green baize (apparently a segment of the before-mentioned curtains), which, I think, is spread out by means of two sticks, but of this I am not quite sure. The clerk, who is an active and intelligent man, and who was busily engaged in arranging the clergyman's books for the services of the day, took pains to satisfy me that the proposed improvements were but in a chrysalis state, and that the church authorities were to be commended for not having allowed their expenditure to outrun the income. In this I quietly acquiesced, but should also have informed him that provided no pious lady in the neighbourhood could find in her heart to present, from her varied store, as in days of old, some more appropriate materials for the curtains of the sanctuary, I would have no objection to go shopping myself on behalf of the parish of Powick, and submit the purchase, as a donation, for the approbation of a committee of ladies.

The east window is in the early English style, consisting of three lancet lights; the mullions are triangular, faced on the innermost angle with a light shaft or column, surmounted by a graceful foliated capital; the other windows are apparently of later date. The aisles are divided from the nave by two rows of equilateral arches. In the north transept is a handsome octagonal stone font, each face or division of the cup having quatrefoil carvings, and trefoils in the corresponding divisions of the shaft. Here are carved monuments to Wm. Cookes, knight (1672), and Daniel Tyas, "*Vigorniæ et republicæ bonus civis*" (1678); and elsewhere are monuments to members of the Wolley, Pakington, Rea, Blount, Winford, Wall, Weston, Sowden, and Moore families.

Among the charitable donations, the records of which are left to adorn the walls of this church, is one from Phineas Jackson, of Bromyard, who gave a piece of land, a part of the produce of which was to go to "the young people who can best say their catechism at Lent." Judging from the multitudes of native infantry attending this church, I should say this donation begets the utmost competition which Phineas Jackson himself could have wished had he been alive. It must be a pleasing thing for the minister, at every returning Lent, to test the capabilities and the progress of his juvenile charge, and by way of stimulating them to pursue the paths of orthodoxy, to distribute among the most deserving of them the pious bequest of this considerate man. If not too late for the present season, I should feel obliged to the worthy vicar for an invitation to witness the gratifying spectacle. There is another item on the list of charities which demands notice. One Richard Collies left certain property to purchase annually gowns and

coats for a stated number of the poor, but with a proviso which utterly sweeps away every shadow of credit that would otherwise attach to his memory on this account. The initials "R. C." were to be placed conspicuously on the garments; and in the event of these letters being pulled off or damaged, and not replaced, "the faulty person shall be utterly incapable of such gift and bequest for ever after." This man most assuredly possessed no real charity for the poor: his only object was to make these poverty-stricken wretches the tools or monuments for perpetuating his name to posterity.

Powick being an extensive parish, there was, as I expected, a numerous congregation on the morning of my visit; and the most gratifying feature was, that the great proportion consisted of the labouring classes, whose reverential deportment was highly creditable to them. An employer somewhere in the north of England once proposed to his workpeople that if they would attend church on fast days, their wages should go on the same as if they worked, upon which they sent a deputation to inform him that they would also attend the Methodist chapel in the evening if he would pay them for over hours. The labourers of Powick, however, I have good reason to hope, are less selfish in their religious observances; and well for them it is so, as I would not give much for their chance of being paid to attend church. One-third of the congregation consisted of school children, who were comfortably seated around the aisles, having good thick matting under their feet, and a stove-pipe above their heads, embracing the whole length of the walls. I could not help contrasting for the moment the usages and comforts of the present day with those of the "good old times," when our ancestors at their devotions shivered upon the bare earth or tumbled about on incommodious rushes, and when not only was there no friendly stove to warm their children's extremities, but perhaps scarcely a thought was bestowed upon the religious or educational training of their little ones "in the way they should go," and Sunday school institutions were entirely unthought of. The musical part of the service was chastely executed, by the assistance of a small organ, and the psalmody was plain but devotional. The officiating clergyman is a very young man, but recently ordained, who however promises well, when time and experience shall have endowed him with more tact and energy, to grace his "high calling." Among other things clergymen should beware of giving long sermons, especially (if I may be allowed the term) on comparatively common-place subjects; nothing is gained to devotion, but rather much is lost thereto, by drawing too largely on the time and attention of their hearers.*

The parish of Powick is not unknown to history. Two of its manors—Prior's court and Pykesham—together with the tithes of Bransford and Powick, belonged formerly to the priory of Great Malvern, and after the dissolution of religious houses, Henry VIII, in the 37th year of his reign, gave to Edward Lord Clinton the manor and rectory of Powyke; it afterwards belonged to Sir Thomas Bromley, knight, grandson of the Chancellor. Before the year 1650 the tithes were the property of John Nash, Esq., alderman of Worcester, who at his death bequeathed them to certain trustees for the endowing an hospital in the city of Worcester. The Beauchamp, Lygon, and Coventry families, have held possessions in this parish. In September, 1642, during the unhappy contests between Charles I and the parliament, an engagement took place at Powick between the forces: it was here that a detachment of the parliament army were deceived by a manœuvre, and being attacked by an ambuscade, twenty-five of their number were killed, and the detachment fell back a distance of four miles. In 1651, however, occurred the famous battle of Powick bridge (an ancient structure, still remaining, and of which I made a sketch some four years ago). The right wing of a brigade under General Fleetwood having crossed the Teme, and the left arrived at Powick bridge, they drove in the foot of the Royalists to their main body, which was drawn up in Wykefield, near the bridge, secured the pass, and after a hard contest of nearly two hours' duration, wholly routed them, killing many on the place, † and pursuing the rest to the drawbridge and gate of the city.

While on the subject of the ancient associations connected with Powick parish, I may mention that in the year 1832 two sepulchral Roman urns, containing burnt human bones, were dug up from a piece of land between the roads leading to Upton and Malvern, and were presented to the museum by the Earl Coventry; and in the year following, a little to the west of the village, two similar urns, containing the bones of children, were discovered. A coin

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* An American minister, at one of the numerous places of worship in the States, was holding forth to a somewhat wearied congregation, when he turned up his eyes to the gallery, and beheld a juvenile "Pickle" pelting the people below with chesnuts. Dominie was about to administer, *ex cathedra*, a sharp and stinging reprimand for this flagrant act of impiety and disrespect: but the youth anticipated him, bawling out at the top of his voice, to the astonished parson, "You mind your preaching, and I'll keep the folks awake!" The scene that ensued may be safely left to the imagination.

† In one of the charity tables "Deadfield" is mentioned as a part of a bequest.

of Claudius Gothicus and of Constantine were also found in the same neighbourhood.—*Worcester Journal.*

ISLAND OF HARRIS.

On a fine day in the end of July, last year, the writer of this left home in a boat, accompanied by three of a crew, to proceed to Lochmaddy, about twelve miles distant. After passing the island of Hermitray, our course lay along the bold and rocky headlands of Leachd-leese, in North Uist, which chiefly consist of gneiss, argillaceous schist, and numerous veins of trap. These rocks are of great height, rising nearly perpendicular, and but for their almost unapproachable nature, would afford no small attractions to the geological student. To ornithologists they are likewise very interesting, as they are visited annually by great numbers of seafowl, for the purpose of incubation; and the different species, according to their various habits, select pieces of projecting rock whereon to build their nests. The varieties which for the most part frequent these headlands are, the gull, the puffin, the guillemot, and the cormorant; and even the lordly eagle deigns to associate with these, choosing always the most precipitous and inaccessible ledges of rock which the coast presents. On arriving at a place called the *Miorbhuil, i. e.* "the miracle," we espied the nest of an eagle resting on one of these ledges. As it contained two eaglets, we at once determined on their capture, if possible. After surveying the precipice, and looking in vain for any other mode of approach to the nest than by a descent from the top, a young lad of the name of Peter Ross agreed to try it. This settled, we set about getting out the boat's anchor and cable, for the purpose of carrying them to the summit of the rock. After an hour's labour we gained the desired point. We next selected the best spot whereon to fix the anchor, which done, we swung the cable down the face of the rock. To ensure greater safety, a long rope was tied round Ross's body, and uncoiled as he descended by the iron cable. Having divested himself of his coat, neckcloth, and shoes, and provided a knife, in case of being attacked by the old eagles (which were soaring above), and with some cord for the purpose of tying the eaglets, should he succeed in capturing them, he prepared to descend. This was no easy task, and it took him a full quarter of an hour to accomplish it. The parent eagles continued to utter the most piercing and discordant screams, as they beheld him suspended in mid-air opposite their nest, and high above the loud roar of the ocean. The length of the cable, which measured twenty-two fathoms, only enabled Ross to reach within a foot of the nest; and just as he had done so, one of the eaglets hopped away to an adjacent ledge of rock beyond his reach, and the other was about following when it received a kick which sent it tumbling down the rock into the sea. One of the old eagles immediately flew to its rescue, and with its talons dragged the young bird from the sea, and placed it safely on a portion of low accessible rock, which we soon made for, and secured our prize, which turned out to be the male bird. It was of an immense size, nearly full grown, and of the species called the white-tailed sea eagle. Although the nest, when viewed from below, appeared as scarcely presenting a single foot of surface, it was fully four feet square, and contained about a stone of wool and rags, with a goat's head, a lot of bones, and some half-consumed fishes, memorials of the rapacity of these destructive birds. We next turned our course for Lochmaddy, where the eaglet was given to an English gentleman who had come on a tour in the excise steamer: he signified his intention to carry it with him to Lincolnshire.

Leaving Lochmaddy next day, on our return to Harris, with our boat towed behind the steamer, we sailed close enough to the scene of our late exploit, at the *Miorbhuil*, to see the remaining eaglet still perched on the spot where it was left. Had time permitted, we intended again to attempt its capture; but as some of the party on board preferred calling to see the monastery at Rodel, we steamed it on, and had not proceeded far when a rather amusing incident occurred. We were all on deck, admiring the rugged scenery which meets the eye along that part of the coast, where

"Low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deep"

when a round hole, right through a rocky precipice, with a sandy plain behind, attracted our attention. Some of the party said it was no hole, but rather a large white stone, which had probably been dashed up against the rocks by the violence of the waves; whilst others thought differently. The captain had recourse to his spy-glass, and gave it as his opinion that it was nothing else than a white stone. One of the party, who held a different opinion, made a wager of £20 that he was right. The captain, after a second application of the glass, staked his vessel against that sum. The course of the vessel was instantly altered, and, on nearing the rock, there, indeed, was to be seen one of nature's freaks — a hole quite through. Well, the "Dumbuck" was lost; the captain consoling himself by saying that he

had, at all events, the satisfaction of *proper* "ocular demonstration" of his error.

On arriving at Rodel, we debarked, and went up to the monastery, which we were kindly permitted to view, under the guidance of a person from the establishment of the much respected factor on the estate. The monastery, dedicated to St. Clement, is a very ancient structure, and is supposed to have been founded by David I, in the eleventh century. The walls are still substantial, and it is altogether of tolerable architecture, "and presents," says Dr. Macculloch, "some peculiarities in sculpture, which are well worth the notice of an antiquary, and, from their analogy to certain allusions in oriental worship, objects of much curiosity." Measures were taken, about two years ago, to keep these "sculptured curiosities" in as good a state of preservation as possible.

After an hour or two spent in visiting this interesting place, and admiring the beautiful glen of Rodel, with its thriving plantation, overlooked by the neighbouring picturesque heights, we embarked again, much pleased with the visit, and departed for Stornoway.—*Inverness Courier.*

EUGENE SUE.

M. Eugene Sue, whose fictions are at present so popular, was born at Paris on the 10th of December, 1804. The empress Josephine and her son, prince Eugene Beauharnois. were his godfather and godmother. The Sue family is very ancient, and has been established for many years at Lacolme, near Cannes, in Provence. It is still represented there by M. Sue, a retired officer of high rank, and great-uncle to our author. The majority of Eugene Sue's relatives have been physicians of great celibrity. His great grandfather, Peter, and his grandfather, Joseph, have left extensive anatomical works; and to them the French medical school owes the introduction of the pathology of Gaubius, which succeeded that of Boerhaave. Joseph and Jean Joseph both graduated at the Edinburgh university, and make known to their countrymen, in numerous translations. the works of the Scotch school of medicine. Our author's father was chief physician to the imperial guard in the Russian campaign, and has also published several popular works. Immediately after the restoration, he became the king's physician, and lived in intimate friendship with the empress Josephine, Franklin, Massena, Moreau, and all the great personages of the consulate epoch. He made a generous bequest to the academy of fine arts of a magnificent collection of comparative anatomy, and objects of natural history, formed in his own family by four generations of physicians, and which constitutes a gallery in the palace of the fine arts of great value. Eugene Sue himself, according to the wishes of his father, entered upon the medical career. He was surgeon attached to the military suite of the king; then to the staff of the army in Spain in 1823; and also in the same campaign, to the seventh regiment of artillery. He was present at the siege of Cadiz, at the taking of Trocadero, and at that of Tarafa. In 1824 he quitted the land for the naval service. He made several voyages in the Atlantic; and having traversed the West Indies, he returned to the Mediterranean, visited Greece, and in 1828 was present in the ship Breslau at the battle of Navarino. On returning from his campaign, he renounced the navy and medicine, and took up his abode at Paris, where, thanks to the handsome income he enjoys as a paternal inheritance, he was enabled to lead a life of brilliant happiness. His favourite occupation at this time was painting, which he studied at his friend's the celebrated Gudin. The idea of turning novel writer was not thought of by Eugene Sue till 1830, when an old comrade of the artillery happened, in conversation, to remark that as "Cooper and Marryatt had made the sea romance popular, he ought to write his recollections, and create the maritime romance of the French." This pleased our author. He quitted the painting-brush and took up the pen. His first work was "Kernock the Pirate," the success of which caused him to continue to write, following the dictates of a lively and fertile fancy. Thus appeared in succession numerous works, which may be arranged in the following order:—Sea Romances, Kernock the Pirate, Plick and Plock, Attar Gull, the Salamander, and the Watch Tower of Koatven. Maritime History—History of the French Marine under Louis IV, and abridgment of the military marine of every people. Historical romances—Latreaumont, Jean Cavalier, and Letorieres, the commander of Malta. Romances of manners—Arthur, La Concaratcha, Dylcytar, L'Hotel Lambert, Mathildo, &c. Philosophical and Political Romances—The Mysteries of Paris, the Female Blue Beard, and the Wandering Jew, a tale of the Jesuits. Dasamar Latreumont, the Pretendress, and several others of great effect, produced in concert with Messrs. Dinaux and Legouve. M. Eugene Sue at present inhabits, in the heights of the Fauboug St. Honoré, a little mansion covered with creeping plants and flowers, which overarch the peristyle. A fountain plays in his most beautiful of gardens, in the midst of rocks and sea plants, and a long close gallery, walled in with

sculpture and plants, leads from the house to a little outer gate quite hidden under an artificial rock. The interior of the houses composed of very small apartments, somewhat confined, and rendered obscure by the flowers hanging down the windows. The furniture is crimson, with golden nails; the sleeping apartment alone is lighter and of a blue colour. There is scattered about a little of every style—Gothic, Renaissance, Fantastic, and French. The walls of the drawing room are hid by works of art, painting, and sculpture, various curiosities, family portraits, masterpieces, and works of modern artists, his friends. Glorious names shine in every part—Delcroix, Gudin, Isabey, Vernet, &c. A drawing of Madame de Lamartine, and some verses of the illustrious poet, occupy a conspicuous place. One picture in particular has a privileged situation upon canvas, in the midst of the coquetries of the drawing-room. It is an anchorite of Isabey, of terrible effect, forming a remarkable constrast in that little temple of luxury. The favourite horses, dogs, &c., of M. Sue are the subjects of the majority of the remainder, painted either by himself or by M. Alfred Dedreux. In all these we detect traits of character, a passion for luxury and strong emotions, with a reaction towards retirement and meditation, an enlightened taste for the fine arts, and a love of animals and plants. Among the many authors who may be termed successful, few have attained a popularity so extensive as Eugene Sue.—*Correspondent of Glasgow Examiner.*

ON THE BLESSINGS OF FAMILY AFFECTION.

The whole human race may be considered as one great family, under the care, protection, and discipline of the Creator, our heavenly parent; and the most important duty which he requires of them is, that they love one another. He graciously founds their love to himself on this basis; for he even rejects the love of those who do not love their brother also. It is a wonderful and benevolent part of the system of Providence, that his commandents produce our greatest earthly blessings; and our perfect obedience to his laws brings its immediate reward, in conferring upon us some visible benefit; as, on the contrary, every outrage on his commands has its attendant judgment. In no case are the blessings annexed to well-doing so sensibly felt as in the mutual offices of brotherly love. From the sweet affections and goodwill of society, most of our temporal comforts spring; and, when we obey the command of loving and serving our fellow-creatures, the benefit is reflective; we are loved and served in return: "therefore, my beloved brethren, let us love one another; for he that loveth his brother, hath fulfilled the law." The sweet charities of life, sympathy, affection, and benevolence, are the blessings blended with sorrow, sickness, and infirmity; and from the restraints of temper, and mutual forbearance we practise to each other, arise the kindness and good-will which are the charms of social life. If the cultivation of this benevolent feeling, is so important a duty, and so great a blessing in extended society, when our intercourse is only occasional, of what still greater importance is it in the near and daily concerns of domestic life! All persons, in all ages, have been deeply impressed with the value of family affection. The wise instructions of Solomon abound with injunctions on the subject; and David exclaims, "How good and joyful a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! It is like the precious ointment upon the head, which ran down into the beard, even unto Aaron's beard, and went down to the skirts of his clothing. Like as the dew of Hermon, which fell upon the hill of Zion; for there the Lord promised his blessing and life for evermore." This precious balm to every earthly woe, spreads itself to every department in domestic life, like "the refreshing dew of Hermon, which fell upon the hill of Zion:" it nourishes and gladdens every bevevolent heart,—it softens the temper,—it doubles every pleasure,—it lessens every care; without it human beings become savages, selfish and morose; they lose the blessings which God has promised to it in this life, and that life, which is hereafter, which is a heaven of love and benevolence!

THE GALLERIES OF THE THEATRES

BY JOTT.

We are rather surprised that the graphic pen of the immortal "Boz" was never employed in pourtraying the scenes that are to be witnessed in the galleries of the theatres. There is, in our opinion, much scope here for his genius, and he undoubtedly, had he attempted such a thing, would have produced a very interesting and entertaining sketch. Such a subject would have been safe in his hands. In those of ourselves we fear the contrary. We nevertheless enter upon it with the determination "to do our best," and should we fail, our failure must be attributed to our incapacity, and not to a want of the necessary exertions to secure the object in view.

The gallery of a theatre presents a motley assemblage, and here a person may see

human nature in all its various phases, and what is another remarkable feature by gaslight, people of all shades are here jumbled together — high and low, rich and poor, steady-going tradesmen and profligate clerks, hard-working and prudent servant-girls and wicked and abandoned women, the dissipated *roué* and the tender parent, surrounded by his beloved and blooming little olive-branches.

We are aware that the paragraph just penned implies a contradiction, for many will ask, if the gallery audience of a theatres consist of so many disreputable characters, how does it happen that highly-respectable people frequent such places? One thing is pretty certain; if you frequent the gallery of a theatre you are not obliged to be remarkably social (etiquette makes an allowance in this case) and associate with any of those you may chance to meet there. Many people drop in here because it is not their intention to remain long, and many drop in because they would not like to be seen in the pit, and many because they have large families and cannot afford to take them to any other part of the house. The greater part, however, of a gallery audience is composed of respectable people, and disreputable characters are happily in a very small minority.

The best times to go to the gallery are Saturday and Monday nights, that is to say, if you go more with the view of seeing the audiences than the pieces. If you go solely to see the latter, I can only say you could not possibly go on worse nights.

Saturday night is pay-night—a night on which mechanics, labourers, and persons of that description generally receive their wages, and they are generally in the habit of resorting to the theatre or some place of amusement after the fatigues of the week. On Monday night there is still some of the money left which they received on the Saturday night, and as they are never happy whilst they have any in their pockets, as a matter of course they try to get rid of it as soon as possible, in order that their minds may again be restored to peace and happiness. To accomplish this laudable object, amongst other places they visit the theatre, and as the price of admission is not the only money that is expended, they contrive, through these means, to make it fly pretty fast.

We will suppose the occasion of our visit to be Saturday night. It is not of much consequence to which of the theatres we conduct the reader, and shall therefore select one of the minor houses. There is some extra attraction here to-night. Vestris and Mathews are starring it, and Mons. Dillon is going again to swallow his supper without the aid of a plate, after which, by particular desire, his knife and fork. Madame Tambourini is again going to dance her celebrated *pas seul*, and a *new* farce, from the pen of Alfred Scribbles, Esq., is going to be performed "for the first time this season."

The doors open at half past six, but look at the gallery door! It is impossible to get within twenty yards of it, and it is now only upon six. There is indeed going to be a full house, and just observe how the people are drawing up from all sides. How very foolish of those young gentlemen to keep kick, kicking at the door with their feet, and knock, knocking at it with those unwieldy-looking sticks, as though it would be opened any sooner on that account. It seems as if they thought the door itself was perfectly conscious of the inconvenience it was causing them by being closed.

Half-past six, however, at length arrives, and the door is thrown open; and what a rush for places! We are perfectly sure we would not go up with that crowd if we were admitted gratis, and presented with something in the bargain, for exposing ourselves to the annoyance attendant thereon. What crushing, and screaming, and breaking of hats, and flattening of bonnets, and tearing of coats, and shawls, and gowns. Why, really, the people are more out of pocket by the damage sustained by their clothes, than if they had gone to the boxes and done the thing genteelly.

Now, that the people are all in, we will walk quietly up the steps. Why, actually, there are plenty of seats still vacant, and how much better would it have been if they had gone up slowly and by degrees?

Just look at that young gentleman with the moustaches, and a quiz glass dangling on front of his person. The back of his coat is positively rent from the collar to the skirts. It has caught hold of some nail on his way up, and (in consequence of the pressure behind) he has not been able to prevent its being torn in that mortifying and destructive manner. There is a young lady, with vermillion cheeks standing behind him and tacking it together with pins, probably with the view of preventing the young gentleman in question from catching cold. Having performed that little job, the young lady joins in conversation with the young gentleman, and very entertaining it seems to be, for they are laughing very heartily, to the great annoyance of a stout old lady setting before them, who fancies that they are laughing at her, as she has just discovered, owing to a strong draught from behind, that her bonnet is without a crown. Not far from these parties was two buxom women, one of whom is pinning on a flounce, and the other adjusting her hair, and fastening it up as well as she can,

having lost her comb in her progress up stairs. The latter makes some allusion to an individual named Jack Thompson, who she hopes will be a little less violent when he comes up with her again.

There is a young man in the front seat, who has tied a red handkerchief round his head, to the infinite amusement of those setting around him; he has lost his hat in coming up with the crowd, and has every reason to suppose that some daring and dishonest "prig" has "crushed" the same into the smallest possible compass, and deposited it in his pocket. He, however, consoles himself with the fact that it was only a "four-and-ninepenny tile." On the second seat from the front, there is a young female stitching on a portion of the skirt of an elderly lady's dress; and a little above them another elderly lady has just untied her pocket and pulled it out. It is leaking with wet, owing to her having had a little bottle in it, which has been broken in her way up. She seems, whilst she picks out the broken pieces of glass, to be much mortified; but her mortification evidently arises more from the loss of the liquor than from the wetting she has sustained.

The seats that were vacant when we first entered, are now all filled up—people are still pouring in.

Let us take a glance at some of the more prominent characters, that compose part of our gallery audience. The front seats are filled with those gentry who are more turbulent and headstrong than the rest, and who, between the acts, invariably amuse themselves and many others, by calling for music, and spitting and throwing orange peelings, &c., upon the people in the pit. They are, for the most part, idle apprentices, Irish labourers, costermongers, &c. Scattered in various parts is a number of strong buxom servant girls, who appear on this occasion without caps. Their mistresses are very strict, and would not see them without that necessary article of head-dress—no, not on any account. If they were tolerating the system, such boldness and indelicacy would be enough to shock the feelings of the most coarse-minded individuals, and cause apprentices, and bakers, and postmen, to have such an antipathy towards the sex, as could never, probably, be eradicated. Only think of that. What a dreadful result that would be! The poor girls would never get husbands, if such an outrage was perpetrated upon all decency and propriety. Oh! dear no. How could they?

(To be continued.)

A COUNTRY WITHOUT A CONSTITUTION.

The accounts which reach us of Russia are not a little at variance with each other. By some the present emperor is made a paragon of excellence and his empire painted as the best regulated on earth; by others he is described to be a heartless tyrant, and Russia the chosen abode of misery and crime.

These differences are easily explained. The former representations are furnished by writers who have an interest in Russia, who are returning to it, or who have friends or relatives among the subjects of the czar; the latter fall from the pens of individuals who have in some way incurred the displeasure of the Muscovite authorities, who have been threatened with Siberia, or perchance had a taste of the knout.

M. Ivan Galovine, a Russian, belongs to the class who have in some way become obnoxious to "the powers that be," and has in consequence bidden, as he hopes, a last adieu to his native land. The account he gives of the autocrat and the state of the people under him is not such as to move the envy of an Englishman. We speak of the common people; it must be confessed the nobles have something to rejoice in:

"What a happy lot is that of the Russian nobles! they live like kings or demigods! A noble retired to his estate with a handsome wife, at the head of some thousands of peasants, with large revenues, passes days of delight, and enjoys an existence which has not its parallel in the whole world! You are absolute sovereign on your own estates: all cringe and bow before you; all crawl in the dust, and tremble at the sound of your voice. If you order a hundred or two *coups de bâton* to be inflicted on Peter or John, your order will be executed, and his back will immediately become as black as a coal. You have merely to throw your handkerchief to any woman who pleases you: you are not a sultan for nothing."

Content, however, seems more abundant than could reasonably have been expected:—

"The noble imagines himself free, and thinks that he has only to blame himself if he exchanges his liberty for offices, for distinctions, and becomes a servant instead of a sovereign master. He has his court, his residence, his estate—let him remain there. The serf thinks that his condition is natural, fixed by the decrees of Providence, and that he would be infinitely more wretched if he were free. The military man thinks of nothing; he has no time left to do so, and he is kept in perpetual exercise to fill up his leisure. The civil officer thinks only of adorning his button-hole, or filling his

pocket, and all move by the force of the iron will of the sovereign."

The tyranny of the emperor descends to the lowest grades.

"The emperor abuses his courtiers, and they revenge themselves on their subordinates, who not finding words sufficiently energetic, raise their hand against those, who in their turn, finding the hand too light, arm themselves with a stick, which further is replaced by the whip. The peasant is beaten by everybody; by his master, when he condescends so far to demean himself; by the steward and the *starostai*, by the public authorities, the *stanovoi* or the *ispravnik*, by the first passer by, if he be not a peasant. The poor fellow on his part has no means to idemnify himself, except on his wife or his horses; and accordingly, most women in Russia are beaten, and it excites one's pity to see how the horses are used. At St. Petersburgh there is a continual smacking of whips, and all the blows fall on those poor animals. Peter I, in his ardour for reform, ought to have substituted for the Russian whip, a long lash, in using which the coachmen would lose their love of whipping, because they only beat the air."

The following anecdote throws further light on the system:—

"M. Kukolnick brought out a play, called 'The Hand of the Most High,' which was replete with classic czarism. The delighted czar sent for him; the poet, who had a brother implicated in the revolt of 1825, trembled when he appeared before the sovereign, who inquired the cause of his fear, and encouraged him by saying, 'It is an every day occurrence, that of two brothers, one is base and the other honest.' M. Polevoï, who ventured to find fault with this famous play, was arrested at Moscow, torn from his family, dragged to St. Petersburgh, and escorted by a gend'armes in a courier's car, and this shock had so great an effect upon him, that the liberal author was transformed into a fulsome parasite of the court. On this occasion, some verses of the following purport were made. 'The Hand of the Most High' has accomplished three prodigies,—it has saved the country, elevated Kukolnick, and ruined Polevoï. Nobody in Russia dares to differ in opinion from the emperor, even on the most trifling subject; on a question of art, or of literature. When he has once given his opinion nothing remains but to accede to it or remain silent. I one day asked a journalist if he would give a review of the History of M. Buturlin, adjutant-general to the emperor? he answered with much simplicity, 'I have not got two heads upon my shoulders.'"

"M. Tschedaeff was declared mad by order of his imperial majesty, for having ventured to write in a Moscow review that 'it was not possible to pass four-and-twenty hours in a reasonable manner in Russia, because the Russians are not Europeans; because one czar has opened for them a frozen winter towards Europe; because another has led them about at beat of drum;' and lastly, for having added that 'Russia has retarded her advance in civilisation by preferring the Greek to the Roman Catholic religion.' Boldoref, the censor, who had suffered this article to pass, was banished to the monastery of Vassilewsk, and M. Tschedaeff was subject to a daily visit from a physician, who poured a glass of cold water on his head. Angel, a subaltern officer, was condemned by a court-martial for some act of insubordination, and the emperor enhanced the punishment. A grenadier, who seemed disposed to kill his captain, who frequently struck him without reason, was condemned to run the gauntlet. The emperor wrote with his own hand, 'that the first thousand blows should be given him on the head.' Prince Sanguschko was condemned to be transported to Siberia, for having taken a part in the Polish revolution. The emperor added to the sentence, 'that he should perform the journey on foot.' Madame Gracholska went with her son to visit her husband, who had emigrated to Switzerland, and the child begged that he might stay with his father. The emperor caused the mother to be brought to trial on her return to Russia. The nobles of the government of Podolia made a subscription to furnish her with means to perform the journey to Siberia, whither she was senfenced. The subscription amounted to 14,000 rubles. Nicholas ordered 13,000 rubles to be kept back for the benefit of the invalids, saying that 1,000 rubles was ample for the journey in the Polish campaign!"

And darker still as we proceed; it would seem that the will of the despot can supersede all law, and a hint from him suffices to ensure murder:—

"It is not even necessary that a criminal should receive sentence of death before he can be put to death. The executioner can kill a man with a single stroke of the knout or *pleite*. A culprit may be suffered to perish under the gauntlet; the surgeon who attends the sufferer need only be told to shut his eyes, and he is thus dispensed from all responsibility. Again, the executioner may, either by wilful or involuntary awkwardness, break the sword of a noble, in pursuance of the sentence of condemnation, upon his head instead of breaking it above his head, and bear rather too hard, without having precisely received any express instruction on the

subject. Such a circumstance occurred in 1856. M. Pavlof stabbed M. Apralef on leaving the church where the latter had just been married to Mademoiselle K., after having promised to marry the sister of M. Pavlof, whom he had seduced. By command of the emperor he was tried within twenty-four hours, and sentenced to degradation: the executioner fractured his skull in breaking his sword."

Such are the evils experienced where the power of the sovereign has no constitutional limit.

ON PHYSIOGNOMY.

Every one practises physiognomy or judges character from external form, yet ask any one in particular, what are the rules by which he judges, or if he believes in physiognomy. The first he will answer, probably, by a shake of the head, amounting to a denial of any knowledge on the subject; as to his belief, he will most probably say he has none, or at least it is so little, that he has formed no fixed opinion on the matter. Curious and contradictory as this may appear, yet it is what we meet with every day. Now may we not enquire how it is that man so prone to regulate his intercourse with other beings, and even to decide both his own action and the fate of others, by a look or appearance, should nevertheless be not able to give a single reason why he does so, and this by one who claims to be considered a rational being; the truth is, to give a reason, requires thought and an orderly method of connecting out knowledge in words suitable to communicate our impressions, or our pride will be liable to be wounded by our losing the character of having spoken what will be esteemed incorrect, for every one sets himself up as a judge of truth, yet, like the usurer, is afraid to show how much of it falls to his lot, lest another should be found either to dispute his claim or wound his self love. It is worth our while to inquire into this, and see if we cannot give some rational solution to such contradictions. First, then, are we not so constituted by our external senses, so as to be agreeably or otherwise affected by things we may come in contact with. This will be readily granted. Then here we have the foundation of most of our decisions, and a wise ordination of Providence it is, seeing that we are not all rationally trained, and have not the high privilege of rendering a reason for our faith, but for our preservation (at least physical), we have instinctive qualities to guide us: these qualities are common to the animal creation, but depend upon our outward perception of relation, although a reason may afterwards be given for them. A dog, a cat, a bird, or any other animal, will judge of its kind, or of its master, or the relation it stands in to other existences, all of which may be traced to the effect of sensation of one kind or other; and as all things have a certain relation to each other, so are our senses so constituted as to immediately perceive a certain amount of this agreement or disagreement, or rational connection; but it belongs to the mind alone to discover the means by which these things take place; in this lies the great distinction of man and beast, for want of the observance of which has caused some to attribute reason to many animals. It is not sufficient to have acted reasonably or according to nature, that constitutes a rational being. But the being able to teach it to another, and make it a subject of consideration, abstracted from its connection with external existence, as well as apply it as a rule or guide to future action, independent of present sensation. Looking then at physiognomy in this light, we are led to observe the mode which nature displays to our senses, the different hidden qualities which it is our highest interest and pleasure to know. The phenomena of nature effects us in a certain manner always uniform, that is, "like causes produce like effects." Let us only observe this rule closely, and we shall seldom err in our judgments. Now in every art or science, certain fundamental laws are necessary to be observed as main points upon which our science or reasoning turns. These in our subject may be considered true form, or figure, and colour, for we intend to speak only of the modifications of sight, and the modes of judging other beings thereby. First, the forms are either angular curved, or intermediate, consequently we have now to look into nature, and observe what effects we see follow each of these primordial expressions. Then also will be observed the corresponding colours, which considered will give a clue to unravel the hidden nature, and which it is our business to know. If we examine closely we will observe that all harsh things and generally speaking noxious things are exhibited under angular forms; and things which contain perpetuity and unity of being under circular forms; third things seen under undulating or wavy forms, approach near to what we call grace, and are indicative of gentleness, accomplishing their purpose by means equally distant from the harsh angle, and the more potent circle; indeed then the line of grace of which so much has been said by various writers, and has formed the subject of the analysis of beauty by Hogarth, is truly the line of life. Seeing that all life generally speaking is expressed by this line, as death is

expressed by angles, and productive power by circles. A few references to ordinary facts will illustrate this, if we look into the sky on a stormy day, or one which seems to threaten a dissolution of existing order, and we shall observe the clouds partake of the angular forms such as are called cirrus; and the more broken and severed are these angles, the more indicative of a state of chaos; on the other hand look at the clouds called cumuli, such as approach nearer to the circle, and we will find the effect to be not only preservative as to the present, but generative as to the future; but those which partake of a mixed character or undulating, such as we see on a fine summer's eve, partake of the graceful curve, and express beauty and serene weather, and these are also attended with corresponding beauty of colour. The reason of this might be shown, but our present business is only with the expression. We only observe that blue has mostly to do with angles, red with circles, and yellow with wavey or graceful lines; we find this generally to correspond with chemical bodies, such as acids being expressed by angles, essential oils by globes, and bodies of a less noxious character to life, by undulating forms and exhibit yellowish rays; this will also be observed in fruits, the yellow and red mixed most graceful in form, are being the most genial, and containing the test acid qualities. The yellow apple, gooseberry, currant, pine-apple, plum, pear, &c., are instances of our position; on the other hand, the round and red apple, gooseberry, currant, &c., partake more of the acid, and it is curious to observe that nature has not given us any blue, nor extremely angular fruits. If some seeds are so they will be found to be noxious, the more they partake of the angular shape and blue in tint. Many plants, which are extremely green, contain deleterious qualities, such as prussic acid. The tops of celery and laurel, ivy, yew, &c., having a large quantity of blue in them; the same may be observed in metallic substances. Gold, for instance, is the least noxious, being yellow in colour; and we have reason to believe it to be roundish in its particles, from its extreme malleability, angular bodies scarcely admitting of this quality. It may be taken, then, as a general fact, that angular forms and bluish tints are expressive of fixed states, or what we call states approaching to death or quiescence, and yellow connected with round or life giving properties; red with the intermediate or balancing properties, being the farthest removed from blue or yellow. Before going on with the application of these general observations, we will notice a few more effects observed to be connected with colours, such as in diseases; purple manifestations are considered bad; yellow as a primodial and generating stage, and reddish as manifesting the most life; even in the stages of putrefaction the same process may be observed. With these first principles before us, we may now look abroad in nature and observe the different beings existing around, and see if we can predicate anything of them from their form and colour. We will take man, he being our principal subject and object to understand. Speaking universally, do we not find those races who present the most graceful lines or curves to be the handsomest, and exhibiting the highest endowments? such are the Caucasian races; and also the more they partake of the yellowish white, with a tinge of red, the better we find them. They are spirited, energetic, and generative in their nature, particularly in their moral qualities. Such, again, as partake of the red less so, but very enduring—formed to hold that which they have. The American Indians are of this stock. Again the dark races partake more of the blue, for we know that blue is a large ingredient with red in producing browns and black, and their forms are more angular. Notice their spare limbs with their shoulders at right angles, with their erect position and their angular osfontis, their angular mode of walking, fighting, &c. They are full of strong passions, which are alway expressed by angular motions: viz., notice when any one is vexed, so as to be induced to strike another, and observe his angular motions; on the contrary, when in happy mood; and well bred females often exhibit this state. Observe the graceful curves she puts herself into. To come to any useful conclusion we must compare analagous cases, and see how they correspond; and if we find like sensible exhibitions, exhibit like physical and moral effects, we have reason to conclude that nature is uniform in her operations; and that it is possible for one skilled in the modes of operating, to predicate what the present is indicative of; also what we may expect will be the general mode of acting, from any constituted in a certain manner. And although we say our eyes are the most deceptive of all our organs, yet may we, by classification and understanding the modes exhibited to us, make them the readiest, and as certain a mode of judging as any other organ. This is what is intended they should be, or an organ so delicate and so intellectual in its office (it appealing mostly to our understanding) would lead us into an interminable error. Physionomy, then, is the science of faces or forms which nature puts on to indicate her intentions, and has a most extended significancy appearing in all nature; but speaking of it as regards man,

gives us rules whereby we may judge the moral or physical qualities of any one by his exterior form and colour. In our next paper we shall draw attention to the great facts exhibited in the animal creation, and endeavour to show that from the line and its division or expansion into an angle, that from the first expansion of the angle all is voracious and expressive of mere physical energy up to the angle of 45 deg.; after which we begin to observe a manifestation of what we call mind exhibited in act, and as this angle increases into the right angle, the physical goes in abeyance and the intellectual increases. This will call up our powers of observance, and lead us to the knowledge of laws by which the great geometrician of the universe operates and intends to display his nature in man—that is to make him an intelligent, efficient, conscious, and moral agent, whereby all good may be realised "on earth as it is in heaven."

THE PROPERTIES OF LIGHT AND ELECTRICITY.

BY DR. EDWARDS.

A large work has been written by a learned man (Dr. Metcalfe, of America), to prove that heat and electricity are modifications, or that electricity is a modification of caloric. We believe that electricity, heat, and light are but modifications of the same cause, and if any of them be studied, they will but add proofs to the argument we have in view in writing this essay. Light has really more to do in the operations of nature than we would at first imagine. Since the science of photography has come into existence, the chemical properties of light are beginning to be more understood. Such an energy has light, that a moment's exposure to it will exert an influence upon compounds which is truly wondrous, and it is this property of light which has given rise to the study of photography, and to the production of those beautiful pictures of Daguerre and Talbot. A mixture of hydrogen and chlorine gases may be allowed to stand together for any length of time in the dark, but if they be suddenly brought into the light, an instantaneous combination takes place, and hydrochline acid is formed. There are many other chemical combinations which may be caused by light, whose energy in these cases is very great. Upon animal and vegetable life light exerts a great influence. If a vine or creeping plant be placed in the dark, and a small hole where the light alone enters be made, the vine will soon evince a love for the light by turning from its previous course, and crawling towards the hole. Without light plants soon lose their green colour, and turn white. Without its vivifying influence they soon languish and die, and without the influence of the light they cannot carry on their office — they cannot decompose the carbonic acid, or if they do, they do not throw off enough oxygen to equalise the carbonic acid generated by the various processes carried on by man and nature. Light exerts the same influence upon animals. If a man be confined in the dark, though he be allowed as much exercise as is needful, still he will become pallid, lose his health, and die. The purposes of nature may be arrested by the exclusion of light. If a tadpole be placed in the dark, it will grow to a gigantic tadpole, but will not grow into a frog. If the light be now allowed to fall on the animal, immediately the legs of the frog will begin to develope themselves—but never unless the embryo animal is placed where the light can reach it. There is scarcely a substance in nature—perhaps not one—which is not altered in its properties, or affected in some way, by light. There is not a chemical compound but that is susceptible of alteration by light, and the effect can be perceived on many of them. Light appears to exert a peculiar influence on the formation of crystals. A great naturalist affirms that "diamonds are a combination of carbon and light, for they are only to be found where the light is most intense." And the most beautiful and largest crystals which nature affords, are found in those tropical countries where the sun's light is at its maximum. Many solutions of salts may be kept for any length of time in the dark without crystalising, but an exposure to light will cause an instantaneous disturbance of the molecules, and a disposition to arrange themselves into their peculiar characteristic forms. The properties of light are just beginning to be understood, for it was but quite lately that attention has been given to its investigation; but enough has already been discovered to render its study an object to those who wish to find truths in support of the great cause we are advocating.

We consider electricity as the primary, and heat and light as its modifications, if they be assimilated to it. Electricity is the *promum mobile* of nature. No disturbance in nature however great, no operation however minute it may be, takes place without the developement of electricity. If two metals, dissimilar in their electrical relations, be placed in contact, so long as they remain so there is a constant and continual development of electricity,—and by such metallic arrangements as these, motion has been kept up, through a constant stream of electricity, for many years without intermission. There is a constant stream of electricity—or magnetism—for ever flowing around the earth,

and with such rapidity as to pass around it some twenty-two times in every second —a velocity very much greater than that which light travels. This stream of magnetism, as it probably is, causes the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism; for the earth itself is a great magnet, precisely through the same cause as the needle which forms the mariner's compass—that is, by a constant stream of electricity flowing around it. The south pole of this great magnet, the earth, is somewhat in the northern hemisphere; and what is called the magnetic meridian of any place, is a vertical plane with which the direction of a compass needle will coincide. The earth possesses a power of inducing magnetism, just the same as any other magnet. The inductive power of the earth may be seen in any workshop where iron or steel tools are laying around. These tools being steel, may by aid of a needle, be found to be strongly magnetic; but bars of soft iron may be rendered magnetic for the moment, by suspension in a vertical position, when their lower ends will possess north polarity, and their upper ends south polarity. By reversing the position of the bar the poles will be changed. These same effects may be produced by bringing this soft iron bar into the vicinity of a permanent magnet—magnetism will be induced in the soft iron bar, which may be magnetised and demagnetised any number of times—and so with the earth, thus proving that it and the permanent magnet exert just the same phenomena, and are in fact both permanent magnets. The magnetism which the earth possesses is of course utterly necessary, or it would not possess it. It is through its magnetism that this planet revolves in its orbit around the sun, which body, then, is a great magnet too, and being so much greater in bulk, possesses a vast amount more of the electric fluid. If two iron balls be freely suspended, the one much larger than the other, and both be magnetised, the smaller one will revolve around the larger; and could it be freely suspended, with no resisting medium about it, such as the air, this ball would revolve around the other constantly. It is thus that the planets revolve around their suns, they are all magnets—as our earth—and through the magnetic attraction and repulsion, they are kept moving, and the forces being balanced, they revolve in a circle. Besides this primary cause, why the earth should be a magnet, other reasons present themselves, where this electric fluid exerts its great effects. Without the earth being a magnet, the mariner's compass would not be of any avail, and thus all the vast benefits derived from navigation would be lost.

The electricity of the earth has just begun to awaken attention to its study. The influence which it exerts in the growth of plants is far greater than we have imagined. Late experiments have proved that electricity applied to living plants has accelerated their growth greatly. Experiments are now being tried on a large scale, in this country and America; and from those which have been tried, we learn that when a wire conducts the electric fluid to the earth, among the growing plants, that they are stimulated to a great degree, and soon surpass others not subject to this process, both in vigour and in the amount of nutriment they yield. Now it has been ascertained that the fluids which vegetable tissues secrete, possess a very high conducting power, compared with the other substances found on the earth. All pointed leaves—and they are nearly all pointed—have a great conducting energy. Late experiments prove in a striking degree, the wondrous energy with which the point of leaves conduct electricity. A jar of forty-six square inches of coated surface was discharged by a single blade of grass in four minutes, whereas it will require three times that period, at least, for a steel needle to effect the same discharge. Such is the conducting power of vegetable points, that Mr. Weeks—a close investigator—has chosen them in the construction of his electroscope, having had sufficient proof that they are far better conductors than any metallic points he can procure.

Plants, in the different stages of their development and growth, are peculiarly adapted to the influence of electricity. The germs of all seeds are ascertained to be the best electrical conductors, and here the stimulating effects of this fluid is necessary, where the young plant is just about having its being, and where its subsequent rapid growth is so essential. We notice that plants which are designed for rapid growth, are pubescent in a remarkable degree: and those which grow when the season is very variable—when the air suddenly becomes charged with the electric fluid, and as quickly loses a greater part of it—are always armed with thorns or prickles. These are doubtlessly plants which require a large amount of electricity, and are thus armed with numerous points, that they may draw it from the air to suit their capacity. These points, in many plants, at certain seasons fall off. There are certain times when they do not require so much of the electric fluid—for instance, during the period that they are bringing their fruit to maturity. Gardeners' experience have taught them, that when melons and other plants are bringing their fruit to maturity, they must lay metallic hoops over them. The cause of this is, that, during their fruiting, plants do not need such a large quantity of electricity

as at other times—they do not require so much stimulus—and the iron hoops carry off a part of this electric fluid. Nature does this for man in many plants which have thorns, for, as we have mentioned, at the fruiting season these thorns or conductors fall off.

(To be continued.)

HOW TO IMPROVE THE APPETITE.

King Henry the VIII, as he was hunting in Windsor Forest, either casually lost, or (more probably) wilfully losing himself, struck down about dinner time to the Abbey of Reading, where disguising himself (much for delight, more for discovery, to see, unseen), he was invited to the abbot's table, and passed for one of the king's guard; a place to which the proportion of his person might properly entitle him. A sirloin of beef was set before him (so knighted, saith tradition, by this king Henry), on which the king laid on lustily, not disgracing one of that place, for whom he was mistaken. "Well fare thy heart," quoth the abbot; "and here, in a cup of sack, I remember the health of his grace your master. I would give a hundred pounds on the condition I could feed so heartily on beef, as you. Alas! my weak and queasy stomach will hardly digest the wing of a small rabbit or chicken." The king pleasantly pledged him, heartily thanked him for his good cheer, and after dinner departed as undiscovered as he came thither. Some weeks after the abbot was sent for by a poursuivant, brought up to London, clapped in the Tower, kept close prisoner, fed for a short time on bread and water; yet not so empty his body of food as his mind was filled with fears, creating many suspicions to himself when and how he had incurred the king's displeasure. At last a sirloin of beef was set before him, on which the abbot fed as the farmer of his grange, and verified the proverb, that two hungry meals make the third a glutton. In springs king Henry out of a private lobby, where he had placed himself, the invisible spectator of the abbot's behaviour. "My lord," quoth the king, "presently deposit your hundred pounds in gold, or else no going hence all the days of your life. I have been your physician, to cure you of your queasy stomach; and here, as I deserve, I demand my fee for the same." The abbot, down with his dust, and glad he escaped so, returned to Reading; as somewhat lighter in his purse, so much merrier in heart, than when he came thence.—*Knight's Penny Magazine.*

Review.

The Student's Self Instructing French Grammar. By D. M. Aird.

[J. Aird, London.]

When this little useful elementary work first made its appearance, we gave it as our opinion that it would be cordially received by all desirous of attaining a knowledge of the French language; for, of the grammars introduced into schools, none is so free from useless rules, so clear, and so admirably calculated to impress those rules, and the peculiarities of the French, on the mind of the pupil: phrases being introduced to exemplify each. This work in a very short period has reached a fourth edition; and it would not surprise us were it to reach a fourteenth in a like duration of time. To give our readers an idea of the systematic manner in which Mr. Aird treats his subject, we will give the contents of the twelve lessons of which the work consists.

Lesson I.—French Alphabet, Principles of Pronunciation, Union of Words, Of Accents, The Formation of French Words, Vocabulary of Useful Words.

Lesson II.—Articles, Definite, Indefinite, and Partitive, with Exemplifications, Of Nouns—their Gender, &c., Of Adjectives—with Exemplifications, Positions, &c., Exercises, Phrases—on Meeting a Friend, Fables, in French and English, with Pronunciation.

Lesson III.—Pronouns, Table of Personal Pronouns—Conjunctive, Disjunctive, and Reflective, Exemplifications and Exercises, Table of Relative Pronouns, with Exemplifications, Demonstrative Pronouns, with Exemplifications, Indeterminate Pronouns, with Exemplifications, Cardinal Numbers, Phrases—Time of day, Fable—with literal Translation and Pronunciation.

Lesson IV.—Verbs, Auxiliary Verbs—*avoir* and *être*, Exercises, &c., Regular Verbs, *Parler*—with Exercises and Idiomatical Phrases, Rules for Composition, Anecdotes—with Translation and Pronunciation.

Lesson V.—Second Conjugation—*agir* List of Verbs of the third Conjugation, *Recervoir*, Exercise, Fourth Conjugation—*vendre*, Reflective Verbs, List of Reflective Verbs, Exercise, Anecdotes—with literal Translations.

Lesson VI.—Irregular Verbs in *er*, Exercise, Irregular Verbs in *ir*, Exercise and Anecdote.

Lesson VII.—Irregular Verbs in *re*, with lists of each, &c.

Lesson VIII.—Irregular Verbs in *re*, Model of Letters with literal Translation, &c.

Lesson IX.—Irregular Verbs in *oir*, Exercise, &c.

Lesson X.—Defective Verbs, Impersonal Verbs, *Il faut, Il y a, Il est* or *c'est.*

Lesson XI.—Of Adverbs, List of Adverbs, Of Prepositions, List of Prepositions, Of Conjunctions, List of Conjunctions, Interjections, Negations, Examples and Exercise, Anecdote, with Translation.

Lesson XII.—Le Traducteur, Adventures d'un Comédien Ambulent, with Notes, Le Pêcheur, original, Bon heur, &c.

Schoolmasters who have the interest of their pupils at heart, would do well to examine this little work, which is sold at the minimum price of 1s. 6d., for it is our opinion, that in one month, as much might be learnt through its medium, as in three by means of those grammars with intricate rules, and innumerable exceptions, which tend to embarrass the pupil, and create a distaste to the study. We cordially recommend it.

The Gatherer.

"When the grass grows in Janaverie,
It grows no more all the yeare."

If there be as much of truth as of antiquity in this adage, we may expect something remarkably untoward in the ensuing seasons, for within the memory of the oldest farmer perhaps nothing like the present extraordinary growth of grass and other vegetable productions has been witnessed. Not only do the meadows as pastures exhibit an appearance to the eye of the traveller, as verdant as might be expected in the month of May, but the growth of the herbage is sufficient to afford on good land an ample bite for the cattle; and, in walking over it, you find the crop ankle deep, and still growing luxuriantly. All the autumn grown crops are in a forward state of growth, and the land intended for spring sowing is mostly ploughed, with the exception of the turnip land, where, from the great bulk of the produce, the sheep have not been able to keep out of the way of the plough. The heavy soils have turned up a soddened and unworkable furrow from the superabundance of wet, and in the absence of pulverising frosts to shake it to pieces, the March winds will probably dry it as hard as a brick, and furnish an unkindly seed-bed. There are partial complaints of the ravages of the slug on the young wheats, and here and there may be seen a "gally" piece, but the general appearance is strong and healthy. The grain market is steady; cattle and sheep, both lean and fat, are selling high, and prices, especially of store, still looking upward.—*Kent Mercury.*

The Wisdom of our Ancestors.—By the 8th of Elizabeth, cap. 3 (says Adam Smith) the exporter of sheep, lambs or rams, was, for the first offence, to forfeit all his goods for ever, to suffer a year's imprisonment, and then to have his left hand cut off in a market town, upon a market day, to be there nailed up; and for the second offence, to be adjudged a felon, and to suffer death accordingly. By the 13th and 14th of Charles II, chap. 18, the exportation of wool was made a felony, and the exporter subjected to the same penalties and forfeitures as a felon. For the honour of the national humanity it is to be hoped that neither of these statutes was enforced.

Mental Adaptation.— Wonderfully does the mind of man suit itself to occasions, and become accommodated to every circumstance. It will rise superior to the strokes of fortune, be happy in adversity, and serene in death. The consciousness of rectitude will not only enable it to endure evil, but divest misfortune of its every terror. Tenderness will yield to an unbending firmness, and the eye in which the tear of emotion has so often started will disdain to weep. He who remarks the vicissitudes of fortune, and how quickly prosperity may be succeeded by a fall, can alone appreciate that property of the mind by which it becomes elevated in triumph and extracts from adversity its hidden jewel. Not rightly allowing for the action of this property, we err often in imputing misery to the cheerful and felicity to the sad. Belisarius, blind, and the sport of his enemies, might have yet been happier than the emperor of the east. The principle of adaptation to everything which can be the lot of man is a good genius which follows him throughout his being, and its workings are alike evident, whether you regard his mental or physical relations to the phenomena which encompass him; it is this which gives a zest to his pleasures, a solace to his cares; it gilds for him the sunbeams of the morning, and when night approaches, it "smooths" for him "the raven down of darkness till it smiles."

The Model Republic.—We have the following rich scene in the reports of the senatorial proceedings of the state of New York. It is truly characteristic. It is a correct report:—Mr. Clark: "You dodged on the Convention Bill." — Mr. Young: "You lie, sir."—Mr. Clark: "You owned stock in thirteen banks." — Mr. Young: "You lie, sir."—Mr. Clark: "You have a princely fortune from the country." — Mr. Young, with his foot on the desk: "You lie, you lie, you lie, you old hypocrite."—All the senators: "Hooray! hit him again, Buck! he hain't got no friends!"

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OF

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THE FOUNDER OF A STATE.

It is interesting and instructive, while gazing on the labyrinth of human affairs, to mark in countless instances "what great events from trivial causes spring," as if it were the pleasure of a superior power that wonderful changes should from time to time take their rise from small and unregarded beginnings.

Frost's very interesting Pictorial History of America, which we lately noticed in terms of warm commendation, brings before us, both graphically and in narrative, the singular fortunes of many remarkable men, and women also, whose adventures have been little known or generally forgotten in Europe. Among these the story of Roger Williams deserves to be revived. His firmness and courage while striving in what he deemed the sacred cause of God and man; his unfailing resolution, which enabled him to brave all the horrors of the wilderness in the depth of winter—an American winter!—a houseless wanderer, as represented in the cut taken from the popular work above-mentioned, command our admiration, as does the high distinction which Providence made their reward.

"Among the emigrants of 1630 was Roger Williams, a puritan minister who officiated for some time as a pastor in New Plymouth; but subsequently obtained leave to resign his functions at that place, and in 1633 was appointed minister of Salem. His unflinching assertion of the rights of conscience, and the new views which he developed of the nature of religious liberty, had early attracted the attention of the leading men of the colony, and excited the hostility of a great portion of the people. Indeed there was much in his doctrine to awaken the prejudices and excite the alarm of those who had adopted

the exclusive theory of Winthrop and his adherents.

"He maintained that it was not lawful for an unregenerate man to pray, nor for Christians to join in family prayer with those whom they judged unregenerate: that it was not lawful to take an oath of allegiance, which he had declined himself to take, and advised his congregation equally to reject: that king Charles had unjustly usurped the power of disposing of the territory of the Indians, and hence the colonial patent was utterly invalid: that the civil magistrate had no right to restrain or direct the consciences of men; and that anything short of unlimited toleration for all religious systems was detestable persecution.

"These opinions, and others of a kindred nature, enforced with an uncompromising zeal, soon occasioned his separation from his pastoral charge. A few admirers clung to him in his retirement; and when he denounced the use of the cross on the British flag, the fiery and enthusiastic Endicott cut the 'Popish emblem,' as he styled it, from the national standard; nor did the censure of this act by the provincial authorities convince the military trained bands of Williams' error. With them the leaders were obliged to compromise. While measures were in agitation for bringing Williams to a judicial reckoning, Cotton and other ministers proposed a conference with him, of the fruitlessness of which the far-sighted Winthrop warned them—'You are deceived in that man, if you think he will condescend to learn of any of you.' Subsequent events showed that these two men, the most distinguished in the colony, regarded each other with mutual respect throughout the whole controversy. The conference was ineffectual; and sentence of banishment was pronounced against Williams. This sentence was so unpopular in Salem, that a large proportion of the inhabitants prepared to follow him into exile; when an earnest remonstrance from Cotton and the other ministers of Boston, hardly induced them to relinquish their purpose. Alarmed at this movement, his enemies determined to send him to England; but he evaded the warrant issued for his apprehension, and making his escape in the midst of winter, sought shelter among the recesses of the forest. His sufferings should never be forgotten by the friends of religious liberty. For more than three months he was a houseless wanderer in the woods (1635). It was well for him that his philanthropic spirit had previously led him to cultivate the friendship of the Indians. From Massasoit and Canonicus he received a cordial welcome; and he was ever after their advocate and friend.

"His first attempt at a settlement was at Seekonk, where he procured land from Osamaquin, the chief sachem of Pokanoket, and begun to build. But a private letter from Governor Winthrop brought him information that this place was within the jurisdiction of Plymouth colony, and advised him to remove to the neighbourhood of Narragansett Bay. His friends Miantonomoh and Canonicus assured him that he should not want land for a settlement in that vicinity. 'With this assurance, he, with five other persons, went over Seekonk river to seek a place for that purpose. Descending the stream, as they drew near the little cove, north of Tookwotten, now called India Point, they were saluted by the natives with the friendly term, 'What cheer?' Passing down to the mouth of the river, and round Fox point, they proceeded a little way up the river on the other side to a place called by the Indians Mooshausick, where they landed and were hospitably received. Not far from the landing, Roger Williams afterwards built his house. Here he, with his companions, began a plantation, which, in acknowledgment 'of God's merciful providence to him in his distress.' he called Providence. In 1638 a deed of Canonicus and Miantonomoh confirmed his possession of the land. The exile, persecuted for his testimony to the freedom of conscience, had become the founder of a state."

ADVENTURES IN TEXAS, MEXICO, ETC.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN, ESQ.

[These articles are reprinted, with the author's permission, from Ainsworth, Bentley, United Service, Hood, the various Sporting Magazines, and other places, and will, from their novelty, we are quite sure, be welcome to our readers.]

A Sporting Adventure in Texas.

One fine morning in December, 1842, cool for 27 degrees of north latitude, the schooner Santa Anna, on particular service, being in the bay of Aransas, and I at that time a passenger on board on my way from Corpus Christi to Galveston, it was intimated by Captain Simpton that a four days' refit was necessary ere any further progress could be made. There being on board the said craft not one person with whom ten minutes' rational conversation could be held, and painting, splicing, and carpentering in no way adding to the delights of a residence in a vessel the cabin of which was of the smallest possible dimensions, and where books were a rarity not known, I determined to spend my leisure days in exploring Aransas Bay in search of game and fish, without other company than my gun, powder-horn, blan-

ket, and fishing-tackle. A canoe was readily obtained from the pilot on St. Josef's island, and in this I embarked early on the morning in question. The southern and western shores of the bay being low, and abounding in swamps and lagoons, I rightly judged them to be most likely to be stocked with wild-fowl, and, accordingly, giving my dug-out a sweep in that direction by means of my paddle, I hoisted my diminutive jib and mainsail, of the finest possible canvas, and lolling in the stern sheets, smoked my pipe and steered my little craft with a delightful sensation of ease, liberty, and enjoyment which I had not realised for many a day. It was facetiously remarked that Santa Maria—so was my canoe called—would float wherever it was damp; but joking apart, she would sail in six inches of water; accordingly I gradually neared the land until within pistol-shot, when I eased off my sheets, and the water being smooth as glass, and the wind, considering the craft I was in, stiff, I skimmed along at a rate most delightful. After a most pleasant journey of about an hour and a half's duration, during which time the abrupt changes in the direction of the shore kept me continually trimming my sails, I discovered a narrow opening or gut, which rightly enough I judged to be the pass into Corpus Christi bay. Putting my craft in stays, by means of a rapid motion of my paddle I entered this channel, or narrow, as it might be very appropriately called, on the starboard tack, and speedily found myself amid a multitude of islands, shoals, flats, false channels, &c., which I undertake to say, would have puzzled a smuggler's pilot. On one of these islands, however, I landed just as the sun had dipped towards the west. I had taken the precaution of going ashore near a bank higher than common, with the wind rather off the land, well aware how sharp were the customers I had to deal with; fastening my canoe in the smallest little harbour I ever saw (two canoes would have inconveniently crowded it), where I felt sure no tide could leave it dry, since no difference greater than a foot is ever noticed off these shores, I crept with my double-barrelled gun to the crest of the bank, and cautiously peeped over, beneath the shelter of a knot of prickly pears. Before me was a swamp half dry, half wet, so covered with ducks, geese, pelicans, snipes, and sand-hill cranes, as literally to confuse me. None but those who have sported in regions where the fowling-piece is not heard perhaps twice in a year can conceive the amount of wild-fowl to be found in these sequestered spots during cold weather. I heard, on my first arrival in Texas, stories of the number of ducks killed at one discharge of a double-barrelled gun, which I treated as fabulous, and never was I fully convinced of the truth of their assertions until the present moment. The gun I had with me belonged to a man of the name of Mackenzie, and was undoubtedly the heaviest fowling-piece I have ever handled; the owner had asserted continually the truth of his having killed forty-six ducks at one volley, by taking certain precautions which he had carefully explained to me, and which I was determined religiously to follow. The gun was now very heavily loaded with swan shot, and my distance from the birds about fifty yards, or perhaps less. Taking care not to make the slightest noise to alarm the countless thousands which were swimming on all sides, my eye selected the pond most thickly peopled by the feathered tribe. Towards this I levelled my gun, and watched patiently the proper moment to fire; my object was to seize an opportunity when the greatest possible number were in line within range of my gun. Two minutes of the deepest anxiety followed, when a black column presented themselves exactly in the desired position, and treacherously ambushing my victims, I pulled both triggers. Never before or since did I witness the confusion which ensued — thousands and tens of thousands of ducks, geese, swans, &c., were on the wing from every brook, pond, swamp, and morass in the neighbourhood, screeching, cackling, uttering a series of cries most inharmonious and unmusical, fulfilling the expression, for an instant, of "darkening the sky." Little heeding, however, their clamour, I left my gun, and rushed to the pond upon which I had poured death and destruction. The amount of dead, disabled, badly wounded, &c., would have made a most respectable figure in the Gazette, that is, general officers (swans), one; commissioned officers, captains (geese), eight; non-commissioned officers and privates (ducks and snipes), twenty-three: total, thirty-two! Securing the whole, I conveyed them to the canoe in several journeys, and then sat down on the bank to ruminate on the awful amount of slaughter which I had committed. I could scarcely believe my eyes and yet it was as plain as a pikestaff. After ten minutes spent in thought, I determined to dine. This once decided on, I commenced operations, it being against all rule in Texas to speculate on the prudence or imprudence of any particular course of proceeding. Collecting drift-wood, of which there was ample store along the beach, I soon had a fine blazing fire, and while it was gaining strength, I prepared a couple of ducks for roasting; plucking, cleaning, and splitting them open was an operation, by one so used to rough it as I then was, of very short duration. Taking an old iron ramrod from the canoe, always carried for the purpose,

I spitted them, stuck the iron in the ground with an inward slope towards the fire, brought up some biscuits from the boat, put my coffee-pot in requisition, and then, lighting my venerable pipe, sat down to await the feast. What a situation for a philosopher! Some ten thousand miles from home, on the wildest and least known coast of Mexico, in a little inland archipelago, I was cooking my dinner as coolly as I might have done in a garret in Saint Giles's, not thinking myself in the least out of place. I now look upon the situation as singularly romantic: then, the greatest romance was the fact that I had no fork nor plate, and I remember well how ill used the want of these articles made me feel myself to be.

At length, however, after a due amount of patience, my ducks were roasted, my coffee made—and excellent I thought it without milk or sugar—and I dined; it is seriously a question if ever I shall enjoy a meal as I did that one again—it is to be hoped I may. Another pipe having aided the digestion of my two birds, biscuit, and coffee, though very much against the grain I rose to prepare for my return. Lo and behold it wanted an hour of sunset, and at the back of the island a heavy bank, indicative of a very bad night, was rising. My decision was come to instanter. To attempt to regain the schooner was useless; had I been rash enough to try it on, the probability is I should have been food for sharks and alligators long before the present moment. All this came of dining; and now that I had done so, and eat enough for three, I could not help wondering at the necessity I had felt of taking this species of bodily refection. But regrets are vain. The storm was approaching, and my only aim was to guard against it.

The drift wood along the island was abundant, and with my handy little axe, without which I never travelled, some rope yarns, and the sheets of my sails, I soon succeeded in erecting the frame of a small hut, or, more properly speaking, screen, that, added to the shelter of the bank which lay between me and the coming storm, would keep the wind from too severely annoying me. Over the frame I laid an Egyptian cotton bed and my boat sails, taking the precaution of lashing them strongly, and securing them by placing stones and earth round the lower part of my tent. The fire was in front, also sheltered from the wind; and, as I felt pretty certain rain would not accompany the gale, I had little apprehension for the night. My next care was to look to my canoe, which I lashed by its painter and stern ropes to a heavy log, taking care to cover the game therein with the tarpaulin which had previously kept the rain from my traps. I then hurriedly collected as large a heap of wood as was possible, wherewith to feed my fire; then loading my gun, one barrel with ball, the other with buck-shot, and placing it and my ammunition within the tent, I spitted another duck, lit my pipe, and wrapping my Mexican poncho lightly round me, sat down to await the coming storm.

I certainly might have welcomed a companion to enliven the long watches of the coming night, could I have selected amid all my Texan friends the only one whose society would have been pleasant, Judge Bollaert; but as it was not to be so, I determined to make the best of my quarters alone, remembering that, since the days of Adam, many had been worse off—Alexander Selkirk, the sailors a whole year abandoned at Port San Estavan, and others too numerous to mention. Besides, I had food, water, tobacco, and whisky; and with these adjuncts she could well pass a night in worse quarters than those in which it was my lot on the present occasion to bivouac. About an hour passed ere the wind rose, and then it came stronger and stronger, until at length its force was so great that I had reason to be thankful my tent was pitched under shelter of the abovementioned bank. It blew a stiff close-reefed-topsail breeze, and any vessel which encountered its force that night must have done so under very snug canvas; for my part, much as I have been used to storms in the Mexican Gulf, I preferred my little island to the deck even of a frigate just at that moment. There was no shortening sail here, no reefing, no heaving to, nothing in fact but to lie down and take it quietly. A hearty supper and a long and deliberate smoke consumed several hours, when, just as I was about to resign myself to slumber, I heard the howl of wolves. I had been expecting the visit, and for this purpose it was that I had loaded my gun. Well aware that an attempt on my well secured wild fowl in the canoe would be made, I determined to punish the marauders—a small kind of wolf, called caiotoe in Texas. Creeping within my tent, and poising my gun on a log, I had just time to adjust myself when a party came tearing along the beach under cover of the bank, and immediately surrounded the canoe. They were some ten in number, more like large foxes than wolves, and quite careless of the blaze of my fire, so intent were they upon their supposed prey. Taking aim at one bold fellow who was thrusting his nose under the tarpaulin, I planted a ball through his head, while I scattered my buck shot among his fellows. A fearful howl followed, the ball laid one low, crippled another, and the whole party slunk off at a most unheroic rate. Having loaded my gun, I dragged the dead

wolf out of the water, and left him as a scarecrow to frighten away his fellows; in half an hour more I was sound asleep within my little hut.

Next morning, when Phœbus had lifted his head, and

"From her burnish'd gate the goodly glittering east
Gilds every lofty top, which late the humorous light
Bespangled had with pearl, to please the morning sight,"

I was up and active. The breeze was gradually lulling, the clouds to the nor-west were breaking, and I felt confident that, as the great part of my course was under the lee of the land off which the wind blew, a very short time would allow me to proceed. Having breakfasted once more on duck, biscuit, and whiskey-punch, I leisurely loaded my canoe, and about ten a gentle breeze, a merry sun, and a blue sky, with a great diminution in the swell of the water, encouraged me to trim my light sails, hoist my long pennant, and once more skim the surface of the water. The wind, though more than I bargained for, carried me along at a most surprising rate, aided by my paddle, with which I steered and assisted my progress. About one I reached the Santa Anna, where my wild fowl were welcomed the more, that all hands expected the gale had sent me, canoe and all, as old Terry the gunner expressed it, "to Davy's locker."

THE PROPERTIES OF LIGHT AND ELECTRICITY.

BY DR. EDWARDS.

(Concluded from page 207.)

Many persons are aware that some shrubs grow more rapidly during and after a storm, than at any other time. This effect has been particularly noticed in hops; and we have noticed it in the melon and other creeping plants. Some may say that the rain which accompanies the storm may cause the rapid growth of the vines, but it will be observed that they grow just as rapidly whether rain falls or not, provided the earth is sufficiently damp for their growth. It has been ascertained, by the experiments of a philosopher who has devoted much time to this subject, that where vegetation is deficient, the air is highly charged with electricity; and, *vice versa*, that where vegetation grows luxuriously, the air contains a comparative small charge of the electric fluid—the vegetation abstracting it for its own use. It may be ascertained by the experiment with any plant, and indications by the electrometer, that it will abstract electricity with great rapidity. We have seen the experiment where, in a very short time, by means of the application of the electric fluid, plants have been made to sprout from their seeds, and make their appearance above the ground.

There is no doubt but that the design of the Creator can be traced in the geographical distribution of plants, from the facts with which we are already acquainted. Cedars, Pines, Firs, &c., we notice are always found in high latitudes. This species of tree always has pointed foliage; and this rapid conducting away of the electricity from the air, aids in the production of those changes which are most congenial to the formation of snow, hail, &c. There is no doubt from what we have said that electricity exerts a far greater influence on the growth and developement of plants. In fact so much benefit has already been derived from the experiments hitherto made, that horticulturists and others are preparing to carry forward these interesting facts upon a much larger scale. The galvanic battery, with its wonderous energy, has been brought into play with the greatest success; and copper wires have been suspended in the air at a great height, and the fluid which they collect brought down within the influence of the plants.

There is no doubt but that electricity, or its modification, magnetism, exerts a wonderous influence upon the system. It has been said by a great philosopher, that the brain is nothing more than a galvanic battery; and a learned man has written a book to prove that the electric fluid is the primum mobile of all life and motion—that all diseases are caused by its disturbance, an over- or under-charge, and that upon this principle all diseases may be cured. It is certain that paralysis, nervous pains, rheumatism, deafness, blindness and numerous other similar diseases, have been cured by the successful application of electricity. There is a remarkable identity between the electrical and the nervous fluids—they are the same. The *Gymnotus electricus* or electrical eel is an instance of the nervous fluid being converted into the electrical; and fine steel needles have been magnetised by the nervous fluid, thus proving beyond doubt that these fluids are identically the same.

The brain is a galvanic battery—it generates the nervous fluid necessary to carry life and motion; and animal heat may probably be caused in part by its passage from the brain, through the exceedingly minute nerves, to the various parts of the system, causing heat in the same manner that the fluid will, if passed from a metallic galvanic battery through wires insufficiently large to conduct it freely. The nerves are the conductors of the electricity developed by the brain. Not a motion however small takes place in the body—not a thought is

conceived in the brain, without being attended with a developement of electricity. The operations of no faculty can go on without being in connection with the brain, that from thence it may receive the stimulus necessary to the fulfilment of its task. The severing of the nerves of the stomach leading to the brain, will cause that organ to become immediately deranged. Pass a current of electricity along the nerves to the stomach, and it will as soon regain its normal condition. It is so with all the faculties; sever the nerves which lead from them to the brain, and an abnormal condition is instantly established; substitute the electrical for the nervous, and the faculty regains its power as before. Every process or disturbance in nature, is also attended with a developement of the electric fluid—for it is everywhere, nothing can go on without it, for everything which moves—the slightest impulse of an atom—appears to prove the presence of electricity—of this prime moving, governing cause—this great servant of the creator, which—though too subtle to be weighed by our most delicate balances—still exerts the energy—the mighty influence to heave up mountains, and to quake the solid earth, or else in the bosom of the whirlwind, to uproot the gigantic oak, and hurl to the ground the most solid structures.

MOHAN LAL'S TRAVELS.

About twenty years ago Mohan Lal, whose father was a Mahomedan, and held a high rank at the court of Delhi, became one of the pupils in the Persian college. In 1831, he was introduced to the late Sir Alexander Burnes, whom he accompanied in his exploring expedition to Bokhara. He afterwards connected himself with Mr. Burnes, and went with him as envoy to Dost Mohammed, on the mission which led to the Affghan war. Mohan Lal was also present during the outbreak at Cabul; narrowly escaped massacre; was made a prisoner; underwent torture; and affected his escape, at the same time ensuring that of many other fellow-prisoners. In September, 1844, he reached Spithead; and, except during a short continental trip, has since remained in England as a sort of lion. The book before us is an account of the writer's various movements and observations throughout the epochs we have indicated, since he first made the acquaintance of Burnes at Delhi. This work contains several interesting narratives. The following are extracts:—

DISGUISED POLITICALS TRAVELLING IN TURKISTAN.

Our dress and manner of living showed our poverty, and we never changed clothes until they disappeared under filth and vermin. On our route to Khulum, we were sometimes obliged to sleep in dark rooms, where the beds were made of the dung of horses and sheep; and often we passed several restless nights in an open field, fearing the attack of robbers. Our breakfast was made on horseback; and it consisted of pieces of dry bread, baked six or seven days, and of a bit of meat and cheese. We drunk water out of a leather bottle which hung against the saddle. Captain Burnes and Mr. Gerard used their fingers instead of knives and forks, and their hands for spoons; our towels were the sleeves of our shirts. We combed our hair with the nails of our fingers, and brushed our teeth with a piece of wood.

THE LEARNED OF BOKHARA.

I paid a visit to the college at noon, and had a long altercation with the Maulavis in Persian. They were, of course, in possession of knowledge, but had not a good pronunciation. Every person at Bokhara had a greater desire to write well than to acquire learning. They examined me, and then said, "Allaho Akbar! how is it possible that a Kashmerian at such an early age should be versed in a science of which the Mohammedans of Bokhara are destitute!" One of them, who was older than the others, spoke civilly to me, and said, if I would be an Uzbeg, I should indeed be the Plato of the time. At last he laughed, and conjured me to become like him, or make him like myself.

PERSIAN PRISONERS OF WAR.

We set out to visit the Turkmans of Sarakhs. No one was allowed to go inside the goal; but, as we were high guests, the door was instantly opened to us. The dungeon was so narrow and small, that the unfortunate families sat on each other. The shrieks of the little children, along with those of their parents, caused by starvation, excited the pity of all. Some of them had a few pieces of carpet, cloth, and a few balls of silk, which they bartered with the Persian soldiers for a bit of bread. This traffic continued a little time through the holes in the walls in the prison. Sometimes the poor prisoners were cruelly deceived, and got nothing from the people in return for their property. The cold wind and rain pierced their naked and sickly bodies. There were dead camels and horses lying on the ground, whose rotten flesh was eaten by the hungry Turkmans, who were covered with mud, and the blood of the dead animals. It was a very dreadful scene indeed. Though the Turkmans had attacked the Persians and made them slaves, yet still they treated them well, for fear of their falling into low spirits and sickness, which would have

diminished their value. Undoubtedly their punishment exceeded their crime.

Although an English education could not change the effects of blood and training, still in conjunction with Anglo-Indian society, it somewhat prepared him for common social usages. Railroads, the electric telegraph, and the court-balls, were among the more novel subjects that attracted him.

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

I was conducted to a small room in the galvanic telegraph office. It is a most wonderful thing, and no description can convey a proper idea of its extraordinary effect. I am, in fact, lost in wonder, and perplexed how to detail its formation. The only thing I can say, and it will astonish every one, is this: That Portsmouth is about one hundred miles from London; I asked the gentleman of the office to get for me information from London what kind of weather it was there, or whether the Indian mail had arrived. By the moving of the needle gradually over the different letters, which appeared exactly like a clock, the question was made on my part, and the answer returned in the same manner, and all this was completed in the course of five seconds.

THE COURT-BALL.

I was also invited to her majesty's ball in Buckingham Palace. The court was very full, and the rooms exceedingly warm. All the ministers of the state, the foreign ambassadors, and the nobility and gentry of England, in their different costumes, bowing and passing before her majesty, exhibited a magnificent sight; but the rooms are not well adapted, nor sufficiently spacious. The drawing-rooms of her majesty, where all the ladies are presented, exhibit a great profusion of beauty, of rich dresses, and jewels. The royal balls are beyond anything of the kind in the world. One who is fortunate as myself to be invited will see an assembly of noble ladies with charming countenances, and elegant robes, covered with diamonds, joining in the dance; which, although dazzling, yet becomes brighter and more beautiful, when her majesty and her royal consort, Prince Albert, take part in the dance. In so large a company, the queen appeared to me the most graceful in the dance; smiling and looking now and then graciously toward her royal husband. I kept my humble eyes unwearyedly fixed upon her majesty and Prince Albert, while they were dancing; and I read with inexpressible delight in their countenances that they have a deep attachment to each other.

Review.

Hood's Magazine. [Hurst, London.]

This periodical, on which, under the present management, the mantle of the lamented Hood himself appears to have descended, is this month far superior to what we have *ever* before seen it. We this week give a specimen of the poetry, and shall next of the prose. In the meantime we may mention that it contains Nell Gwynne, a Romance of the Stuarts; White Cloud, a tale of Florida, by the Author of the "Trapper's Bride;" The Siege of Antioch; and Caleb von Dustenberg, by Percy St. John; besides the Vision of Ignez de Castro, by the Author of Sparteus. The following poem is equally creditable to the author's head and heart:—

SONNETS FOR THE TIMES.

A PLEA FOR THE TEN-HOURS' FACTORY BILL

By the Author of "Rural Sonnets," "Sunlight and Moonlight on the Waters," &c.

O Britain! O my country! stay the pest,
The epidemic canker-lust of gain,
Which threatens all things, sacred and profane,
And eats man's heart away within his breast.
It stalks thy soil, with lep'rous front and mien,
And, its worst omen, shrinks not to be seen.
It is this spotted plague which—grasping all
For Mammon and his wealth-besotted crew—
Would hasten, Britain! thy decline and fall,
And slay thee as Rome's empire erst it slew.
"Live and let live," in characters of light,
Stamp on thy laws, to check the slave of gold,
By whom their fellow-men are bought and sold,
Unless the weaker find in thee their arm of might.

Now hear me for the weakest of the weak,
Their masters' and their parents' double thrall,
For parents *brutalis'd by want* will seek
Toil's meagre fruits, whatever else befall,
And, in their offspring's premature decay,
Reckless will share, because, alas! 'TWILL PAY.
But theirs the fault, who, *brutalis'd by gain*,
Clutch it, unmov'd, thro' suff'ring and disease;
These are the hard taskmasters to restrain,
Whole populations' dead'ners—stunters—these!
Who, by "all work," would make "no play" a fact,
As to one-half the age of man contract,
And from the young they banish youth away,
By tasks, each day, too long for labour of a day.

O gentlemen of England! test the right—
By your hearths' fires you may, and prove the wrong—
Call your own bright-eyed children to your sight,
They are well-limbed, well-nurtured, fresh, and strong;
Let your fair girls their brothers' summons share,
(Both sexes of the poor, now, claim your care.)
Say, would you, for your lives, your sturdier young
Should toil like yonder striplings, stiv'd, immur'd
But the two hours, from want and weakness wrung,
Beyond "the day" * to other crafts secur'd?
If not, then, doubt no more—no longer pause—
Treat the false theorists with stern contempt,
And by, *humanely wise*, adjustive laws,
From labour in excess, the Factory young exempt.

Inner Temple, 1846.

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* Of twelve hours, meal times included.

THE RED HAND.

A Tale of Louisiana.

CHAPTER I—THE MONK OF ST. MARY'S TOWER.

About an hour after sun-down, when the tinkling bell of the Ursuline convent was summoning to prayer, on the 12th March, 17——, two men, the one old, and the other young, were seated on the banks of one of the many lakes that branch off by narrow bayous from the vast body of waters which, taking their rise in the Rocky Mountains, and about the confines of the Great Slave Swamp, Red Lake, and Lake of the Woods, rush in one collective mass into the Gulf of Mexico, under the name of Missisippi, or father of rivers. These marshy expanses, or lagoons, are numerous in the neighbourhood of New Orleans, and for a long time served as a retreat for the lurking savage, for the runaway slave, and for the banditti which infested the suburbs of the capital of Louisiana. At no time were these lawless gangs so rife, as when Spain, by a secret concession from France, took possession of this fine province, and by ruling with an iron-rod, only laid down to take in hand the axe of the executioner, made the Creoles regret the kindly government and almost free time of the burghers and French magistrates. It was when the fierce tyranny of the Inquisition and Escurial was at its height, that we take up the thread of our narrative.

It was moonlight, and the whole scene, circumscribed in its extent, lay in full view of the two men, who, silent and thoughtful, were resting on a log that had been cast up on the white sand beach, washed ever by the murmuring waves of this diminutive inland sea. The cotton-tree and sycamore grew densely to the very edge of the lake, a thick grove rising close behind the strangers; whilst to the left, a channel into which the close growing foliage swept its bowing vegetation, marked the road by which the Ponchartrain might be gained. In the centre of the lagoon, on an island, not an acre in extent, rose black against the sky a lonely tower, whose shadow fell chillingly across the dancing waters to the very feet of those who now gazed curiously upon it. The summit of this look-out, as it appeared to be, was half in ruins, while from a narrow window, near the ground, one solitary light beamed for an instant, and then was periodically obscured to appear again, as if the occupant of the apartment were walking slowly to and fro.

High over all, diffusing its borrowed light with that chaste coldness native to Diana, never so expressively noted as by him who sung of the icicle that hung on the temple—rode the silent moon; tipping the summit of the trees with a silver hue, and casting one half of the lake into darkness and gloom. A faint tracery of spring clouds was sent scudding over the blue heavens, as if the monarch of the storm, the mighty north wind, were clearing his own field to give battle; for a black spot on the edge of the horizon seemed to portend a tempest. The wild fowl—that pepper the surface of Louisianian lakes—were flying to roost; the sand hill crane passed over the heads of the wayfarers, uttering its ominous cry, and the jackal-howl of the sneaking American wolf proved that the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field, could foresee the change in the elements. A moaning sigh amid the tree-tops showed that the still wind was being vexed by the far off currents, while on the bleached tops of a dead sycamore some croaking night-bird seemed to rejoice at the temporary disruption of nature.

"The hour and the place are well chosen," said the elder of the two men, with a perceptible shiver. "I warrant me no Spanish buff-jerkin be on the look-out this evening. Your true Hiberian loves a pretty girl's smile, and a cigar by the hearth, better than spying during stormy weather."

"*Ma foi!*" replied his younger and more vivacious companion, "and your Spaniard is not far wrong. I repent me much this night-creeping, when I remember that I lose a ball, and seeing Marcella in an Andalusian dance."

"Leone!" exclaimed the other, "how can a Frenchman and a patriot speak thus while his country is groaning beneath a foreign sway, and when all true men are uniting to drive the usurpers back to their own land!"

"Oh," said Leone, with a yawn, "I certainly do not approve of this foreign sway any more than yourself, Count Thibaut, but these night rides are a great bore."

"Who goes there?" exclaimed the count, as a rustling was heard behind them in the bushes.

"St. Louis!"

"Advance," replied the enthusiastic noble, "and welcome, my friends."

A dozen men, of various ages, but all, by their apparel, evidently belonging to the better classes of colonial society, now emerged from the path which led from the high road to the lake, leading their horses, which a couple of negroes, hitherto unobserved, came hastening to relieve them of.

"It is time we made a signal," continued the count, who was evidently the moving spirit of this small band—it was pretty evident—of conspirators.

"Aye, and that we hurried our business,"

said a stout, burly man, of middle age, somewhat dolefully, "for a wet skin will be no welcome thing as we ride home."

Count Thibaut made no reply, but taking from one of the negroes a smouldering rope's-end, applied it to a diminutive rocket, fastened horizontally on the log which had served him as a seat. A bright flash, with a loud report, followed, and then away went the blazing messenger in the direction of the tower, sending forth, as it pursued its course, myriad sparks, and bursting at lenth, with beautiful effect, amid the shadowy influence of the tower.

"The signal has told," exclaimed Thibaut, as the light in the lower part of the tower ceased to be obscured.

An instant of dead silence followed, and then the motion of some kind of boat was distinctly heard upon the water. At that very moment two heads were cautiously and noiselessly protruded from the bushes to the left, while two pair of eyes watched with intense interest what was passing under their several observations. One was marked by the shaved crown and tuft of a North American Indian, while the other had an equally unmistakeable Anglo-Saxon face, surmounted by a New England broad-brim. These secret observers appeared mutually unaware of the presence of the other, nor did either of the apparitions last for more than a minute, both withdrawing to cover, having been tempted, no doubt, to risk discovery only from a momentary impulse, influenced by the arrival of the boat.

"Well, massa," inquired the boatman, who stood upright, impelling his craft by means of a long pole, "what him gen'lmen want at um Saint Marry dis time o' night?"

"St. Louis," replied Count Thibaut, "and the Monk."

The boatman, who had hitherto kept about half a dozen yards from the shore, now without a word pushed close to the beech, upon which the whole party went hurriedly on board his flat-bottomed boat. Again the taciturn negro, like Charon just loaded with a cargo of turbulent spirits, began his ferrying avocations. His progress was slower than before, his old boat being somewhat overloaded, which the man who had been so fearful of the storm overtaking them failed not to observe.

"An' I get not drenched by the storm, I stand a good chance of being ducked in the lake," he muttered under his teeth, with that testy fretful tone common to all habitual grumblers.

"If we upset, we must walk to the tower," replied Count Thibaut, sarcastically.

"Walk on the water," said the other, piously crossing himself, "St. Francis and St. Blaire forefend."

"There are but four feet of water between us and the earth," continued the Count, drily.

No reply being made by the party attacked, utter silence prevailed, all being engaged in intently surveying the lonely and half-ruined tower they were nearing.* A few stone steps, sweeping into the water, led to the narrow and deep embrasure in which the door of the Tower of St. Mary was set, while all around were no signs whatever of the hand of man. The tower rose from an island as flat as the deck of a ship.

As the boat touched the lowest step, the negro leaped ashore, and fastened his craft by its painter. The passengers then landed, and, headed by the Count, advanced towards the door of the tower. The Count knocked.

"Come in," said a deep, and almost unnaturally hard voice.

They entered a room furnished in a style of the utmost simplicity. A large table, a few benches, an arm chair, with an iron lamp swinging from the blackened roof, where heavy wooden beams showed marks of fire; such, with a ladder leading to the upper part of the tower, was the principal apartment of the Tower of St. Mary. But not one of the conspirators paused to examine the appointments of the place; all eyes were fixed upon the Monk.

Seated in an arm chair, on the opposite side of the table occupied by the visitors, this personage was clothed in the usual gown and cowl of a friar, the latter being so arranged as to completely conceal his features. Slight and tall, this man exhibited evidences of great vigour and strength, while the hilt of a dagger peering through his belt, showed that he was not unprepared to defend himself in case of danger.

No one had ever seen his face.

In this, in his ubiquity, in the generous manner in which he lavished his money amid the common people, in the manifest respect which was paid him by men of both sides, by the conspirators against the state, and by the Spanish chiefs composing that state, lay the secret of his mysterious power which he had exercised over the whole city for four months.

At this distance of time all was in confusion; the people knew not what to do; the Creole gentry were suspicious and doubting; the Spanish rulers dreaded each day an outbreak: when no man could tell whence he came and who he was, the Monk

* If I am less diffuse than is usual in romantic fiction in my description of houses, towns, and the costume of civilised life, and more lengthy when the exigencies of the narrative take me amid the natives of the soil, be it remembered these are passing away for ever, while the white settlers of Louisiana were but exaggerated reflexions of their several original countries. Besides, my object at present is to save from utter oblivion as many of the American Indian nations as possible, as far as my humble pen can do so.

appeared in the midst, and straightway all was changed. The people grew calm, for a beneficial hand poured balm upon their wounds; the poor were assisted with money —the sick were tended—the turbulent were appeased—and everywhere it was asked what had wrought the change? Everywhere the answer was—the Monk. At all hours, and during every kind of weather, he appeared when he was wanted. He was sent for, and came when least expected. At the hungry board, by the sick man's bed, in the midst of fiery assemblies, where the people were roused to hatred against their oppressors, there he was; no man could say how. He seemed aware of every passing event ere almost the actors themselves had decided on any course of proceeding.

He mingled too with the upper classes, with the nobles; he healed their differences, he united them in one bond of union, he induced them to lay aside every thought but that of freeing and regenerating their country; and by the exercise of all those persuasive arts which peculiarly appertain to his profession, succeeded in attaining these desirable ends. His victory here was much assisted by the influence his eloquence obtained him with the women, amongst whom his popularity was singularly increased by the mystery which surrounded him.

At all times he had admission to the government house, where the superstitious Spaniards treated him with blind reverence. To the governor O'Reilly he was endeared by having given him secret tidings of a premature outbreak, though no man as yet knew this circumstance. One thing too was certain, the monk often entered the mansion of the Spanish general empty handed, but came away bending under the weight of gold pieces.

Equally trusted by all parties, by conspirators and by those conspired against, the monk, at the time of the opening of our tale, had acquired an unbounded degree of influence and authority. The people reverenced while they dreaded him; the upper classes were not free from the same superstitious influences, while it appeared too much the interest of the Spaniards to cultivate his good will, for him not to have equal power there. It thus happened that though at all times and in all places this mysterious personage was alone, never had one dared to remove the cowl which concealed his features, and expose his face to the light of day.

"Welcome, friends, welcome," said the monk, whose voice was hard, harsh, and unnatural; "be seated. I am glad to see so many assembled in so good a cause."

"Reverend sir," said Count Thibaut, respectfully, "the cause is good, and our hearts willing and strong; why delay the time of action?"

"The fruit that falls prematurely is worthless," replied the monk, calmly; "the hour is not yet come."

"But when then?" cried Thibaut, impatiently; "are we to be worn to death with these vain delays?"

"Count Thibaut, our rulers have not yet sinned their full. Their tyranny has, as yet, been but of a negative kind; they have done nothing overt. Let them once pass the boundary line, and I will be the first to cry to arms."

"And the people?"

"Will then obey me. Now their passions are not roused, and until some audacious act of cruelty or oppression provokes their ire, they will be motionless."

"But, sir monk," exclaimed Leone, "all this is very true and very wise; but do you expect us to be always thus led by the nose, and brought riding some dozen miles after dark to be told to do nothing?"

A movement of curiosity and surprise animated the whole group of conspirators at this violent speech of Leone's addressed to the monk.

"Leone de Chazal," replied the priest, quietly, "your country can spare you. If you prefer lounging in the boudoir of Marcella Zanetto, or, an you will, speaking treason in the ear of your cousin's betrothed, to joining the friends of freedom, I say again, we can spare you."

"Insolent priest," exclaimed Leone, furiously, his face suffused with crimson, and his eye quailing before the two shining orbs that glanced for an instant upon him from the monk's cowl. "Off with your mask, and let us see who it is that with the cry of freedom on his lips is, in my opinion, a Spanish spy."

"Nay, gentlemen," said the monk to those who would have restrained the impetuous young man, "I can protect myself;" and he unsheathed his long dagger. "But Count Leone shall have his wish; he shall see my face, if he give his honour, as a gentleman, to keep the secret of the church."

"I do," cried Leone, in whom burning curiosity caused passion to give way; "I do promise."

"Advance then," replied the monk, coldly.

Leone eagerly walked round the table, and going close up to the monk, who turned his back on the rest of the conspirators, fixed his eyes on the face of the mysterious being who was about to discover his secret to him.

"My God!" was all the young man could say, as his eyes rested on the countenance of the churchman; and then, his mouth open, his face turning alternately

pale and red, he returned, abashed and silent, amid his fellows. From that instant Leone opened not his lips. The discovery he had made had sealed up the current of his outward feelings, to throw him back upon deep thought.

After various reports had been handed in, and the details of the great work they were all engaged in had been discussed without any definite decision being come to, the conspirators took their leave, and being ferried over the lake, mounted their horses, and returned to New Orleans.

Five minutes after their departure, a boat with six stout oarsmen came to the foot of the tower steps, into which the monk entered. Immediately the rowers bent stoutly to their work, and the swift-moving craft disappeared beneath the foliage that arched over the many lagoons communicating with the lake.

(To be continued.)

THE GALLERIES OF THE THEATRES.

BY JOTT.

(Concluded from page 201.*)*

Close to a little knot of those girls are some half-dozen of soldiers, who are continually whispering something into their ears, and then laughing heartily, and, as risibility is rather contagious, causing them to laugh also. There is an old gentleman sitting near the soldiers, who, having been a soldier himself, is incessantly talking about the 42nd, and saying what a brave set of fellows they were. He also speaks in rapturous terms of a colonel Fireaway, who was a brave soldier, and an accomplished gentleman. The soldiers being more agreeably engaged in talking to the girls, most of the old gent'eman's words are unheeded.

On the entrance side of the gallery there is a drunken man, who is in the charge of a female, pale, and miserably clad. She has a thin shawl thrown over her neck, and her arms are quite bare. Poverty and want are written indelibly upon her countenance, and despair seems long ago to have chased every ray of hope from her heart. She sullenly watches the movements of the drunken man (her father), who is waving his hands about, and rising every minute or two from his seat, and nearly falling over upon those beneath him. His daughter has not come in to enjoy the performance—the music which enlivens others, grates harshly upon her broken and miserable heart. She has come for the purpose of taking care of the old man—and enough she has to do to keep him in his place.

On the opposite side of the gallery, there is a corpulent, middle-aged gentleman and his wife, with their interesting offspring, consisting of three little boys, with exceedingly dirty and uninteresting faces, and two little girls, with exceedingly dirty and shabby frocks. The mamma has got a basket, and is tantalising the children with the contents thereof; but refuses to give out a single cake till the first act is over.

Here and there may be seen a silent party of Jews and Jewesses, and a few drunken women may be seen interspersed amongst the audience. In the slips are several young men with large sticks in their hands, and massive rings upon their fingers. What pains they take to put those white and coram silk handkerchiefs a little way out of their breast pockets, so that they may be seen by the company. And how incessantly do they keep talking of somebody whom they designate with the name of "governor."

The music at length makes its appearance, and is greeted with deafening applause. Five minutes afterwards the curtain ascends, and then a torrent of such expressions as the following are poured forth:—"Ats off; order — order; down in front: take that are bonnet off, or blest if I don't crush it as flat as a pancake." There is so much noise and tumult, and people are always so fidgetty and unsettled for the first four minutes, that it is of no use to try to catch a word of what is said during the first scene.

The juvenile members of a gallery audience are generally great admirers of the histrionic art, and, of course, when any of their favourites utter the simplest sentence, they cheer and shout "brayvo," till they are hoarse.

The only interruption to the performance, after it has fairly commenced, are occasional shouts from the drunken man and women.

"Good! good!" say some of the drunken women, after one of the actors has said something that calls forth a burst of laughter. "My God, it's good! ain't it good?"

When the drop scene falls, the heat is found to be so oppressive, that several young gentlemen, (who are not afraid of showing their shirt sleeves) are compelled to take off their coats and jackets, which is also the signal for several young ladies to take off their bonnets and shawls. The women with the baskets, containing ginger beer, apples, biscuits, &c., now begin to exercise their vocations, and great bores they are to the audience, who are incessantly obliged to rise to allow them to pass.

The scene again rises, and the young gentleman who was following the actors

during the last act, again pulls out his book, and if they miss or alter a single word, he hisses tremendously, and seems highly indignant at the liberty which they have taken with the author.

There is another kind of young gentleman that you instantly meet with at a theatre. He busies himself in explaining to his friends what is going to take place, in order, apparently, to show his extensive knowledge of, and great experience in, theatrical performances. Here is a specimen of the genus.

"Now the next scene," says he, "will be a palace, and then that ere lady vich has jist boxed the ears of the stout gintleman will appear all dressed as a duchess, and arter she has danced the polker, she will fall down on her knees, and swear to caven as ever she will be revinged on her enemy (her uncle), vich is the willian of the dramer; d'ye see? Vell, the scene agin changes, and ye see the willainous uncle a-drinking his tea quite comfortable. The lady enters, and demands her rights, vich the uncle, who is her guardian, refuses to give, as a matter o'course, till the young lady gits quite wiolent, and says if as ow her poor dead father and mother could rise from their graves, and see their poor orfan in that ere uncomfortable condition, how werry much shocked they'd be. The uncle tells her to make herself scarce, and not always be a-bothering him with her complaints. She then tells him a day of rewenge will come, and makes her hexit. The uncle then says as how his scheme's a-going on prosperous, and walks orf. The next scene is a wood, and there you ses the lady, all dressed for a journey; she can't a-bear her uncle any longer and she's a-going to run orf. At that werry moment, two robbers, with pistols, enter, and is jist a-going to take her money from her, ven up comes the young man as keeps her company, and rescues her. The karakters then form wot we used to call, ven I learned 'parley boo francais,' a tableu vivong, and the scene falls."

Thus the young gentleman continues to explain the whole incidents of the piece.

When the play is concluded a general uproar takes place. A great many people rush out, and the talking and bawling, together with the noise in climbing over seats, render it quite impossible to hear yourself speak. At this interesting part of the evening, bottles, glasses, &c., begin to be handed about rather freely.

There is a gentleman in the centre of the gallery offering a bottle to a young lady above him; but she is so much shocked at the idea of drinking in public, and especially out of a bottle, that she turns her head aside in the greatest possible confusion, and mutters "for shame!" A little pressing, however, induces her to yield, and she then takes hold of the bottle, and turning her back to the stage (forgetting that there are as many people behind her as in front), she takes a hearty draught. The bottle is then handed to another young lady, who has even greater scruples than the former, and who can scarcely be prevailed upon to take hold of it, much less to drink out of it. A little coaxing, however, causes her to comply; but she adopts a better plan than the other young lady. She wraps her pocket handkerchief entirely round the bottle, keeping the coast clear about the mouth, and she then succeeds, as she imagines, in doing the business quite privately.

When she has "drank her fill," the bottle is presented to the gentleman, who then hands out of his pocket a large paper bag, containing massive wedges of bread and cheese, and great slices of ham, all besmeared with mustard of peculiarly light description. The two young ladies aforesaid, indulge in symptoms of surprise, and seem to say, in their own minds, that they hope he is not going to offer them any; for if he does, they can assure him that they do not mean to have any. The gentleman just does offer them some, and insists upon their taking it, too, which, after numerous refusals, they at length accede to.

Every body now seems to be busy eating and drinking, and one would suppose, from the quantity some of them swallow, that they had not tasted anything for a month.

A short time elapses, and the noise is then again resumed by those parties returning who went out. There is a great uproar to get their old places, and squabbles and fights are not unfrequently the consequence.

The gallery part of an audience has not inappropriately been called the "gods." Their more elevated situation gives them a claim to this title. They possess another prerogative which, in our opinion, confirms the ascendancy—the power to hiss an actor from the stage, or the power to call him back, and make him repeat what has elicited their applause, and this without any reference to the sentiments or wishes of the other parts of the house. This power to decide the destinies of the actor, has long been vested in the hands of the so called "gods," and as they constitute generally the greater part of an audience, and decidedly by far the more clamorous, this power has been quietly and patiently ceded to them. It is true, attempts have been made to wrench it from them; but it is unnecessary to say that all such attempts have been decided failures, and have only served to show the superiority of the

"gods" over the insignificant mortals beneath them.

There have been instances, when contentions have arisen amongst the people in the lower parts of the house, and some have shouted "encore! bravo!" whilst others have hissed most energetically, and exclaimed — "off—off," with equal vehemence;—the "gods" have, from some cogent cause or other, remained for a time neutral; but they have ultimately been roused to a sense of their dignity, and, like the heathen gods and goddesses of old, have joined one of the contending parties, and thus brought the matter at issue to a settlement. They, therefore, are the arbiters of the war, however and by whomsoever waged.

THE TEA-FAIRY.

A CHINESE LEGEND.

[Freely rendered from Sternberg.]

An ancient chronicle, written long before the barbarous foreign nations had penetrated into the celestial empire, records an adventure of one who afterwards became famous in Chinese history. My father—it begins abruptly—and we shall imitate the simplicity of the chronicle, giving it in the hero's own words—lived on a little estate upon the Yellow River. Two only remained of all his children; my sister and myself. When I reflect how little time or pains were bestowed on my education, I marvel that I did not grow up a barbarian. My father was too much absorbed in the pursuits of learning, to attend to the affairs of his family. His condition may be imagined, when it is known that, at his death, he left an encyclopedia of his own compiling—of no fewer than a hundred volumes. My sister and I were of very different characters; I loved an active life; she was fond of repose. She was a beauty, as many of our family had been; and celebrated for a singularly long, delicate white nail on the little finger of her left hand. As this nail grew, her reputation as a belle increased, and suitors flocked around her.

I had reached my eighteenth year, and longed to travel, and see something of the world. My father dismissed me for this purpose, with many sage counsels, and but little money. I went to Pekin, and resolved to seek out an old friend of his. The great city, with its multitude of streets and thoroughfares, and its ever busy crowds, bewildered me; and my ignorance and simplicity were so evident, that I became the sport of idlers in the street. Now one would call out to me to look at something new and curious; another would cry—"There comes the emperor!" and then all would join in the laugh at my confusion. At length driven out of patience by the malice of my persecutors, who were by this time innumerable, I pulled the slipper from my foot, and laid about me, wherever I could see a face grinning at my disasters. This had some effect at first; but it provoked my tormentors to haunt me, and I had little rest.

One day, as I was thus engaged, one against many, I saw, coming through the crowd, a little, but distinguished looking man, dressed from head to foot in green atlas. He had a strangely shaped long nose, the tip which was briliantly green. This prominent feature threw into insignificance all the others; so that his forehead, eyes and mouth could hardly be seen at all. This mandarin, for such he undoubtedly was, having a number of servants in his train, came towards me; and at his approach the crowd fell back. He beckoned me to step into his litter, where he first seated himself. When I had done so the litter was set in motion; we were carried out of the city, into the suburbs, and, to my surprise, into a deep wood, which terminated in a rich and beautiful tract of country—bordered by a river,—where the mandarin had his country seat. During all this time, the little man had been surveying me keenly with his small deep-set eyes; and seemed not dissatisfied, though he spoke not a word. As we alighted from the litter, he pointed to the stately dwelling. "Look, my son," said he, "at yon beautiful palace, the roof and dome of which are hung with myriads of little bells, that make sweet music whenever the wind caresses their metal cheeks! All is mine! And yet I was once a poor, worthless lad like thee, wandering a stranger in the great city. By talent and industry I have become the possessor of the largest tea plantation in China, which brings me a princely income. I stand high in the emperor's favour. I supply the world with tea. But what rejoices me most of all, is, that I have destroyed the business of my former friend, who is also a rival tea merchant. You may see his wretched hut yonder. He once possessed a palace, even more splendid than mine; but, thanks to the great Fo, my efforts have ruined him! See—he is looking at us, over the wall! How pale he is! how hollow-eyed! Envy has blighted him."

I looked, and saw a man leaning over the wall of a little garden, with a thoughtful and melancholy face, which, in spite of my worldly heart, interested me by its expression of sorrow and of gentleness. He was poorly dressed, but there was something about him that commanded my respect.

To be brief—I entered the service of

Tim-li-tim, and was ere long advanced to the post of his first secretary. I had enough to do, to make the daily packages, and sales, with the name and residence of the tea merchants who purchased of my master. I found the occupation something tedious, but labored for the succeeding year with the utmost diligence, having the example of my patron's fortune before me. I dared not, however, hope for success like his, for I believe him gifted with supernatural powers.

My conjectures on this point were verified in a singular manner—by the most surprising event of my life. I had observed that on a certain day in every month my master shut himself up, and refused to admit visitors. I soon ascertained that he retired to a remote turret chamber in his castle, where he remained some time alone. Impelled by curiosity, I resolved at length to discover the secret. On the morning of one of the days, I hid myself in a large pagoda that stood in a corner of the mysterious apartment. I had not waited long before Tim-li-tim entered, carefully closing the door behind him. He then opened a cupboard, and took from it a small silver bell, of the most delicate and exquisite workmanship. The cup of the bell was wrought to resemble a tulip, and ornamented with coloured stripes of enamel: the clapper was shaped like a golden bee. My master gently shook the bell, the bee moved to and fro as if instinct with life; and I heard a soft musical humming, like a swarm of the insects gathered round the blossoms of a linden tree. This fine humming was presently changed into a louder and more complaining murmur, and at last into a continued roar, hoarse, wild and mournful, like the surging of a storm through the forest. It grew still louder, till I had nearly lost my senses with terror and, trembling, crouched down in my hiding-place. In a few moments the strange noise diminished, and I distinguished sounds like a musical tinkling—and a sweet soft voice blending its melody with the roar, till it ceased entirely. I now had courage to look forth again. The cup of the bell was filled with a rosy mist: it spread, and at the same time seemed to grow thicker, till I saw standing on the floor a female figure, about the size of a child eight years old—fantastically dressed, and wearing a garland of small white flowers twined in its luxuriant hair.

I saw Tim-li-tim bend in a profound obeisance before this strange and beautiful apparition; and at the same moment saw that the figure, with an expression of petulant resentment, struck him in the face with her small white hand, with such force that his mighty nose actually quivered. "Have I not told thee, monster!" cried the sweet voice, "that I wish never to see thy hideous visage again! Why hast thou called me? Is it not enough that I am a prisoner in this place by thy wicked sinning? wherefore torment me with thy suit?"

"Sweet fairy!" cried the mandarin, kneeling down before her: "what am I profited by the power and wealth thou hast given me, if thou withholdest love? Renounce thy black favourite and turn thy regards on me!"

"Never!" exclaimed the fairy indignantly—and with another blow, which Tim-li-tim avoided.

"What would'st thou have me do?" at length he asked, seemingly troubled at her displeasure.

"Release me," was the quick reply.

"That I may be ruined, and my rival made rich and happy? By my beard—"

"Undo the spell! Break the ball!" cried the lovely prisoner, "and my eternal gratitude shall be thine."

"What would thy gratitude avail me?"

"Monster!"

"Be silent; if I am to hear nothing but reproaches, I will shut thee up again."

"Do so! far better my dungeon than thy presence."

My master, incensed, seized the ball, and held it over the fair head of the child-like figure. It seemed to melt round her like a veil of silver tissue. As this faded and vanished, the maiden was gone; and an indescribably delicious aroma of tea filled the apartment.

The great Fo, who looks into all our hearts, saw the weakness of mine, and the wild conflict excited in my breast by the sight of the beautiful fairy. He sent me no succour. I grew absent and moody; I neglected my business. I was tortured by an inflexible longing, which at length formed itself into a settled resolution. I watched my opportunity when Tim-li-tim had left home on a journey for some days. As soon as I could steal away unobserved, I hastened to the mysterious chamber. I took the bell in my trembling hands, rang it, and after the same sounds as before, the apparition stood before me. She gazed at me in visible astonishment.

"Who has called me?" said her musical voice. "I behold only a handsome young man. Where is the green-nosed monster?"

"Think no more of him, fairest lady," I replied. "I am come to do you a service—to set you free! I will this instant, at your bidding, break the bell in which you are imprisoned."

She looked at me with a melancholy smile. "Alas! my friend," she answered, "thy hand is powerless for my release. The spell can be broken only by him who is the author of my thraldom."

I was grieved beyond measure to hear this. Nevertheless, thought I, though unable to give her freedom, I may yet do something to render her captivity less irksome. And I ventured to express this hope.

After a pause, the fairy said, "I will trust thee, excellent youth, and speak openly; for thou hast been generous in offering aid to one of whom thou knewest no more than that she was unhappy. Know me now for one of those beings who are appointed to preside over the different beverages used by the human race. I am the youngest of four sisters. The eldest is a brunette, and has the ardent temperament bestowed by the burning skies under which she was born; she is passionate, but lively and entertaining, and on that account a favourite with the ladies. She presides over coffee. The second, to whom the care of the chocolate plant is committed, is the fairest and gentlest of all, but lacking the winning arts of the oldest is less prized, and often has to betake herself to the company of the old and dull. My third sister rules the delicious sherbet of the east; and seldom leaves the region where her infancy was passed. My department is the tea. Flatterers tell me I am the poet's friend, and that I unite the good qualities of my sisters, without their faults. Be that as it may, I am satisfied with my domain. I have but one brother, a wild, headstrong young fellow; he presides over wine, and we see him but seldom; for his mad humour has little communion with our gentle, feminine natures. Our oldest sister alone has some little influence over him.

"My melancholy story is a short one. Many weary years have passed since I first revealed myself to man. I was floating in freedom and happiness over the bosom of earth, when my eyes fell on a tall and slender stripling, in whose countenance I read poetic fancy and feeling. It was the same dark, melancholy man thou hast seen. He was then owner of a small patrimony, which he endeavoured to render more valuable by cultivation. But his success was small; for he was, like all poets, of an organisation too delicate for gross manual labour. I loved him as I looked; I fixed my abode with him. I scattered my seeds of plenty over his little piece of ground; I made him wealthy and happy; the envy of all who knew of his unrivalled good fortune. I was careless who discovered our mutual attachment; alas! there lay my error. Tim-li-tim saw and envied our happiness. He was then only an artizan, and poor; but he knew how to acquire power over beings of my nature. By accident he had become possessed of that volume of the Encyclopedia of Zoroaster, which treats of the fairies in China and Mongolia. He studied this, and availing himself of its science, constructed that magic bell, which is now my prison. No one except himself can set me free; and as it is through me he has risen to prosperity, I have little hope that he will consent to release me, so long as it is for his interest to keep me in durance."

"But can he not be compelled?" cried I, interested in the story.

"Listen!" answered the fairy. "This may be done—by poisoning the tea in which he deals."

"Poisoning the tea!" I repeated; "how may that be?"—

"There is nothing easier," said the child-like figure. "I myself can do no harm to the plant which is consecrated to me, and which I love so well, else I had long since destroyed the possession of my tormentor. He must do the mischief himself. Hast thou never observed a singular greenish light playing about his face?"

I answered that I had indeed often noticed and wondered at it.

"That greenish glimmer is nothing less than a subtle poison, which pervades his whole system. He inherits it through his descent from an old metal king, who once reigned in China. The legitimate descendants of this ancient monarch have gold and silver in their bodies; but those whose blood is tainted, or corrupted by vicious alliances, copper, iron, tin, and other inferior metals. My tormentor is baseborn, as were his ancestors; and the copper he derives from them mingling with his impure blood, has generated a bitter poison, which renders even his caresses baneful. His breath distils venom: his eyes invest objects with a sickly greenish hue; and his tears poison the ground on which they fall. Thou hast not failed to observe, whenever he works among the tea plants, how carefully he covers his hands and face, that no noxious breath may touch the precious leaves! —If thou couldst only manage, while the plants are in bloom, to make him approach them without his mask! The subtle poison will quickly spread over the whole plantation. He can find no help for what will ensue. Canst thou do this, he will be forced to set me at liberty."

"It shall be done, beautiful fairy!" I cried, resolved to devote myself to her service.

Ere the moon had changed, I had redeemed my promise. Tim-li-tim was one day at work in his plantation—the young plants were in bloom. I came up behind him with stealthy step, threw myself suddenly upon him, and tore the mask from his face, with the covering he always wore over his shoulders. He fell down among the plants, and I saw the white flowers close over his head. A disagreeable brassy odour diffused itself around the spot, and a greenish mist spread through the

air. The mandarin raised himself quickly, and felt for his handkerchief; but I had fled with that also. His rage and despair were indescribable; tears fell from his eyes, and the ground drank the poisonous moisture. The deleterious influence diffused itself far and wide. The delicate blossoms and leaves imbibed it; and exhibited that peculiar green colour, and that sharp metallic taste observable to this day in what is called *green tea*.

Language would fail to depict the despair of Tim-li-tim, as he saw the mischief thus wrought. His plants immediately sank more than half in value; for nobody cared to drink his green tea. It was rumoured that the tea of the mandarin Tim-li-tim was poisoned. The unhappy man saw nothing but ruin and imprisonment, perhaps death, before him. In his extremity, as the fairy had foreseen, he promised her instant freedom if she would remove the curse. The lovely prisoner consented to undertake it. One bright moonlight night, the wide fields of his plantation might have been seen covered with a white veil, as of silvery mist. Under this dewy and shining covering, millions of little winged sprites were floating and at work. They hung on the white flowers and sucked the poison from their delicate cups. The greenish hue with which they had been tainted, grew paler and paler, but did not vanish entirely. The little sprites performed their task so faithfully, sucking the poison, that some of them perished on the spot; others reeled away giddily and sick; in short, the work of restoration could be but half done. The mandarin, however, was obliged to keep his word; he broke the bell, and the liberated fairy returned to her former poet-love. Her blessing, as before, soon made his fields plentious; and the black tea that was sent forth to the world after the reunion of the pair, was pronounced the most delicious that had ever been tasted. But as this same world often prefers the piquant and unnatural even to the wholesome and genial—it will not be wondered at that the wicked Tim-li-tim did not fall into bankruptcy. He found purchasers for his crops—who thought his deleterious green tea even more delightful than the fresh, innocent beverage blessed by the loving and happy fairy. All those, however, whose tastes were not vitiated, and who prized health and cheerfulness, adhered to the black tea, and found their reward in doing so.

The chronicle further mentions, that the narrator of the above adventure escaped the wrath of the mandarin, and returned home, loaded with gifts from the grateful fairy. His sister, the belle with the long nail, was married. He often visited the tea merchant who was beloved by the fairy, and witnessed his prosperity. The chronicle ends with a wish that all enemies of the Celestial Empire may drink nothing but green tea.

The Gatherer.

Mr. Walter Shelley, whose most successful debut in Hamlet we chronicled a short time ago, appeared in the part of Macbeth on Wednesday the 18th instant, at the Theatre Royal in Ipswich; and the *Suffolk Chronicle* of the 21st, in noting his performance, in terms of high approbation, adds the following summary of its effects upon their judgment:—"With respect to Mr. Shelley, we see no reason why he should not, in time, become as celebrated as Macready; possessing as he (Mr. S.) does, many natural advantages over that tragedian."—*Theatrical Journal.*

Lectures on Texas.—We perceive that Mr. Percy B. St. John, the author of the "Trapper's Bride," has been induced by the committee of the Marylebone Literary Institution to leeture on Texas, with recollections of personal adventure. As Mr. St. John lectures from personal experience, the course will be of great interest. The dates fixed are Monday, April 27th, and May 11th, and we believe any respectable person may obtain a ticket for one shilling, on personal application to the secretary, 17, Edward-street, Portman-square.—*Hood's Magazine.*

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE MIRROR.

The proprietors having engaged as editor of this old-established periodical, one of the most popular periodical writers of the day, hope in a short time to be able to place the Mirror in the high position it occupied not many years since, as an intermediary between the very cheap and the very dear periodicals. Several improvements are contemplated which will be gradually developed; amongst others, careful and neat notices of the drama and music, more particularly of the highly intellectual drama.

All communications for the editor to be addressed, care of Messrs. Hayward and Adams, 48, Paternoster Row, London.

New vol. of Percy St. John's Indian Tales. Now ready, price 3s. 6d. each, Series One and Two, "The Trapper's Bride" and "The Enchanted Rock." "Spirited pictures of Indian life, in the delineation of which Mr. St. John is so peculiarly happy. His rambles amidst the scenery he so graphically describes, and his acquaintance with the Indian tribes, enable him to give his narratives that air of truth which forms the charm of all this writer's productions."—*Westminster Review.* In the press, price 3s. 6d., "A Legend of Pipe Stone Quarry." London: Hayward and Adam, 48, Paternoster-Row.

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THE RED HAND.

A Tale of Louisiana.

CHAPTER II. — THE SPY AND THE INDIAN.

No sooner had the party of conspirators left the shore on their way to the tower than one of the heads which had before peeped forth from the bushes was discovered slowly thrusting itself once again into the light. Its owner for some minutes appeared quite undecided whether to allow any larger portion of his precious person to be seen, but at length, gaining courage, and perceiving that the negroes who attended the horses had retreated within the thicket, he stepped lightly from behind the shelter afforded by a peccan tree, and stood upon the beach, gazing anxiously at the mysterious tower.

"Well, I do conclude that's queer work no haw you can fix it," muttered he in the elegant slang which took its rise in the puritan drawl, mingled with the dialect of every nation that crossed the Atlantic, and which, less peculiar then than now, was still very amusing even so many years back; "what they can want yonder at this time o' night is *on*possible to guess, but I'm bound to know, or my name's not Luke Salem."

With these words the mysterious New Englander approached the very edge of the water, and began sounding its depth with a stick he carried in his hand.

"Well, it arn't over four feut, I reckon," he said confidently, "and I'll jist follow that boat any haw."

Without more ado, the inquisitive progenitor, doubtless, of some of the smartest men in all creation, at once entered the water, and began wading towards the tower. Cunning and wily in the extreme, he continued to advance without making the slightest noise, his eyes intently fixed all the while upon the light that streamed from the narrow window of the building to which he was, as he would have said, progressing. There was, in the very act, food for thought. He was seeking for adventure in an unknown land, and as he gazed around upon the sombre wood, as his eye rested upon the gloomy and silent tower of St. Mary, the heart even of Luke Salem was touched with a peculiar sensation. Why was he for gain to pry into the acts of his fellows? why was he stealing upon the inmates of the keep like the creeping panther of the woods upon his prey? And as these questions suggested themselves to his mind, thoughts welling forth unbidden from the dungeon cells of his soul, where too long they had been chained, came bubbling like some new freshet upon an arid plain, clothing all with verdure. But the picture was too complete; for as the arid sun, pouring its torrid heat upon the moist plain, scorches, withers, and cracks, so the fierce lust of gain swept the fragile bark of conscience back to its most secret haven.

But there was a spy upon the spy.

Luke Salem had no sooner discovered himself, and, after mental conference, entered the waters of the lake, which, reaching to his very chin, forced him to give unlimited care to his mode of progression, than another man stood forth also from the shelter of the thicket, and at once, with a calmness and self-possession which were remarkable, prepared to follow him. This man, as far as he could be distinguished by the deceitful light of the moon, was a North American Indian. Tall, slight, and graceful, his form was little concealed by the trammels of dress, while in his hand glittered the shining axe, or tomahawk, which, in the hands of the Columbian aborigines, is so fatal and terrible a weapon. Divesting himself in an instant of every article of clothing, the young and stalwart native stole stealthily in the rear of the white man, moving as he moved, stopping as he stopped, his eye fixed on the figure that slowly advanced in his front.

Meanwhile, Luke Salem had nearly crossed as much of the lake as lay between the shore and the tower, when, making a slight bend in his course to avoid landing at the steps, his ear caught some sound like that of a fellow-creature forcing his way through the waters. Turning sharply round, he could discover no sign of any one in his proximity, but at the distance of a dozen yards there was a rippling motion of the waters.

"A cat-fish leaping, I reckon," muttered Luke, again fixing his gaze intently upon the tower, which he imagined to contain secrets worth their weight in gold. Making a slight diversion, he soon reached the land, and stood beside a wall of low dimensions, running from the water's edge to the tower, and ending just below the window, to be near which formed, at this instant, the height of the spy's ambition. He was, however, on the wrong side, and to avoid being seen by the negro boatman it was necessary to cross it close beneath the shadow of the building. Creeping on his hands and knees, and advancing with all the serpent-like caution peculiar to his vocation, Luke Salem slowly raised himself from his degrading posture preparatory to an attempt at overcoming the obstacle which lay between him and the fruition of his hopes.

The spy was petrified!

His finger on his lips, while in one hand glittered the terrible axe, the Indian stood before him. His attitude was menacing in the extreme, while at the same time his manner betokened a desire to preserve the

strictest silence. Luke was, indeed, too astonished to think, move, or speak. Surprise and terror deprived him of utterance. Within two yards was the window, for a peep through which he would willingly have suffered a night's camping out, or any other inconvenience common to civilised habits; but there, stern as fate, silent as the waning moon, and occupying the post of a sentry, ready to sell his life rather than betray his trust, stood the native. In the elegance of his proportions, in the very position he occupied, in the frown upon his brow, he resembled some Phidian statue cut in marble, and instinct only with the peculiar life and poetry which it is the attribute of genius to strike from the very stones that lie rude and misshapen in the bowels of the earth.

Once satisfied that Luke was perfectly silent, the Indian cautiously stepped over the low wall, and placed himself beside the spy, whom he motioned to retire close to the tower. The New Englander obeyed with a perceptible shudder, as, like all his countrymen, he entertained a very salutary dread of the aborigines of America, and a most serious dislike to being at the mercy of any member of a race which had received so little occasion to be very tender of the life of a white man. Recovering himself, however, and observing that the Indian contented himself with taking up a position which commanded his movements, Luke's thoughts reverted to the disagreeable nature of his disappointment. In the very act of fruition his cup of hope had been dashed from him. Had he been a classical scholar, or had he even read the many recondite authors who love quotation, his ideas would have cogitated over the mythological parable of Tantalus; as it was, he was satisfied with the sensation that he was baulked, without being very nice about comparisons. Several times he would have spoken, but on the least evidence of such intention being made manifest, the Indian raised his awful tomahawk, with which he clove, not the spy's head, but his tongue.

In this manner an hour passed, to Luke of excruciating torment, while to the Indian it seemed to be a mere occasion for repose. At length, however, Charon's representative came forth, followed by the whole body of those who had previously entered, and who now hurried to embark and gain the land. Their return to the shores of the lake was effected with rapidity, and soon the galloping of horses proclaimed that the party of conspirators were once more on their way to New Orleans. Luke now hoped for a reprieve, but none came. The Indian was silent, motionless, and stern.

Presently the door again opened, while the boat before mentioned came to the tower. This time but one man came forth; it was the Monk, who, his face bent upon the ground, his whole mien exhibiting deep thought, walked slowly to his elegantly-shaped cutter, and seating himself, silently waved his hand to the rowers, who, with one accord, bent to their oars, like men who worked with a will.

As soon as this party was out of sight, the Indian spoke.

"My white brother is very curious to see the Tower of St. Mary. The door is open. Let him go in."

"Well, I'm bound to say that beats me! What on 'arth, Ingin, do I want inside the tower?" exclaimed the irritated spy, "now. All I want is to go, and make no locrum about it."

"The door is open," replied the imperturbable Indian; "my brother can go in."

"But I tell you, Ingin," said Luke, "I shall git to Orleens over and above late. I must start right off."

"The Red Hand says the door of the tower is open," continued the Indian.

Luke started. The name—that of a young, bold, and warlike chief—sounded in his ears like a knell, for now the spy knew he was in the power of the monk, the Red Hand being looked upon as one who, imbued with lofty views by his instrumentality, was his blind and devoted adherent. None knew when or where they met, the Red Hand being never seen in New Orleans except at the house of Maximilian de Chazal, the volatile, easy, and rich cousin of Leone. What cord bound the Indian to the monk was a secret, unless it were the influence his loftiness and nobility of character exercised even upon the savage; but to Maximilian he was knit by ties of deep and lasting gratitude. The Red Hand, in early youth, had, at the peril of Maximilian's life, been saved from an ignominious death, and the Indian's heart swelled with all the loftiest emotions of friendship.

Luke Salem, who was, from mere wilfulness, it seemed, patronised by Maximilian, would elsewhere have counted on him to obtain impunity from the Indian; but here, on the Monk's own ground, his heart was filled with apprehension. Following the young chief, however, the New Englander's heart revived within him on entering the tower, where he found the old negro boatman busily engaged in preparing a savoury meal, if one were to judge from the delicious steam that exhaled from a huge pot slung over a small fire.

The Red Hand pointed to a chair near the table, and then with a politeness of manner and care which would have done credit to a ball-room, dropped at once the menacing character of a victor, and assumed that of a host.

"The white man is tired; let him rest. He is hungry; let him eat."

Luke required not twice telling, and falling to, found that the pleasing odour had not deceived him. The supper was excellent, and when, about an hour later, the Red Hand, after informing him that he was a prisoner until further orders, pointed to an upper room as his place for the night, the spy retired to rest, with the idea that he had fallen into hands not at all so unpromising as he expected.

(To be continued.)

THE TRIAL OF BEAUVALLON.

[From our contemporary the *Athenæum*, with whose strictures we cordially coincide.]

Paris, March 28.

The Paris papers, of this week, will furnish you with matter for an article on crime and criminal procedure quite as curious as any that can be suggested by the work of Feurbach, reviewed in your last number. The trial of M. de Beauvallon, for the murder of M. Dujarier, is certainly, even in a technical point of view, one of the most astonishing exhibitions that France, fertile in scenes of the kind, has presented. But I leave these considerations to those *á qui de droit.*

What must strike every one in this horrible *drame* (to use the slang in which these men of stony hearts and frothy brains talk of the tragical realities of life) is not the blackness or atrocity of the individual crime, but the abject and frightful immorality of a class. The crimes recorded in Feurbach's very curious book are distinct and individual. Each criminal is completely *abnormal.* He no more represents a class, or indicates a state of society, than a man with two hands or one eye does. Each is a study of human nature in its widest aberrations; and Riembaner is no more to be taken as a specimen of German priests, than the female poisoner, of German housekeepers.

And what is the class, whose outward and inward life here lies open to our view? Is it the poor ignorant husbandmen, abandoned to the dim perceptions of right and wrong, which they can pick out from the vague and often unintelligible instruction they receive? Or the manufacturing population of crowded cities—that fermenting mass of wants and passions? Or soldiers, in all the recklessness of constant danger and constant familiarity with blood? No; none of these hardly tried and tempted men offer so afflicting a spectacle as that here represented by the teachers of a great country; its *hommes de lettres*, the *gérants esponsables* of its journals.

This is a striking proof of the inefficacy of law, unsupported by religion, morality, or conscience. How little is it that law can do towards giving a healthful or useful direction to the Press! It is manifest, from their own words, that not one individual of all those concerned has the faintest idea of moral responsibility in *any* of its bearings; yet these are, or aspire to be, the directors of the public mind of France. The deplorable thing is, that the French public should accept them as directors; for, after all, if their writings were not acceptable they would not continue to exercise their noxious calling, still less to make large and rapid fortunes by it. It appears, on evidence, that the miserable victim of this act of butchery had suddenly risen from poverty to affluence; indeed, the *luxe élégant* in which he lived is mentioned by a witness as one of the causes of the envy and hostility of which he was the object.

Je suis marchand, says one of these literary purveyors, with cynical effrontery, and I give the public what it will buy. Alas; it seems they understand their trade, and their customers, but too well. Till now, we were disposed to regard M. de Balzac's frightful delineation of the literary world of Paris as the fiction of an offended vanity, left behind in the career of bad popularity. But the facts disclosed in the Court of Justice of Rouen exceed in moral degradation all that even he has imagined or copied. The scene of the quarrel—an *orgie* with all its accompaniments of actresses, gambling, &c.; the coarse offensive personalities spoken by the men to each other; the nameless outrages addressed to the wretched, defenceless women (doubly defenceless being what they are); the strange mixture of fine-sounding names (most of them have the aristocratic prefix) with the foulest and coarsest manners;—all this forms a combination which the corruptest imagination has not yet surpassed.

Then the various accessories: the presentiments of the murdered man, overruled by the persuasions of the *soubrette* of the actress at whose invitation he went to the fatal party, all stated in the indictment; the quarrels between the "*Presse*" and the "*Epoque*;" the accused, M. de Beauvallon (who had stolen a watch from the chimney-piece of "a lady" of his acquaintance, and pawned it) reiterating in his statement, or defence, or whatever it may be called, about fifty times, that he was *blessé* by M. Dujarier's manner;—that this and that were *blessant*;—that he was (save the mark!) *blessé dans son honneur*; the same man pronounced to be *très gentilhomme*, by young M. Dumas; the poor degraded actresses, covered with all the mire and filth cast upon them from the lips of

their *friends*, calling each other "*ces dames*," with the complacency of gentlewomen; the ladies bandied to and fro (especially about the pistols): but the *étude des mœurs* before us is far too curious to admit of a hasty summing up like this!

Such then—oh grief and shame!—such are "*hommes de lettres*" and "*artistes*;" for these are the once glorious, but now dishonoured, titles by which the parties and witnesses, male and female, are designated in the legal instrument. LETTERS and ARTS!—oh, sacred gifts of the gods to ages more worthy of them, into what hands are ye fallen—to what base uses are ye turned! Here is a spectacle to lower the pride of legislators and politicians. What will they do—what can they do—to remedy this evil? The waters of Helicon are becoming fouler than a sewer—how are they to be purified! "The full mid-day-beam" of truth and knowledge, "the fountain of heavenly radiance," which the blind eyes of Milton beheld when he wrote his immortal Essay "On the Liberty of Unlicenced Printing"—to what a "foul and pestilent congregation of vapours" is it turned! And what cure can we find? Religion, christianity? Yes, no doubt; but try to preach it to these scared consciences and stony hearts!

So long as the public feed on garbage, purveyors of garbage will abound, and will be—what we here see them.

This trial is the most melancholy thing I remember to have read: and if strangers feel it to be so, what must it be to the honourable and conscientious men who worthily hold the great inheritance of letters and arts in France? They are yet so noble and so strong a band that it is impossible to despair of the press in their country. But they must be vigilant, energetic, inexorable. The love of truth and of country must make them more active than the love of gain and of sensual delights makes those who corrupt their country and scoff at truth. They must admit of no dangerous compromise with vice—they must not accept *esprit* as compensation for all the qualities and dispositions that give it value—they must hold their ægis over the abused people—they must enlighten their ignorance, provide safe and agreeable amusement, arouse noble curiosity, adorn truth and science and virtue, by every holy art they can call to their aid. For the sake of their great and powerful country, for the sake of humanity, we earnestly hope that they may set themselves manfully and steadily to the work. They alone can rescue the press from the hands into which it has fallen. Let them calculate with accuracy what government can do to redress this worst and greatest of social evils; and they will see how vast and how serious is the duty that devolves on themselves.

We may have a word or two more to offer on the matter of this trial, and the duel which was its subject: but before we do so, it is proper we should let our readers see that we do not overlook what is passing amongst ourselves—nor select to draw the examples for our moral remonstrances from the errors of our neighbours. They will have seen, by a verdict recently delivered at Winchester, how little improvement has yet been effected in the public mind on the question of duelling:—how much the judgment of juries is still under the influence of fallacies which had at no time any chance against the commonest applications of logic, and have now lost the authority on which they rested, in its stead. It will readily be believed that we desire to give our remarks no particular application to the immediate case which has suggested them; that we make no attempt at the qualification of its especial incidents, and no reference to the parties whom they involved—alluding to it at all only as a fresh instance of a general miscalculation which we deplore, and looking on the names mixed up with it as simply A and B. Strange and baffling it is to find juries not only persist in declaring that men who go out with weapons in their hands, for the deliberate and avowed purpose of taking each other's lives, are not guilty of murder when the death they had so premeditated ensues—but, for the purpose of such declaration, systematically defying the positive prescriptions of law and its interpretation by the judges, which, on most other occasions, they are so careful to accept as the authority for their decisions. The argument of motive, which juries will entertain in such cases, would modify the complexion of nine-tenths of all the crimes that are committed against society—rendering the applications of law impossible: while, in the particular case of murder, according to its mere technical definition, to prove the motive is, as the judge who presided on the occasion in question well observed, to prove the malice which is its ingredient—and which the law must otherwise have inferred from the circumstances that attended the going out. Some very dangerous arguments were used by counsel for the defence—which sound, however, so absurb, addressed to the reason of this educated age, that we should not have believed they *could* now be dangerous, but for the result. According to Mr. Cockburn, society must tolerate either the duellist or the assassin; poison and the knife are the alternatives, where man may not "meet man upon the bright and chivalrous ground of vindicating their honour." Italy, Spain, and Portugal, he says, wanting the duel as a practice, take to the stiletto; and, amongst ourselves, the former is part of a social code which "grew out of that nice and delicate sense of honour which is the

distinguishing feature of the English gentleman, and to abrogate it would strip Englishmen, of every class, of those high qualities of manliness and fair dealing with each other which they now exhibit,"—introducing "meanness, baseness, treachery, and cowardice," in their stead. Nowhere but at an advocate's bar could we expect to hear language so inconsequent offered for the acceptance of the times. Reason, religion, morality, and logic are alike ashamed of it;—and it is not too much to hope that juries might be so, too. Besides that it directly recognises "the wild justice of revenge" in one form or other—and reasserts the old savage absurdity, that the stain on one man's reputation can be washed out in the blood of another—the unauthorised use of the pistol is a practice as barbarous as that of the Italian's soiletto — with this addition to its barbarism, that it is utterly illogical. The vengeance of the latter, if not justifiable, is at least intelligible; but the retribution for a wrong inflicted which puts the wrong-doer and the wronged on equal ground, and leaves accident to decide by which of the two it shall be paid, is a stupid blunder, beside which the merest games of children have a significance and a purpose. Not even its ferocity can take off the ridicule of this strange version of the play, "double or quit." This giving to the man who has stolen your coat a chance for the rest of your garments is a burlesque upon a scriptural prescription, only not laughable because it is something so much worse. Then, for mis-statement:—the jury were reminded that, in this case, the defendant belonged to a profession "in which a refusal to give, or claim, satisfaction would stamp the individual with an ignominy and a disgrace which no after-conduct could obliterate"—that, as a soldier, in fact, he is of necessity a law-breaker. Now, this the learned counsel knows well is not the case; and surely the jury whom he addressed must have known it, too. Among the many earnest expressions in condemnation of this detestable practice which late years have produced, not only is one a public association, comprising many honourable names amongst all those classes which were once alleged as the especial authorities for the duel—including both arms of the service—but there is an order from the Horse-Guards itself, of some standing, expressly directed against it, and making it a merit for the soldier to refuse its demands. In aid of these, it remains but for juries to do their part; and that part is the simple and direct one of giving no false and evasive reading of the law. The appeal to public opinion, on which the duel has lived in defiance of morals and of common sense, receives a continued sanction from these repeated legal acquittals, that thwarts and contradicts the other organs of that opinion by which it is now solemnly denounced. *One* decision, in which a jury should affix the penalty of legal infamy—the felon brand—to that offence which society is condemning, would do all that is wanting. What Mr. Cockburn calls "the vindication of personal *honour* by the arbitrament of arms," will be at an end when the penalties of *dishonour* are unflinchingly and unmistakeably attached to it by the law; and the anachronism will be at length effectually banished from what he (speaking as an advocate) considers its necessary place in the "code of English gentlemen."

A NIGHT ADVENTURE.

[From The Trapper's Bride.]

No sooner was darkness clearly triumphant over day than the two friends emerged from their hiding-place, and prepared for their night adventure. Pierre was to descend into the valley alone, and there, if possible, obtain conference with his mistress, which occurrence it was improbable would happen ere morning, while Ephraim was to remain still concealed, and when, at early dawn, the horses were led up to pasture on the hill prairies, his duty was to select three of the best, and, eluding the vigilance of the guards, to appropriate them to his own purposes. Such a proceeding would, in other localities, be designated by a very harsh name; but on the prairies, where the hand of every man is against that of every man, such things will ever be considered in the light of a laudable deed, for executing which with acuteness a man may be praised, while for so doing no reasonable individual could think of blaming another.

Pierre, these arrangements being fully understood on both sides, resigned his rifle, shot-pouch, and powder-horn, reserving only his knife, and began grooping his way down the path which led into the depths of the valley. Though steep and rugged, it was still sufficiently marked to be followed with ease. At times it was a narrow ledge along the face of a rock, with a deed and gloomy gulf below; then it made its way through a dark gully, winding, twisting, turning; now a broad road, then a mere bridle path; now bare as the naked hand, then thickly overhung with bushes; now flat and even, then suddenly pitching down at an angle of forty-five degrees, and not unoften forcing the wearied trapper to climb a steep ascent ere he again proceeded on his journey downwards.

As it was necessary to exert the utmost caution, nearly an hour was consumed in the task, which at length brought the

young trapper into a narrow gap or fissure in the rock, at the extremity of which the path seemed to end abruptly. Groping his way, however, on, and guided in part by the recollection of many circumstances related to him by Moama, Pierre advanced, and next moment found himself within the pitchy gloom of a mountain cavern.

Unlike, however, ordinary caves, it was very narrow, both sides being within reach of a man's hands; and though its cold and damp chilled him to the very bones, on went the young trapper, until, having made considerable way through the darkness, he suddenly turned a corner, and stood, startled and astonished, half blinded by the brilliance of a glaring light, on the verge of whose circles he had almost entered.

When his eyesight returned to him, which it did by slow degress, Pierre found himself close upon the spot occupied by the joyous dancers, male and female, who, hand in hand, and in a vast ring, ran round a huge pile of blazing logs, screaming, laughing, singing, in the most uncouth and wild manner, but apparently fully wrapped up in the enjoyment of what was for the moment the sole object of their happy thoughts.

Nearly naked, their long black hair loosely waving round their heads, the red glare of the fire illumining their dusky limbs, while many wore hideous masks, and all the men were frightfully painted, with the unearthly howls and whoop in which they occasionally indulged, the scene was no unfit representative of Pandemonium, though with many a softer feature in the shape of the clean-limbed girls that in nature's garb gambolled around with the sterner sex.

Beyond lay the village, where all was hushed and still, save where, behind the wigwams,

"Steed threaten'd steed in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear."

Pierre drew back into the very depths of that portion of the cave which commanded a view of the camp, and there, leaning against the wall, waited the progress of events, his knife clutched fiercely, and his whole frame braced for action in case of a discovery. As to struggle with the odds against him would be but madness, his sole idea in case of his presence being betrayed was flight.

The dance was evidently nearly over; many fell gradually off; no additional logs were heaped upon the fire, which slowly decreased in size, its hot embers sending forth even a more ghastly glare than the sparkling flames; the maidens too were creeping away, while the young men were not slow to follow. Pierre breathed more freely as the noise of the dance was gradually hushed, and, silence gaining rapid ground, soon was utterly master of the field.

The girls tripped away lightly to their warm wigwams, the men followed with their ever stealthy cautious tread, and the fire was at length deserted. No! one solitary figure lingers beside its dying embers, gazing with singular intentness upon the glowing coals. It seemed some spectre, the spirit perhaps of neglected mirth, so silent, sad, and solemn were its movements. The heart of the young Swiss trapper beat warmly, the blood sped courser-like through his tingling veins, an anxious sensation filled his heart, as he gave a low, almost inaudible whistle, and then paused for the result.

The figure turned sharply, and then, resuming its attitude of deep reflection, paid no further attention to the hunter's signal. His heart seemed leaping upward to his throat, his teeth were clinched violently, and a cold tremour shook his whole frame, as it flashed across him that by that dim glimmering light his eyes had deceived him.

Presently the figure turned again, walked slowly and solemnly towards him, until within the shadow of the cave; then the bounding step of a light-heeled Indian girl brought Moama to the arms of her anxious but delighted lover. The moments which followed were most sweet and joyous; he, glad of the happy issue of his journey, clapsed his handsome prize to his heart—she, proud of the difficulties he had overcome to win her, gave no restraint unto her feelings. Some quarter of an hour of time flew by, and then Pierre spoke in a more connected manner than he had yet been able to assume, urging the girl to fly at once. She however demurred when he alluded to the capture of the horses.

"The nest of Moama will be empty, the eagle eye of the red man will see that the long knife is near, that the Flower of the Eutaw valley has fled with the mountain hunter. Moama must sleep in the wigwam of her fathers one night more."

The girl's voice was plaintive and sad, as if she regretted to leave the happy home which had so long known her; but the voice of love was too powerful, and stilled every other emotion.

Pierre was forced to agree that her proposition was wiser than his own, and accordingly after a few more words of endearment the lovers parted.

How thoroughly comprehensive is the account of Adam, as given at the bottom of the old picture in the Vatican!—"Adam, divinitus edoctus, primus scientiarum et literarum inventor."

GEORGE WACHS, OR THE MARCH OF CRIME.

In Lady Duff Gordon's Narrative of Remarkable Trials, translated from Von Feuerbach, the case of George Wachs most forcibly arrests attention; not merely because it is dismal, but because the sinner proceeded, led by temptation, from innocence to guilty avarice; from avarice to crime; and from one crime to another, and another; and we have thus a most solemn commentary on the importance of the Scripture admonition, "Let him who stands take heed lest he fall."

George Wachs was a carpenter's apprentice. His character was not remarkably good. Indolence and careless dissipation were imputed to him, but nothing very serious appeared against him till he committed the atrocious deeds Lady Gordon thus describes:—

"About two miles beyond Vilsbiburg, in the district of the Isar, on an eminence at two hundred paces from several mills, stands a solitary cottage called the Raschenhäuschen. This belonged to a poor honest shoemaker of about forty-two years age, named James Huber, who lived there with his wife Elizabeth and his three children—Catherine, a girl of nine; Michael, a boy of three; and a baby of two months old. One half of the cottage, with a separate entrance, was let to a day-labourer called Maier, and his family. Maier returned from his day's labour with his wife at about half-past six in the evening of Maunday Thursday, 8th of April, 1819, and was surprised at the unusual quiet of his neighbour's cottage; none of the shoemaker's family were to be seen or heard. Maier's sister-in-law, Maria Wieser, who had stayed at home all day, had seen the shoemaker's wife leave her house at about three and return home at six: she had heard her knock at the door and laugh aloud when it was opened to her, as if she was astonished at finding the door locked so early in the day, or as if some unexpected guest had advanced to meet her as she crossed the threshold. Since that time Maria Wieser had seen nothing of the shoemaker's family. On the following morning, too, the Hubers gave no token of their existence: no smoke came out of their chimney, the house-door remained closed; nothing stirred within, and continued knocking and calling produced no effect. At length, the daughter Catherine, with her face bloody and disfigured, looked out of the upper window, but was too much frightened to come down. After many earnest entreaties she at length opened the house-door. The first object that met the eyes of those who entered was the corpse of Elizabeth Huber bathed in blood. The body of little Michael was next found rolled up like a hedge-hog between the lowest of the stairs which led to the upper floor and a chest near them. The shoemaker's large iron hammer lay on the floor of the workshop, which was covered with blood, more especially all round the bench, which was upset: on the floor of the bedroom, near the bed, Huber was found lying dead, with his face towards the ground. On the bed, near its father's dead body, the infant slept unhurt, though half-starved with cold. All the bodies were in their usual dresses, and the shoemaker had on his leather apron. As there were no traces of violence on the outside of the house, which might lead to the supposition of housebreakers, the first impression was that the family might have done the deed themselves; but the overturned stool, round which was a pool of blood, and the awl drawn half through some leather which lay upon the table—these and several other circumstances clearly proved that the shoemaker must have been struck down while seated at his work, and afterwards dragged into the bed-room; besides, the appearance of the upper rooms proved that a robbery had been committed there. Several closets had been broken open with some sharp instrument, their contents tossed about in great disorder, and a hatband and buckle, which was probably of silver, cut off the shoemaker's hat. The first glance, therefore, proved beyond doubt that this triple murder must have been committed by one or more robbers, who had either stolen in to the house during the day, or found some pretext for staying there openly. Wachs was arrested, and confessed the crime. He was the son of a small farmer, and but nineteen years of age. With his master's leave, Wachs left home at eight o'clock in the morning of Maunday Thursday, the 8th of April, with the intention of making his Easter confession at Vilsbiburg. On his way he met Matthias Hingerl, a peasant's son, who was going to fetch his watch, which he had left to be mended at a watchmaker's, and which he wanted to wear during the approaching Easter festivities. George Wachs having unexpectedly found an agreeable companion, thought that any other day in the week would do as well for confessing, and spent the greater part of the morning at Vilsbiburg, not in the church, but in the public-houses, drinking beer and talking, chiefly about women and other adventures. Hingerl showed him his watch, which he had fetched from the watchmaker; and although George Wachs said nothing at the time, we may infer, from what subsequently happened, that the sight of this enviable possession painfully recalled to his recollection that, although he certainly had good clothes for the next Easter Sunday,

he was still without a watch. At about noon they both went merrily towards home, but stopped by the way at a village, where they drank three quarts more of beer, and then continued their journey. George Wachs, who, as well as his companion, had drank a good deal, but not enough to affect his senses, was exceeding merry and noisy, sang and rolled his hat along before him, ran after it, and played all manner of childish tricks. After accompanying Hingerl about two miles farther, he took leave of him, and said he was going to turn back, but did not say whither he was going or what he wanted. Hingerl had, however, previously remarked that Wachs walked lame, and on asking the reason, Wachs told him that he had cut his foot with a hatchet, and must have his boot mended before Easter Sunday. With this object only, so at least the accused declared on every examination, he turned back and went to the shoemaker's house, which he reached at about three, and where he found the shoemaker's wife and children, and some girls from the neighbouring mill. Before long, James S——came in and cut the shoemaker's hair, after which he went away again. It was not till then that the shoemaker set to work upon Wachs' boot; Wachs meanwhile played with the children, and took particular notice of little Michael, to whom he gave a carnival-cake. After his boot had been mended, and he had stayed some time with the shoemaker, he wished, according to his own account at least, to go away at about four o'clock, and he asked the shoemaker whether his clock was right? whereupon the latter told him that it was too slow by a quarter of an hour, and desired his wife to fetch him his silver watch from up stairs that he might wind it up. After bringing the watch to her husband, who wound it up, and hung it upon a nail in the wall beside him, she left the house and went to Sölling to buy fish for the next day. The children also went out to play in the garden with their companions, and George Wachs was left alone with the shoemaker in the workshop. Wachs asserted that he would have gone away with the wife, had not the shoemaker detained him, saying, 'Stop a bit longer; you cannot do much more to day, and I shall be dull all by myself.' The wife was very unwilling to leave the stranger alone with her husband. At Sölling, she told Mary Z—— that 'Schneeweisser's apprentice had already been three hours at her house; that the young man was drunk, and that she disliked his way of talking, which was so strange that it made her laugh at one moment and frightened her the next.' A fortnight before this, Wachs had been at the shoemaker's on a Sunday morning to have his boots mended, and she now said to Mary Wiesers, 'That fellow is at my house whom I dislike for coming during church time. Wachs had no idea of committing the crime he subsequently perpetrated, when his manner arrested the wife's attention. He says—

"'When the woman was gone,'—these are the crimnal's own words,—'we talked over a variety of indifferent matters, and for a long while no evil thought crossed my mind, although the watch was hanging before my eyes the whole time. All at once it struck me how beautiful the watch was. I took it from the wall, examined it closely, opened it, and asked the shoemaker how much it had cost. He told me that with a silver chain and seal, the watch had cost fourteen florins, but that the chain was up-stairs, in the cupboard, as he only wore it on holidays, when I should be able to see it. I remarked that I had a mind to buy them, if I could ever get together enough money, and he appeared quite willing to sell them. I could not get the watch out of my head: I walked up and down the room with my eyes fixed upon it, and the thought struck me that I would run off with it as soon as the shoemaker had left the room. But he never stirred from his seat, and continued hard at work upon the upper-leathers of a pair of shoes. The desire for the watch grew upon me every moment, and as I walked up and down the room, I turned over in my own mind how I could get possession of it; and as the shoemaker still sat at his work, it suddenly came across me—suppose I were to kill him? There lay the hammer: I took it up before the shoemaker's face and pretended to play with it; but I did not hit him directly, because I kept thinking to myself that I ought not to kill him. I walked up and down behind his back for some minutes with the hammer in my hand, but still in doubt. Then my longing after the watch gained the upper hand, and I said to myself, now is the time, otherwise the wife will be here too! and just as the shoemaker was most busily at work, I raised the hammer and struck him with it as hard as I could on the left temple: he fell from his seat covered with blood, and never moved or uttered a sound. I felt sure that I could kill him with one blow. I should think that a quarter of an hour must have elapsed while I went up and down the room thinking how I could get the watch: at length I struck the blow, and this was my last and worst thought. It must have been in an unlucky hour that the desire for the watch took so strong a hold of me. I had never thought about it before; nor should I have entered the shoemaker's house, but for my torn boot. As soon as the shoe maker was down, I put

the watch into my pocket and went up stairs to look for the chain. The key was in the door of the closet in the upper bedroom; and as I thought that they were sure to keep their best things there, I looked in it for the chain, which I did not find; but there were two sheep-skins, which I took. Just as I was going down stairs with the sheep-skins, I saw two other closets on the landing; I therefore turned back and broke them open with a hoe: thinking that perhaps I should now find the chain which belonged to the watch, I turned everything over, but did not find the chain; however I did find six florins in half-florin pieces, thirty kreutzers, and a silver hat-buckle. In the same place also was a hat with a silver filigree buckle, which I cut off, and put in my pocket.' (He then enumerated all the articles which he had taken; the value of all he stole, including the watch, which had cost nine florins, amounted to about thirty-three florins, or £2 15s.) He then proceeded:—'My chief object was still to find the silver chain, and it was only during my search for it that the other things fell in my way, and that I took them. When I had got all these things, I returned to the workshop to take a piece of leather, and perceived that the shoemaker still breathed: I therefore gave him a few more blows on the temple with the hammer, and then I thought I had better remove him into the bed-chamber, so that his wife might not see him immediately upon entering the house. I accordingly dragged him out of the shop into the chamber near the bed.' * * *

After dragging the murdered man into the chamber, and filling his own pockets with leather enough to make a pair of boots, in addition to the other articles, George Wachs was on the point of leaving the house when the two children met him at the door on their return from play. These children had seen him during nearly half the day, and knew him: if they remained alive, he was betrayed. There could be no doubt as to what his safety required: no choice was left him: the thought and the deed were one. He seized the little boy, and dashed him upon the ground at the foot of the stairs with such violence that the death-rattle was in his throat in a moment. He then flung Catherine with equal violence under the stairs, among a mass of wood and iron; but the girl after lying stunned for a short time, got up again and endeavoured to reach the inner room to seek protection from her father: the murderer then took up the hammer from the ground, struck the child with it about the face and head, and again threw her under the stairs among a heap of old wood and iron, where she lay motionless, and he concluded her to be dead. Little Michael, however, still breathed. 'When I saw,' continued the murderer, 'that I had thrown him with such violence that he could not survive, I gave him a few blows on the head with the hammer to put him out of his misery. I then threw him between the steps and an old chest, so that they might not find him directly.' This second business was now over; but, before he was well aware of it, a bloody harvest had sprung up under his hands for the seeds he had sown. As soon as the children had shared their father's fate, he again prepared for flight, but first looked out at the window to see whether any one was near who might observe him. Just then a man drove by in a cart, and he was forced to wait until it was out of sight. At last he thought he might escape in safety; but on putting his head out at the door to see if any one was near, he beheld the shoemaker's wife returning from Sölling; she had already turned off the road into her garden, and was only a few steps from the house, which he could not leave without running directly into her hands. It was clear then, that he must stay and murder her too, as he had already murdered her husband and children. 'When I saw the woman coming, I said to myself, now I cannot escape; I am lost, and I must kill her too. So I shut the door, seized the hammer, and held it with one hand hidden under my coat, while I opened the door with the other; the shoemaker's wife entered laughing, and said, Why, you have locked yourselves in! I made no answer. As soon as she entered the room she turned towards the chest which stood near the entrance, and which I had left open after my search for the chain. I stood behind her, nearest the door, and before she was aware of it I struck her such a heavy blow with the hammer on the left temple, that she instantly fell close to the chest, and only cried in a low voice, Jesus, Maria! I saw that she could not recover, and gave her several more blows on the head to put her out of her misery. I then dragged her on one side towards the inner room, so that people should not tread upon her as they entered the room. I then went into the inner room, threw a napkin full of eggs, which the woman had brought, into the grate, and the hammer on the ground,—hastily took up the little baby, which was lying on the bench, and laid it upon the bed in the back room, for fear it should fall and be hurt. I then left the house in perfect security, locked the front door, and then went straight home to my master's house, where I arrived at about half-past six. The whole affair could not have lasted an hour. It was past five when I struck the shoemaker, and by six the wife was killed. If it had not been for the watch-chain, I

should not have got into all this trouble, and nobody would have been killed but the shoemaker. I never once thought of killing the wife and the children."

While the wretched assassin was engaged in his work of blood, the poor little girl, supposed by him to be killed, was the unobserved beholder of his doings. She appeared against him in due course. He was condemned, and beheaded by the sword.

OBSOLETE PUNISHMENTS.

THE CUCKING-STOOL.

[From the *Archeological Album*, edited by T. Wright, Esq. A beautifully illustrated work, published by Chapman and Hall.]

During the middle ages, the corporations of towns had the right of independent legislation within their own liberties, and they took cognisance of many offences which were not provided against by the law of the land. Hence, various modes of inflicting punishment came into usage, which, with the gradual disappearance of the last traces of the medieval system and of medieval manners, have become entirely obsolete. Men are now no longer placed in the pillory, and they are seldom fixed in the stocks. Many years have passed away since the offending woman was subjected to that most disgraceful of trials,—

> "—— mounted in a cuair curule,
> Which moderns call a *cucking-stool*."

Hudibras, whose words we have just quoted, further characterises this invention as

> "—— an antichristian opera,
> Much used in midnight times of popery,
> Of running after self-inventions
> Of wicked and profane intentions,
> To scandalise that sex for scolding,
> To whom the saints are so beholden."

It is, however, to be presumed that the cucking-stool has fallen into disuse from the general improvement in the education and manners of the offending sex. It is but too certain that, during the middle ages, the female portion of the population, in the middle and lower classes, was, in general, neither virtuous nor amiable. It may seem strange to us that it should ever have been thought necessary to punish thus disgracefully a woman for the too free use of her tongue; but in the turbulent independence which reigned among the inhabitants of the medieval towns, the unruly member was not unfrequently the cause of riots and fueds which endangered the public peace to a greater degree than we can now easily conceive.

The cucking-stool, which we cannot trace out of our island, appears to have been in use in the Saxon times. It is distinctly mentioned in the Doomsday Book as being then employed in the city of Chester. The name means simply a *cathedra stercoris*, and it is not improbable that originally the punishment consisted only in the disgrace of being publicly exposed, seated upon such an article, during a certain period of time, the process of ducking being a subsequent addition. Borlase, in his "Natural History of Conwall," describes the cucking-stool used in that part of the country as "a seat of infamy, where scolds, with bare foot and head, were condemned to abide the derision of those that passed by, for such time as the bailiffs of manors, which had the privilege of such jurisdiction, did approve." According to the Scottish "Burrow Lawes," as declared in the "Regiam Majestatem," an ale wife, "gif she makes evill ail, contrair to the use and consuetude of the burgh, and is convict thereof, shee sall pay ane unlaw of aucht shillinges, or sal suffer the justice of the burgh, that is, shee sall be put upon the cock stule." In 1555 it was enacted by the queen-regent of Scotland, that itinerant singing-women should be put upon the cuck-stoles of every burgh or town; and the first "Homily against Contention," part 3, published in 1562, sets forth that "in all well-ordered cities, common brawlers and scolders be punished with a notable kind of paine, as to be set on the cucking-stole, pillory, or such like." By the statute of 3 Hen. VIII, carders and spinners of wool, who were convicted of fraudulent practices, were to be sett upon the pillorie or cukkyng stole, man or woman, as the case shall require." The manner in which these passages are worded would lead us to suppose that the offenders were not ducked; and in some instances the cucking-stool appears to have been stationary in a part of the town removed from the water. It also appears that in earlier times the cucking-stool was a punishment for women for various offences. At Sandwich, as we learn from Boys's "History," a punishment coexisting with the cucking-stool, and, like it, intended to expose the offender to public disgrace, was that of the "wooden-mortar." In 1518, a woman, for speaking abusively to the mayor of Sandwich. was sentenced to go about the town with the mortar carried before her. In 1534, two women were banished from Sandwich, for immoral behaviour; it was ordered by the court that "if they return one of them is to suffer the pain of sitting over the 'coqueen'-stool, and the other to be set three days in the stocks, with an allowance of only bread and water, and afterwards to be placed in the 'coqueen'-stool and dipped to the chin." There appears to be here a distinction made, which would show that the dipping was not the usual punishment of the cuck-

ing-stool. Two other incidents from the annals of Sandwich will explain the punishment of the mortar. In 1561, a woman, for scolding, was sentenced to sit in the stocks, and bear the mortar round the town; and in 1637, a woman, for speaking abusively of the mayoress, was condemned to carry the wooden mortar "throughout the town, hanging on the handle of an old broom upon her shoulder, one going before her tinkling a small bell."

The wooden mortar and the cucking-stool were preserved at Sandwich in the middle of the last century, and are both engraved in one of Boys's plates. The cucking-stool is a very singular specimen; and is looked upon as a great curiosity; and on the arms and back were carved or painted figures of men and women scolding. A woman is made to call the man "knave," while the man applies to his fair antagonist a still more indecorous term. On the cross-rib at the back of the chair is the following inscription:—

OF MEMBERS YE TONGE IS WORST OR BEST; AN YLL TONGE OFTE DOETH BREEDE UNRESTE.

Cole, as quoted in Brand's "Popular Antiquities," has left us a curious account of the cucking-stools (which he calls ducking stools) formerly existing at Cambridge, ornamented in a similar manner. Writing in 1780, he says, "In my time, when I was a boy, I remember to have seen a woman ducked for scolding. The chair hung by a pulley fastened to a beam about the middle of the bridge, in which the woman was confined, and let down under the water three times, and then taken out. The bridge was then of timber, before the present stone bridge of one arch was builded. The ducking-stool was constantly hanging in its place, and on the back panel of it were engraved devils laying hold of scolds &c. Some time after, a new chair was erected in the place of the old one, having the same devils carved on it, and well painted and ornamented. When the new bridge of stone was erected, about 1754, this was taken away, and I lately saw the carved and gilt back of it nailed up by the shop of one Mr. Jackson, a whitesmith. In October, 1776, I saw in the old town-hall a third ducking-stool, of plain oak, with an iron bar before it to confine the person in the seat."

None of the cucking-stools preserved to our times, as far as we know, are ornamented in the manner of those at Sandwich, and Cambridge. A cut in a history of Ipswich, printed in 1830 (and reproduced in the "Gentleman's Magazine" of January 1831) gives a spirited sketch of the manner in which this chair is supposed to have been used, by attaching it to a crane which let it down into the water. Another cucking-stool, recently sold in London, is engraved in Cruden's "History of Gravesend;" it is a mere square box, in which the offender was placed, and let down by a cord. An original cucking-stool, of ancient and rude construction, is preserved in the crypt of St. Mary's Church, in Warwick, with a three-wheeled carriage, on which it is supposed to have been suspended by a long balancing-pole, and so lowered into the water. In the old accounts of the town of Gravesend we find charges for wheels for the cucking-stool, and for bringing it into the market-place.

Lysons has given us an extract from the accounts of Kingston upon Thames, in the year 1572, relating to the cucking-stool there, which had wheels:—

"The making of the cucking-stool, 8s.
Iron-work for the same, 3s.
Timber for the same, 7s. 6d.
Three brasses for the same, and three wheels, 4s. 10d."

At Banbury, the cucking-stool and the pillory stood near each other, at the lower part of the market-place, where was also a horse-pool, and there are several entries in the town accounts of the middle of the sixteenth century relating to them.

In fact, nearly all town accounts during the sixteenth century and the commencement of the seventeenth contain entries relating to these implements of punishment. The practice of ducking continued through the whole of the seventeenth century, and the name, now no longer understood in its original form, began to be changed to *ducking-stool*. Instances of this punishment being put in practice occur as late as the middle of the last century. In Brand's "Popular Antiquities," an extract is given from a London newspaper of the year 1745, stating that "Last week, a woman that keeps the Queen's Head ale-house at Kingston, in Surrey, was ordered by the court to be ducked for scolding, and was accordingly placed in the chair, and ducked in the river Thames, under Kingston Bridge, in the presence of two or three thousand people." The guilty individual appears to have been often carried to the place of punishment in procession by the mob. Our readers will remember the description of such a procession in "Hudibras," which makes the subject of one of Hogarth's illustrations of that poem. After the publication of Hogarth's plate, this procession was acted on the stage, and appears to have formed the principal attraction of a silly dramatic entertainment, entitled, "The Wedding: a tragi-comi-pastoral opera. As it is acted at the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden. With an Hudibrastick Skimington. Written by Mr. Hawker." More than one edition of this opera was

printed in 1734, with a plate slightly altered from Hogarth. It may be added, that one of Rowlandson's caricatures represents the process of ducking a scold.

The coarse satirical writers of the sixteenth century, to whose envenomed shafts the female sex was a frequent butt, often allude to the cucking-stool. One or two extracts are given by Sir Henry Ellis, in his notes to Brand's "Popular Antiquities." We may add the following. In a rare tract by M. P[arker], printed soon after the year 1600, under the title of "Harry White his Humour," it is obeerved, "Item, having lately read the rare history of patient Grizell, out of it he hath drawne this philosophicall position, that if all women were of that woman's condition, we should have no employment for cuckin-stooles." A satirical ballad of the same period, in a manuscript in private hands, says of a riotous female—

"Coach hir no more, but cart hir now,
Provide the cookinge stoole,
And if she scold better than I,
Let me be thoughte a foole."

A prose satire, published in 1678, and entitled, "Poor Robin's True Character of a Scold," contains the following passage: —"A burr about the moon is not half so certain a presage of a tempest at sea, as her brow is of a storm on land. And though laurel, hawthorn, and seal-skin are held preservatives against thunder, magick has not yet been able to finde any amulet so sovereign as to still her ravings; for, like oyl pour'd on flames, good words do but make her rage the faster. and when once her flag of defiance, the tippet, is unfurl'd, she cares not a straw for constable nor cucking-stool."

Fashionable Novels.—Among the moralists who keep themselves erect by the perpetual swallowing of pokers, it is the fashion to decry the "fashionable" novels. These works have their demerits; but a vast influence which they exert for an undeniable good, has never yet been duly considered. "Ingenuos didicisse fideliter *libros*, emollit mores nec sinit esse feros." Now, the fashionable novels are just the books which most do circulate among the class unfashionable; and their effect in softening the worst callosities—in smoothing the most disgusting asperities of vulgarism, is prodigious. With the herd to admire and attempt imitation are the same thing. What if, in this case, the manners imitated are frippery; better frippery than brutality—and, after all, there is little danger that the intrinsic value of the sturdiest iron will be impaired by a coating of even the most diaphanous gilt.—*E. A. Poe.*

MOONLIGHT ON THE WATERS.

(By the author of "Rural Sonnets," "Sunlight on the Waters," "Spartacus," and other Tragedies.)

If, from the gorgeous Sun, more genial rays,
To warm and cheer humanity, unite;
His sister-regent of the skies displays
A more suggestive, soul-communing light—
In this, the mystical and vast we trace;
In that, a festal joy for all our race.
Forth on the Fancy's musings!—o'er the sea,
The Moon creates a causeway with her beams,
Capacious in its shining pageantry,
And broad, and firm, though undulous it seems;
Awe creeps upon us as the distance blends,
So glassy cold, with space that never ends,
And our thoughts reach it, chasten'd and subdued,
The flesh is weak to grasp the spheral solitude.

Lo! moonlight on the waters—where, congeal'd,
The Frost-King piles them for his crystal halls,
And dwells on peaks whose whiteness is reveal'd
In light that daunts the gazer, yet enthralls.
Up, giddy mortal! up the dazzling steeps,
And shiver—like the sprites whom Dante shrin'd
In ice—an avalanche beneath thee sweeps!
The valleys shriek! look upward, not behind;
The fascination of the headlong mass
Might snatch thee after—onward, upward pass;
A shadow grows colossal, 'midst the range
Over against thee on thy slipp'ry height, [strange
And, when thou mov'st, it moves—how ghastly
This spectre on the snows, trac'd darkly to the sight.

Exchange the scene, and, wand'ring hill and dale,
In milder regions, mark the lunar rays
Splash in the waterfall; or, silv'ry pale, [plays;
Dance on the stream wherewith the west wind
Or, flick'ring through some Vall'Ombrosa's boughs,
Smile on yon pair, soul-deep in lovers' vows.
Now, waft thee to the ocean's maze, wherein
Venice admires herself—like Eve beside
The fountain—and thy pilgrimage begin,
With the moon full upon her palac'd tide;
Or, at high Summer, in thy native clime,
To music echoing from some woody shore,
Hail, 'neath the starry heavens, the light sublime
Which Night, and Night's chaste Queen, upon the waters pour.

Inner Temple, 1846.

—*Hood's Magazine for March.*

Reviews.

Foreign Quarterly Review for April.

[Chapman and Hall.]

More lively and amusing than the *Edinburgh* or *Quarterly*, this able journal is quite their equal in talent and profundity; while in varied knowledge, in richness of language, and eloquence which persuadeth, it is far their superior. Its writers are men who evidently make their articles a matter of intense thought and study; they are not content with superficially skimming over a subject, and making claptrap hits thereupon—they do not affect mere wit and playing with politics—but they write with a dignity and loftiness of thought quite statesmanlike, because by observation and reflection they have fitted themselves to be statesmen. Profound political axioms, philosophical and wise remarks on men and manners, abound throughout. We shall illustrate our position by a con-

stant succession of paragraphs that must convince our readers at once of the correctness of our opinion. At the same time, we do not pledge ourselves to all the opinions quoted, but in all cases admire the talent of the *morceaux* selected. The first article is on the present state of Spain, giving, with a master hand, a picture of affairs in that unhappy country. It explains facts and circumstances unknown before. Of the review of George Sand we shall say nothing, passing to a splendid review of Michelet's *Peuple*. Of the profound state-paper—we can call it nothing less—on the present war in India, we shall only say that it breathes the perfume of genius in every line. With its opinions we have nothing to do; but those who differ and those who agree will be equally delighted with its masterly management of the subject. The most pleasing article to our taste, however, is the "English in Borneo." It is the only one we have read not wholly made up from Keppel's very interésting book. We quote the following:

"When the Portuguese first visited Borneo, in 1520, it contained three powerful Mohammedan kingdoms, with several rich and populous cities, carrying on a flourishing commerce with the neighbouring countries. The Chinese had settled on various parts of the coast in great numbers, and, by their enterprise and industry, chiefly, perhaps, contributed to keep alive its trade and develop its resources. Pigafetta's account of Bruni the capital of Borneo proper, suggests a very high idea of the wealth and population of the island at that period. He accompanied Magellan and saw what he describes; and, therefore, though there may be some unintentional exaggeration in his picture, it may yet be presumed upon the whole to bear a tolerably correct likeness to the original. From the narrative of the Indian traveller it would appear that Bruni, or Borneo City, contained upwards of 200,000 inhabitants, the number of the houses being stated at about 25,000, and many persons, according to the custom of the country, residing in one house. The sultan was opulent, kept a magnificent court, and seems to have possessed numerous elephants adorned with silken trappings, since he sent two of those animals thus richly caparisoned to bring the European messengers to his palace. From the number of his secretaries we may infer the spaciousness of his dominions, while the extent of his harem may suggest the way in which much of his revenues was consumed. At a considerably later period, in 1687, the world appeared to be on the verge of obtaining some account of the interior parts of the island, and of the barbarous tribes and nations by which they are inhabited. For Father Antonio Ventimiglia, a Sicilian monk, setting out from Goa under the auspices of the Portuguese, arrived in the Benjermassing river, and after several unsuccessful attempts at length broke through the belt as it were of Moorish population, which extends apparently round the whole island, and contrived to reach the interior. Ventimiglia in enthusiasm and benevolence, was not unworthy to be the predecessor of Mr. James Brooke. He seems to have conceived the strongest possible desire to convert and civilise the pagan natives of Borneo, and risked, and at length sacrificed his life in the attempt. His story is full of romantic interest. Arriving in the river Benjermassing he there hired a small vessel, and by the fervour of his devotion, the striking ceremonies by which it was accompanied, but, above all, by the austerity of his life and the perfect disinterestedness of his character, produced a highly favourable impression on the simple minds of such natives of the interior, as frequented the mouth of the river in their prahus. There were the Brajus, who conceived so strong an affection for the worthy monk, that they carried him up along with them into their own country; and, at his persuasion, made profession of christianity. The sort of life led by Ventimiglia in the interior is unknown; but, as he is reported to have baptised great numbers of the natives, it may be conjectured that he altogether devoted himself to the work of conversion. It is not exactly known how long he survived; but, he is supposed to have died in the year 1691, in the midst of the little congregation he had converted; or, more properly perhaps, attached to himself, since the time allowed him was far too short to have operated any great change in the opinions and habits of thought of so uncultivated a people. He fell a victim in all likelihood to the climate, and is body is believed to have been long preserved in a cottage, to which, according to the notions of the Brajus, it imparted miraculous powers. There can scarcely be a doubt that this island was known to the Arabs for many centuries before it was visited by Europeans, and that it supplied the originals of several of the wildest pictures in the Arabian Nights. Smitten by the grandeur of its scenery, the Alpine loftiness of its mountains, the breadth and number of its rivers, the vast luxuriance of its vegetation, its riches in gold and diamonds, and spices, and odoriferous gums, the strange animals found in its forests, and above all, the wild tribes of pagan inhabiting its mountains, their uncouth rites and superstitions, the peculiar character of their dress and ornaments, their stature and colour, the construction

of their barks, and the roving piratical life to which many of them seem always to have been addicted; the Mussulman writers of Arabia and Egypt suffered their imaginations to run riot in this half-fabulous island. Even now it continues to be unexplored by science, though something has been done towards lifting the veil from certain portions of its coasts and rivers. Probably, as it is one of the largest, so it will be found to be the most beautiful island in the world; traversed in nearly its whole extent by a remarkable elevated chain of mountains, which attract and intercept the clouds, and convey down their moisture, through innumerable glens and valleys, towards the plains; it possesses a number of noble rivers, some of which are of great depth, and navigable to a considerable distance inland. Several of these take their rise, it is said, in a spacious lake, situated among the elevated table-lands of the interior, among the peaks of Keni Balù."

Clarke's Dramatic Series.—The Broken Heart.

[Hayward and Adam.]

Of this cheap and pleasing series three numbers have been for some time before the public; a fourth is published this day, containing "The Broken Heart," by Ford, which must have even more success than the former volumes. The preceding numbers contain, The Mountaineers, The Poor Gentleman, and John Bull, all by Colman; while The Iron Chest will form No. 5. Our illustration on the first page will give a faithful idea of the style in which these extraordinarily cheap works are got up, while the following from Charles Lamb must induce the reader to procure the play.

THE BROKEN HEART.

"I do not know where to find, in any play, a catastrophe so grand, so solemn, and so surprising as in this. This is, indeed, according to Milton, to describe high passions and high actions. The fortitude of the Spartan boy, who let a beast gnaw out his bowels till he died without expressing a groan, is a faint bodily image of this dilaceration of the spirit, and exenteration of the inmost mind, which Calantha, with a holy violence against her nature, keeps closely covered, till the last duties of a wife and a queen are fulfilled. Stories of martyrdom are but of chains and the stake; a little bodily suffering. These torments

'On the purest spirits prey,
As on entrails, joints, and limbs,
With answerable pains, but more intense.'

What a noble thing is the soul in its strengths and in its weaknesses! Who would be less than Calantha? Who can be so strong? The expression of this transcendant scene almost bears us in imagination to Calvary and the Cross; and we seem to perceive some analogy between the scenical sufferings which we are here contemplating and the real agonies of that final completion to which we dare no more than hint a reference. Ford was of the first order of poets. He sought for sublimity, not by parcels, in metaphors or visible images, but directly where she has her full residence in the heart of man; in the actions and sufferings of the greatest minds. There is a grandeur of the soul about mountains, seas, and the elements. Even in the poor perverted reason of Giovanni and Annabella, in the play which stands at the head of the modern collection of the works of this author, we discern traces of that fiery particle, which, in the irregular starting from out the road of beaten action, discovers something of a right line even in obliquity, and shows hints of an improveable greatness in the lowest descents and degradations of our nature."

New Monthly Magazine,

Edited by Ainsworth, contains the usual variety and ability. Spanish Ballads, by John Oxenford, are gems, one of which we shall transfer when we have space. The names of G. P. R. James, Marryat, Maxwell, are sufficient to command for this magazine a large amount of readers.

Ainsworth's Magazine

Contains nine chapters of a very well-executed adaptation of Piquillo Alliaga; The Count of Monte Christo; Old St. Paul's, by Ainsworth, one of his most picturesque romances; and several other amusing and able articles.

Chambers' Edinburgh Journal. No. 118, New Series.

The only cheap publication which, combining the useful with the agreeable, has succeeded, by the mere force of talent and the services of men of the highest attainments, in gaining an influence and circulation unequalled in the history of literature. We can but say to the two admirable pioneers of civilisation and education who conduct it, go on and prosper. Tales, sketches, essays, scientific information, poetry, all combine to render it unique, while its selections are judicious and interesting.

The Drama.

"The Crusaders" at Drury Lane is a great and remarkable opera, while "The Beggar on Horseback" at the Haymarket is an equally admirable comedy. Both have served the treasury.

We are happy in being able to state that

the original English Antigone, Miss Vandenhoff, is so far on the road to recovery (by the aid of the sea breezes, &c.), from the effects of the accident to her knee, under which she has for a considerable time past been suffering, as to be likely, very soon, to find herself in a condition to fulfil some of her delayed and numerous engagements.—*Theatrical Journal.*

Augsburgh, 19th March.— The "Satyre of Sophocles," with Mendelssohn's music, was admirably performed here yesterday, by the Lisdertasil, or Harmonic Society. The chorus consisted of one hundred and sixty voices, assisted by a powerful band. The actors were Madame Sophie Schroder (who sustained the four parts of Antigone, her Sister, The Watcher, and Hæmon), Herr Schenk, and Herr Van Bree. A numerous audience attended, from all parts of Bavaria, and many members of both chambers.—*Augsburgh Gazette.*

The Gatherer.

Enterprise stimulated by Imagination.—There would, however, be few enterprises of great labour or hazard undertaken, if we had not the power of magnifying the advantages which we persuade ourselves to expect from them. When the knight of La Mancha gravely recounts to his companion the adventures by which he is to signalise himself in such a manner that he shall be summoned to the support of empires, solicited to accept the heiress of the crown which he has preserved, have honours and riches to scatter about him, and an island to bestow on his worthy squire, very few readers amidst their mirth or pity, can deny that they have admitted visions of the same kind; though they have not, perhaps, expected events equally strange, or by means equally inadequate. When we pity him, we reflect on our own disappointments; and when we laugh, our hearts inform us that he is not more ridiculous than ourselves, except that he tells us what we have only thought.—*Johnson.*

Kindness to Animals.—Cows will show their pleasure at seeing those who have been kind to feed them, by moving their ears gently, and putting out their wet noses. My old horse rests his head on the gate with great complacency when he sees me coming, expecting to receive an apple or a piece of bread. I should even be sorry to see my poultry and pigs get out of my way with any symptoms of fear.—*Gesse's Gleanings.*

Suing for Damages.—"Hillos, Sharp," said Pop, meeting him the other day in the street, "you hobble, my boy; what's the matter with you?" "Oh, I had my feet crushed through the carelessness of a conductor the other day, between the cars, that's all." "And don't you mean to sue for damages?" "Damages, no I have had damages enough from them already; hadn't I better sue for repairs?"—*American paper.*

Home.—Home can never be transferred, never repeated in the experience of an individual. The place consecrated by parental love; by the innocence and sports of childhood; by the first acquaintance with nature; by linking the heart to the visible creation, is the only home. There is a living and breathing spirit infused into nature. Every familiar object has a history; the trees have tongues, and the very air is vocal. There the vesture of decay doth not close in and controul the noble functions of the soul. It sees, and hears, and enjoys, without the ministry of gross and material substances.—*Leslie.*

The American Excavator.—A steam excavating machine, upon which the railway labourers have bestowed the name of the "American Devil," is now being employed at Hull in excavating the Victoria dock. It was invented about eight years ago by a gentleman of New York, and has been exclusively used in the formation of American railways. It consists of a portable steam-engine of about 16-horse power, and it is furnished with a crane, to which is attached a large square bucket of wood, armed with six tusks. These tusks pierce the earth, which at once fills the buckets, two buckets filling an earth wagon. The machine requires two engineers and three men, and does the work of 30 men, filling above 200 wagons per day, each wagon containing seven tons of earth.—*Railway Bell.*

Transparency of Quicksilver.—M. Midsens has found that quicksilver in minute globules is transparent, and transmits a blue light, slightly tinged with violet. These globules are formed when a fine stream of water is dropped on a mercury bath; the drops of water, in consequence of falling with some force, become covered with a thin pellicle of mercury, which present the fact here stated. The result has been verified by Arago.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Answers will be given monthly on the wrapper. Our next number will contain the translation of a most picturesque and able tale, "Aphalo, or the Basque Smuggler," by A. Duhart Fauvel, taken from the *Observateur Francais*, an admirable journal, published weekly in London.

To those correspondents who have at once given the new Editor assurances of good-will and support, our best thanks are tendered. Poetry, however, must be short and good. Quality, not quantity, is our motto. Advertisements will only be inserted on the monthly wrapper.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

"VELUTI IN SPECULUM."

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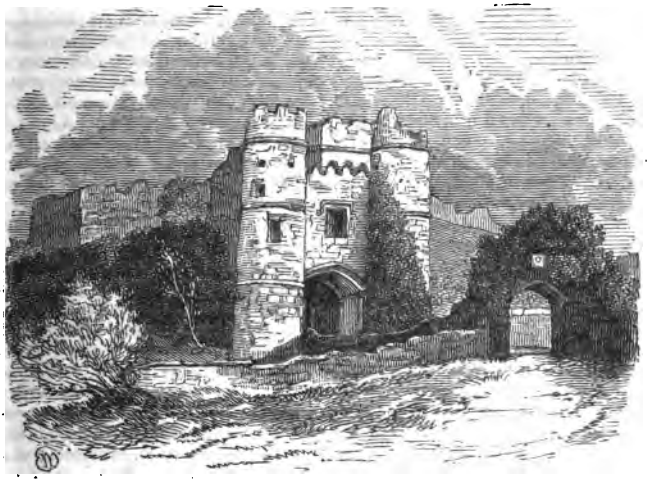


CARISBROOKE CASTLE.

History and romance combine to render Carisbrooke Castle an object of the deepest interest. It occupies a position as bold and conspicuous in history, as to the eye its situation is prominent and commanding. It is the only ancient fortress that was ever erected in the island, bears marks of considerable antiquity, and, judging from its foundation and form, was most probably erected anterior to the Conquest. Time and whim have so frequently removed and repaired other portions of the castle, that the antiquary may find himself provokingly baffled in any attempt to assign a feasible date to their erection. The gate of entrance, however, which is extremely handsome, is supposed to have been built in the reign of Henry IV,—the arms of Woodville, chiselled in the front, imparting some cogency to that conjecture. Lluyd says, there was a city here called Caerbroc,—the city of yew trees. Dr. Stukeley assigns its erection to the emperor Carausius. Roman coins of the time of Tiberius Cæsar and Germanicus have been dug up, to the north of the castle. The Saxon annals of 530 give an account of the siege of the castle, and its capture, by Cerdic. There are traces of Saxon handiwork in the appearance of part of the wall of the base court.

The walls of the Norman fortress, including the keep, which is probably more ancient, inclose about an acre and a half of ground, approaching in form to a rectangular parallelogram, with the angles rounded; these angles seem to have been rebuilt when the works were enlarged by Elizabeth, when the fortress included about twenty acres. The keep occupies the summit of an artificial mound, between fifty and sixty feet high, situated near the north-west angle of the walls; this, as well as the walls, was defended by a surrounding fosse. A flight of seventy-two steps leads up the mound to the entrance, which was anciently defended by a strong double gate and portcullis, near which is a well. No part of the palace of the lords of the island—whose residence was here, until the seizure of it by Edward I—is now in being. The upper apartments are wholly destroyed; though a small decayed staircase yet remains, which led to the platform at the summit of the keep, from the ruined walls of which is a very extensive and beautiful prospect, including great part of the island, together with parts of the New Forest, and the Portsdown hills. On this spot the royal standard is displayed on joyful occasions, or when the governor resides in the castle. At the bottom of the mound was a sally-port, defended by a bastion; but neither was strong enough to defend itself against the assaults of time

which, by the conquering force of silent but certain artillery, has made dust of both.

Entering on the west side, by Lord Woodville's gate, you will discover another gate, more ancient, which, with its wicket of lattice-work, made of oak, and covered with bars of iron, open into the inner area, where are seen the ruins of a guard-house, and the chapel of St. Nicholas, the latter built in 1738, and used on occasions when the mayor and high constables of Newport are sworn into office. On the opposite and north side are the ruins of the buildings occupied by Charles I during his imprisonment in this castle. A small room, said to be his chamber, is still shown. "The extensive outworks, faced with stone," says Sir Henry Englefield, "were added in the reign of queen Elizabeth, who thus prepared a prison for Charles, the history of whose detention here is well known. It seems that the apartments inhabited by him are now in a state of ruin; and so transient is tradition, that it is not certainly known out of which of the windows he attempted his escape. The governor of the island has his residence in the castle; but his apartments, though tolerably extensive, are by no means magnificent, and far from cheerful, as only one window in the whole looks out of the enclosure of the castle, or has the least enjoyment of the beautiful view it commands." The general appearance of the fortress is strikingly picturesque. Its mouldering walls richly mantled with ivy, the keep rising proudly above the rest of the buildings, and the elegant gate, make it an object of very considerable beauty, and, as such, it has exercised the pencils of numerous artists.

Isabella de Fortibus resided here in great state and dignity; and her charter to Newport is dated from this place. Here also the will of Philippa, Duchess of York, who died in the 9th of Henry VI, was opened, in which she styles herself Lady of the Isle of Wight. The adventitious lustre reflected on this fortress, from its having been the scene of the imprisonment of Charles I, has already been intimated; and there are yet some further circumstances, says a writer in the Beauties of England and Wales, relating to his confinement here that require detail. Among the books that served for the amusement of his lonely hours, were Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity, Tasso's Jerusalem, and Spenser's Fairie Queen; these, with the Sacred Scriptures, and some works on religious subjects, formed the whole of his library. Stated hours were set apart for devotion and writing; and his *Suspiria Regalia*, the manuscript of which was found among his books, is thought to have been composed during his captivity. His mornings in the early part of his confinement were generally employed in walking on the rampart; and many persons obtained access to him at these times, under pretence of being touched for the king's evil. The subsequent rigour of his imprisonment may be attributed to the attempts made to effect his rescue. The second attempt, and which seems to have failed through the king's inadvertency, is related at length in Herbert's Memoirs. From them it appears that a correspondence had been secretly commenced with some gentlemen of the island, and it was determined that Charles should let himself down by a cord from his chamber-window, and again from the top of the ramparts; under which a swift horse, with a guide, were to be placed in readiness, to convey him to a vessel purposely stationed at the sea-side. The chief difficulty in the scheme was the narrow space between the bars; but Charles affirmed that he had tried the passage, and did not doubt but that it was sufficiently large. The preparations were therefore completed, the hour of enterprise was come, the concerted signal was given, and Charles attempted to force himself through the window; but though he found an easy passage for his head, he stuck fast in endeavouring to protrude his neck and shoulders, and for some time he could neither advance nor retreat. His groans were heard by his friends below; but nothing could be done to relieve him. At length, by repeated efforts, he forced himself back; and immediately placed a candle in the window, as an intimation that the design was frustrated. As the attempt was not discovered at the time, it was again resolved to have recourse to the same means, and files and aquafortis were conveyed to the king from London, for the purpose of removing the impediments that had before obstructed his escape. Some intelligence, however, had been received by Hammond, which occasioned a more strict degree of watchfulness, and Major Rolfe, by pretending to be in the king's interest, obtained the confidence of some of the persons concerned, and, of course, was made acquainted with the plan. The night was, however, fixed; and Charles was getting through the window, when perceiving more persons beneath it than he expected, he drew back, and retired to bed. Soon afterwards the governor entered the chamber, and Charles found that the scheme had miscarried. The gentlemen who had been concerned escaped with some difficulty; and Charles himself appears to have been in great danger, as Major Rolfe exhibited a charged pistol, declaring that he had resolved to shoot the king with it as he descended from the window.

In the year 1648, the House of Commons

determined to revive their negotiations with the captive monarch: a new treaty was proposed, and the town of Newport appointed as the place of arbitration. The king was to enjoy the same state of freedom as when at Hampton Court. After two months occupied with fruitless deliberations, Fairfax resolved to seize the king. Colonel Ewes was despatched to the island for that purpose. On the evening of the 29th November, the king received intimation, through a person in disguise, that the army intended to seize him at night. The Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Lindsay, and Colonel Cooke, in the king's interest, were made acquainted with this intelligence, and the colonel waited upon Major Rolfe, who denied all knowledge of such an intent, saying, "You may assure the king from me, that he may rest quietly this night, for on my life he shall have no disturbance this night." The colonel observed that Rolfe laid great stress on the words *this night*, and questioned him further; but he still denied all knowledge of the intentions of the Parliament. In the evening about 2,000 troops landed on the island. The weather was very tempestuous, and perceiving the soldiers drawn up round the castle, Charles exclaimed, "Surely there must be some very extraordinary business in hand, that can cause such a body of men to be so recently landed, and in so bitter a night as this, exposed to the extremity of the weather." The Duke of Richmond, Earl of Lindsay, and Colonel Cooke, entreated him to attempt his escape. "Suppose," said the latter, "I should not only tell your majesty that the army mean suddenly to seize upon your person, but, by concurring circumstances, should fully convince you of it; — supposing also that, besides the pass-word, I have horses ready at hand, a vessel attending me and hourly expecting me at Cowes, myself both ready and desirous of serving your majesty, and the darkness of the night, as it were, suiting to the purpose, so that I can perceive no visible difficulty in the thing;—the only remaining question is, what will your majesty resolve to do?" The king, it is said, replied, "They have promised me, and I have promised them: I will not break first." He was seized that very night, and beheaded seven weeks afterwards.

The traveller will, of course, pay eager visit to King Charles's Window. The well-house and the donkey must not be lost sight of; the latter is a very intelligent quadruped, and not only amusing but useful. The well is in the castle-yard, is 300 feet deep, and supposed to have been constructed by the Romans. The guide throws in water, the splash of which at the bottom is not heard for five seconds; the ass performs the part of windlass in drawing up the bucket. A lighted lamp being sunk and allowed to float upon the surface of the water, conveys a pretty accurate idea of the depth of this well.

APROPOS OF TOBACCO.

BY AN OLD SMOKER.

[From Bentley's Miscellany.]

"Blessed be the man who invented sleep!" was the pious ejaculation of our worthy and inimitable friend Sancho Panza, and we, not denying the advantages, pleasures, and delights of slumber, change the subject-matter, and exclaim, "Blessed be the man who discovered tobacco!" Yes! blessed be the man who first rescued this precious weed from obscurity, and brought it into general estimation. For what has been more useful to mankind? what more beneficial? Its virtues are manifold; their name is legion. Truly the Indians proved their wisdom by making the pipe the symbol of peace, for what more soothing? what more consolatory? To all men it proves of service, from royalty to the bone-picker. The philosopher over his pipe and coffee (excellent berry, rare weed!) reasons and speculates with a freshness and vigour which encourage him in his labours. And if invention consist, as Condilliac will have it, in combining in a new manner ideas received through the senses, when are they received with such force, clearness, and energy as when under the inspiration of the Virginian weed? The historian, whose province it is to study facts, events, manners, the spirit of epochs, can certainly not do justice to his subject if he be not an adept in blowing a cloud.

The romancist, who differs only from the historian in that he embodies brief spaces and not centuries, families and not races, he, too, must love his meerschaum or his cheroot. Leaning back leisurely upon his sofa, if he have one, and puffing his amber mouth-piece, ideas, thoughts, feelings, rush in rapid succession upon the mind prepared for kindly and soothing emotions. In the curling wreaths of vapour which ambiently play around him he discovers lovely and exquisite images; amid the shadowy pulsations which throb in the atmosphere, he sees the fair and exquisite countenance of woman, faint, perhaps, as the shade cast by the Aphrodisian star, but yet visible to his eye. The aromatic leaf is the *matériel* of his incantations. Yes, there is magic in the cigar.

Then, to the sailor, on the wide and tossing ocean, what consolation is there save in his old pipe? While smoking his inch and a half of clay, black and polished, his Susan or his Mary becomes manifest before him; he secs her, holds converse with

her spirit. In the red glare from the ebony bowl, as he walks the deck at night, or squats on the windlass, are reflected the bright sparkling eyes of his sweetheart. Its association of ideas is the principal tie to him, save and except the tie of his wig. It reminds him of the delights of Paddy's Goose and Wapping; it brings him to the end of his voyage, when the perils of the sea are to be forgotten in taking the size of pots of ale. But there is no end to the list of those to whom tobacco is a charmed thing. The Irish fruit-woman, the Jarvie without a fare, the policeman on a quiet beat, the soldier at ease, all bow to the mystic power of tobacco, and none more than ourself. What it is they know not, nor do they care. It may be cabbage-leaves for aught they concern themselves. They do not reflect upon the millions which the luxury keeps employed in producing, rearing, preparing, transporting, and vending. It may come from the moon, just as well as from Tobago or Virginia.

But then, too, it is medicinal. How many times, in the swamps of the far West, have I escaped malaria, yellow fever, ague, perhaps death, by an unsparing use of the weed; and yet, doubtless, ere long some new Father Mathew will open a crusade against the article. We opine, however, that the *vapourings* of the anti-tobacco-ites would turn out a *bottle of smoke*. The worst we wish them is, that they may meet the fate of the love-sick Chinese student, who, in absence of mind, sat down in the bowl of his pipe, and inhaling himself, vanished in thin air; at all events, so says the author of that delightful and witty book ycleped "The Porcelain Tower." Our ancestors were wiser than to start such Don Quixote theories. Observe the seriousness with which an ancient writer, chronicling Sir Walter Raleigh's discoveries, describes the weed:—"There is an herbe which is sowed apart by itselfe, and is called by the inhabitants Uppowoc; in the West Indies it hath divers names, according to the several places and countreys where it groweth and is used: the Spanyards generally call it Tabacco. The leaves thereof being dried, and brought into powder, they use to take the fume or smoake thereof by sucking it thorow pipes made of clay, into their stomache and head; from whence it purgeth superfluous fleame, and openeth all the pores of the body: whereby their bodies are notably preserved in health, and know not many grievous diseases wherewithal we in England are oftentimes afflicted. This Uppowoc is of so precious estimation amongst them, that they thinke their gods are marvellously delighted therewith: whereupon some time they make hallowed fires, and cast some of the powder therein for a sacrifice: being in a storm upon the waters, to pacify their gods, they cast some up into the air, and into the water: to a weare for fish being newly set up, they cast some therein, and into the aire: also after an escape of danger, they cast some into the aire likewise: but all done with strange gestures, stamping some time, dancing, clapping of hands, holding up hands, and staring up into the heavens, uttering there-withal, and chattering strange words and noises. We ourselves, during the time we were there, used to sucke it after their manner, as also since our return, and have found many rare and wonderful experiments of the virtues thereof: of which the relation would require a volume by itselfe: the use of it by so many of late, *men and women* of great calling, as els and some learned physicians also, is sufficient witnesse."

So says Mr. Thomas Hariot, and we think him a smart man. King James was of a different opinion. In these days of tobacco, the following gives a very high opinion of the author's simplicity:—

"The Floridians, when they travell, have a kind of herbe dried, who with a cane and an earthen cup in the end with fire, and the dried herbs put together, doe sucke thorow the cane the smoke thereof, which smoke satisfieth their hunger, and therewith they live four or five days without meat or drinke, and this is all the Frenchmen used for this purpose."

It was in the West Indies, or Antilles, that the Spaniards first discovered tobacco. The word itself, now adopted by all European nations, is of Haytian origin. St. Domingo has the honour of giving the plant its most wide-spread appellation. The ancient Mexicans called it *yetl*, the Peruvians *sayri*. In both countries the aborigines smoked and took snuff. At the court of Montzeuma, the nobility made use of tobacco smoke as a narcotic, not only after dinner, to induce a siesta, but in order to sleep after breakfast, as is still done in certain divisions of America. The dry leaves of the *yetl* were rolled into *cigars*, and afterwards inserted in tubes of silver, wood, or reed; often *liquidambar styraciflua* gum and other aromatics were intermingled. The tube was held in one hand, while with the other the nostrils were stopped, in order the more easily to swallow the smoke. Though the Picietl (*nicotiana tabacum*) was extensively cultivated in ancient Anahuac, persons only in easy circumstances made use of it; and until of late the Mexican Indians, descendants of the old Aztec population, did not contract the habit. The townspeople, however, of the ancient city of the Montezumas took it as a remedy against the toothache, colds in the head, and colics. The Caribees used it as an antidote against poison. In

its varieties of canaster, shag, returns, pigtail, plug, cigar, cheroots, prince's mixture, rappee, Irish blackguard, &c., its present uses are sufficiently well known.

P. B. St. J.

WITCHCRAFT FOR THE ARISTOCRACY.

[This admirable article is from the *Athenæum*, the consistent exposer of imposture.]

As the name of the writer has been forwarded to us, we have consented to insert the following letter—though with much hesitation. We have no idea of opening our columns, on the plea of fairness, to the defence of preposterous quackery—or admitting the abuse of the honest rule of *audi alteram partem*, in one of those exceptional cases where two sides there cannot be, and the folly is so gross as inevitaby to expose itself:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATHENÆUM.

"Sir—Seeing in your valuable paper a most unjust attack, signed F., on Mdlle. Julie Bouroullec, a young French lady, an acquaintance of mine, and a person for whom I entertain a sincere respect and true sense of gratitude, I beg you will allow me to offer a few words on the subject. During a severe illness, last year, Mdlle. Julie attended me with unerring skill and patience; and I only regret that it is not in my power to beg of you to publish my case, with my name, and thus prove to her and others, that I am willing publicly to bear witness both to her judicious treatment of me, and to her entire sincerity. F.'s attack on a lady and a foreigner is, to say the least, both unwarrantable and ungentlemanlike; and if the rest of his statement be as far from the truth as his description of the lady herself, it is not worthy of further notice. My opportunities of experience of Mdlle. Julie's sincerity are certainly less limited than F.'s: whilst he paid her two visits, I was occupied with her for three hours a day, for twenty-six days successively, during which time she attended my maid, and her sister-in-law, besides myself, when all three were labouring under very severe inflammatory complaints, with perfect success. I am proud to avow it: I belong to the class F. is pleased to attack; and I believe, though a lady and an aristocrat, I may yet be deemed capable of making good use of both senses and understanding. At all events, I am happy here, as I shall be elsewhere, to bear my testimony to the respectability, the gentle and lady-like deportment, as well as to the entire truthfulness of Mdlle. Julie's character; and I trust it may please God, through her means, to send to others, when needed, that same merciful alleviation from suffering which, under his providential goodness, I so bountifully received.—I have the honour to be, sir, an uncommon lover of justice, and a well-wisher to the cause of truth, C. C. B."

Now what we desire to know, has C. C. B. done, in this communication of hers, more than confirm our correspondent F.? His complaint was, that, in those ranks which are the favoured of fortune and opportunity, there are to be found persons on whose want of education, in any rational sense of the word, imposture so palpable as that of Mademoiselle Julie yet finds it easy to trade; and the writer of this letter has been kind enough to furnish us with an instance. It is lamentable to say that the contents of that letter would, of themselves, have assigned its writer's place among the class whom our correspondent was "pleased to attack"—*or*, in the one lying at the opposite social extreme, whose ignorance has all the excuses which that of the former wants. Most of the varieties graduating between these two have either learnt, now-a-days, that their intellect is a precious possession—a jewel of price whose loss or deterioration they will not risk, at mental masquings and fancy-balls—or have been, fortunately, too much engaged to go through that long course of fantastic training and laborious idleness proper to let down the mind to the level of the coteries of which a letter like this and the facts it reveals are characteristic expressions.

But we had one very reasonable and *primâ facie* objection to the publication of this lady's letter—which we will submit to herself. She is, it will be seen, what old Ben described more than two centuries since, "a special gentle,"—who desires not to be "ungrateful;" and, therefore, regrets that she is not at liberty to publish her case with her name! Now here, the logic of gratitude seems to us defective. It is another curious peculiarity of the class to which this lady belongs, how much its gratitude is ashamed to show its face. The debt is ostentatiously admitted,—and the lady would be glad to pay it out of our funds. How is it that what her united faith and gratitude cannot obtain from herself she has yet hoped to extort from our disbelief and scorn? When she shrinks from appearing personally in such a cause, does she overlook the fact that the *Athenæum* has a character, too—whose maintenance depends on its keeping so far aloof from all these aberrations of the diseased intellect as may consist with the necessity of denouncing them. However, we accept the lady's reluctance to testify in person as a sign of grace; but then, it is a very significant comment upon the tes-

timony itself. The zeal of the argument is made questionable by the caution that declines to avow it; and, accordingly, there should have been no place for the letter of C.C.B. in the *Athenæum*.

But we have another word to say to the writer of this letter. Because we denounce imposture, as is our duty and our very strong inclination, the lady retorts with the no-argument — "ungentlemanlike treatment of females and foreigners." We have yet to learn that the fact of being a foreigner conveys the privilege of imposture. The old cry of "alien" raised for the persecution of the class was not more absurd than is the plea of their alienship urged as a protection against well-merited chastisement. Literary fraud and moral jugglery alike it is our office to expose wherever we find them; and they little know us who suppose that we will be turned from its discharge by the jargon of cant. We are as fully alive—and so, we dare say, is our correspondent—as C.C.B. herself to the beauty of that chivalry which makes weakness, in any form, a claim to protection—and habitually embodies the word, to some extent, in the names of the woman and the stranger; but we do not understand its generous distinctions to extend to cases of immorality. The moral privilege, like certain civil ones, is in our view forfeited by dishonesty. To offer, then, this conventional weakness as in itself an *answer* to such imputations is monstrous. Wherever we see the dishonesty of one mind preying upon the weakness of another, we will report both the dishonesty and the weakness—regardless that either, or each, may have taken refuge in the person of an alien or of a woman. Of Mdlle. Julie's manners, be it observed, we know nothing —and are willing, therefore, to *accept* C.C.B's. testimony to their gentleness; and of her character we know nothing save what we infer of it from her pretences,—and that inference requires that we should *reject* C.C.B's testimony as to its "truthfulness." We have no doubt of the conjuror's patient and unremitting attendance upon her aristocratic client—for this is a part, the lawful part, of her conjurations; and no doubt of the cure—because we have known persons to recover from inflammatory complaints whom Mdlle. Julie did *not* attend. But, as regards the substantive question, does C.C.B. really suppose that her testimony to the wonder-working skill of the "young French lady" can be worth the sheet of paper which we are now wasting on these words of comment:—the testimony of one ignorant of the very elements of a science that yields its secrets reluctantly even to long and intelligent study, and is incumbent by problems that the finest and most matured minds, especially devoted to the subject, have failed to solve? All these mysteries Mdlle. Julie is supposed to see into by inspiration,—as the clairvoyant has a distinct view into the heart of a mill-stone: and C. C. B. is to pronounce on the assumption a judgment formed without access to any of the data. But if the data were present, the witnesses before her—suppose her even to have had some acquaintance with the scientific facts —she is manifestly—like too many of the class to which she belongs, as we have already reluctantly said—ignorant of the simple rudiments of that logic by which evidence is to be weighed and valued, and truth extracted. The mere belief in the popularity of such knowledge as this—in its attainability by means different, on any conditions less strict, than those govern the acquisition of other knowledge, is proof, at once *primâ facie* and conclusive, of incapacity to entertain the question. Here, now, is a lady who would shrink, doubtless, from questioning the judgment of Herschel in matters of astronomy, of De Morgan in pure mathematics, or of Faraday in chemistry:—and yet it is quite obvious that she would not hesitate to offer an opinion, before the whole College of Physicians, on matters pertaining to a science of which she probably knows something less than she does of any one of the other three! In conclusion, and seriously—if such a subject can deserve one serious word—we offer our opinion to C. C. B., in return for hers, that a "Face," a "Subtle," or —to save our gentility— a "Mistress Dorothy" there has never been, and will never be; but "Druggers" and "gentle Dapples" have abounded, and, under fitting patronage, will continue to abound. Be it so, since it must be so. But let us have fair play; one — one dispensation for all! Henceforth, let us drop "Doll Commons," and have only "Doll Propers" and "Doll Singulars:"—and no more humourous rogues be sent to the treadmill for "cozening with a hollow coll," while Mademoiselle Julie levies tribute on the queen's lieges, and C. C. B., "an aristocrat," at once pays it and proclaims its lawfulness.

THE EUTAW VILLAGE.

[From The Trapper's Bride.]

The scene which opened itself before the eyes of the two wayfarers was truly sublime and magnificent; a rare assemblage of the mightier elements with the more gentle features of landscape. They were, we have said, on the very verge of a mighty precipice; a yawning chasm lay beneath their feet, the depths of which their startled eyes refused at first to grasp, while the

brain grew dizzy in the contemplation. But we must be more minute, and strive, if possible, to paint the most unequalled scene that presents itself to the admiring eye of the traveller on the whole American continent; a scene worthy of the pencil of the greatest master of the art which Raphael and Angelo have rendered immortal, or of that land ycleped Switzer, where sublimity of landscape exists at every step, but where the vast immensity of the American wilderness is wanting.

Decked in a garniture of perpetual frost, white with chilling snows that, eternal as the mountain on which they lie, crumble and are ever again renewed, rose, facing the bewildered and astonished travellers, the mighty heights of Spanish Peak, distant some twenty miles, its summit alone visible; while continual ranges of hills, sinking in height as they gradually neared the valley, or rather chasm, by which the friends stood, went suddenly sheer down perpendicular, making a mighty wall of rugged stone that constituted the fourth side of the chasm.

Clothed in a black garb of pine, mingled with greener and less gloomy-tinted trees, the opposite hill-side presented almost precisely the same features as that on which the hunters stood; to the right however, a broken mass of cliffs, rocks, and stones, over which bounded the waters of a mountain torrent, presented a very different aspect. Bursting from a cleft rock, seemingly rent asunder by violence, the spring came rushing in a foamy cataract upon a stony ledge, whence, spreading and bounding in a sheet of water, two rivulets ensued from the intervention of several spurs of granite and other masses of stone, which, flowing in separate beds, rugged and rapid, were both, after leaping o'er stones and rock, after gushing through secret ways, being here lost and there found, in one place a wide shallow stream, in others a deep silver thread, finally united in a black pool, worn during ceaseless ages in the side of the mountain; overflowing this, a tumbling cataract brought the water to the edge of the great chasm, thereinto falling in a sheet of vapoury spray, and forming a small lake, the exit of which was unknown, being of course subterraneous. This side was rude and grand, in magnificent contrast to that on the left of the travellers.

A gently-rising green-bosomed hill, one deep mass of soft verdure, with the tall grass waving, and, adjoining, the dark forest of fir, groves of yellow pine, and aspen, lay opposed to the rough hill we have just described. In parts a low tender grass had tempted down herds of deer and buffalo, which, dotting the lofty rolling prairie with black and grey, formed an agreeable contrast to the grassy hue around, and rendered the whole, so thick were they, of a speckled tint. To this side the hunters were nearest, so that they could plainly discern numerous brilliant flowers decking the green with their bright colours, especially where the wild cattle

> "the lang summer day
> Had in their pasture eat and nipped away"

the waving grass; convolvulus and honeysuckle peeped up between the spreading boughs of the wild vine, and wild hops and mountain-flax waved their taller heads in the air.

But the object which chiefly interested the trappers was the extraordinary valley that lay beneath their feet. In appearance it was a deep hole, without any visible means of descending to its bottom. About a mile long, and half as much wide, three of its sides were perfectly perpendicular, presenting huge walls of stone to the eye; while the fourth, that over which they stood, broken and rugged, was necessarily the means of access, if any, to the vale beneath.

The surface of the valley was level and green, while beside the little lake above mentioned stood the wigwams of the Eutaws; and behind, reaching to the foot of the rocks, their fields of Indian corn and beans. The village numbered two hundred lodges and more, arranged in a semi-circle, their openings facing the water. Of the usual dome-shaped form, but of more solid make than the moving tents—earth and heavy beams composing a portion of the materials—they presented from that height the appearance of a beaver-town, save that around the wigwam swarmed men, women, and children, while numerous horses and other cattle crowded in the rear.

The Drama.

We see, by an announcement in "Hood's Magazine" for this month, that its next number, for May, is to contain an article on "The Antigone of Sophocles," as originally represented in England at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. De Quincy, the celebrated English opium-eater, has already furnished the readers of "Tait" with a dissertation on "The Antigone," as represented on the stage at Edinburgh. To recur to this month's "Hood," we have perused in it Mr. J. Jones's "Vision of Ignez de Castro," and we recommend our readers to get a sight of the magazine and do the same. The history of this celebrated beauty and victim of court intrigue, is one of the most pathetic and striking in all dramatic annals and literature.—*Theatrical Journal.*

PIQUILLO ALLIAGA;

OR,

THE MOORS IN THE TIME OF PHILIP III.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

[From the French of M. Eugene Scribe.]

BOOK I.—CHAPTER I.—THE FUEROS.

It was market-day in Pampeluna, and he attention of the crowd which was proceeding towards the place was drawn to a placard attached to the entrance of the Gefatura, or house of the corregidor. The people at once putting down their baskets of vegetables and fruits, or the barrels of oil and butter which they bore upon their shoulders, contemplated this document so long that they seemed to be spelling it over three or four times, had there been any reason to suspect these Navarrese of the power of reading. One staring individual will attract a crowd, so will one gaping crowd be rapidly reinforced by other flocks of curious idlers. And such was the case with the assemblage in the market-place. The flux was so great, that in a little time the multitude occupied every corner of the square, and even reached to the other side of Date-street, blocking up the windows of Gongarello, the barber, who was shaving a customer, and whose operations were so much impeded by the sudden eclipse, that he was obliged to suspend them until daylight should again show itself.

Aben-Abou, known in the quarter as Gongarello, was a little brown man, of cheerful spirit, as garrulous as barbers in general, and not less intelligent and industrious than his nation in general. He was of Moorish origin, and his activity contrasted singularly with the apathy of his grave neighbours, pure Spanish blood, Christians, and descendants of Pelagus. He drove a thriving trade, to the great jealousy of his competitors, who regularly denounced him to the Inquisition once a month, either for sedition, impiety, or sorcery.

Gongarello, leaving his customer half shaven, made his way through the throng in the vicinity of his house, and without waiting to be asked, began reading aloud the red and black placard as follows:—

"Faithful burgesses of Pampeluna! our well-beloved lord and master Philip III, king of Spain and the Indies, intending on the occasion of ascending the throne, to visit the Basque provinces and his good towns of Saragossa and Pampeluna, he will make his entry into this town by torch-light. All corregidors, alguazils, and familiars of the holy office are therefore ordered to make proper arrangements in their respective divisions of the town for the proper reception of the royal *cortège*.

(Signed) "The Governor,
"COUNT DE LEMOS."

Lower down—"The carriage of his majesty, and that of his excellency the Count de Lerma, and the officers of the court, preceded by the regiment of the Infanta, and followed by the regiment of guards, will enter by the gate of Charles V, and will follow Taconnera-street, as far as the viceroy's palace, where his majesty will alight. On the line of procession all windows must be illuminated, or ornamented with flowers, or the arms of Spain and of the Count de Lerma, the prime minister. It is unnecessary to invoke the enthusiasm of the faithful and loyal population of Pampeluna; it will readily give expression to its devoted attachment to our well-beloved sovereign. Those who may disobey this order will be reported at the Office of the Holy Inquisition by me,—JOSUE CALZEDO DE LOS TALBAS (Corregidor)."

Scarcely had Gongarello finished his reading, than the corregidor appeared for a moment on the balcony of his house, and raising his hat, adorned with a large black feather, shouted "Long live Philip III! long live Count de Lerma, his glorious minister!" The multitude echoed—a few opposition murmurs, however, proceeding from a group beneath the balcony. A burly man, whose black moustachios spoke the soldier of the old Spanish infantry, but who was no other than Gines Peres de Hila, the landlord of the Golden Sun, began to cough with an air of authority, indicative of a shade of discontent.

"Let us," said he, "by all means receive our new king, the court, and above all the Count de Lerma, whose suite, they say, is greater than that of his majesty. The count don't mind expense; his people like good attendance, and will come and regale themselves at the Golden Sun."

"Aye, and they will give orders for splendid gala dresses," added Truxillo, the rich tailor, who had just come and mingled in the crowd.

"But," continued Gines Peres, "of what use are those two regiments they speak of—the guards and the regiment of the Infanta?"

"Of the Infanta?" said Truxillo, turning pale.

"Just so," said the barber, "the very corps that was here last year, and by the same token, one of the brigadiers lodged at your house, Master Truxillo. I remember him; Fidalgo d'Estremos was his name, and I often met him with your wife under his arm."

"All that he may have told you," said the tailor, evidently annoyed, "is untrue."

"He never told me anything," replied Gongarello, quietly.

"It's nevertheless very true what they say," resumed the landlord, raising his voice. "A thousand annoyances result

from the march of troops through a great town, to say nothing of our having to support all who are billetted upon us."

"You must admit, however," said the barber, "you must admit that our king must have soldiers for his protection."

"No, he should not!" cried an individual with broad shoulders, thick red beard, and a savage eye. "No," said he, leaping on to a post by way of rostrum, and addressing the populace from his elevation. "No! it's against the law and our rights."

"He is right," exclaimed the landlord. Silence spread throughout the multitude, to the stoppage of twenty or thirty little conversations that were going on in different groups. Attention was directed to the new orator.

"When the late king, Philip II, under pretence of pursuing Antonio Perez, destroyed by force of arms the Fueros of Arragon, his only regret was that he had not done the same by those of Navarre. What he dared not to do, however, his son and successor would now attempt—but you will not suffer it, if you are Navarrese."

"We are, all."

"What say our Fueros? That the town shall be governed and protected by its own inhabitants, and that no armed stranger shall enter within its walls. That's the text."

"True," said the landlord, who had never read it.

"So it is," repeated the tailor.

"But," suggested Gongarello, the barber, "the king's soldiers are not strangers."

"They are Castillians," scornfully replied the orator; "and what is there in common between the kingdom of Castile and that of Navarre? We are not like the rest of Spain;—we have never been conquered:—we gave in our adhesion, conditionally that Navarre should preserve the old Fueros which she then possessed."

"That's true," cried the hearers.

"And stronger and more skilful than the Arragonese, our neighbours, we will say, 'The king shall enter this town with no other guard than the citizens of Pampeluna;' if *not—not—!*"

"Long live Captain Juan Baptista Balseiro!" shouted a number of men, who appeared to know him, and who now mingled with the crowd, augmenting the confusion and tumult.

The noise in the street drew the corregidor, Josué Calzado, a second time to the balcony, less alarmed at the disturbance than pleased that an apparent revolt gave him an opportunity of displaying his zeal and eloquence, for, to say the truth, the honourable corregidor was very fond of hearing himself speak. In the Basque provinces, where he was born, he had been chosen a member of the Cortes, and had so large a faculty for talking, that he was materially instrumental in prolonging the session. Established at present at Pampeluna, devoted to the king and the minister, he patiently awaited a superior appointment, of which the Count de Lerma had held out expectations, but which the minister had too much sagacity to bestow upon a fidelity already assured, reserving his favours for doubtful partisans who were yet to be won over. But if the Cortes orator loved to hear himself, he was cruelly disappointed in the present instance, for he had scarcely brought his lungs into play with the exordium—"Faithful Navarrese!" than he was stunned with shouts of "Down with the corregidor!"

"Long live the king and his glorious minister!" continued he, trying an appeal that he thought irresistible.

"Down with Count Lerma, down with the minister!"

"Just what I was going to say, dear fellow citizens. Listen to me, my sentiment is, 'God save our glorious monarch!'"

"Down with the king if he assails our liberties!"

"Exactly so, dear friends, if you will only hear me. Our liberty for ever!"

But again the tumultuous assembly interrupted him; every one apostrophised or reproached him, and the people, excited by Gines and Truxillo, had already torn down the proclamation, and trampled it under foot. But the war, once begun, did not terminate there. The corregidor, placed in the balcony, occupied a strong position, which rendered him invulnerable to the enemy's army; but unhappily the proximity of the vegetable market furnished the assailants with materials of warfare more injurious and effective than mere words, and they began vigorously to shower a large collection upon the head of the loyal officer. He looked about for the means of honourable retreat, when it was suddenly closed against him. Captain Juan Baptista, who had all the agility and look of a sailor, climbed to the balcony by means of the pillars which supported it, and getting behind the corregidor at the very moment when that functionary had determined to quit the field of battle, seized and lifted him over the balcony, with the view of throwing him into the street. The mob, who did not expect this *coup de theatre*, suddenly ceased their noise. The corregidor took advantage of the silence to call out—"Hear me, I beg! I am on your side! Inhabitants of Pampeluna, I think with you! The Fueros for ever!"

"Long live the corregidor!" cried the people, with one voice.

"Yes, yes—he will die for our Fueros,"

added the captain; and under the pretext of exhibiting him to the multitude, he raised the corregidor, and squeezed him so hard, that Josué Calzado threw up his arms in the attitude of a man taking a solemn vow.

The people cried with admiration, "Long live our worthy magistrate!"

"He will lead us himself to the governor," continued the captain. "He will speak for us. He proposes it himself."

Hearing these words, the popular enthusiasm knew no bounds. The corregidor, carried into the street by the captain, was received with redoubled shouts by the delirious multitude. Before he could open his mouth, he was surrounded, seized by a thousand arms, and carried off in triumph. A crown of oak leaves was placed upon his brow, which still bore marks of dirt from the vegetable matter with which he had been previously saluted; and the popular cortege, led by Gines Pires, of the Golden Sun, and Master Truxillo, the tailor, proceeded to march towards the governor's palace, across the promenade of Taconnera, already decorated with flowers and foliage, and flags, bearing the arms of Spain, in honour of the entry of Philip III.

As for Captain Juan Baptista, he had disappeared, and the barber, Gongarello, prudently returned to his shop, saying, in a low voice, to such of his countrymen as interrogated him about the events.

"Whether the king or the people carry the day is all the same to us Moors: forcibly baptized as we have been, we shall gain nothing by the victory, and may, perhaps, have to pay all the expenses of the war—so, take my advice, be quiet, and don't interfere——"

And Aben Abou, called Gongarello, resumed his razor, and commenced shaving two customers, a Jew and a Christian, who had been waiting in his shop.

While these events were passing in the centre of the town, a poor boy, about ten or twelve years of age, was wandering through the street of Saint Pacomo, a little narrow winding alley. His pale and attenuated form bore traces of fever, and his ragged clothes announced his extreme misery. A kind and gentle expression pervaded his features, and a ray of intelligence occasionally shot from a dim, but jet black eye. He was walking or rather dragging himself along, faint from hunger. He had passed through two or three streets, which, to his great astonishment, he had found deserted, for the whole population, on the first intimation of the tumult in the market-place, had betaken itself thither—some to share in the disturbance, others merely to look on.

The poor child saw a member of the Castilian council coming rapidly towards him: he did not dare to solicit charity, but he held out his hand.

The counsellor looked not at him, and passed on.

A few minutes afterwards an hidalgo appeared, walking slowly, enveloped in his cloak. The poor child timidly took off his hat and saluted him; the hidalgo stopped, and returned his salute.

The poor beggar, incapable any longer of bearing up, fell against a door, and heard a woman's voice calling upon her child to come to its meal. "Pablo," said she "your soup awaits you." He knocked at the door, fancying for the moment that he had been invited, but his knock was useless, the mother was too much engaged with her own offspring to attend to him. "Alas!" said he to himself, "I have no mother to call me to a repast." He rose and wandered on to the banks of the Arga, hoping nothing more from man, for his eyes were raised to heaven for relief. At that moment the sun, bursting from behind a cloud, cast its refulgence against a wall. The boy went to bask in the rays of the great luminary, and while his cold stiff limbs felt the influence of their genial warmth, an expression of melancholy joy escaped from his discoloured lips. He smiled to the sun—the only friend that had deigned to smile on him. Then, as his eyes withdrew from the glare which he began to feel insupportable, he cast them on the ground, and seeing near a *borne* several pieces of melon rind, he crawled towards them, grasped them with an avidity urged by intense hunger, and was about to eat, when he saw a boy about his own age, as ragged as himself, singing as he advanced.

"You are happy to be merry," said he.

"Carrajo! I sing because I am hungry and have nothing to eat."

Immediately, without saying another word, and prompted by the generosity of his nature, he offered his new companion the slices of melon he had just picked up.

The gipsy looked at him with astonishment and gratitude.

"What," said he, "you have no other dinner than that?"

"No, happy enough to have found even so much. Share with me."

And the two friends began their frugal repast by the *borne*.

The dining hall was vast and spacious. It was a street, at that moment solitary; and unlike the other streets in Pampeluna, it was clean—thanks to a fountain, the waters of which flowed near them, and offered them a fresh and limpid drink. Thus they wanted for nothing. Opposite, was a splendid mansion, over the door of which were inscribed these words,—"Truxillo, master-tailor." Their backs

rested against the walls of a splendid hotel, and that hotel was The Golden Sun.

At table an acquaintanceship is soon struck up, so the gipsy said at once to his amphytrion, "What's your name?"

"Piquillo," answered the boy, "so I was called by the monks where I was brought up. And you?"

"Pedralvi. Your parents?"

"I have none."

"Nor I. Did you know your father?"

"Never."

"Just my case. Aud your mother?"

"My mother," said Piquillo, endeavouring to recollect, "my mother must have been a great lady. Noblemen used to visit her, who wore rich doublets and feathers. She had a beautiful room covered with tapestry, and, I remember, there was a looking glass all gilded, with a drawer beneath it filled with sugar plums, with which I used to regale myself. That's all I can remember of the care and tenderness of my mother. And I awoke one morning at the door of a great building called a convent. They kept me there—I don't know how long—and then sent me away, saying, 'Seek your livelihood, you idle fellow.' I was hungry—I begged—and then I was taken ill and every body avoided me, I had a fever."

Pedralvi held out his hand to him, which Piquillo grasped gratefully.

"At last," continued he, "I am reduced to utter want; that is my history."

"As for me," said Pedralvi, "I remember my mother—I see her still, a tall strong woman, who bore me on her back. One day we were coming from Grenada, down a mountain called the Alpujarias; I do not know how it was, but some men in black suddenly seized on me, in spite of my mother's cries and mine. They threw cold water on my head, muttering some barbarous words which I didn't understand, my mother cried out 'He is not a christian, he never shall be one, nor will I;' and she tried, by wiping my forehead, to efface what she regarded as a stain, a taint—and they killed her!"

"Killed her?" cried Piquillo, frightened.

"Yes, and called her a heretic."

"Heretic?" repeated the child, "what is that?"

"I don't know; but her blood flowed—I saw it—she showed it to me, saying, 'Pedralvi, my son, remember.' Then she became very pale, her limbs stiffened, and she ceased to speak. What followed I cannot remember. I only know that I met some gipsies in a wood, who took me with them. One day they were attacked by more men in black, called algauzils. Each mother fled, bearing away her child. I, who had no mother, remained on the high road! From that time to this I have walked right before me, singing and begging. That's my history."

The two orphans—the two friends—renewed the mutual grasp, and the words, "My brother!" escaped their lips. And in truth there was, in their dark complexions, the cast of their features, and their black and expressive eyes, a family likeness, or strong evidence that they belonged to the same race, or tribe.

"And now," said Piquillo, looking at the last slice of melon rind; "our dinner is over."

"Over!" cried the gipsy, "and I am hungry."

"So am I!"

"More so than I was before," said Pedralvi, "and no hope of a second course."

"Perhaps," said a soft voice from above, and saying this, Juanita, a pretty Mooriah servant girl, at the hotel, who had just opened the window over their heads, threw them down a large slice of bread, and the residue of the breakfast which two students from Saragossa, come on purpose to see the royal entry, had just finished.

Never did royal banquet, or ministerial dinner, witness guests more jolly, more delighted. Stimulated by the reinforcement of good things, their appetite, which had but slumbered, awoke young and splendid; all their misfortunes were forgotten, and neither of them would at this moment have changed places with the king of Spain. But the gratitude of the stomach did not exclude gratitude from the heart; and ever and anon, the lads stopped eating to look and express, by a smile, or a tender glance, their thanks towards the little servant, who was leaning out of the window enjoying her own good work, and their appetites. This pleasing picture, which Pantoja de la Cruz, the first painter to Philip III, would not have thought unworthy of his pencil, was suddenly disturbed by a cry from Juanita, which Piquillo echoed by a second, on finding himself violently pulled by the ear. It was Gines Peres de Hila, the landlord of the Golden Sun, whom Juanita had first seen from her height, but not in time to warn the youthful epicures, whose attention was too much engrossed to attend to anything.

"Ah! ha! this is the way I'm robbed," cried mine host, in a terrible voice, casting towards Juanita a threatening look, the effect of which was entirely lost, for the girl had closed the window. The furious innkeeper, holding Piquillo's ear with one hand, tried with the other to pick up the remains of the feast; but the little gipsy, nimbler than he, scrambled for the remaining provisions, thrust them into a wallet which he carried slung to his back, and which was not usually so well filled—whis-

pering in the ear of his companion, "To night, behind the church of Saint Pacomo," and disappearing like lightning.

Piquillo would gladly have followed him, but one of his ears was a hostage in the hands of the *favouche* landlord; and besides, an instinctive sentiment of generosity and justice suggested that it would more become him to remain and defend his benefactress. "Beat me, if you like," said he, resolutely, to his adversary, for the meal had restored his energy and strength—"beat me if you like, but do not scold the girl."

"Juanita," cried the innkeeper, "is a little mischevious *friponne*, whom I shall send back to her uncle, Gongarello, the barber — I had agreed to take her for nothing, but I see that, even at that price, she will be dear! The whole of the Moorish race are not worth the rope we hang them with, or the wood we buy to burn them."

"Forgive her," rejoined the orphan, "and I will, in all things, obey and serve you——"

"Done," said the landlord, who had suddenly become possessed of an idea, so rare a thing with him, that it disposed him to clemency. "Done; I will forgive you and Juanita too, and will even give you a real."

"A real!" said Piquillo, astonished, and opening his eyes wide, "is it gold?"

"Very nearly; it is twenty maravedis."

"Twenty maravedis!" Piquillo had never possessed such a sum.

"What must I do to earn it?"

"Walk up and down the streets of Pampeluna until night, crying 'The Fueros for ever!'"

"Nothing else? Well, that's not difficult; and I shall have a real?"

"I will pay you here this evening."

"You swear it by Our Lady del Pilar?"

"I swear it," replied the hotel-keeper; opening his fingers, and letting go his captive.

Piquillo no sooner found his ears at liberty, than he ran into the streets merrily, and disappeared, crying, "Our Fueros for ever!"

(To be continued.)

DEATHS OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

A Grecian philosopher being asked why he wept for the death of his son, since the sorrow was in vain, said, "I weep on that account." And his answer became his wisdom. It is only for sophists to contend, that we, whose eyes contain the fountain of tears, need never give way to them. It would be unwise not to do so on some occasions. Sorrow unlocks them in her balmy moods. The first burst may be bitter and overwhelming; but the soil on which they pour would be worse without them. They refresh the fever of the soil —the dry misery which parches the countenance into furrows, and renders us liable to our most terrible "flesh-quakes."

There are sorrows, it is true, so great, that to give them some of the ordinary vents is to run a hazard of being overthrown. These we must rather strengthen ourselves to resist, or bow quietly and drily down, in order to let them pass over us, as the traveller does the wind of the desert. But where we feel that our tears would relieve us, it is false philosophy to deny ourselves at least that first refreshment; and it is always false consolation to tell people that because they cannot help a thing they are not to mind it. The true way is, to let them grapple with the unavoidable sorrow, and try to win it into gentleness by a reasonable yielding. There are griefs so very gentle in their nature, that it would be worse than false heroism to refuse them a tear. Of this kind are the deaths of infants. Particular circumstances may render it more or less advisable to indulge in grief for the loss of a little child; but, in general, parents should be more advised to repress their first tears on such an occasion, than to repress their smiles towards a child surviving, or to indulge in any other sympathy. It is an appeal to the same gentle tenderness: and appeals are never made in vain. The end of them is an acquittal from the harsher bonds of affliction—from the tying down of the spirit to one melancholy idea.

It is the nature of tears, of this kind, however strongly they may gush forth, to run into quiet waters at last. We cannot easily, for the whole course of our lives, think with pain of any good or kind person whom we have lost. It is the divine nature of their qualities to conquer pain and death itself: to turn the memory of them into pleasure; to survive with a placid aspect in our imaginations. We are writing at this moment just opposite a spot which contains the grave of one inexpressibly dear to us. We see from our windows the trees about it, and the church spire. The green fields lie around. The clouds are travelling over-head, alternately taking away the sunshine and restoring it. The vernal winds, piping of the flowery summer-time, are nevertheless calling to mind the far distant and dangerous ocean, which the heart that lies in that grave had many reasons to think of. And yet the sight of this spot does not give us pain. So far from it, it is the existence of that grave which doubles every charm of the spot; which links the pleasures of childhood and manhood together; which puts a hushing

tenderness in the winds and a patient joy upon the landscape; which seems to unite heaven and earth, mortality and immortality, the grass of the tomb and the grass of the green fields: it gives a more maternal aspect to the whole kindness of nature. It does not hinder gaiety itself. Happiness was what its tenant, through all her troubles, would have diffused. To diffuse happiness, and to enjoy it, is not only carrying out her wishes, but realising her hopes; and gaiety, freed from its only pollutions, malignity and want of sympathy, is but a child playing about the knees of its mother.

The remembered innocence and endearments of a child stand us instead of virtues that have died older. Children have not exercised the voluntary offices of friendship; they have not chosen to be kind and good to us; nor stood by us from conscious will, in the hour of adversity. But they have shared their pleasures and pains with us as well as they could; the interchange of good offices between us has, of necessity, been less mingled with the troubles of the world; the sorrow arising from their death is the only one which we can associate with their memories. These are happy thoughts which cannot die. Our loss may always render them pensive; but they will not always be painful, It is a part of the the benignity of nature that pain does not survive like pleasure, at any time, much less where the cause of it is an innocent one. The smile will remain reflected by memory, as the moon reflects the light upon us when the sun has gone into heaven.

When writers like ourselves quarrel with earthly pain (we mean writers of the same intentions, without implying, of course, anything about abilities or otherwise), they are misunderstood, if they are supposed to quarrel with pains of every sort. This would be idle and effeminate. They do not pretend, indeed, that humanity might not wish, if it could, to be entirely free from pain: for it endeavours, at all times to turn pain into pleasure; or at least set off the one with the other, or make the former a zest and the latter a refreshment. The most unaffected dignity of suffering does this, and, if wise, acknowledges it. The greatest benevolence towards others, the most unselfish relish of their pleasure, even at its own expense, does but look to increasing the general stock of happiness, though content, if it could, to have its identity swallowed up in that splendid contemplation. We are far from meaning that this is to be called selfishness. We are far, indeed, from thinking so, or so confounding words. But neither is it to be called pain when most unselfish, if disinterestedness be truly understood. The pain that is in it softens into pleasure, as the darker hue of the rainbow melts into the brighter. Yet even if a harsher line is to be drawn between the pain and pleasure of the most unselfish mind (and ill-health, for instance, may draw it), we should not quarrel with it if it contributed to the general mass of comfort, and were of a nature which general kindness could not avoid. Made as we are, there are certain pains without which it would be difficult to conceive certain great and overbalancing pleasures. We may conceive it possible for beings to be made entirely happy; but in our composition something of pain seems to be a necessary ingredient, in order that the materials may turn to as fine account as possible, though our clay, in the course of ages and experience, may be refined more and more. We may get rid of the worst earth, though not of earth itself.

Now the liabiliy to the loss of children —or rather what makes us sensible of it, the occasional loss itself—seems to be one of these necessary bitters thrown into the cup of humanity. We do not mean that every one must lose one of his children in order to enjoy the rest; or that every individual loss afflicts us in the same proportion. We allude to the deaths of infants in general. These might be as few as we could render them. But if none at all ever took place, we should regard every little child as a man or woman secured; and it will easily be conceived what a world of endearing care and hopes this security would endanger. The very idea of infancy would lose its continuity with us. Girls and boys would be future men and women, not present children. They would have attained their full growth in our imaginations, and might as well have been men and women at once. On the other hand, those who have lost an infant, are never, as it were, without an infant child. They are the only persons who, in one sense, retain it always, and they furnish their neighbours with the same idea. The other children grow up to manhood and womanhood, and suffer all the changes of mortality. This one alone is rendered an immortal child. Death has arrested it with his kindly harshness, and blessed it into an eternal image of youth and innocence. Of such as these are the pleasantest shapes that visit our fancy and hopes. They are the ever-smiling emblems of joy; the prettiest pages that wait upon imagination. Lastly, "of those are the kingdom of heaven." Wherever there is a province of that benevolent and all-accessible empire, whether on earth or elsewhere, such are the gentle spirits that must inhabit it. To such simplicity, or the resemblance of it, must they come. Such must be the ready confidence of their hearts, and crea-

tiveness of their fancy. And so ignorant must they be of the "knowledge of good and evil," losing their discernment of that self-created trouble, by enjoying the garden before them, and not being ashamed of what is kindly and innocent.

A TRILOGY OF SONNETS.

TO MISS VANDENHOFF.

(By the author of "Rural Sonnets," "Sunlight on the Waters," "Spartacus," and other Tragedies.)

ON HER PERSONATION OF "JULIET."

The Juliet Shakspere drew was fair and young,
A vision of the southern, sun-glad clime;
A chaste emotion, exquisitely strung
To fondest trust and sympathies sublime.
As purely good, as exquisitely fair,
A vision and reality combin'd!
One glimpse, sweet maid, confirm'd thee, past compare,
Her of our dreams—the Juliet of the mind—
Artless as eager hope, which made her bless'd;
Anguish'd as sever'd love, which bade her die;
We saw thee move, caressing and caress'd;
And shar'd in tears thy sorrows' latest sigh;
And, now, we long the vision to renew,
Haunted by her we saw—by Juliet—and by you.

ON HER PERSONATION OF "JULIA."

(In Mr. Spicer's new play of Honesty.)

We knew thy presence, fair—thy acting, chaste,
Winsome, tear-moving, dignified, at will;
Ne'er from our memories can be eras'd
The mystic woe which made our bosoms thrill
When lost "Antigone," the just, the good,
Rending our hearts, in thee before us stood.
Yet thy past proud career had ne'er reveal'd.—
Nor in The Penitent* her lord restor'd;—
Nor when spurn'd Desdemon to Heaven appeal'd;
Nor when poor Juliet rav'd on her ador'd;—
The terrible so terrible; the great,
In thee, so flashing up to the sublime,
As when, befrenzied for thy good name's fate,
Thy "Douglas Trafford, speak!" appall'd us with *his* crime.

ON HER PERSONATION OF "ANTIGONE."

Honour to her who first, on British ground,
Pourtray'd the sorrows of the Theban Maid;
And, when the thoughtless on the Drama frown'd,
Its vital claims in magic re array'd;
Who, from the phantom'd past, illum'd a theme,
To rouse with passion's spells the public mind,
To bid the sacred fount of tears to stream—
To purify the ways of humankind.
Oh, could the Bard, two thousand years inurn'd,
Wake from his sleep to read thy meaning face,
How were the triumphs of his Athens spurn'd!—
Its male "Antigones" devoid of grace,
Its masks, which, in the features and the eye,
Eclips'd the soul, that power which thrones thy fame so high.

Newton St. Cyres.—Sally Yates, who has been for the last half century letter-carrier for this quiet village, has asserted, that since the commencement of the Exeter and Crediton railway she is afeard to walk the roads, in consequence of the great number of alligators (navigators) there are about.

* "Mrs. Haller," in "The Stranger."

Reviewed.

Velasco, or the Memoirs of a Page. By Cyrus Redding, 3 vols. [Newby, London.]

Mr. Redding is not an unknown writer; he has before appeared before the public in various ways, but not, that we are aware of, on any former occasion in the capacity of a three volume novelist. The work before us exhibits many attractive features, and offers earnest of success in the new path on which he has adventured. He displays much originality in the conception of character, and considerable shrewdness and a dash of keen satire in the development of the domestic life of Spain. We are presented with an outline of political events; and a vein of philosophy runs through the work. With caustic humour Mr. Redding initiates us into the system on which, not unfrequently, a Spanish grandee's establishment is conducted; from the magnificent splendour of his banquets to the niggardly economy of his kitchen. The intense anxiety of the poor nobleman, in all the consciousness of ancestral dignity for the maintenance of outward show, blunts in him even the consciousness of "poverty within," his solicitude to conceal from the world the worm-eaten state of his affairs, affecting him more strongly even than the gripings of starvation. To set against this unpleasant picture we are presented with glimpses of the gaieties of Madrid life, its agreeable follies and languishing enjoyments. The author appears intimately acquainted with the scenery of Spain, and appreciates, with all the fervour of a poetic imagination, its natural beauties. Hence sketches of landscape not laboured and spun out, but brief, glowing, and natural, abound in his pages; but though these may, to a certain extent, constitute a recommendation, they would not of themselves suffice to awaken the reader's interest in the fate and fortunes of Velasco, were they not strung together upon the thread of an exciting narrative. The general character of the story is lively and dashing, but is contrasted here and there by a tone of deep melancholy, our hero in the course of events being plunged into adventures of every description (resembling in their variety, those of the renowned Gil Blas), which in turn give their colour to the sentiment. Velasco is not of that unblemished character that belongs to the orthodox hero of romance. His failings are many, and not all of them of the most exalted kind, or of those that lean to virtue's side. Thus cupidity betrays him into some unworthy deeds, even rendering him ungrateful where his gratitude was

most due; although he has sufficient force of character to prevent its tinging all his actions: and vanity exerts an untoward influence upon him, runs him into many scrapes and makes him commit many follies, in the course of his metamorphosis from the ragged urchin to the holder of that station which he eventually fills. The interest of the story does not, however, centre wholly, in the hero. Donna Juanna, the heroine of the happiest period of the page's life, awakens a powerful sympathy, which even Donna Clara, with all her constancy, fails to efface. We cannot, however, go into a review of all the dramatis personæ, nor of the events of the novel, and must limit ourselves to extracting one affecting passage:—

"I passed for a momont from her chamber, and when I returned death had been there and gone away! I had never seen any one dead before, without violence. To me it was far more terrible for lack of visible cause. The pale marble image of humanity, calm without a trait of agony, but as if in sleep! Can it be death, I cried in my bitterness of soul. I exclaimed 'Juanna, Juanna!' but the lips moved not. I touched the lifeless body so coldly hard, and the chill made my whole frame shrink for a moment, the contact filling me with tremor. I could not believe that Juanna was really dead when I looked at the straight, stiffened clay, so moveless, sharp, and prostrate beneath the bed covering. And this, thought I, is death—mysterious death. Here is wrecked my little all of happiness—Juanna! Juanna! I burst into tears, which till now had not flowed. I became beside myself. My brief slumber, when exhausted nature closed my eyes, was visited by dreams of her whom I loved, at a distance from me. When I implored her to approach me and she almost came to my arms, she disappeared, and a strange figure or loathsome spectacle in her place terrified me into watchfulness.

* * * * *

One grave in the plain of Almanara contains the mother and child. Would it had contained me; so I thought at the time. How often has the same wish been repeated since—with equal sincerity; and had it been realised how far better for all the good I have wrought! My hearth was now desolate—my dining room companionless. I went into an ante-room at the end of the short passage from my home door. There was the matted floor, the sofa, the table, as before, in our pleasant sitting-room that looked out upon the sea, but all was painful silence—deeply agonising solitude—something was changed, yet both sea and land were as glorious as ever. Oh that sensation of change, of something absent—it kills the spirit. One dressing room too spoke with its silence, our own bed-room I could not enter; her dress, a part of herself, hung there. The only spare chamber we possessed was that which I had occupied; it was my adjourned residence, for there my mind was least reminded of Juanna. Several days passed away. I could not surmount the impression that it was cruel to abandon a spot where the spirit of my poor Juanna might still hover. I passed the entire day in walking through the rooms into the garden and orchard to look at the flowers and trees she had directed to be planted, and at the places where she preferred sitting and working, almost expecting to see her there again, and I saw her nowhere else. Within were flower stands she had worked, or covered stools—chairs she had selected, or some ornament that ever reminded me more forcibly of my loss, and lacerated my heart. The sight of her mantilla laid where she had herself placed it, when we last walked out together, overcame me, and I wept like a child. There was the mantilla as before unchanged, but where was its owner? Weeks elapsed before reason impressed on my mind how useless is human sorrow—how unavailing that grief for the dead of which they can know nothing—that tribute which nature pays to the image of departed affection so vainly. I determined to turn myself away from a spot endeared by many happy hours, that could only be to me in future a scene of melancholy regret. I sold my peaceful dwelling and its furniture as it stood. I visited the grave of Juanna, and shed over it tears of the warmest affection for her memory. I then took the road to Madrid, but turned back at every eminence that commanded a view of the vale of Almanara—the valley of delight once, but now of keen sorrow—the site of my humble roof and lately the dwelling of two hearts so united and happy. I even turned to catch a parting glance, when I was conscious the view was no longer to be obtained."

The Prime Minister, or, the Singular Fortunes of a Peasant and a Peer. By Heinrich Zschokke.

[Hayward and Adam.]

One of those exquisite tales which have made this German writer so unequivocally popular, and forming one of Clarke's Home Library. The names of the chapters themselves are tempting — The Bakery — The Kneading Trough—The Leg of Mutton—The Combing Cloth, &c. &c. We shall occasionally quote a chapter.

Irene, a Poem. By Alex. Comyne. [J. Gilbert.]

The author of this graceful poem has within him the true elements of his art, and will succeed if he have patience and courage. The following is an extract:—

A STORM.

Dark, thick, and broad, terrific clouds arise,
Shrouding with sombre pall the gloomy skies,
Far from the deep horizon of the east,
They slowly move, majestically vast;
Like living mountains steep'd in blackest die,
Walking the surface of eternity.
With growing strength, the wind-storm sweeps
Around the highest peaks, and leaps
From rock to rock, with eddying haste;
Now whistling shrill, now gurgling past,
Then drives into some cavern's cell,
To revel there, till with a blast,
That shakes the mountain's base away,
It breaks o'er hill and valley, plain and dell,
Howling triumphant, with terrific sway.
Now on the troubled sea it lies,
And summons to its aid the deities
That ride upon the storm; the bark that late
Sail'd smiling onward in the gulf of fate,
Hangs o'er a dismal death; the fearful flash,
The rolling, booming air, the sudden dash,
That gulfs it in the deep; the easy leap,
Which heaves it o'er the waves, that, mountain steep,
Blacken like night, reflected from its face,
Within each breast tumults of terror raise.

The Gatherer.

Madame Malibran.—Upon her was lavished the enthusiastic applause of the most correct taste, and of the deepest sensibility. Human triumph in all that is most exciting and delicious, never went beyond that which she experienced—or never but in the case of Taglioni. For what are the extorted adulations that fall to the lot of the conqueror?—what even are the extensive honours of the popular author—his far-reaching fame—his high influence—or the most devout public appreciation of his works—to that rapturous approbation of the personal woman—that spontaneous, instant, present, and palpable applause—those irrepressible acclamations—those eloquent sighs and tears which the idolised Malibran at once heard, and saw, and deeply felt that she deserved! Her brief career was one gorgeous dream—for even the many sad intervals of her grief were but dust in the balance of her glory. In this book ("Memoirs and Letters of Madame Malibran," by the Countess of Merlin,) I read much about the causes which curtailed her existence; and there seems to hang around them, as here given, an indistinctness which the fair memorialist tries in vain to illumine. She seems never to approach the full truth. She seems never to reflect that the speedy decease was but a condition of the rapturous life. No thinking person, hearing Malibran sing, could have doubted that she would die in the spring of her days. She crowded ages into hours. She left the world at twenty-five, having existed her thousands of years.—*E. Poe.*

When some lovely girl, blooming with fresh youth and beauty, light joys swimming invisible around her head and angels garlanding her way, when this brightest of God's created things is handed over to the hated arms of wealthy age, to share the splendour of some golden idol, with one foot in the grave, what is it but traffic in flesh and blood; a dealing of mere marketing, where parents or friends sell the very life they gave—the price, a dowry, a settlement, a coronet.—*Trapper's Bride.*

The *Flotte* states that a French engineer, named Leonard, now in London, has taken out a patent for a simple means of diminishing the fuel necessary for producing steam. He introduces fish-oil into the boiler, with only a small portion of water. When the oil is at boiling heat, the water precipitates itself into the interior, and steam is generated as fast as is desired, without the oil being decomposed. The saving in fuel is said to be forty or fifty per cent.

The Norman Conquest.—It is a popular error, as all inquirers know, to characterise the Norman conquest as a French conquest. The Normans were not French, but a colony settled in that part of France which, as the colonists were North people, originating in Scandinavia, was called by them Normandy, having previously been designated Neustria. In fact, the Normans were cognate in their derivation to the Anglo-Saxons, and, under Rollo, a piratical Dane, overran a portion of France, and forced the French monarch, Charles III, to cede Neustria to them. This took place only one hundred and fifty years previous to the invasion of England by William, so that when the Normans came here they were not without some affinity to the Saxons whom they attacked. —*Mackinnon's History of Civilisation.*

Her Majesty's Visit to Paris.—Orders have been given that the Gallery of Peace in the Hotel de Ville shall be finished by July, about which time queen Victoria will pay her first visit to that city.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"The Red Hand" and "Aphalo" are unavoidably put on one side this week. X. L. C. (Nottingham) too long for us; send a shorter piece. "Trent" is promising. D. is thanked. His suggestions are excellent, as also the poem, which is in type. If names and addresses are given in confidence, replies will be made by post, and MSS. returned.

"The Red Hand" will in future be continued without interruption.

H. A. Burstall, Printer, 2, Tavistock-street, Strand.

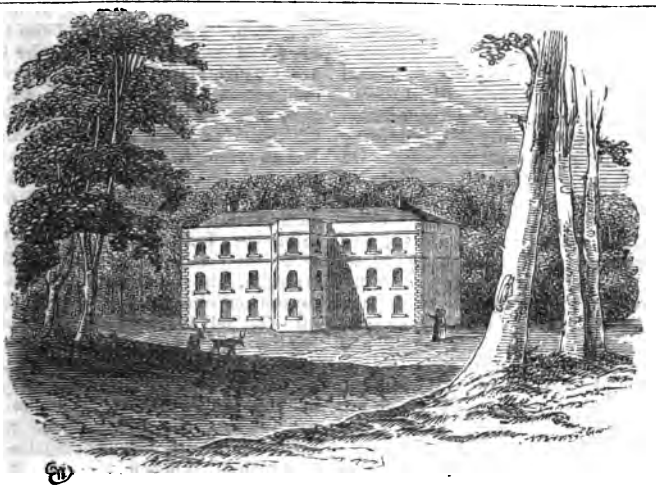
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

"VELUTI IN SPECULUM."

No. 17.] SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1846. [VOL. 1, 1846.



OSBORNE HOUSE.

Osborne House (now the property of Her Majesty, having been purchased from Lady Isabella Blachford) displays no pretensions to architectural elegance; it is a plain, well-built mansion—commodious, unornamented, and massive, suitable as the marine residence of a retired merchant or banker, and therefore admirably suited to the purposes of seclusion. Her Majesty's choice of this house, as a fitting residence for herself and illustrious consort, affords another proof, among many, of her majesty's attachment to unostentatious and old-English simplicity of living, and furnishes an example that might be profitably imitated by others, who follow afar off the queen's domestic habits. In order to accommodate a large establishment, considerable alterations have been made in the building. The situation of Osborne House, though not the best, is one of the best in the neighbourhood of East Cowes. Surrounded with a well-wooded park, adjoining eastward the grounds of Norris Castle (where her majesty resided in 1831), the mansion commands extensive views, varied and beautiful, but, it must be admitted, less extensive and noble than the prospect from Norris Castle. From Osborne House the range of view is easterly, taking in Portsmouth and Spithead; but to the west the prospect is limited by the high grounds of Norris Castle, from which not only Portsmouth and Spithead are objects included in the scene, but the roadstead of Cowes, Southampton, the New Forest, and Calshot Castle. From the high road very little of the mansion is observable; but "in sailing along the coast," says a recent visitor of the spot, "the house appears to be a handsome square edifice, seated at the head of an ample lawn, which slopes gently to a valley open to the sea-beach. The whole park, strictly private, extends down to the sea, with good landing-places." The park, inclusive of garden, &c., contains 346 acres. There is a farm adjoining. During the Civil Wars, when the island became associated with the history of Charles I, Osborne House was occupied by Eustace Mann, Esq.; and there is a place near by, called Money Copse, where this person, terrified by the presence of the parliamentary forces, secreted in the ground his treasure, money, plate, &c., the whole of which, upon being searched for after the cessation of hostilities was discovered to be indiscoverable, or, in other words (to avail ourselves of a common Irishism), was "found gone." Tradition (which is an authority whose authenticity is not to be doubted), has contrived to

turn this incident to some account by circulating the rumour (industriously handed down from father to son), that the property is still concealed about Money Copse somewhere, but where requires more than the divination of a hazel wand (which was said of old to possess the power, when waved by certain hands, of detecting the vicinity of metals beneath the earth), satisfactorily and substantially to determine. Osborne House, we are informed, has on the ground-floor a drawing-room, dining-room, and library, with two anterooms and halls. The first and second floors contain sixteen bed and dressing rooms; a very inadequate accommodation for a royal suite, especially if her majesty should feel disposed to see company. On the former occasion, when, as Princess Victoria, her majesty, with the Duchess of Kent, paid a visit to the island, and occupied Norris Castle, Osborne House, and two other residences, were engaged as quarters for Sir John Conroy and the officers and servants connected with the household. Snamble's Farm is now connected with East Cowes Park estate, laid out in rides and groves, and lately become the dwelling place of sundry of the gentry, whose villas adorn the property, which are now occupied by fashionable residents.—*From Guide to Isle of Wight.*

THE RED HAND.

A Tale of Louisiana.

CHAPTER III.—THE DUMB QUADROONE.

It was the same evening on which the Monk of St. Mary's Tower had discovered his face to Leone de Chasal, that a young and lovely girl sat in her boudoir. Dressed in the gorgeous and splendid style peculiar to the times, in heavy robes of brocade, she still followed her own taste in the arrangement of her hair, whose ebony locks were gracefully smoothed over a lofty and marble brow. About seventeen she was in the lightness of her step; in the merry twinkle of her eye, in the young bloom of her cheek, a girl; while in the rounded form, in the stern and thoughtful expression she often assumed, and in the majesty of her demeanour, was all the more matured beauty of womanhood. Marietta Visconti was sometimes one and sometimes the other. It depended on the mood of mind, which circumstances happened to bring about.

On the present occasion the orphan heiress, for such she was, and to no mean fortune, sat near an open oriel window in that dreamy pensive state which is neither sleeping nor waking. She was far away in the misty land of speculation and doubt. Betrothed to Maximilian de Chasal at an early age, and before her parent's decease, Marietta had learned to look up on her betrothed with all the affection of an affianced wife. In his noble character, in his handsome form, she saw all her visions of romance and chivalry realised. He was wayward and fanciful, it was true, but he was brave as a lion to man, to her gentle as a lamb. Time passed, and the Spaniard came and took possession of the land, an event which raised the deepest feelings of indignation in the minds of all, and in none more so than in the patriotic women of Louisiana. With Marietta, herself of Italian origin, but born in America, patriotism and love of country was a passion which threatened to drown all others, so earnest, impetuous, and powerful was its influence. In her the Monk found a ready auxilary, she laboured to consolidate his strength, she trumpeted his piety and mysterious character, until at length, like all who fell beneath the compass of his mighty intellect, she gave him blind confidence and obedience, in every thing. Leone de Chasal, though warm and fiery as any against the Spaniards, and the chief of nearly every conspiracy, alone refused to render the mysterious stranger his homage, in which Maximilian imitated him, without, however, mixing himself up in the secret opposition to established order and government. Balls, dances, fetes, were his daily and hourly occupation, except when he would take a sudden fancy to hunt in the woods and forests, and then no civilised amusement could detain him a moment. Rich beyond every young man in the whole of Louisiana, he was able to follow the dictation of his fancy unimpeded, while he was the only French noble admitted, without restraint, at the governor's table.

All this had its effect upon the mind of Marietta. At first she hoped that a change would take place, and that the picture before him of the daily increasing tyranny of the Spaniards would rouse Maximilian: she looked forward to the time when the Monk, by his eloquence, would succeed in mastering the stubborn opposition of her lover. But in vain. To her earnest advocacy of strong measures, by which he might hold a high position amid his fellows in the sacred cause of freedom, Maximilian replied not by denials, but by half promises, by a *bon-mot*, by some graceful act of gallantry. He said that having the best of horses, the finest estate, the largest fortune, and the loveliest mistress in New Orleans, he could not but be satisfied under any form of government. The Spaniards never interfered with him, and, therefore, he should see! Perhaps Mi-

rietta might have been less influenced by all these circumstances, had not Leone de Chazal been by her side. As the cousin of her betrothed he had every opportunity of seeing her—her doors were open to him, and of this permission he made good use, especially when Maximilian was absent—a circumstance, of late, of constant occurrence. Leone, it is true, never ventured to say anything openly against his cousin—he was, by far, too deeply versed in the tactics of love to go so far—but he wondered, and he hoped that this and that was not the case, that Maximilian would shake off the yoke of pleasure; and, by dint of constant repetition, these things sank into the mind of the lovely heiress.

Marietta knew that Leone loved her, at least she suspected it, for not a word he had ever uttered could be interpreted into a declaration. And did she repel him the more? No! He was so respectful, he was evidently so unhappy, he envied his cousin so generously, and sang his praises so loudly, that who could but pity him? Marietta, too, found herself thinking of the friend rather oftener than of the lover, a circumstance which she regretted, and constantly reproached herself with—but these very reproaches only assisted in calling back the memory of his name.

"Oh, Maximilian! Maximilian!" she was exclaiming to herself when we introduced her, "why do you not rouse yourself? why not be, like Leone, devoted to your country; like Leone, spurn the pleasures of a moment for the duties for a patriot?"

The hourly comparison of her lover to his cousin was, unfortunate, to say the least of it. The constant falling of a single drop of water, once wore away a stone.

"Well, Maroc," said she, raising her eyes, and discovering, standing before her, a little quadroone girl.

Maroc made no reply, not even appearing to hear, but moving the fingers of the right hand rapidly over the palm of the other.

She was dumb, some said deaf.

"Leone de Chazal," repeated Marietta, reading off her fingers; "let him come in."

The moon shone so brightly that hitherto the lovely maiden had sat by her open window without having the numerous tapers of the room lighted; and Maroc, after touching a small gong slightly, proceeded to illumine the apartment. The chamber of the beauty was large, lofty, and of oblong shape; while from its painted roof hung—a rare article in Louisiana—two magnificent chandeliers. Sofas, ottomans, carpets, long and magnificent curtains, buffets and every variety of curiously worked furniture, adorned the place; while opposite the door of entrance was a little room entered by raising a piece of tapestry, and here the quadroon glided as soon as her task was performed.

In a few minutes Leone de Chazal entered—his cheek slightly pale, while in his eye might have been read a degree of agitation, somewhat rare and uncommon with him. He glanced uneasily round the room, as he crossed the threshold, and gave vent to a deep sigh, as if his bosom had been surprisingly relieved on finding the apartment tenanted only by Marietta.

"Welcome, Leone," said the Visconti, in her most charming manner. "Of what treason have you been plotting this night, and what plans have you matured that you are so late to pay your evening fealty hither?"

Leone advanced, took the hand of the lovely Marietta, and seated himself beside her.

"I have been to St. Mary's Tower," he rejoined, with some hesitation, "to a meeting of the Friends of France."

"Who was there?" inquired Marietta, somewhat anxiously.

"Count Thibaut, several citizens, and your humble servant."

"There was none other!"

"The—the—Monk," said Leone, evidently embarrassed.

"The Monk, of course," replied the fair speaker, in a disappointed tone. "But where was Maximilian?"

"Ah, amusing himself, the happy fellow," continued Leone, who appeared to prefer this subject to the other. "I saw him just now in the Place d'Armes, surrounded by half a dozen friends, laughing merrily."

"Indeed," said Marietta, "but I call him not 'happy fellow,' as you have it, but cold, hard, unfeeling Maximilian. You are too generous to excuse his lightness; when all others are striving for their country, he alone is idle."

"The deeper politician, perhaps," was on Leone's lips. But this would have been standing up for a cousin rather too strongly, and he added, with a tender sigh, "Happy fellow, indeed."

"Leone," said Marietta, warmly, "envy him not. Noble, generous, devoted to his country, as he is in all else, I could follow Maximilian through the world, but," continued the impetuous Italian, her form now majestic with noble passion, "I shall learn to hate a recreant."

Leone de Chazal was astonished at this burst of feeling, he knew not what to make of it, for that evening more than any other he wished to stifle within his breast emotions which were so opposed to the interests of his cousin. For a few minutes the man of the world was taken

aback, but quickly recovering himself, he replied, "Maximilian is a noble-minded fellow, and will come out of this ordeal triumphantly."

The words were well, but the tone of voice destroyed their effect.

"Leone," continued Marietta, "you know well that I wish to excuse Maximilian. He is my affianced husband, and I love him," this was said firmly; "but I tremble when I reflect that he is the twin brother of Paul de Chazal, who died in a low public drinking room, after a night spent in"—here the lovely girl blushed deeply—"company which disgraced his name. *He* too began by pleasure innocent enough.'

Leone glared like a wounded tiger on the beautiful speaker, as she bent her eyes sadly on the carpet. He gasped for breath, but, by a violent effort, overcame his emotion.

"You are hard, fair Marietta," he said, with a forced laugh, "and forget that I too have been a man of pleasure, and am still."

"But you know where to stop. You give not yourself wholly to folly, and can find time to join in plans for your country's regeneration."

Again Maroc glided noiselessly beside her mistress. In her hand was a salver, on which lay two letters.

"One for you, and one for me," said Marietta, handing his billet to Leone, while she eagerly opened her own:

"Put no faith in the gallantries of Leone de Chazal. Remind him that he was beside Paul de Chazal *when he died.* Maximilian is an enigma, but worth unravelling. "THE MONK."

Leone read:

"Marcella Zanetto is impatient. You are an hour behind your usual time.

"THE MONK."

Both started, while the young man bit his lip, and rose as if to leave.

"You are going?" said Marietta, scarcely aware of what she was saying, as she gazed in deep thought on the missive in her hand.

"I had forgotten a particular engagement, of which this note reminds me."

"With the Monk?" inquired Marietta, sadly, as she looked at the handwriting.

"With the Monk," repeated the young man, evidently relieved at the excuse thus made for him; and with these words he rose, took his plumed hat, and hurriedly departed.

Marietta Visconti remained alone, her thoughts racked by doubt and uncertainty, by doubt and uncertainty too of a very unpleasant character. She loved Maximilian—she remembered that she was his betrothed; but she could not forget the causes which made her uneasy concerning his character and proceedings. And now the Monk, for whom as a devout catholic and as a patriot, she had the profoundest respect, bade her temporise. Leone, she could not disguise from herself, had, by assiduous devotion, gained a lofty place in her esteem, and now suspicions were infused into her mind concerning him. Marietta knew not what to think, and her fair and marble brow grew clouded and sad, more clouded and sad than ever marble brow of fair girl should be.

"Maroc!" again she exclaimed, as the dumb Quadroone, only less beautiful and equally young with herself stood before her.

The girl's hands moved rapidly for an instant.

"The Monk," read Marietta, greatly relieved, as, at the same instant, that mysterious individual stood before her.

THE PEASANT'S TRIAL.

BY F. A. B.

An agricultural labourer, by name Edward Parry, at Charlton, had a wife and six children. Like most of his class, his earnings varied from six to eight shillings per week. How for years the family lived on this wretched pittance is one of those mysteries which stare us in the face and yet are not understood. The poor of England starve; their voices are silent; we know not of their existence, and they die and are forgotten. Towards the latter end of the year of grace 1845, Edward Parry found that what with his family growing up, with rent, clothing, and firing, with the daily demand for the bread that perisheth, his means were totally inadequate, and in a moment of desperation he brought his case before the board of guardians.

It was evening. In a poor and miserable hovel, the home of "a bold peasantry—their country's pride," in a wretched hut, by a scanty apology for a fire, sat, at eventide, the labourer, his wife, and six children. Pale, meanly clad, and cold, they cowered near the hearth in silence. The father had returned some time from his journey, but had not spoken a word; while the mother, poor resigned thing! prepared a few potatoes, to be presently divided amongst the whole party.

Edward Parry was about five-and-forty; he looked older with that poor old hat, smock frock, and stubby unshaven chin, while the lines of care and wearing hopelessness sat upon his brow. Each day spent in contriving how one shilling should feed, clothe, and lodge eight mortal souls,

was cause enough to bring early age upon him. But now that fond father, poor in worldly gear, but rich in heart, sat stern and cold upon his stool, eyeing the fire with an eye of glass. His wife watched him anxiously. At length he spoke:

"Well, I have had my answer," he said bitterly; "the guardians will do something for us."

"Thank God!" cried the poor wife, in a tone of heartfelt gladness.

"Thank God!" exclaimed the husband, bitterly, "yes! Betsy," said he, fiercely, turning to his eldest child, "you are to go into the workhouse."

The mother and children—those little things whose hearts had beat at the whisper of glad tidings—uttered a common exclamation of horror.

"Oh, father!" cried the poor girl, "let me die here, but do not send me to that horrid place."

The labourer smiled grimly: it was a smile such as a despairing angel might have worn.

"Then you, Bill, must go," he said, turning to the second child. "You know it will be one mouth the less."

The children all here set up an actual howl—a wailing cry of anguish.

"Oh father, father!" they cried each one, "do not send me! do not send me!"

"Well, wife," said the poor labourer, still with nearly savage fierceness, "you hear what the babes say; what are we to do? Are we to force one of our children to go from this home, wretched and miserable, to be fed by the parish?"

"Edward," said the poor woman, that pale creature wan with work and care, "Edward, I have been a patient, and I hope a good wife to you. When, twenty years ago, I took you for a husband, we were in the brightness of youth; you were a well-to-do little farmer. I looked forward to a life of cherished happiness. You became a labourer. I crushed my hopes in my heart, and was patient, for the sake of my children and you, Edward. Have I ever murmured? If I have, and you as you are, I deserve anything: take then from me my children. If, Edward, you can lay your hand on your heart and say I have been a good wife, leave me all my babes; I ask no other reward."

"Ha! ha! ha! I knew it!" cried the half-starved labourer, somewhat wildly, jumping up and kissing his wife; "you shall have your babes. I will work, I will work, and hope for better days, and the workhouse may go ——"

The wife hushed him with a wan smile, and they sat down to their wretched supper happy. The children felt as if delivered from some horrid calamity; the husband and wife had the pleasure of knowing that none would be taken from them, and presently they retired to rest, resigned, hopeful.

Such are the poor of England, the labouring population of the counties. God send there be a change!

THE POOR WIDOW.

I knew a widow, very poor,
Who four small children had;
The oldest was but six years old,
A gentle, modest lad.

And very hard this widow toil'd
To feed her children four;
An honest pride the woman felt,
Though she was very poor.

To labour she would leave her home,
For children must be fed,
And glad was she when she could earn
A shilling's worth of bread.

And this was all the children had
On any day to eat;
They drank their water, ate their bread,
And never tasted meat.

One day, when snow was falling fast,
And piercing was the air,
I thought that I would go and see
How these poor children were.

Ere long I reached their cheerless home,
'Twas searched by every breeze;
When going in, the eldest child
I saw upon his knees.

I paused to listen to the boy,
He never raised his head;
But still went on, and said, "Give us
This day our daily bread."

I waited till the child had done,
Still listening as he prayed;
And when he rose, I asked him why
The Lord's Prayer he had said?

"Why, sir," said he, "this morning when
My mother went away,
She wept, because she said she had
No bread for us to day."

She said, we children now must starve,
Our father being dead;
And then I told her not to cry.
For I could get some bread.

"'Our Father,' sir, the prayer begins,
Which made me think that He,
As we have got no father here,
Would our kind father be.

"And then, you know, the prayer, sir, too,
Asks God for bread each day;
So in the corner, sir, I went,
And that's what made me pray."

I quickly left that wretched room,
And went with fleeting feet,
And very soon was back again
With food enough to eat.

"I thought God heard me," said the boy,
I answered with a nod;
I could not speak, but much I thought
Of that child's faith in God.

THE IRON SLAVE.

We have already, on more than one occasion, directed public attention to this wonderful machine, constructed on a new mechanical, labour-saving principle; but the invention has not yet received that examination in Jamaica of which we think it might be found eminently worthy, and therefore we have no hesitation in again bringing it before our readers. It is represented as intended as a substitute for the work formerly done by the human slave in warm climates,—and has been made for the Tropical Emigration Society of England. If the account given of it may be depended upon, as we trust it may, we should hold ourselves guilty of a culpable omission were we not to endeavour to fix upon it the early attention of our planting friends. The first public display of this invention which, it is seriously alleged, will, at no distant period, altogether change the present system of agricultural labour, especially in warm climates, excited a good deal of interest. The machine is intended for agricultural purposes—such as ploughing, sowing, reaping; also for making canals, roads, and tunnels. It is a frame of iron, four feet wide, and twenty feet long in front, with a shaft of six feet six inches long behind, with two broad wheels, and a steering wheel on the extreme end. On the front shaft are feet similar to spokes of wheels, with huffers on their extremities; these enter the ground by the revolving of the shaft. This is caused by a long lever of twenty feet, swinging backwards and forwards on a spindle, and pulling alternately two levers of three feet, in a box on two wheels, fixed to the shaft, similar to the capstan on the Great Britain steamship, with the difference that the motion can be reversed, or the levers so placed that they vibrate without the driving-wheel. The power to work this machine is communicated by ropes, pulling alternately on the lever; these ropes at a distance of 100 yards were wound around a double drum, and corresponding ropes ran from the drum to the distance of a further 120 yards, to two cranks of a steam engine. By this trial, a new mechanical principle was established—namely, the transition of power from a fixed point to a moving point, going in arbitrary directions at the will of one man at the steering wheel, which was thought impossible by scientific engineers. By prolonging or shortening the communication ropes, the distance from the prime mover to the machine travelling on pulleys and rollers to diminish friction, and from the drum to the "satellie," they are held up by cars with poles if they extend to a distance, to keep them from the ground. The trial itself proved fully the practicability of the machine. The machine is intended to work and move at the rate of three miles an hour. The trial was made on a square of eleven acres, on the property of Mr. E. King, of Blackburn, who kindly lent to the Tropical Emigration Society his steam carriage, which, eleven years ago, was running between Hammersmith and London.—*Jamaica Times.*

AMERICAN TRADING.

[From The Trapper's Bride.]

Few instances exist on record of industry so indefatigable in the pursuit of gain, amid dangers and difficulties, as that presented by the American trappers and gentlemen traders who, in the Great Prairie wilderness, in the Rocky Mountains, on the arid plains of Oregon, amid the perils of the Santa Fé caravan-trade, and all the various outlying posts of the vast interior, pursue a commerce which, characterised by features romantic and striking, must ever be viewed with feelings of interest and curiosity.

Thousands of hardy men, abandoning for ever their native villages, and rarely, if ever, returning within the confines of the settlements, becoming utterly averse to the restraints of civilised life, start across the frontier, where, either on their own account, or in the service of some one of the more opulent adventurers, they become beaver-hunters, trappers, or carry on a system of barter with the Indians. No life is more fraught with constant peril, and no occupation can be less permanently advantageous to those on whom devolves all the real labour of this peculiar commerce. Leaving the station where they have wintered, the trapper, often alone, takes his departure for the mountains, and there, during a whole season, pursues his avocations, perhaps more than a thousand miles from any spot inhabited by civilised man; living on the produce of his gun, eating buffalo and elk meat, often half-starved, always in fear of the treacherous Eutaws, the roving Comanche, the wild Apache, and the root-eating Shoshonie. The bare ground is their only bed, where, by the light of some well-concealed fire, deep in a woody glen overhung by willow or spruce, the lone trapper sleeps with the wolf or panther growling within twenty feet, and only scared from attacking himself and horse by a blazing fire of cedar-logs. Hundreds perish from the arrows and tomahawks of the red-skins, that, in the Rocky Mountains, in the vast, lovely, and fertile valley, called the Bayou Salade, in the exquisite "Old Park," swarm by thousands; but hundreds also escape, and, concealing the produce of the chase in

numerous *cachés* known only to themselves, at the end of the season pour down upon the trading posts—upon Fort Bent, upon Brown's Hole, upon Vancouver; and there, during the winter season, swim in whiskey and float in tobacco-smoke; or, perhaps, wedding some loved Indian maid, settle down into more steady members of society. These marriages are common in the extreme, and from the submissive and resigned nature of the Indian female character, combined with their industry and power of enduring labour and fatigue, the unions are generally happy. The rude trappers find in them obedient wives, to whom their word is law, and who, without a murmur, take upon themselves all the duties of the household, and even more than the duties. It would indeed be a difficult matter, if, under such circumstances, the husband found much cause for complaint.

IMPORTANT MICROSCOPIC RESEARCHES.

Some very curious and important discoveries were made public at the last meeting of the Microscopic Society, by Mr. Quekett, the assistant conservator of the Hunterian Museum, relative to the minute structure of bone in the four great classes of animals. He had found certain characters peculiar to each great class, by which alone the bones of one class could be recognised from those of another. He then described the minute parts of which the shaft of a long bone is composed, namely, a central or medullary cavity, a series of small canals, and, external to them, a series of bony laminæ, in and between which were arranged concentrically spider-like bodies termed lucana, or bone-cells. The bone-cells, he stated, were smaller in birds, a little larger in mammalia, and largest of all in the reptilia, and were, generally speaking, of an oval form, whilst in fishes they were remarkable for their angular shape, and having but few canals branching from them. Mr. Quekett proposes to apply the characters derived from the bone-cells to the determination of the class of animals to which any minute fragment of recent or fossil bone may have belonged. The cells in the bones of fishes are so very peculiar in shape, and those of reptiles being of such a large size, it can at once be determined whether the portion of bone under examination belong to a reptile or a fish; the only difficulty, then, lies between the bird and the mammal. It has already been stated that the cells are smaller in the former than in the latter, and if the fragment be taken from a part at right angles with the shaft of the bone, there is another peculiarity, namely, the great tortuosity of the canals, which run for the most par transversely, and wind backwards and forwards, and in many cases destroy the concentric laminate arrangement; this character, combined with the smallness of the bone-cells, is sufficient to enable the practised observer readily to distinguish the bone of a bird from that of any mammalian animal.

Anatomists have long been familiar with the fact, that in proportion to the size of the blood corpuscles, so is that of the capillaries and of the muscular and nervous fibres, and it would appear that the same thing held good with respect to the bone-cells. From the highly valuable table of the blood dises, lately published by Mr. Gulliver, it appears that the blood particles are largest in reptiles, and are much smaller in mammalia and birds; hence it would appear that the bone-cells are subject to the same capillary, muscular, and other systems, and in the advanced stages of the inquiry it may possibly turn out that if one or other of these systems be known the size of the others may be readily inferred; for throughout any one genus of animals, whether the bone be of very large or small dimensions, the bone-cells do not vary much in their size; thus there is little or no perceptible difference in the intimate structure of the bones of the enormous ignanodon of the Wealden formation, and the smallest lizard that we trample under our feet; or between that of the bones of the mustadon as compared with those of our smallest mammalian animal, the mouse. The sagacious author of the paper observed that the structure of the bones of the animals now inhabiting the surface of our planet is precisely similar to what it was six thousand years ago, and, no doubt, would continue the same to the end of time.

I LOVE TO SCAN THY ARTLESS FACE.

By the late J. H. J., Son of the Author of "Rural Sonnets," "Sunlight and Moonlight on the Waters."

I love to scan thy artless face,
And watch those signs thou can'st not smother;
And fondly strive thy thoughts to trace
As smiles and tears o'ertake each other.

That look, so strange yet sweet to see,
That look on which I'm ever dwelling,
Imparts far deeper bliss to me
Than lips possess the gift of telling.

I love thee more—yes, more and more,
Each time I view those bright eyes beaming;
And muse, in gentle rapture, o'er
The tresses down thy fair neck streaming.

'Tis sweeter still to hear thy voice
Make music to that look of pleasure,
Which bids my throbbing heart rejoice,
And stamps thee mine—thou priceless treasure!

—*Hood's Magazine for April.*

PIQUILLO ALLIAGA;
OR,
THE MOORS IN THE TIME OF PHILIP III.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

[From the French of M. Eugene Scribe.]

CHAPTER II.—THE TRIUMPH.

In an old and well-furnished mansion in Pampeluna, the principal windows of which overlooked the Taconnera, sat, in a gothic arm-chair, lost in deep reverie, an old soldier formerly in the service of Philip II. His cap, sword, and a parchment sealed with three seals were on the table. Before him stood a fine young officer, whom every mother coveted for a son-in-law, and every pretty girl for a lover. The joyousness of youth sparkled in his eyes—his manners bore the stamp of Spanish gallantry, and his proud Castilian blood mantled on his brow. A smile of impatience played on his hairless lip, whilst he carelessly played with the scabbard of his sword. Perceiving that the old man maintained silence, he, at length, timidly hazarded the following sentence: "Am I then to accompany you to Ireland?"

"No," rejoined the old man.

"Why not?"

"You have not yet drawn a blade, Fernand. I would have you begin with a victory, and, in this instance, we shall be vanquished."

"What! when you are the commander, Juan d'Aguilar? When the king supplies you with six thousand of the flower of his army, for the campaign in Ireland? When he desires to glorify the first year of his reign with a glorious enterprise?"

"I will go, I will go; but we shall certainly fail! Mad, impolitic, useless enterprise! Instead of boldly attacking Elizabeth and the English, suppressing crime and sedition, and subduing the refractory Irish! No such worthy deeds are to be achieved. Our counsels unheeded—we, old soldiers, who have served under Juan of Austria, and know what war is! Ah! Spain was a glorious country in those far off days."

"And so is she now," exclaimed the youth, in proud exultation; "she has *not* degenerated!"

"Aye," replied the old man, gazing at the boy with evident pride; "yes, she has stout hearts and sturdy limbs to fight her battles yet; but, nevertheless, her decline has begun, and nothing can now arrest it."

"A new reign might revive her splendour."

"A new reign!" muttered the old soldier. Heaving a deep sigh, he continued, musingly, "I was at the death-bed of Philip II. He knew what men where made of. He, who won victories without a smile of triumph, and saw a whole fleet perish without a murmur; that prince did I see absolutely shed a tear—yes, shed a tear when he contemplated the future monarchy of Spain. 'Heaven,' said he to me, 'who has granted me vast domains, has left me no heir to maintain them.'"

"What does that signify," continued the youth, "if there be an able minister of state at the helm?—it is said that the Count de Lerma is a man of genius."

By the impatient gesture of his uncle, the young man perceived that he had ventured too far.

"The Count de Lerma, an able statesman. Where, I should like to know, did Gomez de Sandoval y Royas, and, forsooth, Count de Lerma, learn—where should he have learned the science of government? Was it in the course of the adventures of his youth—in the tricks he played his creditors, and the skill with which he payed them without loosening his purse-strings?"

"But, my dear uncle, that is no despicable act; and if it were used towards the payment of the state's creditors, what a service it would be to the public exchequer!"

Don Juan, however, heeded him not, and pursued his own train of thought.

"Where did he learn politics? In the antechamber of the Infanta, where the late king placed him, under the charge of the Marchioness of Vaglis, in order to supplant the heir to the throne? In this alone consists the secret of his lauded merits. From the very day of the king's death, our influence was at an end, and the Count de Lerma became, not only prime minister, but absolute sovereign of Spain! Yes," he continued, "the new monarch, not content with heaping these dignities on his favourite, issues his first royal ordinance (a proclamation unexampled in the history of monarchies) proclaiming that the Count de Lerma's signature should be equally regarded with his own. He, a king! a descendant of Philip II and Charles V; and in the short space of a twelvemonth, this new-made minister—a Sandoval, signs himself the 'YEO EL REY!'"

'Calm yourself, uncle."

"A king of Spain, descended from royal parentage, abdicating the crown! It is a stigma on the country's nobility!

"Nevertheless," interrupted the young man, pointing to the parchment on the table, "you perceive he appoints you commander of the Irish expedition?"

"Yes, yes; he would sooner have me in Ireland than in Pampeluna. Pampeluna is too close to Madrid and the court. He desires that I should never visit such scenes, and banishes me to a distant land."

"Do you intend declining this offer?"

"What! refuse when there is danger?

No, no; I will go to the slaughter, but you must not accompany me; there is peril to meet, but no glory in that quarter. Martin Padilla, who commands the fleet, is my mortal foe; Occampo, who is appointed my lieutenant, is also my enemy."

"Then I should be by your side."

"And who will protect my memory? who will support the honour of my house? who will protect my daughter, Carmen, whom I shall leave an orphan? In her helpless childhood she will have no protectress but her aunt, my sister, the Countess d'Altamira, in whom I place no confidence. You know, Fernand, my projects, with respect to her and yourself; pledge me your word that you will not betray them."

"I pledge myself, uncle," exclaimed the young man, extending his hand, which the old soldier eagerly grasped with grateful warmth.

"And in the course of time," continued he, brushing away a tear that trickled down his cheek, "in the course of time, you will enter the councils of the state (for you have a right to that distinction, being a grandee of Spain—the Baron d'Albayda, first baron of Valencia); remember then that which I have uttered to-day. Defend our weak monarch against the wiles of his parasites—against his own rash acts; but yet hold him in high respect; for the king, whatever he is or does, is our legitimate ruler—our father. Many enemies threaten to overwhelm our country—many are striving to hasten her ruin."

Whilst he was thus speaking, a loud uproar of the populace was heard in the streets.

"What is that?" said the old man.

"Nothing, uncle; it is simply the beginning of the rejoicings in honour of the entry into Pampeluna of the king and his minister."

The uproar increased, and presently cries of "Justice, justice!—to the scaffold with Lerma!" were distinctly heard, mingled with menaces.

"Already," observed the old man coldly. All he dreaded, however, was that the shouts of the crowd would disturb the slumbers of his darling Carmen.

Fernand was on the point of quitting the apartment in which the above colloquy was held, to ascertain the origin of all this noise, when a man entered, whose rich garments were soiled and in disorder. His disdainful look was tinctured with fear and rage, and he strove to smile to disguise these emotions just as some folks sing to conceal their fright.

"The Count de Lemos!" exclaimed d'Aguilar.

"The governor of Pampeluna!" said the youth, respectfully.

The Count de Lemos was brother-in-law to the Count de Lerma, who had appointed him viceroy of Navarre, and governor of Pampeluna. D'Aguilar had much reason to feel surprised at his visit; for being no friend to the minister, he was not on over good terms with his family. Lemos and D'Aguilar rarely met each other.

"Yes!—it *is* me," said the Count, trying to force a blustering laugh; "they met my carriage in the street, and they assailed it with stones. Up to the very door of your hotel have they followed me."

"Of whom do you speak, sir Count?" inquired D'Aguilar, calmly.

"You are ignorant, then, of what is passing in the streets?"

"Perfectly so."

"Nothing can possibly be more absurd—a madness—a delirium! From Josué Calzado, the corregidor, whom I took to be a sensible, discreet man, downwards, they have all lost their senses. Borne triumphantly on the shoulders of the rabble, the corregidor came riotously at their head, to my hotel, making a fearful disturbance. The Countess will assuredly suffer sorely from fear, for they commenced operations by smashing the windows."

"But what did they want?" exclaimed D'Aguilar, impatiently.

"What did they want? Why they actually want to prevent the king from entering Pampeluna—yes, the king who is even now at the very gates of the city."

"Close the gates against the king of Spain!" said D'Aguilar, indignantly. "I trust, sir Count, that you have adopted rigorous measures to prevent such an indignity."

"Certainly; at the very outset of the tumult I despatched a messenger, disguised, to my brother-in-law, the minister; the matter concerns him most, and he will know how to act under the emergency."

"But what have *you* done?"

"Me!—what would you have had *me* do?"

"Is there not a fortress in Pampeluna, erected by Philip II?"

"It is unfinished; and there is not within its walls a single cannon, or one soldier!"

"In a frontier town!" exclaimed D'Aguilar, looking pointedly at Fernand. "What said I to you but now? Here is an instance of foresight on the part of those to whom the care of our country is confided—no garrison—no soldiers!"

"Why, that is just the very cause of the tumult. They will have it that the citizens alone should welcome their king, and not suffer him to be heralded by a military guard."

"And you yielded to them?"

"Not at all! Perceiving that it was

idle to parley with them, I caused my horses to be harnessed to a coach without armorial bearings, and left my hotel by a back door. I was in hopes I should have been able to join the Count de Lerma, and the two regiments by which he is escorted; and *then* I should like to know what would have been the consequences!"

"You—the governor of the town," said D'Aguilar, with marked surprise, "and meditated leaving it in the hour of danger!"

"To return; but I could not effect that object; they recognised and pursued me, and here have I taken refuge; and, my dear D'Aguilar, I ask you a thousand pardons for coming thus unceremoniously and unattended."

At this crisis the disturbance without redoubled, and a servant entered the room in dismay, exclaiming that the infuriated mob angrily insisted on the delivery of the governor into their hands. The Count de Lemos turned pale, young Fernand approached to protect him; and Don Juan D'Aguilar, without vacating his arm chair, said, with a smile lurking on his lips—"Tell them I am too highly honoured by the visit of the governor to desire its being shortened. He shall remain here as long as he pleases; and then," added he, with the pride of the Castilian, "as for the rabble, who are now at my gate, tell them they had better be off quietly."

Such was the respect in which Don Juan D'Aguilar was held, and the readiness with which he was wont to be obeyed, that the servant, without reflecting for a moment that he would run the risk of being torn to pieces by the mob, went to execute his orders; but that was impossible, for the other inhabitants of the hotel, alarmed at the increase of the crowd, had barricaded the principal entrance, and although Juan D'Aguilar was universally beloved and honoured, these defensive preparations had irritated the multitude, who already evinced hostile intentions.

The unlucky corredigor, leader against his will, of a riot which he could not quiet, and of a force that terrified him out of his wits, vainly attempted to address them. In the midst of the uproar they heard not a word of his ejaculations, and conceiving from the movement of his lips, that he was encouraging them to the charge, they set up a shout of "Hurrah for the corregidor!—on to the assault! —long life to the corregidor!"

Hearing this uproar, Fernand rushed to the room, the casements of which looked upon the street, and D'Aguilar rose to follow him, limping with the gout.

"What is to be done?" exclaimed the Count.

"Arrest the corregidor and two or three of the principal mutineers," said D'Aguilar, "and the rest will disperse. Halloo," he exclaimed to his nephew, who was undismayed, leaning out of the casement, and quietly watching the furious crowd that surrounded the gate of the hotel, "what think you of it?"

"I think," replied the youth, calmly, "we must secure some of them instantly, or there will be much mischief ere long."

Just then a shout of "Death to the governor!" rung the air.

The Count de Lemos endeavoured, in vain, to conceal his terror, and despite the scornful smile that played on his lip, the perspiration poured down his face. The old soldier, looking him steadfastly in the face, said, "Fear nothing, there is time yet to repell the danger."

"How?"

"The time expended in burning the house over our heads will enable the Count de Lerma, with his regiments—acquainted as he is with your position—to hasten to your rescue."

"You think so?" said Lemos.

"It cannot be otherwise. Close the gates of the city to the king! After suffering such an affront, there will be nothing left which we must not yield to these rebels. It is on the beginning of a reign that firmness is indispensable."

"But supposing the rebellion continues?"

"What of that?"

"What is to become of us in the meantime?"

"We will bear the brunt of the assault here, in this house, against the whole population of Pampeluna, if necessary: shall we not, my nephew?"

"Certainly, uncle. This will be my first campaign, and I glory in the idea that it will be under your guidance."

A fresh uproar, louder and still more threatening than the preceding, now burst from the impatient crowd. Mingled with shouts of rage, the sound of pickaxes, applied to the principal portal, was distinctly heard. At the bare thought of repelling an attacking foe, the old Don became excited beyond measure. As the war-horse that neighs and proudly tosses his head at the sound of the trumpet, he advanced with a firm step to the immediate scene of the struggle, forgetting his gout, and regaining all the ardour of his youth.

"Now then," he said, addressing those around him, "arm yourselves as rapidly as possible, and with whatever falls in your way, and begin by demolishing that casement!"

"What do you meditate?" cried the Count de Lemos.

"Why, simply to cast upon the heads of

the loiters, the whole of the first floor of the hotel."

"Brave!" exclaimed the youth, commencing operations lustily.

"Now, then, I will show you," said the excited soldier; "I will show you how to defend a fortress besieged by the enemy."

"What!" said the Count de Lemos, astounded at this display of generous feeling; "is it possible that you and yours expose your lives to secure the safety of one whose family is notedly hostile to your own?"

"That is just the very reason for exertion," replied the old man; "I never yet deserted one in adversity seeking an asylum beneath my roof—it is a sacred duty;" and then he added, "take care, Count; do not place yourself so close to that casement, the post of danger; but yonder artillery of stones shall soon be silenced. Hark you, my friends," and pondering a while on what Charles XII had achieved under somewhat similar circumstances at Bender, the old general not only contemplated repelling the assault, but also attacking the enemy, aided by his nephew and servants. He hastily explained his tactics to his allies, and ordered the windows to be thrown open to reconnoitre the position and force of the foe; but to his great surprise a sudden calm succeeded the tumult, and all that could be seen in the now nearly deserted street were the remnants of the rebel band proceeding apparently to the gate through which the king purposed entering the town. The Count de Lemos was lost in conjecture, and D'Aguilar was puzzled to think what panic could have wrought this sudden change, what stratagem of the enemy was at the bottom of so singular a proceeding, or what marvellous event had robbed him of his laurels before the battle commenced.

Presently a horseman was seen galloping down the street at a tremendous pace. He held in one hand a flag of truce and a letter bearing the state seal. He pulled up in front of the hotel, and demanded admittance in the king's name.

At this revered sound, Don Juan immediately ordered the gate of his citadel to be opened, and the horseman, dismounting, entered. He was a brigadier in the army of the Infanta, Fidalgo d'Estremos by name.

"They tell me," said he, "that the governor of Pampeluna is to be found here."

"I am he," said the Count de Lemos, advancing.

"A letter from the king."

He snatched it eagerly from him, and breaking the seal, hurried through its contents. Meanwhile Don Juan inquired of the brigadier where he had left the regiment to which he belonged.

"At the gates of the city," said the brigadier.

"Did you accompany the king?"

"I did; as well as the Count de Lerma."

"And you do not, I hope, dream of shrinking from the assault of this band of townsmen?"

By way of answer, the brigadier placed his hand on the scabbard of his sword.

"That's right," exclaimed D'Aguilar. "With brave fellows like yourself, I should like to see the force or the rampart that could hold out against us. How now," he continued, addressing the Count de Lemos; "has your brother-in-law, the minister, made proper arrangements for the attack on Pampeluna?"

"No," replied the Count, with some hesitation; "that is not necessary."

"Oh! I perceive," said D'Aguilar, "the enemy have already abandoned their project; I thought it would not last long."

"Yes," stammered the Count, "all is tranquil now, I believe."

"Have they given any hostages?" asked D'Aguilar.

"Not one."

"Well, that matters little, so long as they ask for pardon. Of course they have expiated their resistance to the king?"

"No," replied Lemos, in an embarrassed manner.

"What is it, then?" asked Don Juan, impatiently. "What is the intelligence that has reached your excellency?"

In reply to these interrogations, the Count handed to the old soldier the epistle, which was couched in the following terms:—

"The king having learned, with deep concern, that his approach has occasioned some slight disturbance in the city; and having deliberated with his council and ministers what course to pursue under the circumstances, has expressed his determination to employ no other escort, on his solemn entry into Pampeluna, but that formed by its citizens. His majesty, moreover, has decided that, during his stay in their city, they alone shall have the honour of guarding the royal person."

This document bore the following signature:—"For the king—the Count de Lerma, prime minister."

It was manifest that this originated with the favourite. It was doubtful whether the king had been consulted on the occasion at all, and, indeed, the chronicles of that time assert that he never saw the document till the next day. Pale and trembling with indignation, Don Juan d'Aguilar twice read this remarkable production. Without uttering a syllable he returned it into the hands of the governor, who, anxious to carry its object into execution, hastily left

the hospitable dwelling where he had found refuge and protection.

The old man, left alone with his nephew, gazed on him for a while musingly, and then exclaimed:—"Said I not right? Had I not occasion to tremble for Spain and her king?"

Dreading a further betrayal of his overpowering feelings, he rushed to his daughter Carmen's apartment. The child, alarmed at his hasty approach, extended her arms towards him.

"I have been waiting for you, father!" she exclaimed, "and could not sleep till you came to kiss me."

D'Aguilar clasped his darling to his heart, and imprinting an earnest kiss on her forehead, forgot for the time, all about the revolt, the Fueros, and even the Count de Lerma. When the child fell calmly to sleep he stole out of the room, and proceeded to the palace to await the king's arrival.

ANCIENT BEDSTEAD,

IN TURTON TOWER, LANCASHIRE.

[From the Archæological Album.]

Many of our old manorial residences contain articles of ancient furniture, that have remained as heir-looms in the family, or have been brought together by the taste of more recent possessors, which merit to be better known, and we hope from time to time to be able to make our readers acquainted with some of the most beautiful specimens. Turton Tower is situated about four miles from Bolton. "The tower," which is the oldest part of the building, is square, of stone, and evidently constructed for defence. It contains a hall, of small dimensions, but richly decorated with wood carvings. A quaint staircase leads to the upper apartments, of which the largest is the drawing-room, occupying the entire length and breadth of the building. This fine room is panelled with oak, and the ceiling is enriched with pendants and other ornaments. In the reign of king John the township of Turton was held by Roger Fitz Robert (de Holland). It subsequently became the property of Henry, "the good Duke of Lancaster," from whom the manor passed into the knightly family of the Orrels; and from them it was purchased by Humphrey Chetham, Esq., a manufacturer of fustians, and founder of the celebrated college and library at Manchester. It continued in the family of the Chethams until it was conveyed by a co-heiress to a gentleman of the name of Bland, whose sole heiress married Mordecai Green, Esq., in whose family the estate still remains. That portion of it which contains Turton Tower is in the occupation of James Kay, Esq., who has expended large sums in furnishing his interesting residence in a style in accordance with its antique character. Some of these articles of furniture are represented in our plate, engraved from a sketch, for the communication of which we are indebted to the kindness of S. C. Hall, Esq., who has recently given an account of Turton Tower in his work on "The Baronial Halls, &c. of England." The principal object in the picture, and the one which possesses most interest, is the beautifully carved bedstead, which, from the date upon the footboard, appears to have been made in the year 1593. On the cornice above appear the arms of the earls of Devon, to one of whom it is said to have been presented by a king of France, so that it is probably of foreign manufacture. The cornice is enriched with elaborate flower and scroll-work, as well as with syrens, dragons, and fanciful monsters, whose extremities end in interlaced flower-work. The canopy or roof of the bed is carved in regular compartments, and adorned with pendants. The head of the bed presents a series of ornaments of a very varied character, in accordance with the taste of the age, consisting of a complicated mass of pillars, panels, caryatides, flowers, birds, and geometrical figures, so completely thrown together for general effect, that no "rule of art" can be applied to them. The footboard is also filled with panels, richly carved; and the posts are remarkable for more than the usual amount of elegance observed in state beds of this date. They rest on square bases, covered with carved scroll-work, and hollow within, having doors that open on each side.

The chair near the bed, is of the same age and style as the bedstead. The table, chair, and glass under the window, are probably not older than the reign of William III, or that of queen Anne.

The history of furniture is an interesting subject. In carrying our researches back a few centuries, we are surprised at the few articles which were considered necessary to furnish the rooms of our forefathers, and those articles were often of the plainest description. The hall seems to have seldom contained more than a table and a bench, sometimes with a cupboard or buffet. The table itself appears in many instances to have been only a board placed on temporary supports. A bed (a mere couch), with (not always) a chair or seat of some kind, furnished the sleeping-chamber. Harrison, in the description of England written in Essex during the reign of Elizabeth, and inserted in Holinshed's "Chronicles," informs us that "our fathers (yea, and we ourselves also), have lien full

oft upon straw pallets, on rough mats, covered onelie with a sheet, under coverlets made of dagswain (daggeswayne was the old term for the materials used for the coverlet of beds) or hopharlots (I use their own termes), and a good round log under their heads insteed of a bolster. If it were so that our fathers, or the goodman of the house, had, within seven years after his mariage, purchased a matteres, or flocke bed, and thereto a sacke of chaffe to rest his head upon, he thought himselfe to be as well lodged as the lord of the towne, so well were they contented. Pillowes, said they, were thought meete onelie for women in child-bed. As for servants, if they had anie sheet above them it was well, for seldome had they anie under their bodies to keepe them from the pricking straws that ran oft through the canvas of the pallet, and rased their hardened hides."

This description was of course intended to apply to the middle and lower classes of society; but we know from various sources that, in the earlier part of the middle ages, beds could scarcely be called objects of luxury, and that they were certainly not articles of ornament. The Anglo-Saxon illuminated manuscripts represent persons of the highest distinction sleeping on rude wooden couches, in a very uncomfortable position. The Anglo-Normans appear to have been not much better furnished in this respect; for in illuminations of manuscripts they are exhibited sleeping on very low wooden frames, with a mere board to support the pillow. Even kings and nobles are sometimes represented in beds of this description as late as the fifteenth century. The first ornament we find represented in the pictures in manuscripts is a canopy, adorned with richly embroidered drapery, attached to the wall; under this the head of the bed was placed. These canopies are found in English manuscripts early in the fourteenth century. A cut (taken from an illumination of the fifteenth century, in a manuscript of the romance of the Comte d'Artois, in the collection of M. Barrois, of Paris) represents the bed of a countess, whose husband was lord over princely domains. Nothing could be more simple than the bedstead in this picture. The canopy is evidently of rich materials, which we learn was the case, from the descriptions in old writers; and the bed itself was sometimes of softer materials than the artist appears here to have intended to represent. Chaucer speaks of a very rich bed—

" Of downe of pure davis white
I wol yeve him a fethir bed,
Rayid with gold, and right wel cled
In fine blacke sattin d'outremere,
And many a pilowe, and every bere
Of clothe of Raines to slepe on softe;
Him thare [need] not to turnin ofte."
CHAUCER'S *Dreme*, l. 250.

The last line would seem to intimate that an easy bed, on which the sleeper "need not turn oft," was no common thing in the days of Chaucer. In the metrical romance of "The Squire of Low Degree," which is probably of the fifteenth century, we have the following description of a very rich bed for a lady of high birth:—

" Your blankettes shal be of fustyane;
Your shetes shal be of cloths of Rayne;
Your head-shete shal be of pery pyght,
With dyamondes set and rubys bryght.
Whan yon are layd in bed so softe,
A cage of golde shal hange aloft,
Wythe longe peper fayre burning,
And cloves that be swete smellyng,
Frankinsense and olibanum,
That whan ye slepe the taste may come."

It would appear, from these extracts, that cloth of Raynes (made at Rennes in Brittany) was the ordinary material among the rich for sheets. The "head-sheet," which was *pyght*, or arrayed, with pearls, and set with diamonds and rubies, was probably to cover the pillow. The descriptions in the early romances are generally a little overcharged, and therefore we must take with some allowance the account of the materials in the following gorgeous description of a lady's bed, extracted from the curious romance of "Sir Degrevant," recently published by Mr. Halliwell:—

" Hur bede was off asure,
With testur and celure,
With a bryght bordure
Compasyd ful clene;
And all a storye, as hit was,
Of Ydoyne and Amadas,
Perreye in yike a plas,
And papageyes of grene.
The scochenus of many knyght
Of gold and cyprus was i-dyght,
Brode besauntus and bryght,
And trewe-lovus bytwene.
Ther was at hur testere
The kyngus owne banere.
Was nevere bede richere
Of empryne ne qwene!

" Fayre schetus of sylk
Chalk-whyght as the mylk;
Quyltus poyned of that ylk,
Touseled they ware.
Coddys of sendall,
Knoppus of crystal,
That was mad in Westfal
With women of lare.
Hyt was a mervelous thing
To se the rydalus hyng,
With mony a rede gold ryng
That hom up bare;
The cordes that thei one ran,
The duk Betyse hom wan,
Mayd Medyore hom span
Of mere-maydenus hare."

The *testur*, or *testere*, appears to have been the name given to the canopy, its flat roof or ceiling being the *celure;* the border of the *testere* had pictures taken from the romance of "Idoyne and Amadas," separated with pearls and figures of green parrots.

On it were also figured escutcheons, besaunts, and true-loves. The curtains hung upon gold rings, which "run on" cords "spun of the hair of mermaids." Most of these terms occur in a letter of the king of England, dated in 1388, relating to "a bed of gold cloth," and "a covering [the canopy] with an entire celure and a testere of the same suit, and three curtains of red tartaine." It is somewhat more difficult to explain the "cods" of sendal and knobs of crystal made in Westphalia "by well-taught women."

Many illuminations exhibit the curtains, as here described, suspended by rings to rods or cords attached generally to the roof of the apartment. In some instances the couch, or low bed, is placed within a square compartment of the room, inclosed by such curtains. This seems to have been the first step towards the more modern square tester-beds. In one of the plates of D'Agincourt's "Histoire de l'Art" (Peinture, pl. 109), taken from a Greek fresco of the twelfth or thirteenth century in a church at Florence, we have the curtains arranged thus in a square tent in the room, where the cords are not suspended from the roof, but supported by four corner posts. The bed is placed within, totally detached from the surrounding posts and curtains. In one of the later subjects given in the paper on illuminations in the present volume, taken from a manuscript of the fifteenth century, we have a high bed, with the tester extending over its whole extent, but still without posts.

The large square post bedsteads, like that in Turton Tower, appear to have come into fashion in England late in the fifteenth century, and from that time to the beginning of the seventeenth century, they were amongst the most costly articles of household furniture. In an inventory of furniture belonging to king Henry VIII, printed in Strutt (vol. iii. p. 68), several beds are mentioned, one of which is described as—"the posts and heade curiously wroughte, painted, and guilte, having as well foure bullyeons of timbre gilte, as foure vanes of yron painted." They were often made of very large dimensions. Hentzner, the German traveller, who visited England in the reign of Elizabeth, speaks of beds at Windsor Castle which were eleven feet square, covered with quilts shining with gold and silver. These were the state-beds of Henry VII, Henry VIII, and Edward VI. But the fashion of large beds seems to have been on the decline at that period, since the queene's bed, "with curious coverings and embroidery," is stated to have been not quite so large as the others. The celebrated "great bed of Ware," immortalised by Shakespeare, and still in existence, was not quite so large as those mentioned by Hentzner; it is ten feet nine inches square, and seven feet six and a half inches high. The bed at Turton Tower is six feet six inches long, five feet six inches wide, and eight feet three inches high.

The ancient beds were sometimes double, a smaller bed running underneath the larger one, which was drawn out for use at night. These were the truckle-beds, or trundle-beds, not unfrequently mentioned in old writers. In "The Merry Wives of Windsor" (act iv. sc. 5), the host of the Garter, speaking of Falstaff's room, says,—

"There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed and *truckle-bed*."

When the knight and his squire were out on "adventures," the squire frequently occupied the truckle-bed, while his superior slept above him. The reader will remember the lines of "Hudibras:"—

"When Hudibras, whom thoughts and aking
'Twixt sleeping kept all night and waking
Began to rub his drowsy eyes,
And from his couch prepared to rise,
Resolving to dispatch the deed
He vow'd to do, with trusty speed;
But first with knocking loud and bawling,
He roused the squire, in *truckle* lolling.
Hudibras, part ii. canto ii.

In the English universities, the master-of-arts had his pupil to sleep in his truckle-bed. At an earlier period, it was the place of the valet-de-chambre, who thus slept at his master's feet. A wood-cut, taken from the same manuscript of the romance of the "Comte d'Artois," represents a truckle-bed of the fifteenth century. The Count d'Artois lies in the bed under the canopy, whilst his valet (in this instance, his wife in disguise) occupies the truckle.

Reviews.

Colonisation on Principles of Pure Christism. By Edward King, of Blackburn, Bicester, Oxon.

The writer of this pamphlet—a rich and philanthropic English gentlemen—is a profound thinker, and a man of most liberal and enlarged ideas. We advise all who love their species to read, learn, and inwardly digest this work. As far as in our power lies we shall be always ready to give support and countenance to the efforts of good men for the benefit of mankind, and Mr. Edward King is manifestly one of these. We quote from *Tait's Magazine*:—

"We are always glad to see persons of respectability sensible of the uneasiness of our posture as a nation. This author has devised a modern colonial Utopia, which, he contends, will afford a land of refuge to the poor of this and other old countries, and also supply certain fixed returns to the treasury of the mother-country

—as rent, for crown lands; and an unfluctuating interest of five per cent. to capitalists. It is with him an axiom that there is always to be extracted, by means of human skill and toil, from the earth, *a satis* for all the physical wants of man, and *a plus* for all his mental wants; that this *satis*, however unequally shared, has always existed; and, as certainly, this *plus*, however unjustly alienated. He believes the evils of social life in old countries to be ineradicable; but purposes to found a colony in South Africa, somewhat similar to Fourier's, only *more strictly* excluding every temptation to personal cupidity. He takes the commandment of Christ, to love one another, as wholly opposed to the struggles of self-interest which social life has hitherto presented. He considers that the law of christian love, however individually operant, has never yet been institutionally carried out into practice in any nation; nor can be, now, in any old country. He expresses warmly his sense of existing evils in the present, and in all hitherto existing social systems; and his faith in the felicitous changes which a social and institutional observance of Christ's golden precept would produce. He complains of government letting go its hold on crown lands (which might be productive to the treasury), making them over to land-shark speculators in flesh and blood, who kidnap the flower of the British peasantry to newly-founded colonies, on the pretence of philanthropy. He expatiates on the impolicy of this, as a matter of finance, on the one hand, and on the other, on the inhumanity of it in its bearing upon emigrant-labourers. We recommend this work to the curious as well as to the thoughtful among our readers. If they do not find in it the attractiveness of style of the Utopia of Sir Thomas More, they will find more of the practical, and, of course, more that is adapted to the present times. If Mr. K. should not make converts of them, he will supply them with materials for thought and study upon points highly interesting. We are glad to find that none of the manifestations of the 'mens divinior' are excluded from his system, in so far as it is educational, and, so to speak, metaphysical. He advocates no congregational atheism—no penning up of men like sheep in a fold, to live and die, blind and godless, and merely, while they live, to be fed and wived; but the development of all human powers, physical and mental, &c.; if man would be what providence intended him to be—the reciprocation of pleasures and joys—and the realisation of the happiness resulting from loving our neighbours as we love ourselves."

The Topic. No. I. [Mitchell.]

This periodical, which gives an article every Saturday on the topic of the week, is admirably deserving of support. The opening paper on the Indian war is a masterpiece of descriptive information, combined with lofty political reasoning. It is a paper which every man desirous of obtaining a just insight into affairs in the Punjaub must read.

New Music.

The Lusitanian Garland. By F. M. [Ewer and Co.]

We have much pleasure in noticing an interesting collection of Portuguese national melodies, styled *Modinhas*. They are twelve in number, and called "The Lusitanian Garland," by a Portuguese lady, Madame F. M., tastefully and scientifically arranged for one, two, or three voices, with accompaniment for the piano-forte, as we understand, by Mr. W. T. Wood, a promising professor of music. The English translation is from the talented pen of Dr. Bowring, M.P., and we cannot refrain offering to our readers a specimen of the manner in which the translator has performed his portion of the task:

Through the weary hours of darkness,
Calmly flows Time's tide along,
Gently flows the hidden streamlet,
Tracing all its course in song:
The music is mournful,
The darkness profound,
Yet deeper the griefs
That my pathway surround.

Gloomily the clouds o'ermantle
All the tempest-gathering sky,
Scarcely through the darksome curtains,
One faint moonbeam flutters by:
And that lovely moonbeam
But adds to the gloom,
As the light of the taper
But darkens the tomb.

Yet, amidst these midnight horrors,
Should my lovely one appear;
Light and beauty, bliss and glory,
In their brightness would be here.
The light of her eyelids,
The charm of her face,
All joy would bring with them,
All gloominess chase.

Farewell ye lands of Europe,
From your claims and charms I fly,
In my beloved native land,
'Mid my brethren I will die.

As the birds on weary pinion
Through the woods unnoticed roam;
So I wandered through your cities
Ever thinking of my home.

Lyre of mine! when I shall string thee,
On my native shores again,
Sweeter far shall be the music
That inspires thy raptured strain.

We wish we could in like manner give our readers a taste of the music; but as this is not possible, we would have them take our word, when we say that every one of these melodies is replete with a sweet

and plaintive sentiment, which appears to be characteristic of Portuguese national music.

There are no difficulties which need alarm any amateur (either singer or player) tolerably versed in the art of reading at sight, and imbued with the sense of the beautiful, and the power of rendering that sense available for the benefit of his audience. Sweet, clear, expressive voices, singing in harmonions symphony, accompanied by neat and tasteful fingers, are alone needed to give these melodies with a charming effect, and these qualities are now too common in this increasingly musical country to make us fear for the success of this elegant work of a fair foreigner, whom we cordially thank for the contribution she has thus afforded to our knowledge of the national music of various countries.

The Gatherer.

Squaring the Circle.—A party is said to have died, leaving the sum of £100,000 in trust, to the then Lord Chancellor, for the benefit of the individual who should clearly demonstrate the squaring of the circle; the interest, until the condition of the will is complied with, to be paid to one of the colleges at Cambridge, it is believed St. John's College.

Income Tax in the reign of Henry VIII.—When Wolsey required £800,000 from the Commons, for the use of his master, they declared their inability to grant the demand, *as it exceeded the amount of the current coin of the realm.* After a long debate of many days it was determined, that part of the sum should be granted. Wolsey, greatly dissatisfied with the Commons, compelled the people to pay up the whole subsidy at once. After this occurrence, no parliament was assembled by Henry VIII for seven years, and commissioners were appointed throughout the kingdom to swear every man to the value of his possessions, requiring a rateable part according to such declaration. In 1545, commissioners were again appointed by Henry VIII to obtain money from the people by what was miscalled "a benevolence." These commissioners intimated, that his majesty could not take less than twenty-pence in the pound on the yearly value of *land*, and half that sum on moveable goods. They were to summon few at one time, and to commune with them apart.—*Mackinnon's History of Civilisation.*

War.—Man, in the plenitude of his love of glory, frequently makes war without reason. Louis XIV, "The Grand Monarque," on his death-bed, called the Dauphin to his side; his last words were: "My child, seek peace as the source of every good—avoid war as the source of every evil. My example in this respect is not a good one; do not imitate it—it is the part of my life and reign which I most repent."

Magna Charta.—The demand for the charta is evidence of a desire for an equal administration of the laws (such as then existed) by the well-informed men of that time, and evinces also the apprehensions entertained of king John's cruel, unprincipled, and perfidious disposition. Scarcely any practical advantage, however, appears to have been secured to the nation at large by the concessions to the barons. A boon, such as Magna Charta unquestionably was, in that day, could be of little service to a population nearly barbarous, with an uneducated and warlike upper class of feudal barons, and an extensive and degraded lower class of serfs; for the traders living in towns, from whom hereafter a middle class was principally to spring, had not yet risen into any importance. As a precedent in favour of liberty, and as an index to future generations, Magna Charta was invaluable; *but it was a nullity at the time.*—*Mackinnon's History of Civilisation.*

Bulwer.—"That sweet smile and serene—that smile never seen but upon the face of the dying and the dead."—*Ernest Maltravers.* Bulwer is not the man to look a stern fact in the face. He would rather sentimentalise upon a vulgar although picturesque error. Who ever *really* saw anything but horror in the smile of the dead? We so earnestly *desire* to fancy it "sweet"—that is the source of the mistake; if, indeed, there ever was a mistake in the question.—*E. A. Poe.*

The late Thomas Hood.—A meeting of the committee for managing the Hood Fund was held some time back, at the residence of Mr. David Salomons, the treasurer, for the purpose of auditing the accounts. £1,000 has been invested on behalf of the family in the public funds, and a further sum of £200 will be similarly invested in the course of a few weeks. It is proposed to place a small monument over the remains of the late Mr. Hood, in Kensal-green cemetery, for which a sum not exceeding £50 will be raised. The members of the committee subscribed ten guineas towards the sum required, which will no doubt be very soon completed by the many friends and admirers of the deceased poet.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"X. Z.," "N. B.," "Regent," declined. Next week will be commenced a series of "DRAMATIC CRITICISMS," from the pen of an able critic, which, by their combined brevity and completeness, will be useful and agreeable to our readers.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

"VELUTI IN SPECULUM."

No. 18.] SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1846. [Vol. 1, 1846.

CHILDREN PICKING FLOWERS.

We cannot better illustrate the above representation of this delightful May-occupation, than by giving the following sonnets, by the author of *Rural Sonnets:*

SPRING.

Exhilirating time! through young and old
Pouring sensations of new life and joy;
Restoring pleasures, never known to cloy;
In thee, with exultation, we behold
A rapid resurrection, and display
Of power, all renovant, to cloth the earth;
To robe the trees, and give their issues birth;
And, with its spells, to chase foul storms away.
Bridesmaid of summer! with thy mantle green;
(That luxury to winter-wearied eyes)
And favours, in their vari-coloured sheen;
And fragrance shed about thee, which we prize
Most of thy attributes—the while I sing,
Oh, hasten to our clime, cold-thawing balmy Spring.

Scatter her path with flow'rets for the bride
Whom, with the breeze-born loves about thee dancing,
Their wings of gossamer in clear light glancing,
Thou go'st to summon forth in all her pride.
Send music to her ears from hill and dell,
From feather'd minstels, and from lowing kine,
From flocks responsive to the tinkling bell,
From murmuring brooks, or whence the boughs entwine
Melodious meshes, which the transient air
Maketh concordant; teerful-laughing Spring,
So fair thyself, thus harbinger the fair,
Thy sister — Summer — whom her worshipped king—
The Sun, which dwells in light above our head—
For increase on the earth, at length shall fondly wed.

MAY.

Thrice welcome, genial month, whose balmy sway
Hastens, to full development, the show
Of blossoms that make glad the face of day,
And, in the fructifying sunlight, glow.
Thou, on life-stirring odours, do'st carouse;
And, robes immaculate, 'tis thine to wear—
The milk-white favours of the cherry boughs;
The dazzling promise of the embryo pear.
The pink eyed applecup prolongs thy reign—
The dasied mead—the tulips' pick'd display—
The hawthorn hedge — each songster's gushing strain—
The lilacs' plum'd—the chesnuts' trim array.
Nature herself holds festival, as thou,
The garland-graces' Queen, with wreaths adorn'st thy brow.

THE RED HAND.

A Tale of Louisiana.

CHAPTER IV.

When Luke Salem awoke on the morning which succeeded his capture by the terrific Red Hand, as he considered him, his first thought was of escape. Rising from his bed, he advanced to the window of his little room: it was narrow, and two heavy bars closed all hope of exit. With a deep sigh the spy returned to his couch, and was about once more to court slumber, when a tap at his door warned him that others besides himself were moving.

"Who is there?"

"The Red Hand waits for his friend," said the deep and guttural tones of the Indian.

Luke shuddered; the very sound of the Indian's voice had in it something sanguinary to his terrified imagination.

"I am ready," said he.

"Hugh! good."

And, without further remark, the two men descended to the lower chamber, where a very excellent breakfast awaited them. Luke, whose appetite had not deserted him, despite the disagreeableness of his position, sat down and eat a hearty meal, while the Indian, more moderate, eat sparingly. Ere, therefore, the Yankee had satisfactorily disposed of his portion, the Chichachas rose. Luke now first noticed that he was equipped for a journey.

"You are going?" said the spy, quietly, taking a bite at his corn cake.

"Hugh."

"I wish you a pleasant journey. I conclude you're going far."

"The sun will go down to rest in the happy hunting grounds before the Red Hand reaches the end of his journey."

"Well, then, it's bound to be a long way, for an injun will walk a jackass to death."

"Is my brother ready?" replied the Chichachas, calmly.

"What!"

"Is my brother ready?"

"Ready! for what?" exclaimed Luke, this time, indignantly. "I tell you what, Bloody Fist——"

"Red Hand," said the Indian, his eyes flashing fire; for this nickname was one that always aroused his severest ire.

"The Red Hand," stammered Luke, alarmed at the glare of the other's eye, which reminded him, he afterwards remarked, of a panther about to spring. "I beg your pardon; but what on earth do you ask me for about being ready. You 'll put my dander up."

"My brother is going with me," continued the chief, now calm as a statue of marble.

"Where?" said Luke, his knees beginning to shake violently.

"My brother is curious."

"But I won't go. I won't be murdered, I guess. My name arn't Luke for nothing. I'm a free-born Bostonian, I am; and I should like to know who dares make a prisoner of me?"

"The Monk."

Luke dropped the food which he held in his hand, and rose from his seat. There was a magic in the name which he could not understand himself; but all idea of resistance was gone,

The Red Hand was about five and twenty years of age. Tall, slim, and of handsome proportions; he was the beau ideal of an Indian warrior. In his hand was a gun; by his side the terrible and glistening tomahawk, while a hunting knife peeped from his breast. Few would have dared to enter into a struggle with him, and this reflection made Luke shudder as he surveyed him, planning in his own mind the probable issue of any such attempt.

"My brother is ready."

"I am ready."

The Indian stalked calmly to the door, and then to the edge of the lake, where a bark canoe of the lightest materials awaited them. The Red Hand motioned to the white man to enter first, and then following, the boat was pushed from the shore and headed towards the Bayou St. Jean, leading to the sea.

CHAPTER V.—THE BETRAYAL.

About the same hour that the Monk was announced to the perplexed beauty of New Orleans by the dumb Maroc, there sat in the government house, alone, in a lofty chamber, the Spanish ruler of the city. Reilly, of course of Irish origin, was about fifty years of age, a handsome but stern looking man, his natural bias now in consequence of some peculiar feelings degenerating into ferocity. He was thinking of sunny Spain, of the pleasures and dissipations of its capital, of the coal black eyes and ruddy lips of the Andalusian beauties, and the heart of the ambitious soldier grew sad and thoughtful. He was governor of Louisiana it is true, but the people he ruled were a turbulent and uneasy set, who disliked the yoke imposed upon them. They dared not openly show their hatred of Spanish rule, but a negative opposition was easy and convenient. The governor's balls and parties were unattended, while he was never invited to any noble's house. The spirit of the warrior chafed at these undisguised symptoms of dislike, but as they could scarcely be stretched into acts of rebellion, he was compelled to endure the insult in silence. But they had irritated

a sleeping lion, who was now planning some dreadful punishment for their slights.

Suddenly a servant entered. He approached the governor with reverence.

"What is it, sirrah?"

"A stranger waits your highness's pleasure."

"His name."

"He refuses to give it, your excellency."

"What sort of a man is he?"

"A cavalier, your highness — a very proper man."

"Say that I see no man who is without a name."

The servant bowed low and retired. In an instant he returned.

"The stranger, your highness, says 'Tell his excellency I must see him, and will.'"

"What! Caramba," cried the governor, gaily; "show the springal in. I like his boldness."

And the governor rubbed his hands with evident satisfaction. Like most bold and daring men, he felt sympathy with kindred spirits.

A man, wrapped in a cloak, a huge slouched hat covering his head, and who placed a mask on his face as he entered the room, appeared.

"Who is it who thus boldly claims an audience with Spain's vice-gerant?"

"One, your excellency, who is anonymous."

"How, sir?"

"One who, if you would have my secret, must be nameless," replied the other, calmly.

"What secret?" cried Reilly, with his eyes flashing, his nostrils dilating as he spoke, for the governor began to hope some excuse for strong measure was about to be offered him.

"The Monk's!"

The Spanish soldier leaped to his feet, for he was thunderstruck.

"The Monk's!"

"The Monk's," repeated the stranger, calmly.

"Well, sir," said the governor, seating himself, and endeavouring to appear composed and careless, "what is your price?"

"Secrecy and impunity," continued the other, sternly, "and the treatment of an equal."

"Not having the honour to know you, honoured sir, I was in doubt," replied the governor, courteously; "pray be seated."

"Your highness is too good. But now to business. I hate this man; he annoys me; he stands in my way, and I must be rid of him. You now know my motives."

"Exactly," said Reilly, with a smile; "they are wonderfully my own feelings."

"The Monk, sir governor, is to you a traitor. He is at the head of a powerful conspiracy to overturn the Spanish rule; and if he is not stayed, will succeed."

"Say you so?" said the Spaniard; "he shall die."

"*He is dead*," continued the stranger, turning pale, and trembling.

"How, man? Have you—"

"He is dead in the eyes of the world. He died years ago."

"Explain yourself—who is he?"

"If he be mortal man, which I sometimes doubt," said the stranger, half gasping for breath, "he is ———," and bending low, he hissed a name in the governor's ears.

"Jesu Maria," exclaimed the governor, crossing himself, "he is dead. I saw him buried."

"So did I—but the Monk and he are one."

It was an age of strong superstition, and in no land more so than among the Spaniards, where bigotry and cruelty and blood went hand in hand. Under the influence of these feelings it was that Reilly now spoke.

"But, sir stranger, we know not, if he be one of mortal mould."

"Tush," said the other, moodily, "some trick has been played. It is he."

"But of his treachery."

"Listen," and the stranger, as far as it was in his power, narrated the views of the Monk, and in a brief space of time succeeded in convincing the governor of the truth of all he asserted.

"This must be looked to," said Reilly, clenching his teeth; "he must die. But how?"

"To-night, within an hour, his boat will leave the quay for St. Mary's Tower. Two boatmen alone accompany him this time—"

"Well—"

"He can," and the stranger's voice trembled, "he can be waylaid. The waters of the river tell no tales."

"Right," said Reilly, "it shall be done. Without there."

A servant entered.

"Send Luke Salem hither."

"He has not returned, your highness; but this note has been just left from him;" and the domestic handed in a piece of crumpled paper.

"Most noble governor,—Expect nothing from me. I am in the power of the Red Hand.

LUKE SALEM."

"Laconic," said Reilly, biting his lip, "send Juan Salcedo hither."

"The Red Hand!" muttered the stranger; "another creature of the Monk's."

"Say you so?" said the governor, eagerly. "Then he too shall die. Ah! Juan Salcedo!"

"At your highness's command."

"Juan," said the governor, sternly, "you are a silent and a bold man; to-night you must be doubly silent and doubly bold. Take the boat of the Inquisition, with six rowers and four of your gang. You will reach the mouth of the Bayou St. Jean. A boat will come that way—you must attack it; and mind you, Juan Salcedo, the men who man that craft must sleep below the waters of the great river this night."

"Caramba!" exclaimed the professional assassin, "the whole lot of them? Your highness is liberal to-night."

"All," said Reilly, nothing offended at the ruffian's familiarity—a familiarity that ever grows up between co-partners in crime, however great their disparity of ranks.

"But your excellency does not wish me to give everybody that comes that way a bath. In case of accident, might I be allowed to know who I am to expedite on their last journey?"

"The Monk and his boatmen."

"The Monk!" and the before careless ruffian leaned against the wall for support.

"What!" cried Reilly, "you surely are not afraid!"

"Highness!" exclaimed Juan Salcedo, "commission me to kill the devil, but, in the name of all the saints, don't ask me to kill the Monk."

"You parley, rascal! Go, and in an hour prepare to receive the penalty of your crimes!"

"Highness," said the ruffian, recovering himself by a desperate effort, "it shall be done. In an hour I shall have added another crime to the list."

With a low bow the assassin left the room.

"Strange power has this man!" mused Reilly; "if he should really be ——"

"What?" said the stranger.

"Nothing! but come, you will gladly wait the issue of this adventure. Let us sup, and I can hear more of your details."

Tap! tap! tap!

"Jesu!" cried the governor, rising from his seat, as three distinct knocks were heard at a secret door in the wainscoted wall of the room.

"What is that?" asked the stranger.

"Come in," said the governor, recovering himself.

The door opened.

Progress of Steam-Boats.—In 1814, there was but one steam-boat belonging to the British empire. During thirty years the number has increased to about 1,000 British steam-boats, which are now navigating all parts of the world.

THE YELLOW FLAG.

BY JAMES AUGUSTUS ST. JOHN.

[From Chapman's Magazine.]

Have you ever, reader, been under the protection of the Yellow Flag? If you have, you will probably call to mind circumstances very similar to those I am about to describe; if you have not, my sketch may afford you a foretaste of all you will be likely to enjoy when your good or evil genius shall unfurl over your head that saffron meteor.

After having been twenty-four days out of sight of land we approached, about the 19th of May, the termination of our voyage. The Mediterranean lay hushed in the deepest calm that ever brooded upon its waters. Overhead the transparent atmosphere expanded into an infinite arch of the purest blue—the sun, exerting all the power which he possesses in those latitudes, poured down his fervid rays in floods upon the surface of the sea, which, rippling and trembling as with delight, playfully cast them back again in a thousand glittering reflections. It was some little past noon; there was no employment for the sailors, who lungingly clustered about the stem of the bowsprit, amusing themselves with guessing in what point the island of Malta would make its appearance, when the next breeze that sprang up should waft us a few miles farther westward. The steersman played idly with the handle of the wheel; and the grumbling old captain, one of the most discontented descendants of Adam, sat alone in the cabin, calculating the dreadful waste of provisions occasioned by the calm, and praying for anything short of a hurricane that would carry us into port.

We—that is to say the passengers—had taken out our travelling carpets, and unrolled them on a clear space upon the deck, completely shaded by the mainsail. The length of the voyage had not entirely exhausted our cheerfulness. There were always at our command several sources of amusement—dominoes, for example, and backgammon, some few books, which had been gone through three times already; tobacco, Turkish pipes and coffee, and, more than all, an inexhaustible fund of speculations respecting the delicacies we were to be condemned to browse upon during twenty-one weary days of confinement in lazaretto, lying under suspicion of plague, and consequently shunned like poison by all the sound and healthful part of the population.

I had, for my part, another preservative against ennui, which no one on board appeared to envy me. I mean a little girl of about seven years of age, a creature of inexhaustible life and merriment, conse-

quently a most incorrigible romp, whose feet, hands, and tongue, were never still, who, as I endeavoured to smoke quietly, reclining on my carpet, rolled over me, plucked my beard and my moustaches, kissed me, worried me, and tormented me, until I almost grew as fond of her as though she had been my own. When for a moment I desired to produce a cessation of her pranks, I would draw into my mouth and lungs a huge volume of smoke until my puffed cheeks resembled those of the god Æolus in an old tapestry, and then, blowing it forth in one clear steady current, I would direct it right in her face, which not only sent her to a respectful distance, but exciting apprehension of a similar salute suggested the propriety of greater gentleness and forbearance.

One of our party had formerly spent some years at Valetta, and, affecting from time to time the partiality of a native, would exclaim, as the envious calm withheld the wished-for rock from our sight, "*O, Malta khanina, fior del mondo!*" which is, being interpreted, "Oh, beloved Malta, thou flower of the world!" One of our greatest troubles, which may serve to show how deeply we were afflicted, consisted in the apprehension that the season of strawberries would be over before we should arrive. This fear touched our sensitive hearts. We bewailed ourselves pathetically, more particularly when our friend, who spoke from experience, described the fragrant *speronara* traversing the by no means narrow frith between Sicily and Malta, and diffusing, as it darted over the waves, the richest of all perfumes on the summer breeze. Visions of baskets piled to the handles with the golden and ruddy fruit, fresh from the mountain gardens of Syracuse or Agrigentum, unpressed, unbruised, and tempting as when they looked forth amid dusky foliage from their native stems, swam before our bewildered fancies.

Nor was this all. In friendly companionship with these baskets, rose the tall taper necks of sundry claret bottles, together with crystal goblets in whose ruby contents we were to dip our moustaches. In our floating prison we had fed on salt meat, and on geese and fowls drowned in their coops during a storm, until our very gorge rose at the sight of a dinner. We had drunk a dusky deleterious potion on which our complaisant captain bestowed the name of wine; we had munched mouldy biscuits which had probably circumnavigated the globe; and consequently the lazaretto of Malta appeared to our imaginations a sort of paradise, in which we were to taste, not only of the *dolce far niente*, a thing by no means new to us, but also of delicious fruits and aromatic wines, beneath an undulating canopy of the costliest Gebeli smoke.

With these most elevated and intellectual speculations we entertained ourselves as the afternoon wore away, until when, just as coffee was served round to us on our carpets, a slight breeze came murmuring astern from the islands of the Archipelago; the sails immediately began to swell, the waves sprang up like a group of children refreshed by sleep, sportively chasing each other toward the setting sun. A change, too, had, unobserved of us, taken place in the aspect of the heavens, where a lofty belt of clouds, exceedingly dense at their base, but growing thin, rent, and broken towards their summits, extended round the whole western horizon. Presently, the sun dipped behind the peaks of these unreal mountains, which appeared, however, to sink as he descended; so that for some time he bore the same relative position with respect to that wild world of crags, caverns, and glaciers, which he painted with hues so fantastical and varied.

Most persons have travelled, every man has seen the sun set; nevertheless, who does not observe nightly some beautiful effect of light and shadow new to him and to the whole world, which really, in all its features, has never before been contemplated since the creation, and which, throughout all eternity, may never perhaps be beheld again? We were standing on the eastern skirts of that circle of light which, stretching over the great Atlantic, in the western edge of its periphery was dawn in some parts of America; and throughout its whole circumference every object was beautiful, and clothed with the colours of joy and gladness. So, at least, it seemed to me. My heart beat with rapture at the scene, touched, perhaps, by some undercurrent of feeling, not to be revealed here, which connected me with persons far away. Perhaps it was the consciousness that I was approaching them that carpeted the sea and tapestried the sky with loveliness. Perhaps I thirsted in Malta for the first sight of the beloved European land from which I had been long absent. Be this as it may, I felt persuaded that beneath that gorgeous chain of clouds which, with its peaks of indescribable brightness and glory, appeared to support the heavens, the island of Malta, with its longed-for lazaretto, lay concealed. And never were its rugged features disguised by a lovelier mask.

From time to time, as a limb of the sun appeared through rents in the masses of glowing vapour, we gazed on ridges and valleys of carbuncle, bordered on the one hand by cliffs of chrysolite, and on the other by lakes of molten sapphire and beryl. Pillowed on these visionary heights, the god seemed to linger in the firmament as if fascinated by the beauties he had called into existence. The heavens above were

meanwhile flooded with a soft amethystine effulgence, through which, far in the east, the stars already began to twinkle brightly, long before the illusions of the day were over. The magnificence of this marine landscape had roused and delighted every one on board, many of whom had their pleasure greatly enhanced by one slight feature in the scenes which I pointed out to them as the sun's disc disappeared for the last time. This was in the midst of the moveable mountains which gradually flattened and disappeared behind the line of the horizon, a small fixed point which I suggested to the captain might be Malta.

Each passenger tried his hand at the telescope in turn, and all corroborated my agreeable theory, but the veteran mariner, whose optics had been rendered somewhat opaque by time, refused to confirm our conjecture, maintaining that what we looked on with so much earnestness was nothing but the last lingering cloud. There, however, it remained, unchanged in outline, though growing every moment less perceptible until nightfall, when we seemed to be left alone with the stars upon the ocean, except that the delightful breeze continued impelling us steadily towards the west, and not even relaxing its exertions when the interposition of sleep rendered us unmindful of their value.

Your true traveller is generally an early riser, at least I always am when on a journey; accordingly, in conformity with the rule which I had set myself, I was up next morning before the lark, or perhaps it would be more proper to say before the captain, as larks in that particular locality there are none. We had made considerable progress during the night, and there lay the island of Malta, stretched out picturesquely in the imperfect light of the dawn. It might be fancy, but to my apprehension it looked exactly like one of those dreamy etherial mountains which one discovers in the scriptural pieces of Raffaelle and the older Italian masters. Besides, it was Sunday morning, and a sabbath stillness seemed to brood over the whole island. As we neared the shore no sounds of labour were heard. We could discover a sprinkling of cottages here and there on the rocky slopes of the hills, but not a chimney as yet smoked, there was no barking of dogs, no bleating of sheep, or lowing of kine, but in their stead, absolute stillness, except that here and there we seemed sometimes to detect the faint splash of the waves as they broke in the distance against the rocks.

With the rapid growth of the light the island put on every moment a new aspect, till at length, as the whole orient grew deeply suffused with red and saffron, it exhibited a brilliant variety of tints, which were rendered less magnificent when the first golden rays of the sun smote upon its summits. My eye glancing carelessly up the cordage of the ship, now first caught the yellow flag flapping in the morning breeze, at our mast-head. It had been hoisted on the moment of our first getting sight of land to give notice to all whom it might concern that we were coming from the plague countries, and might, for aught that they or we knew, have a cargo of the seeds of death on board.

Presently from a number of coves and creeks we beheld a variety of boats darting forth, like a flight of sea-fowls skimming along the waves; but when the men on board them beheld our flag, they respected us, and kept aloof, and permitted our venerable hulk to float towards the quarantine harbour in solitary grandeur. Besides that it was forbidden on pain of death, no one probably felt the slightest inclination to shake hands with us, for, whatever our anti-quarantinists may affirm to the contrary, in the Levant all persons, whether high or low, experience certain unaccountable qualms and something very like a shudder, at the approach of anything which has the suspicion of plague about it.

Very soon, however, my mind was carried away by a new current of ideas. I beheld the flag of England waving proudly far aloft on the top of the castle of St. Elmo, over the subject land and sea, and almost at the same moment, as we turned round a promontory, discovered one of those floating reservoirs of thunder which extend her influence and render her name respected wherever the ocean has sufficient depth to bear her iron strength upon its bosom. And why may I not now give utterance to the thrill of pride and exultation which trembled through my heart at that moment? Wherever I had been I had found myself surrounded and protected by her invisible influence. But still I I could call to mind certain situations in which it had been just possible that the pirate by sea, or the fierce marauders of the desert by land, might have forgotten for a moment what was due to her. Nothing of the kind was possible where I now stood. I felt myself at once within the impregnable belt of civilisation, beneath the shelter of that flag hitherto inviolable, because it is the symbol of the greatest political power now existing on the surface of the globe.

But if empires be mighty and durable, it is not so with those who wield their authority. Within the walls of Valetta the governor of Malta lay dead, and the St. Vincent, as with all her sails set she slowly neared the mouth of the harbour, was from time to time enveloped in the smoke of the

guns she fired in honour of the departed, for every year of his life, one. The whole population of Valetta crowded the rocks and the ramparts, terrace above terrace, all in their gayest holiday costume. Military uniforms were numerous, and amid groups of the dark-eyed women of the south we beheld, through our friendly glasses, numbers of the fairest daughters of the north in the newest fashions of London and Paris. Contrasted with the muffled beauties of the harem, concealed beneath mountains of drapery, sitting astride on asses, and guarded by black eunuchs with long staves in their hands, our country-women's naked faces showed to much advantage, and the firing of guns, the shouting of sailors, the screaming of boys and children on the beach, the laughter of the soldiers on the fortifications, the waving of the streamers, the bright green foliage of the orange groves peeping here and there over the impregnable walls of the fortress, the cheerful bells calling the inhabitants to church, —all these and a thousand other circumstances strengthened the pleasant feeling of home; for all countries where England is mistress must be such to the Englishman.

It would be useless to describe the many minute and unimportant circumstances which consumed the better part of the day, but it was late in the afternoon before we landed on the lofty stone terrace, paved with large flags, which runs along the whole front of the lazaretto, situated on a small island, and looking like a huge edifice reared by magic in the middle of the waves.

We were met, as we sprang from the boat on the flight of steps leading up from the water to the esplanade, by the man who, for half-a-crown a day, was to serve us in the capacity of guardian and domestic, exposed to the hazard of contagion, and subjected to imprisonment like ourselves. Our sensations were far too agreeable, however, at that moment, to allow of our making any observations either on our jailor or the place of our captivity. It seemed quite enough that we were once more on terra firma, and indeed it was for some time difficult to believe that we had exchanged the slippery reeling deck, the rocking cabin, and the smell of tarry ropes and sails, for the firm support of mother earth. Glad as we were, however, to relinquish the sea for the land, I should have quitted the ship's crew with some regret, but for certain peculiarities of manner by which they seemed to be characterised. Once inside of the harbour, every man on board appeared to retreat within himself, to lay aside his sociability as he did his sea-garments, and to be interested in nothing in the universe but number one. The captain was obviously possessed of a single feeling only, namely, the desire to pocket as soon as possible the cash which we had to hand over to him; but as I went down the ship's side, two or three sailors, with whom I had been in the habit of conversing, quitted their work for a moment, and leaning on the bulwarks, with hat in hand, bade me farewell in a very kindly tone of voice.

TO THE LARK.

Hail, happy bird,
Or thing more fair!
For such we deem thee, pois'd in middle air;
When thou art heard
Warbling on high,
Thou charm'st all nature with thy melody.

When Lucifer
Proclaims the day,
Approaching on his dew-bespangled way,
Thou lov'st to bear
Thy mead of praise,
And dip thy plumage in his golden blaze.

On rapid wing
Thou leav'st thy rest,
Hov'ring and fluttering round thy humble nest;
Meandering
In flexile flight,
Till, swift as thought, thou soar'st beyond our sight.

Oh, could I soar
On beams of light,
To visit worlds untenanted by night;
With thee adore,
High o'er the earth,
In sunny space, the Power that gave me birth.

Yet would not I
To earth return,
Where cold hearts chill, and fiery passions burn,
But cheerily
Would burst away,
And at heaven's gate enjoy eternal day,

And in a pure
Ætherial home,
With happy and congenial spirits roam;
And there, secure
From earthly care,
Spurn all the toils that human powers impair.

Spirit of air,
If such thou art,
Whose universal note from every part
Salutes the ear,
Oh, think thou not
The mind is born or fettered to this spot!

No! it shall rise
High as thy flight,
And claim a boundless sov'reignty—its right—
Above the skies;
Like thee shall stray,
And trace thro' ample space its airy way.

Nor like thee, there,
Shall pause on high,
Fearful the nobler, loftier heights to try;
Nor drop from air
With swiftest flight,
Again enveloped in the circling night.

Thyself less free
Wingest thy way,
Enraptured, thro' the struggling clouds to stray,
Than Mind shall be,
When, wing'd with love,
Earth sinks beneath, and heaven unfolds above.

C. T. B.

PIQUILLO ALLIAGA;
OR,
THE MOORS IN THE TIME OF PHILIP III.
AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

[From the French of M. Eugene Scribe.]

CHAPTER III. — INCONVENIENCES OF PATRIOTISM.

The news of these events spread in a moment through every part of the town. The citizens of Pampeluna who themselves had not taken a part in the affray, now filled the streets, walking about with an air of triumph and satisfaction. Every body was delighted; the coffee-houses and public places were crammed with visitors. The hotel of the Golden Sun could scarcely meet the demands of its numerous customers who arrived, the stomachs fasting; it was dinner hour—nothing increases the appetite so much as a victory. Peres Gines de Hila, who was no longer the same man, had exchanged his large beaver, his threatening tone, and seditious airs, for a white cap, an engaging smile, and affable words. The conspirators had made way for the landlord; he was of every body's opinion; repulsed no one; he crammed twenty or thirty guests in a hall which held but ten; he had even, in favour of circumstances, passed generously over the punishment of Juanita, whose services he now required. Already was he calculating the tax to be levied upon such a crowd of consumers; he had even established himself at the bar, to survey, with a master's eye, the supposed receipts, and to prevent the occurrence of any fraud, when the brave corregidor, Josué Calzado de las Talbas, appeared in the vestibule; he was followed by a dozen citizens, who, wearing baldric and halbert, had assumed a martial air, and were endeavouring to walk with military precision, always so difficult for a civic guard to assume.

"Honour to the conquerors!" exclaimed the landlord.

"Honour to you," answered the corregidor, "who first raised your voice in defence of our rights! Yes, signor caballeros," continued he, addressing the guests, "without him our liberties slept; no body thought of them; the king would have entered quietly into Pampeluna, escorted by the two regiments of Castilian cavalry, and general acclamations, if the worthy host had not reminded us, that to us alone belonged the right of escorting our monarch." All the guests rose, and drank to the health of Gines Peres de Hila, who took off his cotton cap, and bowed down to the very counter. "Also we, your fellow-citizens, owe you a reward, and we have unanimously elected you sergeant of halberdiers; we come to call you to your post."

"I!" said the landlord, turning pale.

"You, yourself; and there is no time to lose."

"But just at this moment my presence is necessary here in my house."

"It is more necessary in our ranks."

"But the interests of my business."

"But those of Pampeluna—a patriot like you."

"Certainly. But if any one could replace me."

"What! give up to another the honour of assuming your rights—rights which you have so eloquently spoke for?"

"I! no!" cried the host, cursing his eloquence and the Fueros both. "I meant to say that I asked nothing better; that I shall be proud to command my fellow-citizens, and to march at their head; but I was not prepared for so great an honour, and I shall want some days to think of my equipment."

"We have brought it. Here it is."

They now presented to the astonished host a large baldric, covered with gold, and a large halbert, ornamented with silver. In vain the new sergeant endeavoured to stammer forth some futile excuse.

"Let us go! let us go!" exclaimed the halberdiers.

"Go, master, go! I will take charge of everything," exclaimed the head waiter, Coello, an Asturian, whose morality was anything but proverbial.

Now, this waiter was what the unhappy host feared the most.

"I will return in an instant," he said.

"No," replied the corregidor; "your duty is to patrol this quarter; and now that tranquillity is established, to oppose yourself to everything which may trouble it; to put a stop to any insurrectionary cries whatever."

"Very well," said the host.

"You are to go with your company, and place yourself on the line of Taconnera, to present halberts to his majesty in passing."

"I!" said Gines.

"You will mount guard all night."

"I!" continued Gines.

"It is one of our privileges."

"Let us go."

Gines Peres, cursing his eloquence and the charter also, put on a scarf, seized the proffered halberd, and issued forth to watch the safety of the houses of Pampeluna, while he left his own to certain plunder.

In the meantime, faithful to the instructions which he had received, and anxious, like an honest lad, to earn the promised reward, Piquillo was parading the streets, crying out with all his might, "Our Fueros for ever!" No one said no, as at that time it was not known what

turn affairs might take; but two or three boys who were wandering in the streets as amateurs, ready to follow the first drum or noise of any kind, joined him in his exclamations, and the procession increasing at every corner, the young general was soon at the head of a juvenile army, when, on turning into a new street, they fell in with another brigade of about the same numbers and age, but of a different opinion, their cry being "Down with the Fueros!" War appeared inevitable between the two parties so opposed, when, to the surprise of the juvenile belligerents, the two generals advanced to embrace each other.

"Is it you, Piquillo!"

"You, Pedralvi! What do you do here?"

"I shout."

"And I also," answered Pedralvi, "I am paid three reals by the followers of the Count de Lemos to cry 'Down with the Fueros!'"

"And I am to have only one real," said Piquillo.

"The other party is the best," exclaimed the troop; and all to a boy went over to Pedralvi. And the two coalesced armies, now making only one, continued its march to the reiterated shout of "Down with the Fueros!"

But suddenly they came upon a body of real halberdiers, with a real sergeant, and real halberds. It was, the reader will readily surmise, Gines Peres, who advanced with intrepidity towards them, without being alarmed at the numerical superiority of the enemy.

"Down with your arms!" called out the sergeant; "down with your arms;" an order the less dishonourable, as the opposing force was not in possession of weapons of any kind; but what caused them some disquiet was, that the halberdiers presented arms, to avoid the effects of which manœuvre, the two generals, thinking that they could best beat the real soldiers in racing, cried, "Escape who can!" and took to their heels with all possible despatch. Unfortunately, in their haste, they turned into a blind alley—a street without a thoroughfare, in which they were soon captured by the civic guard. Peres' victory was complete, and he was moderate in his success, Piquillo and Pedralvi being detained as prisoners and hostages for the remainder. The intention of the sergeant had been to place the two chiefs of the insurrection himself in safe custody; but the day was drawing in, and drums and trumpets sounded. Peres being obliged therefore, to proceed to his position, on the line of the escort, deputed two halberdiers to convey the prisoners to a cellar under the Golden Sun, which he specially pointed out, till he had time to see them to a place of security. As for our two heroes, conquered, but not discouraged, they walked along in silence, exchanging now and then looks which said: "What are we to do? what will become of us? how are we to save ourselves?" And Piquillo, to do him justice, thought not of himself at this juncture; he dreamed but of the means of saving his companion. But though he wanted neither sagacity, nor wit, nor boldness, the attempt was almost useless; their captors had not seized them by the neck, which, seeing the dilapidated state of their vestments, would have afforded little hold. Piquillo, however, profiting by a moment when his guard was looking another way, suddenly stooped, picked up a handful of dirt, and threw it into the eyes of the halberdier who walked by the side of Pedralvi, crying out, "Away, save yourself!" Nor did the latter wait to hear it a second time. This generous act earned a severe beating for poor weak Piquillo, after which he was conducted, without a chance of escape, into the cellar of the Golden Snn, the key of which was twice turned upon him.

The royal procession had, in the interval, entered the city of Pampeluna by the sound of bells, the shouts of the multitude, the light of torches, and the illumination of the windows. Philip III answered the acclamations of the people by gracious salutations, but with an absent expression of countenance, as if he was a prey to some inward care, yet he had none. Philip was of short stature; well made; his face round and pleasing; he had the lips of his family. He had been taught to show a certain dignity of manner. He was at that time in his twenty-second year, but his physical powers had so slowly developed themselves that he knew neither the vivacity of youth, nor its hopes, nor its passions.

On descending from his carriage he leant upon the arm of Don John d'Aguilar, who awaited at the palace his sovereign's arrival. Don John having heard the king express his satisfaction to the Count de Lemos, wished to hazard a few respectful observations upon the actual condition of Pampeluna, but Philip listened to him with visible embarrassment, in which there was not so much displeasure manifested as fear at being obliged to maintain a serious conversation. He looked anxiously around, and perceiving the Count de Lerma, made signs to him to approach and take part in the conversation.

The king of all Spain and of India had gone to sleep. The minister alone was awake, studying the various reports which had been presented to him of the events of the day. First, the corregidor, Josué Calzado, was spoken of as the idol of the peo-

ple—a person who had raised and appeased the tumult by his own will in a few moments.

"This is a man who must be won over," said the minister to himself; "there is a vacancy at Toledo;" and he made a note in his memorandum-book.

All the reports agreed in tracing the revolt to the barber Aben-Abou, otherwise Gongarello, the Moor, who had first read aloud the proclamation, and accompanied the reading with seditious observations.

"Ah!" said the minister, with a look of proud satisfaction, "I have always said so. It is this Moorish population that foments disorder in the kingdom. They are our natural enemies, who possess our finest provinces, and so long as they shall not be driven out of them, there will be neither repose nor prosperity for Spain. That which no statesman has yet dared to attempt, I will do; I, Don Sandoval y Rosas;" and he stooped, smiled proudly, and added, in a low voice, "I, king of Spain!" And he wrote in his memorandum-book, "To make the Moors of Navarre pay the expense of the insurrection — to have the barber Ben Abou, called Gongarello, watched by the Inquisition, and, on the first possible occasion, expelled from Navarre. He has accomplices—the rapidity of the insurrection proves it." Then, in another report, he read that, during the ferment, an audacious attack had been made upon the house of the treasurer, Victoriano Caramba, and a man whose person resembled very much that of a certain suspicious Captain John Baptista Balseiro, had been seen issuing out of the garden, accompanied by another person, and carrying together the treasurer's strong box. "Lucky," said the minister, on reading this report, "that the evening before I had a hundred thousand ducats from the treasury for the expenses of my castle at Lerma. I have saved that money to the state." And thus applauding his political and financial abilities, the minister retired to rest.

All this time the worthy citizens of Pampeluna were walking to and fro before the doors of the palace, ashamed to own how much they would have preferred their beds. Master Truxillo appeared to bear the weight of his honours with the greatest impatience.

"What do you complain of?" said a well-known voice, "my honours were forced upon me, as well as you, and I submit without a murmur."

"Yes; but, Master Gongarello, you have not, like me, a wife, who awaits you at home; and consider the dangers that threaten my house."

"Oh! do not make yourself uneasy on that point—you have friends who will take care of it for you; the brigadier Fidalgo d'Estremos has gone to his old quarters."

Truxillo uttered a shriek of horror, and wished to rush out of the palace, but the gates were closed, and all his companions cried to him that one must not abandon his post when the Fueros and his country's honour were in question. "Alas!" thought Truxillo, and he heaved a deep sigh.

THE INDIAN WAR.

[From The Topic, of which we have already expressed our great approval.]

With respect to the object which our Indian rulers proposed to effect by this war, it must be obvious that we are unable to decide with certainty. Two courses only, so far as we can discover, will ultimately lie open before them. They may patch up a native government, and undertake to support its authority by a British contingent. Or, having thoroughly subjugated the country, they may reduce it to the condition of a province, and annex it to our empire. Should they really adopt the former plan, it will not be difficult to write at once the future history of the Punjáb. What has happened in Hyderabad, in Oude, and in the Gwalior territory, will inevitably occur there. The people will be oppressed. A flagitious system of corruption will replace the administration of justice. The Durbar will keep on foot a large force for the coercion of the Zemindars, and these again in their turn will find themselves compelled to support an army to resist the violence and injustice of the government. Internal wars will rage incessantly,—villages will be sacked and burned,—their inhabitants, compelled to take refuge in the jungle, will maintain themselves and their families by robbery—the lands will be thrown out of cultivation. Commerce, everywhere surrounded by increasing perils, will forsake the country, and select some safer track, until after whole generations of misery, crime, and barbarism, circumstances will constrain us to have recourse ultimately to annexation.

Few, who are acquainted with the internal working of society in India, will dispute the correctness of the picture we have drawn. It is not based on the uncertain ground-work of political prediction—it represents what is and has long been; consequently, whatever objections may lie against the incorporation of the Punjáb with our Indian empire, they must weigh as nothing in the balance against those to the subsidiary system which we have pointed out, and many others which might easily be brought forward. It is to be presumed, therefore, that the government contemplates nothing less than permanent

occupation ; and if so, the country cannot fail to regard with extreme interest the new relations in which we shall stand to many surrounding states. Our north-western frontier line will run along the foot of the Affghan mountains, up to the mouth of the Khaiber Pass, and then turning eastward, will ascend the Himalaya, project into the heart of Central Asia, and stretch along the summits of snowy ridges, where the dependencies of the Chinese empire meet, and which almost blend with those of the Punjáb. These, at the first glance, may appear to be but barren possessions. It is by no means unimportant, however, for the supreme authority in India to be masters of all the tracks of commerce leading to or from it, and to hold in its hands the keys of those immense table lands of interior Asia which, from time immemorial, have been the grand reservoirs of power and dominion in the east.

Many appear to alarm their imaginations by contemplating the rapid and prodigious spread of our Asiatic dependencies. They fancy, that in proportion as our strength becomes more diffused, it must be the less able to suppress internal troubles, and resist aggression from without. But states have no definite limits, save those which may beset them by the power and resources of the race by which they are founded and built up. There may be natural boundaries too strong to be surmounted by the energies of one people, which may yet be able to set no limits to the conquests of another. Wherever our interests and our fortunes carry us, there is our country. We know not where we shall stop, or where we ought to pause ; an irresistible impulse urges us forward—superior to political prudence—superior to the hacknied maxims of statesmen—superior to the calculations of pedantic science. It is the force of martial and imperial instincts, implanted in certain races by nature, and not implanted in them in vain. The supremacy over Asia must be ours, or must belong to some other state. We shall yet have to fight for that supremacy, and are rapidly approaching the vast battle-field, where the east and the west, marshalling all their forces, must decide once for all who are to be masters of Asia. All the currents of events have long been hurrying us towards this point, and experience, we trust, has at length convinced the country, that it is not the politics of the India House, or the counsels of the Board of Control, that can stunt or check the development of our fortunes, as a nation, in the east.

Among the results of the conquest of the Punjáb, will be increased facilities for consolidating our power within the limits of India itself. This achievement will almost extinguish throughout its whole extent the hopes of the disaffected ; they will preceive that nothing is to be gained by provoking a contest with us but discomfiture and loss of territory, and in this conviction will probably betake themselves to the cultivation of civil arts, and abandon altogether to us the cares of war. Until now the existence of the Sikh power has served to keep alive, in many parts of the country, the hope of beholding the re-establishment of a native government, because in so large an empire there must always be those who would profit more by disorder than by the mildest and most enlightened government. These classes required the lesson which they will now be taught ; it was necessary that they should perceive how baseless their hopes were.

At the same time it must not be supposed that, with the subjugation of the Punjáb, our internal difficulties will entirely cease. The Nepál Rajah will have to be subdued, and we must extend the advantages of our government to Oude, and Gwalior, and Hyderabad, and wherever else the germs of Asiatic barbarism have been suffered to lurk and fructify. When these tasks shall have been accomplished, and not till then, we may apply ourselves in good earnest to develope the resources of the country by the construction of railways, by giving encouragement to agriculture, by calling into activity the manufacturing system, by enlarging indefinitely the field of commerce. Human foresight is incapable of discerning the bounds to which the prosperity of India may attain under the influence of a wise government, which may convert the whole land into a garden, and bestow peace and plenty on all its inhabitants. At this moment there are many millions of them who can scarcely be said to have made the first step towards emerging from the savage state. In one part they worship the evil principle, and seek to appease its wrath by human sacrifices. Elsewhere they lead a life little elevated above that of the brute, subsisting on wild honey, and on those roots and fruits which the earth spontaneously produces. No clothing, no huts or hovels have they to protect them from the inclemency of the weather, but retreat at night into caverns or hollow trees, or sleep upon the bare earth beneath heavy baskets or crates, their sole defence against the tiger.

Towards removing this reproach upon our civilisation, we think the conquest of the Punjáb will prove an important step. It will, for many years to come, relieve our Indian rulers from the necessity of making great military preparations to guard against a foe whose power was

always felt to be dangerous. The other great struggles to which we have pointed lie far in the back-ground of time, and need not therefore at present enter into our calculations, while the minor affairs that remain to be arranged within the traditional limits of India will require no great effort or expenditure. Our whole care may therefore be bestowed on the works of peace, the assiduous prosecution of which will confer upon the country a value which it has hitherto never possessed. We may then apply ourselves, moreover, in good earnest to the emancipation of the natives from the thraldom of ignorance and barbarism, not by arbitrary common-place systems of education, but by enlisting them in the service of science and refinement, and calling them to aid in bestowing on their country the fruits of the practical and useful arts. Too favourable an opinion can hardly be formed of their aptitude. In war we already see them aiming at a proud equality with our countrymen; and if we be true to ourselves and to them, we shall ere long behold them aiming at the same equality in the processes of civilisation. Nor need any one be alarmed at this. By imparting the impress of our character to the native mind, we shall subdue it to ourselves, and attach it to ourselves, and the bonds of love and knowledge will be substituted for those of ignorance and fear. They will look with affectionate admiration on our empire, and, learn to exclaim with us, "May it be perpetual!"

SLEEPING RAINBOWS.

BY EDWARD KING.

(Of Blackburn, Oxon. Author of "Bliss not Riches," &c.)

In my various readings, I do not remember ever having met with any philosophical comments on a beautiful phenomenon which I witnessed, for the first time in my life, yesterday; it may be designated *Gossamer Rainbows sleeping on the Grass*. Doubtless, the phenomenon must be of not unfrequent occurrence; nevertheless, I suspect that it has not often been seen so perfectly developed as on this occasion of which I am writing; I asked five agricultural labourers, who were preparing to thatch my clover-ricks, and who have spent long lives, mostly in the fields, to notice it; and they all declared that they never before had seen any similar appearance. Opticians, astronomers, natural philosophers, and other scientific men, will have no difficulty in tracing the result to those principles which explain the phenomena of solar and lunar rainbows, stellar halos, penumbra, &c.; but, as others, who love to notice the curious and beautiful in nature, will be pleased to know when and where to look for *Rainbows sleeping on the Grass*, I shall endeavour to mention those accessories which accompanied the splendid display in question, as guides for finding these transient beauties on future occasions. On the morning of the 26th of September, after a brilliant and rather cold night, a fog (not so dense but that an observer would predict that the sun would soon disperse it) rested over my sheep-common. At half-past nine a.m., one's shadow began to be distinctly perceptible, and, in half an hour more, the whole landscape was brightened as with the smiles of young morning. On looking eastwards, the lawnlike common was seen exquisitely reticulated by white threads, the night-work of busy spiders, presenting, in some measure, the appearance of a slight fall of snow, yet leaving the tints of green peeping through it. On turning round, and facing north of west, so, as to look right along one's own shadow, by leaving the sun full on one's back, there were to be observed two beautiful distinct rainbows, reflected from the dew-drops hanging upon the gossamer-threads, hitched by the spider-artificers to every blade of grass. Of these rainbows, the right-hand one tended nearly north; the other, the left-hand one, nearly west. They both widened, and straightened, as the distance increased; they curved as they grew nearer, and seemed to taper to a common point, and meet just behind one's heels. The prismatic colours were arranged precisely as in the common rainbow; the violet forming the inner margin of each, and the orange-red the outer margin of both, right and left. My old sheep-common seemed all at once converted, not exactly into fairy land, (for Elfin-sprites, where they perform their many mystic rites, revels, and gambols, by moonlight, leave not rainbows sleeping at one's feet, to betray, at every step, their nocturnal pranks to early wanderers), but rather, if one may may be allowed a little of the Greek poetic imaginings, into light-refulgent Olympus itself; and I seemed to occupy the identical spot, where, of old, imperial Jove presided amidst the minor Gods in synod gathered round; and these *Gossamer Rainbows sleeping on the grass* seemed an iridescence, just kindled by Mercury, in hurrying to and fro with mandates for the sons of men.

AN AMERICAN'S OPINION OF ENGLAND.

Never was England so rich and so powerful as at this hour. Her government was never more firmly established nor more

vigorously administered; its machinery was never so thoroughly diffused over its territory, nor worked with so much precision and promptness. By its ubiquitous police, by its well-appointed regiments, its forts and garrisons, and by the splendid system of railways, it can concentrate an amount of force at any given point sufficient to crush an insurrection in the bud. The naval arrangements of England are the wonder of the world. Her ships are familiar to every sea. Her dominion is established in every quarter of the earth. But it is not in the resources of the government, extraordinary as they are, that the wealth of England displays itself most strikingly. The stranger beholds in the Thames enough, he would think, for the commerce of many nations, and might imagine that London was only a city of merchants. A ramble in Hyde-park on some pleasant afternoon convinces him of his mistake. He sees around him evidences of wealth not sprung from commerce. Equipages, many of them rich enough for royalty in other countries, whirl by him in scores. The beauty of the horses, the perfection of the whole array, and the multitude of liveried servants, dazzle and confound him. If he pass into the abodes, not merely of the aristocracy of blood, but into the other almost equal aristocracy of wealth, he will find a profusion of costly furniture which no other city in the world can match. Yet he might think that all the wealth and splendour of England is confined to the metropolis. Let him travel through the land and learn his error. Wherever he may go, it is over costly railways, in costly cars, or over smooth turnpikes with trimmed edges, such as, in other countries, might be the walks in a rich man's pleasure grounds. Noble edifices strike his eye at every turn of the road. Rich fields are cultivated in the very perfection of agriculture, and large towns present themselves at intervals of but a few miles. In these towns he still finds the wealth of England. If they are in an agricultural district, the church, the parsonage, and the squire's abode, are all on a superior scale. If they are in a manufacturing district, his very imagination staggers under the idea of the vast capital employed in the thousand factories and ten thousand houses around him. Go where he will, he cannot escape from the evidence of the wealth of England. They are the strong points of light in the foregrou d of the picture. They must strike the eye of the most hasty observer; they may so absorb his attention that he will not notice the gloomy background at all. — *Dr. Durbin.*

Reviews.

Jocelyn; an Episode. Journal found in the house of a Village Curate; by Alphonse de Lamartine: translated by Robert Anstruther. [Bowdery and Kirby.]

A very brief perusal of this work must satisfy the reader upon one point, viz. that Robert Anstruther should have written an original poem, and not a translation; for the English version is vastly superior to the French poem. Perhaps this feeling may have been somewhat generated in us by the fact that we cannot see the charm in Gallic verses which others appear to think they possess; and moreover, we are far from being admirers of De Lamartine generally. He certainly has a marvellous facility for stringing together a vast multitude of verses; but the whole, when carefully analysed, amounts to very little that is valuable. Besides, when a man professes any particular opinions in religion we like him to be sincere. De Lamartine is a Catholic, and doubtless wishes to be thought a very orthodox personage; why therefore write a book to show the miseries, agonies and sufferings, the misfortunes, the blighting of two young hearts, caused by the celibacy of the Roman Catholic priesthood? If he disagrees with this phase and certain others in the belief, why not avow himself a Protestant? When a man quarrels with all the usages of his church, and still professes to belong to it, one is apt to believe him really a member of none.

The story of Jocelyn is briefly this. Jocelyn has a mother and sister, the sister has a lover; but the lack of wealth prevents her union with the man of her choice. Jocelyn, on finding this, becomes a priest, though disliking the ministry, and his patrimony handed over to his sister makes her happy. The horrors of the French revolution scatter the monasteries—one of the blessings of that great event; and the young priest flies to a hermitage in the Alps. Edwin and Angelina is then acted over again, though the termination be different. A priest in love is a worn out theme. It is the subject matter of "Luther," of "Notre Dame de Paris," of the "Simple Story," and of various other works; and in all it is painful and disagreeable, while here we have the further melodramatic event of a boy turning out to be a girl. However, on this theme we have a handsome, elegant, nay, superb volume of 350 pages; and those who appreciate elegant and able poetry, will do well, in consideration, not of the original, but of the translation, to procure the work and read it.

Robert Anstruther has in the volume before us proved himself a true poet, elegant, sweet, energetic, and powerful by

turns, full of gentle imagery, of bold thoughts, of power to delineate the tremendous scenery of the Alps, and ability to touch off the gentlest emotions.

"Night came, the dreary night
Which severed hearts can ne'er unite.
Go, dearest mother! and in calm repose.
And sweetest slumber banish far thy woes;
Yet bless, oh! bless thy son,—then gently sleep.
Mother! this is no night for thee to weep.
Sleep! for if absence sink thee in such gloom,
How wilt thou bear death's everlasting doom?
That hour may come too soon; yet in that hour,
Glad solace! thou shalt feel the spirit's power!
Sleep! and ere the sun's first rays are shed,
Mother, thy son will kneel beside thy bed.
GOD, pardon, then, what tears may flow;
More than one mother man can never know.

* * * *

Soft from the mountain came the evening breeze,
And nature's vespers sighed among the trees.
'Twas such a night as on the soul bestows
Its soothing influence and serene repose,
When rising queen-like o'er the realms of night
The pale moon sheds a softened, flickering light,
And intermingles in its chastened beams
A darkness mellowed by more brilliant gleams.

Garden I sought, and alley, bower, alcove,
In each found traces of a mother's love!
I wandered o'er the greensward, where each hour
Of youth expanded like the expanding flower,
I heard the fountain playing ceaselessly,
I touched familiar walks, kissed every tree,
Wandered from trunk to trunk, as if t'impress
On each the memory of my last caress;
And fancy grasping shadows in its grief,
Found a fond sympathy in every leaf!
I sat upon the mossy, rough hewn seat
Where oft in childhood at my mother's feet
I lounged enraptured! Whereso'ere I roved
My eyes discerned the form so dearly loved;
Parent and child soul-blended, and I felt
Within my heart my mother's accent dwelt."

The reader will doubtless find twenty better passages; but the above is a very good specimen. When we come to "The Eagle's Grot on the highest peak of the Alps of Dauphine," we have some magnificent descriptions which are too long for our columns, but which will be read with intense interest by all who are tasteful enough to peruse the volume. Indeed, it is in the portraiture of the stormy struggles of the elements of man's mind, and the working of the passions, that Mr. Anstruther succeeds best, which is high praise, since these are the most difficult tasks of a poet. The following is good:—

"The maiden had that bloom of beauty sweet,
Unmellowed by the summer's glowing heat,
The swan's down cheek, to which the ready blush
Would at a look in crimson colours rush,—
Fearless, her dewy eye of blue betrayed
The trustful love that either bosom swayed;
Her silken eye-lash deigned not to conceal
A thought, a blush, a wish that she could feel.
Yet her gaze rested on him free from fear,
As rests the hand within the hand most dear.
Her glossy ringlets a black band confined,
Save only two that to her waist declined,
Where the white blossoms from the prairies sprung,
Behind her gracefully in clusters hung.
A red and tight-laced bodice clasped her waist,
In ample folds her form a dark robe graced,
That fell to mid-leg, and exposed her feet
Naked and white, that seek the moss's heat,
(As in the wrecks which in the world are seen,
Two feet of marble sparkle on the green;)
Her fingers wove the osier, whilst her glance
O'er field and meadow wondered as by chance.
Thus fled the moments; yet it stirred not them,
Dark shadows fell around the maple stem,
The sated ox slept in his grassy bed,
The bleating lamb towards its mother sped,
And yet the lovers, charmed to be alone,
Changed not a look, a posture, or a tone;
By their soft language you might truly guess,
Their hearts were not like mine,—a wilderness."

Shortly after this scene, a wounded victim of the French revolution commends his only son to the care of Jocelyn, which son turns out be a lovely and beautiful woman, thus described ere her disguise is penetrated, in a very startling manner:—

"None of my youth among my young compeers,
None amidst the students, friends, of mellower years,
Had those soft traits, that brow that languor fills,
That silver tone that through each fibre thrills,
That white skin tinged with veins of softest blue,
That glance, though shunned, that pierces through and through.

* * * * *

When o'er these heights his small feet, hoseless, bound,
His knotted neckcloth round his waist tight bound,
Close to his throat his creaseless fitting vest,
Yet scarce confining his imprisoned breast,
His naked head supports his head with grace,
E'en as a courser's panting for the race,
His flaxen ringlets that no pressure know,
Curling by nature o'er his shoulders flow."

The result of all this entanglement and *embroglio* must be sought in the book itself, which (despite the French spirit which animated the author), in the translation deserves a place on every drawing room table, and will be read with pleasure by all who appreciate poetry. To mere novel readers it is admirably suited, for the story is exciting, stirring, and mysterious.

The Drama.

Italian Opera.—The principal event of this week has been the benefit of Lucile Grahn, that charming and popular *danseuse*. It is difficult to speak in terms of sufficient approbation of this theatre without appearing to be fulsome. But in reality its manager deserves the most sincere gratitude from the public for the zeal and fervour with which he caters for their amusement. A visit to the Italian Opera is an intellectual treat. Music is ever delightful, but here we have it of the highest and loftiest character. Subjects, singers, orchestra, all combine to render the charm complete. Grisi, Mario, Lablache, are singers such as are found in no house but at the Italian Opera. On Thursday week Grisi appeared as Rosina in the *Barbiere*, her perform-

ance of which was equal to anything she ever accomplished. The charming contrasts of *piano* and *forte* in "Una voce poco fa," the exquisite lightness with which she gave her passages, the accuracy with which she touched distant intervals, and all without the slightest sign of exertion, produced an effect such as Grisi only can attain. That happy spontaneousness is hers alone, and Rosina is the character in which she displays it to the utmost. Mario is in excellent voice this season, and seems even advancing in his position. "Ecco vidente il cielo" was delightfully sung, and his connexion of the falsetto with the natural voice without abruptness of transition is admirable. Lablache rescued the character of Dr. Bartolo some years ago from the hands of inferior artists, and it is now one of his best parts. His work is altogether one of creation, and he is on the watch throughout for opportunities to introduce some comical effect. The fidgety air which he assumes, the constantly recurring state of vexation, is a masterpiece of histrionic talent. Nothing can be finer or more true than the air of annoyance with which he sits on the harpsichord when Basilio will not end the eternal "Beona sera." We regret that he left out his song "A un dottore," which used to be so well illustrated by his own pomp, and the lively by-play of Grisi. The air of "Cafariello," in which he imitates the old-fashioned style of giving every note with a slight shake, is excellent, both as a specimen of singing and a piece of burlesque acting. Fornasari perfectly understands the character of Figaro in all its detail, but his voice is little suited to the part. Basilio is well sung by F. Lablache. *Norma* and *Don Pasquale* were played on Tuesday and Thursday, while to-night we have *Il Barbiere*.

Drury Lane.—*The Crown Diamonds*, in which Thillon, Harrison, and Donald King, play the principal parts, is attracting largely at this theatre. The last mentioned (Mr. King) bids fair, by the flexibility of his voice, by his perfect knowledge of music, and by native talent, to reach the highest rank in his profession. Carlotta Grisi and the Danseuses Viennoises have been engaged by the enterprising manager.

Covent Garden.—The Wizard of the North, the most wonderful of all the conjurers of the day, is attracting large houses. The amusement afforded is cheap and agreeable.

Haymarket.—This pretty little theatre prospers as it deserves to prosper, in the hands of Benjamin Webster. The *Beggar on Horseback* is a genuine comedy.

Sadlers Wells. — *Brutus* and *Judge Jeffreys* (this latter an intellectual and admirable play) are drawing well. Mr. Spicer, the author of *Jeffreys*, has shown his ability to cope with any living dramatist. In our opinion his new play is superior to any late production from the pen of Sheridan Knowles. There is a masculine vigour that dramatist never possessed.

Olympic.—"All about love and jealousy," is a praiseworthy attempt, and but an attempt. "The Spectacle" is very good.

Adelphi.—Under certain celestial and other influences, crowded audiences are attracted ever to this house. Wright and Celeste are deservedly increasing in popularity every day.

The Drama in the Provinces.—We learn that a young actor, a Mr. Shelley, has recently made his *début* on the Ipswich boards, and that he is likely to prove a "star" in the dramatic firmament. The *Ipswich Journal* speaks in high terms of his performances. It says, "Mr. Shelley has established himself as an actor of undoubted excellence, qualified, in every point, to uphold the high reputation of the national and legitimate drama. On Wednesday he undertook the character of *Hamlet*, which he sustained in a style of surpassing excellence. The performance was distinguished throughout by originality and elegance, and by those other indications which give full promise of a great actor, in all respects worthy of the Shakspearian school."—*Morning Herald*, April 25.

Royal Polytechnic Institution. — There is now exhibiting at the above-named establishment a rotatory engine. This engine is applicable either to stationary or locomotives. It is worked by atmospheric pressure upon a circular railway, twenty-five feet in diameter. So compact is the arrangement, that even practical men are at a loss to discover its mode of operation, for there is nothing to be seen except the cylinders and wheels, the rest of the machinery being inside the cylinders. The arrangement consists merely of the ring of a drum, the corner surface of which is concaved across; over the concavity is laid a piece of flexible material, called metalised cloth, which is merely cloth dipped in a solution of metal, which renders it not only durable and strong, but also impervious to water or steam. At one part of the circumference of the drum the cloth is held firmly against the concavity by a strap, on each side of which there is an orifice, one for admission, the other for the escape of the steam; if, then, steam be allowed to enter the orifice, it will traverse the circumference of the drum between the metal and the cloth, until it escapes through the other orifice, producing a considerable expansion in the cloth; but by causing a roller, so formed as to fit the concavity, to press against the cloth, holding it firmly against the drum, the steam, in its attempt to expand the cloth, will propel the roller

before it, and this roller, being fixed to the end of the beam, gives motion to the shaft running through the axis of the drum. The arrangement is rather difficult to be understood without the aid of a model or drawing, but when once seen can be comprehended by the most unlearned in these matters.

Music.

We were present on Monday evening, 20th April, at the second lecture by Mr. C. E. Horn at the Marylebone Literary and Scientific Institution on the Music of Different Nations. His first lecture comprised the national music of England and France; the one we attended was that of Italy, Spain, and Portugal. It is unnecessary for us to do more than advert to the former; but it was a rare treat to find ourselves revelling amongst Spanish seguidillas, boleros, canciones, coplas, the zincali or gypsey songs, Moorish melodies, fandangos, &c. &c. Mrs. Horn assisted with her classic style in singing; and in further illustration of Spanish songs, referred to the *Canciones Espanolas* of Guellermo de la Perdiz, one of which Mrs. Horn sang with great taste and execution. Mr. Horn entered fully into the Modinhas of Portugal, adverting to those lately published, and reviewed in a preceding number of THE MIRROR. Mr. Horn's third and concluding lecture on the music of Germany, Russia, Hungary, and Poland, will be delivered on the 18th May.

The Gatherer.

Persian Painting.—This age is one which has so refined quackery, as to bring it into a science; hence we always look with suspicion upon every new invention, and unless we ourselves test its value, never venture an opinion. Led by a very favourable report, we lately visited Mr. King's gallery, in Church-row, Islington, for the purpose of examining into the properties of a new style of art called Persian painting. We were in the first place very much pleased with an elegant display of water-colour drawings, and pencil sketches, most elaborately and tastefully executed. The Persian painting however chiefly attracted our attention. This new discovery is a style which, at first glance, appears something between oil and water-colours, with the singular advantage of executing a drawing in four or five hours, which in either of the former styles would require weeks. One beautiful Swiss scene, quite in the style of Brockidon, three or four feet square, executed in the most elegant and finished manner, had occupied Mr. King but eight hours. We were also particularly struck by an admirable representation of St. Aubyn, and by a wild scene of eastern origin. For ladies, indeed for all who wish to execute something elegant and finished in a very short space of time. this is a most delightful accomplishment. It can be learnt in three lessons, and we believe on very moderate terms, which can be ascertained on application to Mr. King.

Sneezing Mal-apropos.—The following laughable incident is related in a New York paper:—In the new melodrama, recently got up at the Chatham Theatre, a famous robber is taken and beheaded, and his head is exhibited to the audience by being placed on a table in the centre of the stage. To accomplish this to life, the robber's body is fixed to the table, and his neck fitted to a hole in the centre of a leaf, so that to the audience it looks precisely as though the man's head had been cut off and stood up in a pool in his own blood upon the table. On the fifth night of the exhibition, a wag got into the third tier of stand boxes, and by some unexplained manœuvre, managed to blow a lot of black snuff over the stage, just at the time the head was placed on the table. As soon as the snuff had begun to settle down the head commenced sneezing, to the great small amusement of the audience, as the sneezing could not be stopped. The curtain fell amidst roars of laughter and confusion.

The Young Idea.—The following is a singular instance of juvenile repartee occurred lately in the suburbs of London. As a boy of twelve years was exercising his dog in a field at the back of his father's garden, it happened that the animal trespassed upon the premises of a coal merchant, who was at the time in his garden, upon which the man threatened to shoot the dog, if the boy did not keep it within bounds. "You shoot him," said the boy, with a violent look, "you couldn't; you never shot anything in your life but a sack of coals."

The Real Cause.—Elizabeth was very delicate in her olfactory nerves, and affected to be still more sensitive on this point than she really was. One day, a valiant Welsh commander, Sir Roger Williams, knelt to prefer a petition, which her majesty was determined not to grant, as she did not like to be compelled to refuse. Observing that his boots were made of rough untanned leather; instead of answering him, she turned away with a gesture of disgust, exclaiming, "Pooh, Williams, how your boots stink!" "Tut, madam," replied the sturdy Welshman, who understood her meaning, "it is my suit that stinks, not my boots."—*Lives of the Queens of England, by Agnes Strickland.*

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"VELUTI IN SPECULUM."

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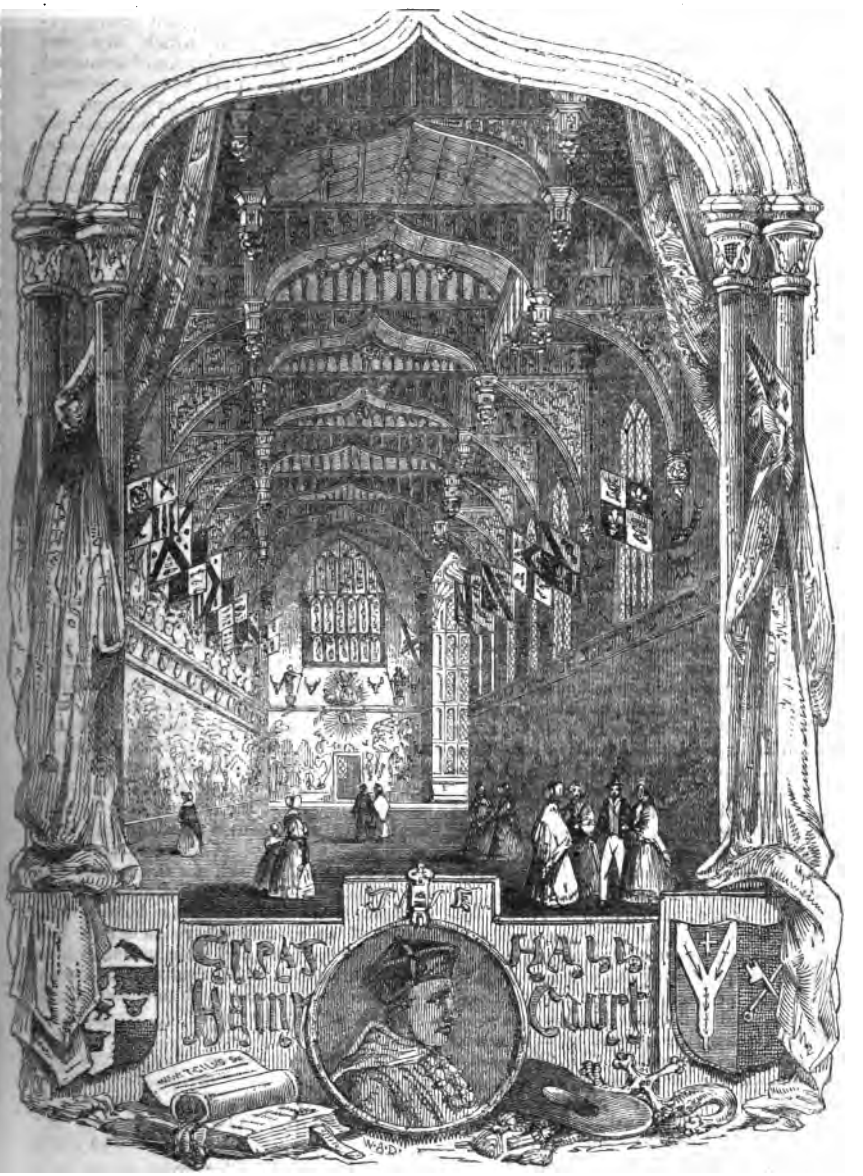

PRICE 2*d.* NO. 1317.—VOL. XLVII.

GREAT HALL, HAMPTON COURT.

No doubt many of our readers will be shortly indulging in the agreeable amusement of spring and summer visits to the several outskirts of London. We propose to offer them some slight guide to these pleasures. To begin, we give them a view of the Great Hall of Hampton Court, commonly called Wolsey's, but now known not to have been built by him; though little doubt can exist that the old hall of Wolsey occupied the same site.

The length of the hall is one hundred and six feet, its breadth forty feet, and its height sixty feet; the beauty of its proportions is perceived at once on entering it. The roof has a lightness and symmetry which is seldom to be found in buildings of the Tudor gothic style: the ceiling is adorned with the arms and devices of the royal builder, and with pendant ornaments, which affords good evidence that the Italian taste had already found admission amongst us. The windows of the hall, of which there are seven on one side and six on the other, are beautiful in their proportions, and are most judiciously placed at a considerable height above the floor, so as to leave room for the lower part of the walls to be hung with tapestry, and also to throw a fulness of light, ample, but yet subdued, into this magnificent chamber, which could not otherwise have been obtained. The seventh window on the right hand as you enter the hall, is omitted, but its place is supplied by a beautiful bay window on the dais, which extends from the roof nearly to the floor, thus pouring a flood of light upon that part of the hall occupied by the princely owner and his distinguished guests. This window has been recently enriched and ornamented by the introduction of the arms, initials, and other badges and devices of Henry VIII, together with the arms and mottoes of lady Jane Seymour, and the cardinal. That of the former being "Bown'd to obey and serve;" and that of the latter, with which is joined his complete insignia, "Dominus mihi adjutor,"—The Lord is my helper. On the lower portion of the window is this inscription, "The Lord Thomas Wolsey, cardinal, legat de latere, archbishop of Yorke, and chancellor of Englande." The whole of these devices and mottoes, which are in perfect keeping with the ancient decorations and arrangements of the hall, are modern, and reflect the highest credit on Mr. Willement, the talented artist by whom they have been executed. Mr. W. has also introduced the following emblazonments and devices in stained glass, into other windows of the hall, and we entirely coincide with the wish of a talented writer, that he may soon be engaged to decorate the remaining window in a similar manner. The two small windows in the gable at the west end of the hall, are adorned with the arms of the order of St. John of Jerusalem, those of the lord Thomas Docra, prior of the order, by whom the lease of the manor of Hampton Court was granted to Wolsey, together with the arms of the archbishopric of York, and the private arms of the illustrious cardinal. Below, there is a large window, the compartments in the head of which are occupied by the badges, cyphers, and armorial bearings of Henry VIII, beneath which, in the centre of the upper range of lights, is placed a full-length portrait of that monarch, under a canopy of state, and the sides of this range are adorned with the arms, devices, and mottoes proper to his six queens, while the lower range displays in beautiful arrangement, the arms, encircled by the garter, of Edward VI, queen Mary, and queen Elizabeth, with their mottoes, devices, and badges. Great judgment has been shown in the selection and arrangement of these various decorations, and the usual fault of introducing pictorial representations is entirely avoided. The floor of the hall has a cold and comfortless appearance, and is besides entirely at variance with the recognised accompaniment of a gothic hall of the Tudor period. It was once laid "with paynted tyle ypaved with poynttyich point after other," and the sooner this kind of pavement is restored, the sooner will all the portions of the hall be brought to harmonise together. Considerable difference of opinion exists as to the effect produced by the new banners of silk which have superseded those made of calico. There can be no doubt as to the propriety according to ancient custom of hanging up banners adorned with heraldic emblazonments, in a hall devoted, like this, to audience and revelry; and as little doubt, we apprehend, can exist as to the materials of which such banners should be composed; but the extreme brilliancy of the colours and metals, is no doubt, at present, a disadvantage, and is, to some extent, displeasing to the eye. This, however, as well as the somewhat too brilliant colouring and gilding of the corbels, &c., will disappear before the touch of time; and where so much has been done well, we find little inclination to find failures with small faults, which may here and there be detected in some of the subordinate details.

The number of the dead far exceedeth all that shall live. The night of time far surpasseth the day, and who knows when was the equinox?—*Browne.*

THE RED HAND.

A Tale of Louisiana.

CHAPTER VI.—THE MEET ON THE WATERS.

About a hundred yards up the course of the Bayou St. Jean is an opening, surrounded on all sides by thickly overhanging trees, through which the moon pierced here and there, casting a fitful light upon the waters. The gentle wind having but force enough to reach the summits of the trees, left the surface of the little lake perfectly smooth—so still was it, it looked a sheet of molten silver, while here and there a straggling fish made a sudden leap, and caused a disturbance of the previous quiet. A screeching night owl, making evil melody, sat on the top of a tree, the only living being within hearing or sight.

Presently, however, the solitude and stillness of the place was disturbed by the dipping sound of paddles. It was a boat descending the bayou; and coming forth into the open space, proved to be that of the Red Hand, with Luke Salem as an unwilling companion. Properly to understand what follows, it must be mentioned that the events now occurring took place one hour after the tap at the governor's door, and two after the announcement of the Monk in the boudoir of the heroine of this eventful history.

The Red Hand alone managed the canoe, while the spy remained perfectly still in the bottom of the boat, planning continually an escape from the very unpleasant position into which he had brought himself, in the exercise of his very disgraceful avocation. Now and then an ejaculation of surprise or annoyance would burst from him, as if he could scarcely repress his desire to fall upon the man who occupied the part of his guardian, while prudence suggested that he would be more wise to forbear.

"Well, Injun, I do conclude you will ind this 'are journey some time or other. I'm hungry, and I reckon nature won't stand it over much longer."

"White man," said the native chief, "trouble not thyself so much upon thy stomach. An Indian is not hungry; let the pale face be quiet also."

"Now that riles me," exclaimed the downeaster. "Because you have no appetite it follows that I must have none. If you would but just tell me where we are going to—"

"Hush," said the Indian, suddenly, "we are not alone."

A gentle motion of the paddle, simultaneous with his exclamation, gave the canoe an impulse, which in a few moments carried it beneath the shadow of a graceful peccan bush, where without an effort the practised boatman brought his craft to a perfect stand still. Then raising his rifle, and looking to the priming, the native remained calm and motionless watching the progress of events. Scarcely had the quick witted Chichachas contrived thus to conceal his proximity, when a boat manned by six men pulled swiftly into the interior of the little bay, and having attained the centre, was suddenly arrested in its progress. The oarsmen had backed their oars at the command of one who, wrapped in a large cloak, and seated beneath an awning, appeared to command the craft. The boat was somewhat singular in appearance. Long, with places for a dozen oarsmen, it had towards the stern a species of cabin, covered with an awning. On top of this swung a yellow lamp, casting its jaundiced light moodily upon the dark mass of the twelve-oar cutter.

It was a boat of the Inquisition.

Luke Salem knew this, by the signal which swung above, and felt no small curiosity to know the reason of its presence. He would gladly have inquired, but the glittering axe of the Indian was near at hand, and he had a natural and wholesome dread of this instrument. It looked so sharp, so shining, that it might without much stretch of fancy be supposed to have the property of severing a head with its very shadow. At all events such was a "notion" which often recurred to the American Angles.

In a few moments after its first arrival, the craft of the gloomy Inquisition, introduced into Louisiana by the tyrannical Spaniard, became perfectly stationary. As it lay in the still moonlight, silent and motionless, its boatmen ready but without apparent life, it was an apt representation of that dark and dreadful institution of which it was the inanimate servant. Secret, unconscious, like many human instruments, it seemed to sleep on the face of the waters, devoid of all power. But like the unroused tiger, which dreams of blood, the servant of the Inquisition was stealthily on the watch for a victim.

Again the sound of paddles was heard.

This time too, it was a boat manned by several rowers, who advanced apparently unconscious of the ambush that awaited them. This craft had a wooden cabin, and by its dark outline, by the grim symbols of death painted glaringly in white on its outside, proclaimed itself clearly that of the Monk.

The position of the three boats is important the reader should now understand. In the very centre of the lake lay the cutter of the subtle and bigotted Inquisition, fit organ of such priests and all tyrants. About two hundred yards below was the boat of the Monk advancing rapidly, while

between them, concealed in the bushes, lay the canoe of the Indian and the spy. The second proceeded swiftly for some time, until within thirty or forty yards of the first mentioned, when discovering this latter lying directly in its way, it halted.

"Advance," said the cloaked stranger before mentioned, and whom our readers have doubtless recognised as Juan Salcedo.

"Who dares command on these waters?" replied one of the foremost boatmen.

"Spain," said the assassin; "advance or we fire on you."

"So, ho, my dainty son of Spain," continued the other colloquist, "two can play at that, but as our master seeks not bloodshed, we obey."

"And your master, who is he?"

"One whom you dare not disobey, Don Juan Salcedo."

The ruffian trembled. He had reason to fear both parties. His life he knew was forfeited, and Reilly, the governor, was just the man to make use of this power to his ruin. At the same time he had his reasons for dreading the tenant of the boat.

"I take heaven to witness I act against my will," he said; "but mine is a master will be obeyed."

"So will ours."

"And your master commands—"

"To offer no violence to your will. Do your behest."

Next moment the boats were alongside one another. Juan Salcedo trembled, but he knew obedience was requisite. He had succeeded in bringing himself so far to disobey the governor, as to take the Monk alive to his presence. Even this violence upon that personage he considered an act which endangered his peace, and he expected each moment that some mysterious and sudden punishment would fall upon him.

"Sir Monk," said he, in a trembling voice, as he passed into the narrow cabin of the boat, "I vow—"

The cabin was empty.

A roar of laughter from the boatmen, whom Juan Salcedo now discovered to be twelve in number, and armed to the teeth, shows how carefully the trick had been played. At any other time, and under any other circumstances, the Spanish bravo would have been inclined to show his resentment at the hilarity of the Monk's servants. The fact, however, of that personage being possessed of the information communicated to him alone he thought by the governor, and never breathed since to living soul, so raised the priest's character and power in his opinion, as seriously to alarm him. Juan had heard once of the devil, though his education had been scanty. I say once, because, though the worthy assassin had received many a proof of the existence of Satan in his own life, yet had he not been conscious of the connection between himself and the prince of darkness. Bad men never give themselves half credit enough; they have too slender an opinion of their own merits—poor fellows! they lay it all to the effect of chance of fate, and sundry other things which have no more to do with the matter than soda with soda water. We beg to set them right. They are really very clever and mighty men—there is genius and originality about some criminals, and they will obtain full credit for their actions. They are too modest when they imagine that good men only know what they are about, and will meet with their reward accordingly. They share in the advantage.

Now Juan *had heard* of the devil, and he now began to think that he *had seen* him in his proper person.

"But the Monk," said he, after a brief pause; "where is he?"

"A simple question that," exclaimed the spokesman of the other boat, "as if any man could say."

"Caramba," said the Spaniard, "you are right. He is the devil himself."

"As for that, I can't say," observed the other; "but that dagger is not made yet which will slaughter him—no, not even if worn by Juan Salcedo."

"You don't mean to say ——," exclaimed the trembling ruffian.

"I say nothing; but I shall report what has passed."

"Louis Desnoyes," said the assassin, bending forward, and whispering, "on your soul—not a word of this. It was against my wish. The governor commanded, and I obeyed. Let me not be blamed for my obedience."

Louis Desnoyes was about to reply, when there occurred a serious interruption, which prevented the possibility of his so doing. Juan Salcedo was standing erect in the boat, awaiting the other's reply. In his hand was clutched a dagger, and it was clear, that were the reply unfavourable, the other's death would instantly ensue. The Spanish bravo stood with clenched teeth; the yellow lamp of the Inquisition falling its light full upon his face.

"Caramba!" cried the ruffian, as a rifle-shot struck his arm, and made him let the dagger fall to the bottom of the boat.

"To your arms, men," thundered Louis Dernoyes; "the bloody heathen is upon us."

A faint, far-off laugh, followed by a peculiar cry, made the Frenchman pause, while the wounded Spaniard inquired the reason of his hesitation in answering the fire from the shore.

"It is the Red Hand," replied the

Frenchman; "you have paid the penalty of your premeditated murder of the Monk. Take my advice. Return to your master, and tell him that the man he would destroy is far beyond his influence and malignity."

Juan Salcedo, smarting from the effect of the wound, wrapped his cloak around him, and giving his orders to the boatmen, the craft of the Inquisition sped on its way back to the American Venice.

Next minute the canoe was beside the boat of the mysterious Monk, that individual occupying a seat therein. When the boat came to a halt during the first parley, the Red Hand immediately came alongside, and availing himself of this unexpected aid, the great conspirator accepted the Indian's offer, by which he avoided a disagreeable collision with the minions of the governor. To Luke Salem all passed as a dream, and when he found himself in close contact with the man in whose power he had been for two days, it was with feelings of the utmost horror. A few minutes, however, of conference, changed the current of the spy's thoughts. The Monk addressed him a few firm words, coupled with a well-filled purse; and it is surprising how quickly the Yankee spy began to have confidence in his new employer.

It was during this conversation, and before the Monk could interfere, that the Red Hand severely wounded the assassin.

THE PLAGUE PRISON.

BY JAMES AUGUSTUS ST. JOHN.

[From Chapman's Magazine.]

I have already, under the title of "The Yellow Flag," described in what manner, and with what auspices, we floated into the quarantine harbour of Malta. The complaisant reader will now, I trust, consent to accompany me to prison, and partake of the entertainment which I found there. On entering our apartments, the very best in the lazaretto, situated in the upper story of the building, and exceedingly spacious and lofty, we found that the Maltese friends of one of the gentlemen of our party had already been mindful of our comforts. On a large table placed near the open window, commanding a fine view of the shore, tea and coffee were smoking in elegant porcelain cups, and piles of white French rolls, delicate fresh butter swimming in water, and bowls and dishes heaped with the richest fruits of the season.

While despatching these dainties we made a somewhat grotesque figure, with our red Fez caps, long drooping moustaches, untrimmed beards, and half-oriental, half-European costume. Close by my side sat the little eastern maiden before spoken of, with jet black tresses escaping from beneath her gold-edged Fez, and falling down her shoulders in profusion over her silken jacket, striped purple and white. An Arab servant, in the most picturesque costume of Egypt, broad white turban, light blue vest, silken trousers, and crimson shawl, waited on us instead of the Maltese guardiano, pouring out our coffee and handing round the fruit and rolls. Our conversation immediately smacked of the change in our condition. We were now a prey to no uncertainty. In twenty days we should be at liberty; for we had been informed that the fragment of twenty-four hours from teatime till night, would be counted as one day.

The great question now was, who would bear imprisonment most patiently, least diligently count the hours, and experience the fewest temptations to scold the guardiano, find fault with the claret, and anathematise the excellent dinners sent us from one of the best houses in Valetta? It struck me that he who had most employment would be the least likely to fall a victim to ennui; and this busiest person was myself, since I had not only, like my companions, to write letters to my friends at home, but was under the necessity of bringing up my journal, and studying a mass of materials in the form of notes, which had been for some time accumulating in the countries I had travelled through.

Under the impression that the days would speed rapidly along, and that I should soon find myself again in motion, climbing the mountains of Sicily, descending into the subterranean streets of Herculaneum, strolling through the ruins of Pompeii, threading my way through the lazy crowds on *corsos* and *chiajas* of Naples, or mounting and descending the Alps, I at an early hour threw myself on one of those iron bedsteads with which the British government has furnished the lazaretto of Malta. Sleep almost at once threw its mantle over me; and what did I see then? Certainly not the chambers of "our prison house," or the waves of the Mediterranean, whether angry or still, or the vast deserts I had traversed, or those landscapes of inimitable beauty, composed of rocks and water, and mosques and tombs, and villages surrounded and overshadowed by the luxuriant vegetation of the tropics. No, the genius of sleep was more indulgent to me. It displayed to my view the interior of a beautiful cottage on the Leman lake, where I beheld a mother with an infant in her arms, surrounded by a number of children at play, some of which would, from time to time, stand by her knee, look in her face and say, "I wonder where father is now?" As the only reply, the mother would bend

over her infant, as if to hide certain tokens of emotion which nature at times will force into the eyes. I seemed suddenly to make my appearance among them, to feel the embrace of one, the kiss of another, and the feelings becoming too tumultuous to be confined within the narrow channels of a dream, I started on my iron couch, and, looking around me, beheld my bedroom filled with the bright light of a May morning, and a cloud of mosquitoes, rising from my face through the tough brown, weather-beaten skin of which, they had in vain been endeavouring to penetrate. I detected the traces of the dream upon my cheek, in that thin delicate brine which, in the microcosm of man, swells like the tides of the ocean, when the sun of joy or the cloud of sorrow passes over him.

It is a luxury to inhale the early air of the morning in the south, I accordingly dressed rapidly, clapped on my Fez, and hastened to examine the topography of my prison. It was a large quadrangular building erected round a long narrow court, of which the inmates could command a view from the wooden gallery running along the front of every story. With the persons on the opposite gallery we could very easily converse, which, had we stood in need of amusement, might have been an advantage to us. On the terrace below, however, we met and walked together, though as they had been in confinement several days before us, they were careful to avoid closer contact, as, had we touched each other, our guardians would have reported the fact to the proper authorities, and thus have extended the duration of their captivity.

On approaching the window overlooking the quarantine harbour, I observed several merchantmen and ships of war lying there, among which were a Russian frigate and an English sloop of war, last from Tunis, commanded by a son of Lord Grey. The crew of this craft sometimes afforded us considerable amusement. Having little else to do, they spent much of their time in the water, occasionally upsetting a boat, and then attempting to scramble up its wet and slippery sides, laughing, pulling, and clutching each other, to the great entertainment of the plague-suspected population of the lazaretto. The Russian vessel lay apart from every other at the further extremity of the harbour. She appeared to be of a very handsome build, and was said to be kept scrupulously clean. Here and there, on projecting points of land, we could perceive, pacing to and fro, the sentinels stationed there to enforce the observance of the quarantine regulations. Their orders were to fire upon any persons who should attempt to overstep the prescribed boundaries, and hold communication with the people of the city. And ought we at all to wonder at this severity? There were several plague patients at that very moment in the lazaretto, not three doors from our apartments, and had the rules of quarantine been infringed, the same thing would, in all probability, have happened again, that occurred in 1810, when the plague was introduced into Valetta and carried off ten thousand victims. I am aware that an opinion prevails rather widely, more especially among political economists, hostile to the maintenance of quarantine establishments. Because the free play of the commercial machine is somewhat impeded by a strict attention to public health, they jump to the conclusion that the plague in reality is not contagious, that it diffuses itself through the channel of the atmosphere; and that, consequently, whatever precautions you may take there can be no escape for you, if your lungs once breathe the infected air. But this ingenious theory is not consistent with experience. We find, on the contrary, that you may converse with a plague-smitten patient, that you may dine with him, sleep in the same chamber with him, and yet escape the malady, provide you neither touch his person nor his garments. This is the general belief of Europeans in all parts of the Levant. As I have said, however, there are persons who maintain the contrary opinion, chiefly to be found in those countries of Europe which are seldom or never ravaged by the pestilence.

But, be this as it may, certain it is that the neighbourhood of the disease is sure to excite very unpleasant reflections. For example, when it was whispered through our division of the lazaretto that one of our near neighbours had died of the plague, and that he was to be carried along our terrace to be buried, I noticed that every countenance assumed an additional shade of gravity. No one, you may be sure, who was not compelled by the duty of his station, attended that unfortunate traveller to his grave. He had no relations, no friends near. We never heard his name. Four of the guardians with hurried step and in utter silence bore him past our door; the gates which separated the several divisions of the lazaretto were successively thrown open; the apparition passed, the gates closed behind it, and dust was committed to dust in comparatively few minutes. No bell tolled, no service was said, but the shock communicated by this single death to every heart within that vast building, left behind it a quicker pulse, a long throb of apprehension, which, like the heaving of the sea after a tempest, continued to be felt for several days.

Little did I think then, that my most lively, healthful, and agreeable friend, the

Rev. Vere Monro, whose witty and learned company had imparted additional charms even to the banks of the Nile, and who was at that moment with pilgrim feet traversing the Holy Land, would in a few short years come to that self-same spot to die. He was a man who loved travelling for its own sake; neither fatigue nor privations could disgust him with it. With the Bible and Herodotus, and the necessary cash in his carpet-bag, he joined me at Rosetta. We journeyed in all directions nearly three thousand miles together, and at the close of our journey projected another to the banks of the Volga and the shores of the Caspian Sea. When afterwards he came to put this design in execution, circumstances prevented my accompanying him, and he performed but a small part of his intended tour. From Nishni Novgorod and a port in the Crimea, he forwarded me an account of his travels and of the obstacles which prevented their extension. The correspondence then suddenly ceased, and in the obituary of the daily journals I soon learned the cause. He had come to Malta, bringing the germs of fever, perhaps of plague, along with him, and there died in the midst of strangers, sincerely regretted, I may truly add, by all who ever knew him.

Nevertheless, our situation—to return to my subject—was far from being dull. Visitors from the city came constantly to see us in boats, bringing with them the news and scandal of the day. One of the gentlemen in the opposite wing of the building happening to be an acquaintance of Wolfe, the missionary—at that time pursuing his journey through Persia and Affghanistan, and now again on his way to Bokhara to inquire into the fate of our gallant countrymen, Stoddart and Conolly; his wife, who resided at Malta, was generally, with her infant daughter, to be seen among the visitors at the foot of our terrace stairs. Besides, we mustered six travellers in all, and we had traversed between us a very large portion of the globe. Occasionally, therefore, as we sat and smoked in the evening sun, narratives and personal adventures rapidly succeeded each other, seasoned sometimes with the description of a typhoon in the China seas, sometimes with an Indian alligator, a residence in the plague hospital of Alexandria, or a visit to the river Jordan or the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. Occasionally we spent an hour in exhibiting the curiosities we had collected; as chaplets of wandering derwishes, bracelets from the arms of African women, daggers, sea-shells, holy beads from Mecca or Jerusalem, papyri, chips from the great pyramid, seals or amulets found in the tombs of the kings at Thebes, variegated agates or cornelians from the Great Desert, or apples of Sodom exactly such as they are described by Tacitus.

But, whatever may have been the case with my companions, I own that my principal pleasure during our imprisonment consisted in projecting myself forward by an effort of the imagination, and conversing proleptically with persons who were at that time perhaps exceedingly uneasy on my account; for so mismanaged are the affairs of the post-office in that part of the world that few of my letters arrived at their destination until many months after they were written, and even the joyous missive which I had submitted to be smoked on the very evening of my arrival at Malta, did not reach my family in Switzerland, until I had been myself a fortnight or three weeks at home. The individuals, with whom chance brings you in contact, may be and often are very pleasant people; but the current of their general sympathies runs necessarily in channels very different from yours. The real affections of a knot of men, thus bound together a moment, operate faintly on the spot where they happen to be placed, but, diverging to every point of the compass, flow with impasssioned force towards persons and places at a distance. These merry friends, therefore, as they seem, could they be admitted into the recesses of each other's natures, and behold, as in a mirror, the world of busy thoughts hived and working their honey there, would be wonderfully surprised at the unsuspected exhibition. I can, at all events, answer for myself. For often as I sat at the great window of our saloon, apparently listening to the lively conversation going on around the claret, I would recline my head on my hand, grow gradually forgetful of every person present, and gaze in a sort of dreamy rapture on the vast carpet of waves, silvered by the moonbeams, which stretched from the foot of that rock to the mole of Genoa, within a comparatively few hundred miles of Lausanne. I would then contract the distance, throw Poseidonian steps over land and sea, and detect myself among the snows of the Simplon, while in reality catching the soft and balmy breeze fresh from the orange groves of Malta.

Valuable Information—In a pool across a road in the county of Tipperary is stuck up a pole, having a board affixed to it with this inscription:—"Take notice, that when the water is over this board, this road is impassible."

A Pretty Idea.—The chain of love is made of fading flowers, but that of wedlock of gold—lasting as well as beautiful.

PIQUILLO ALLIAGA;
OR,
THE MOORS IN THE TIME OF PHILIP III.
AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

[From the French of M. Eugène Scribe.]

CHAPTER IV.—THE CAPTAIN.

Master Truxillo was not the only one who passed a bad night. Piquillo had for many hours been shut up in the underground sleeping room, provided for him at the Golden Sun hotel. The landlord, detained at the palace, in the exercise of his civic duties, greatly to his regret, had been unable to return to his house; and Coello, his major-domo, manager in his absence, felt bound to drink to the health of his patron on his new appointment. For this purpose he had invited all the servants of the hotel to partake of the remains of the day's provisions, to which he thought them fairly entitled. After having provided dinner for every body, one has a right to think of oneself; but nobody bestowed a thought on poor Piquillo, who had been frequently pacing round and round the cell in which he was confined as prisoner of the state. There was no outlet from his dungeon, but through a door, which was both bolted and padlocked; no light, but what was admitted through a narrow vent-hole, secured by an iron bar; in short, the place was devoid of all furniture, if we excepted two old butts, once filled with tolerable Benicarlo wine, which had been sold by the landlord for pure Alcantara. After fruitlesss endeavours to break open the door, and having, in vain, cried out for assistance, Piquillo sat himself down—and must we confess it—his courage forsook him. Our hero began to cry; but what hero is without his weak moments; and then it must not be forgotten our hero had not supped, and his morning breakfast had long since passed from his recollection, thanks to the exercise he had taken, and the fatigue produced by the military manœuvres of the day. He wept then—and, moreover, though not naturally timid, he could not repress the feeling of alarm, which overcame him on finding himself in total darkness. All at once he heard loud cries, and thought his last hour was approaching; it was occasioned by the good cheer of the major-domo and servants of the hotel, who were intoxicated with the wine of their patron. Seated around a large table in the finest room in the hotel, they made Juanita, with whom we are already acquainted, wait upon them; this young girl, only twelve years old, lovely, obliging, and devoid of all pride, was ordered about, and scolded by every body, and was at this time the assistant of the servants.

"Bring from the kitchen," called out the major-domo, in an imperious tone, "the two whole partridges brought down from No. 9; the guests there must have been lovers, for they did not eat."

A triton among the minnows he appeared to his flatterers, and this sally of the major-domo was received with great applause. This was the noise which so frightened Piquillo, who sprang up, and listened attentively.

A sudden ray of moonlight came through the aperture overlooking the court-yard, and lighted up his cell; this, however, was momentarily intercepted by the body of some unknown person, who softly approached the aperture, remained but an instant, and then rapidly running away, let fall a roasted partridge at Piquillo's feet. Immediately afterwards the soft voice of a young girl was heard from the dining room.

"I vow there was but one, major-domo."

"It is very astonishing," said Coello; "I put two on the table, unless these gentlemen——"

And he gave a searching glance around the table; but none of the waiters or attendants of the Golden Sun could reasonably be suspected of an act of such selfishness and indelicacy. Piquillo thus was indebted, for his supper, as he had been for his breakfast, to the attentions of Juanita, by whom he was quartered upon the enemy and at their expense; he would willingly, however, have dispensed with his lodging, and he set his wits to work to find out a means of escape. The aperture of the vent-hole was itself very narrow, and the bar of iron rendered it twice as small; but Piquillo was so thin that he thought he could, without much difficulty, although he had supped, contrive to pass through this narrow opening. The great difficulty was to reach it, but a good dinner and the love of liberty doubles one's energy; and the prisoner managed, by unheard of efforts, to pile the two empty butts one upon the other. He then attempted his ascent to scale the breach, which he did not accomplish without having disfigured and hurt himself a good deal. Having got his head between the bar and the wall, he soon introduced the rest of his body, and thus got into the court-yard. Piquillo, a beggar, and a vagrant, had no ideas of religion or morality, and only heard the name of the deity in the daily oaths which were uttered; and in spite of himself, he knew not why, an instinct, a motive of gratitude, made him fall on his knees, though his lips uttered not a word — though his heartfelt gratitude showed no visible signs by which it could be recognised, yet there was in his heart a sincere and fervent prayer which reached to heaven. The prisoner, having left his cell, but not the hotel (and the court-yard

being surrounded by high walls, whose summit he had scarcely any hope of attaining, and still less of being enabled to descend into the street on the other side) Piquillo disconsolate and discouraged, had no idea how to extricate himself from his difficulties, and began to give way to despair, and to think that he had but changed one prison for another, where nobody would come to his assistance. His heart had made him think of providence; his generosity had provided a friend, and he who, in the morning, had nothing, found in one day, two treasures, two consolations—religion and friendship. Suddenly appeared a shadow at the top of the wall; then a beam of moonlight displayed to him a brown head, which cautiously appeared, looking down into the court-yard. How lucky! it was Pedralvi. Piquillo would have cried out, but a motion from his friend warned him to be silent, and a moment after the Bohemian was on the parapet of the wall, attempting to draw up with him a small, long, and light ladder, which had served to enable him to mount the wall. Being with difficulty drawn up, it was placed on the other side, and let down into the court. Piquillo having placed it properly, got to the top of the wall where Pedralvi awaited him; here, then, were these two friends, face to face, striding across the wall. They embraced, and began to question each other.

"Is it you, Pedralvi, who have come to help me?"

"Yes, forsooth; you gave me your assistance once, and I do the same for you."

"And suppose I had not luckily been in the court-yard!"

"I would have sought you elsewhere."

"But I was in the cellar."

"I should have descended into it. I knew you were a prisoner in the inn; that was enough for me; and no matter how, I should have effected your escape."

"And suppose you had been taken prisoner, or beaten?"

"That was my affair; I remained since dark outside in the street."

"What were you doing?"

"Prowling about on the look out."

"For what?"

"For the means of effecting your escape, which this ladder soon afforded."

"Where did you find it?"

"Opposite, at Truxillo's the tailor."

"Did you go there to get it?"

"No; it was let down from a window, and immediately after I saw descend, wrapped up in a cloak——"

"A thief?"

"If so, a very juvenile one; and a soft voice cautioned him to be careful; but I then cried aloud—Saint Hermandad! the window was speedily closed, and the young man leaped to the ground, and ran away. I, then, in a moment, seized hold of the ladder, and here I am."

"Now, let us descend, for though ware well enough here, we can chat more comfortably when we have descended to the other side of the wall."

By their joint efforts, the two friends easily managed to raise the ladder, which was still resting against the wall of the court-yard of the Golden Sun, and they let it down into the street, and Pedralvi, insisting on ceding to Piquillo the honour of being the first to descend, the latter took the lead.

At this moment the moon was obscured by a dark cloud, which passed over it, and the inn, the walls, and the street were left in total darkness, and Pedralvi, no longer able to see his friend, said to him in a subdued tone, "Descend cautiously, for the walls are at least twenty feet high. Have you descended safely? Speak."

"Yes; here I am."

But the moment Pedralvi was about to follow, a strong arm upset the ladder, and a loud voice called out, "How comes it, my funny little fellow, that we thus catch you on our own track?"

Thus spoke Captain Juan Baptista Balseiro, who, it will be recollected, had, in the morning meeting, held in the public square, pronounced so energetically in favour of the Cortes.

"Sir knight," cried Piquillo, "you are mistaken; I am no thief."

"How do I know that?"

"I swear to you I follow no such vile occupation."

Piquillo now felt his arm fixed as in a vice by the Captain's grasp, and he roared out with pain, "Let me alone — let me alone, if you belong to the corps of Saint Hermandad, or the halberdiers of the town."

"To neither; but as you come from this house you can give us some intelligence we want."

"I have none to give."

"No matter; follow us."

"I can't; let me go. I have a friend waiting for me."

"Where?"

"At the top of the wall."

Pedralvi thereupon called out, "Yes, sir knight, do not injure him, and replace the ladder to enable me to get down, or I shall call out for assistance."

One of the Captain's followers laid hold of the handle of a pistol, which was in his girdle; but Juan Baptista arrested his purpose, by exclaiming, "Think what you are about; to create such a disturbance, and at this hour of the night, and to what end; one of these two night birds will be sufficient for me to capture, and him I will bring away with me."

"Help here," cried Piquillo.

"Help," chorused Pedralvi, whose elevated situation made him more easily heard.

"Help," repeated the major-domo.

The servants and waiters of the Golden Sun, who, having passed the night in carousing, either appeared at the windows or in the court-yard, hearing the noise; the Captain and his attendants ran away, carrying their captive with them. Juan Baptista Balseiro, who, in his lifetime, had borne many other names, was as undistinguished by his deeds as he was obscure by origin. Some said he was a Moor; others a Neapolitan; he cared as little for his family as they did for him; it mattered not to him to what country he belonged, he had no preference for any one in particular, having travelled into almost every quarter of the globe, and for reasons best known to himself, never found any country in which he was suffered long to remain. For a considerable period he had confined his exploits to Spain, and it was not without reason that he, who had seen and observed so much, considered Spain of all European governments the most desirable and safest for people of his profession to live in; they were not much troubled by the police. Disorder was everywhere rife, and the authorities never interfered; and Juan Baptista, after leading a riotous and erratic life, had at last fixed upon this country, which, to speak the truth, was almost his own, for in reality the Captain was of Portuguese descent. He was yet only a few years old when Portugal was united to Spain, in the reign of the late king Philip II, by the grace of God, the constitution of the kingdom, and an army of 30,000 men, commanded by the Duke Dalba. Don Henry, of the noble Portuguese family of Villaflor, secretly bribed by Philip II, had powerfully contributed to this conquest, and as a reward for these anti-national services, had created him Count Santarem. Whilst he was hunting over the mountains of Dorso, the finest of the Alentejo, his party had to seek shelter from a storm in a little inn, the only one at hand. Geronima, the wife of a smuggler, then absent, did the honours of the house; she was young, coquettish, not over handsome, and even red haired; but when taking shelter from the rain, one is not difficult to please. The Portuguese nobleman filled up his leisure hours by paying gallant attentions to the lady; in less than a year from this time he was at a country seat, on the banks of the Tagus, when he was told that a woman, from the hill country of Alentejo, wanted to speak to him, and he then saw the smuggler's wife carrying a fat, bouncing little boy, who was crying and biting his mother. This was the Captain, whose biography we trace, named Juan Baptista by his mother, that saint's day being the day of his birth.

It was in his hands that poor Piquillo had fallen. The Captain had a deal of forethought; he had often thought that an intelligent lad, whose youth anticipated mistrust, might render great services to the troop which he had the honour to command, and Piquillo was just what he wanted. Piquillo's greatest regret was for his companion. What would become of poor Pedralvi, who had exposed himself on his account? But he was obliged soon to think of himself. Juan Baptista and his friends left town before daybreak. Horses were awaiting for them without the walls, as also two loaded mules, besides one that carried nothing, which the Captain eyed with a grim expression.

"That rascally treasurer of Pampelma certainly forestalled us," remarked the Captain.

"Why, Captain," observed a man of short stature, but strong and well-knit frame (it was Martin de Barallo, generally called Carallo, the confidant and friend of the Captain), you know that the Count de Lerma never leaves anything in the public chests."

"True; he is a great financial minister; luckily, we shall have to do with him yet upon other grounds; but come, let us be off, and mount the urchin upon the spare mule. He is not what ought to have been there; but no matter, we must teach him to be useful."

The cavalcade started at a trot, continued its way all night, traversed, in the middle of the day, a beautiful river, the name of which Piquillo only learnt afterwards—it was the Ebro; and some hours afterwards they began to ascend the mountains and penetrate into the forests.

When Piquillo arrived at the *posado de buen Socorro*, "the inn of good help," he could not imagine what sort of customers frequented such a spot. He thought of the hotel of the Golden Sun, where it rained roasted partridges, as something magical in comparison, and he almost wished himself back again in the cellar. The memory of Juanita, so kind and so pretty, and of his friend Pedralvi, so devoted and so gay, rendered the terrible society in which he was now thrown still more repulsive; not that any thing was wanting, the Captain's table was well served, the wine was good, and there was abundance of *aqua ardienti*, but what he heard and saw confused his ideas, and troubled his young and inexperienced mind. The bacchanalian orgies finished most frequently in quarrels. "You cannot agree, my children," the Captain would say, in a paternal tone, "fight it out, and let it be over." Knives were drawn,

blood flowed, and Piquillo retired into a corner, trembling and crying. To a poor child who had never seen nor heard of anything of the kind, this horrible tavern was like the ante-chamber of hell.

And yet Piquillo was forbidden to quit it: that was the Captain's order, and woe to him who dared to disobey! Piquillo feared the Captain far too much even to think of quitting the *posado*, but one day the weather was so fine, the sun shining so brightly, no one but himself at the hostelry; he could not resist the temptation of a walk in order to breathe a little fresh air. He had been out only a few minutes when he felt himself already refreshed, a feeling of gladness crept to his heart, and a smile played upon his lips, when suddenly his cheeks became pale and icy. He was even obliged to seek support from a tree! for he had, on turning round a corner in the wood, found himself face to face with the Captain.

SUNLIGHT UPON THE WATERS.

(By the author of "Rural Sonnets," "Moonlight on the Waters," "Spartacus," and other Tragedies.)

Sunlight upon the waters—or when, hush'd,
The mirror'd lake reflects it, beam for beam;
Or when it seems, on ripples radiance-flush'd,
A rain of stars—how beautiful to seem!—
When, with the cataract, it leaps and dashes
Down to the atoms shatter'd spray below,
And, ere the dazzled eye can drink its flashes,
Melts to the semblance of the heav'nly bow;
When, in that bow itself, serenely spread
O'er the storm-featur'd concave, it appears
A pathway for th' Invisible to tread,
A gorgeous arch, connecting holier spheres;
Then, sunlight on the waters is a theme
For poet's raptur'd gaze, and loftiest mystic dream.

Lo! on a lesser scale, 'tis still the theme,—
Spangling in dewdrops o'er the bladed grass;
Bright'ning the shallows of the pebbled steam,
Thro' which the naked-footed urchins pass;
When, in some reservoir, or large, or small,
It draws the basking inmates to the brim,
As, on their scales of gold and silver, fall
Th' exhilirating rays in which they swim;
Or when some well-oar'd boat, in swift advance,
Quickens the strokes from which the waters glance;
Or when, to take her bath, th' imperial swan
Flutters, for glee, the surface in her track,
Stoops her arch'd neck, down diving, and, anon,
Showers liquid brilliants o'er her plumage-ruffled back.

Trebly, the theme!—when, view'd from some great height,
At morn, it radiates skyward from the main;
Or when, at noon, insufferably bright,
The billows blaze along the wat'ry plain;
Or when, at even, in the purpling west,
The fleecy vapours catch chameleon-dyes,
While, at their feet, in soften'd splendour dress'd,
The undulating ocean murm'ring, lies;
Or when, by terrac'd lawn, or statued place,
Some cooling fountain jets translucent streams,
Which, from their crested summits to their base,
Freshen and revel in the pervious beams;
And, in each phase, the poet will perceive
The beautiful on earth, in which his race believe.

Inner Temple.

MINE HOST AT PENANG.

During a voyage to India and China in the year 1830, I landed at the island of Penang, about five o'clock in the afternoon, and desired the chulias or native boatmen to carry my baggage to the best hotel. "Atcha, sahib," said the maungee or helmsman, and away they went, I following.

In a few minutes we arrived at a very handsome house, encircled by verandahs and venetians, in the midst of a beautiful garden, filled with roses, champas, balsams, and various other eastern flowers, nutmeg trees, mangoes, mangosteins, behese and bananas: here the boat people stopped; I asked if this was the house.

"Hau sahib, massa Fraser, sahib's name," replied the maunjee.

I walked in, seated myself in the dining-room, and told the khansamah or butler, who was salaaming, to bring dinner directly.

"Sahib gone out and take keys with," said the khansamah, putting on a very doleful face, and adjusting the palms of his hands together in the attitude of a brahmin at his devotions.

"The deuce he is," cried I; "then can I get nothing to eat? I have had nothing since breakfast."

"Sahib gone out dinner—got keys with—what I do?"

"Your master is a pretty fellow, truly, to pretend to keep an hotel, and let guests arrive to find him gone out, having not the wherewithal to satisfy their craving appetites. When do you expect your master back?"

"I tink he come after two three hour, not more."

"Oh! in two or three hours, well, this is taking it precious easy for the master of an hotel! Do you know where he is gone? can't you send for him? Tell him I have just landed from the H. C. ship Duke of —— just anchored in the roadstead, and wish for some dinner."

"Yes, sahib, I send one man, he not too far," and away he despatched the mussalchee, or cooler of wine.

"Is there then absolutely nothing eatable or drinkable that you can get at?" gasped I, attacking the khansamah once more.

"Brandy panee got, Manilla cheroot got, sahib."

"Well, bring them in, and half a dozen more candles, this large room is as dark as a dungeon." I then reclined on a couch and applied myself to the brandy panee and cheroots, with no very amiable feeling towards the *maitre d'hotel*. I had thus whiled away about half an hour, when, to vary the scene a little, I desired the khansamah to show me my sleeping apartment.

We ascended to the upper story, where I found my baggage placed in a room of no very considerable dimensions, situated at the back of the house. "This room will not do at all for me," I exclaimed, "it is too small, and too hot; besides I don't like the aspect, it is at the back of the house; take my things into one in front."

"Me much sorry, sahib, no got other large room."

"Not got any other large room! why, whose room is this?" said I, grasping the handle of a door opposite.

"No, sahib! no, sahib! sahib no go there, that master's wife's room," shouted the horrified khansamah in a deprecating tone, and joining his palms.

"Whew! master's wife's room is it! your master must be a pattern for all hosts; he has taken care to keep the best room in the house for himself. Pray whose room is this?" laying hold of the handle of another door, "occupied by some more of the family perhaps?"

"Yes, sahib! yes, sahib!" and again the palms were approximated, "that master's brother's wife's room."

"Indeed! master's brother's wife's room! then doubtless, this," advancing towards another door, "contains some near relation, eh?"

"That babas and ayahs room, sahib."

"Well, this is really amusing; the only three good sleeping apartments in an hotel occupied by the hotel-keeper's family; he gone out to dinner, and taken the keys of the larder with him! is this the way matters are managed at Penang?" with this sage remark I returned to the dining room. After the lapse of a few minutes a person of gentlemanly appearance entered, walked up to me, and offered to shake hands, welcoming me at the same time to Penang.

"Really, sir, you have the advantage of me," remarked I, slightly recoiling; "to my recollection, I never had the pleasure of seeing you before."

"My name is Fraser," he replied, grasping my hand, nolens, volens; "when did you arrive? I wish I had known of your arrival before, I would have been here to meet you."

This communication did not in any way tend to enlighten my ideas as to the gentleman's identity; however, as I knew that there was a merchant of that name in the place, to whom the ship was consigned, I concluded that he had called upon me to glean commercial intelligence; I therefore requested him to take a chair, pushed over the brandy and water, and cheroots, telling him to help himself. We discussed various subjects relating to the East India Company's maritime service, ships, merchandise, &c., for a short space, when he suddenly asked me, apologising for his neglect, "if I had dined?" and called out, "Quihi, khandleon, bring dinner."

"Atcha, sahib," said the khansamah with a very low salaam, and I then discovered, to my no small astonishment, that I had been conversing all this time with the master, or master's brother!

The dinner was served—my host seated himself, quite naturally, at the head of the table, and carved. I had perceived he was certainly a man of superior parts, particularly so for an innkeeper; but I could not help inwardly apostrophising his abominable familiarity.

"What wine do you prefer, Mr. B——?" inquired mine host.

"Have you any claret?" asked I.

"Yes, capital, some I bought out of a French ship, *La Belle Poule*, a fortnight since."

"What name and growth?"

"Laffitte, first growth of 1825."

"Excellent; khansamah, you may bring me a bottle of the Laffitte."

"Yes, sahib." The khansamah brought the wine.

"Pleasure of wine, Mr. B——," challenged mine host.

I bowed stiffly; confound his impudence, thought I; I'll try and take his assurance down a peg or two. Our glasses were charged—we bowed—I took one sip of the wine, then hastily held it up to the light, and observed, "surely Mr. Fraser, this cannot be the wine you mentioned—it is horrid stuff; khansamah, bring me another cork, this won't do." Mr. Fraser stared. "Ay, this is better," said I, tasting another glass from a different bottle, "you hotel-keepers always keep back the best wine 'till after dinner," I added, determined to give him a rub.

"What!" ejaculated Mr. Fraser, thoroughly taken aback, and with a look of astonishment, which must have lasted half a minute. His countenance then relaxed into a series of smiles, followed by a succession of loud laughs, the duration of which, I thought, however much the utterer of a smart saying may enjoy its good reception, was totally unwarranted by the intrinsic value of the joke. I was puzzled, and inclined to feel offended. Mr. Fraser, however, opened the conversation from that time in a very animated manner, talking and laughing incessantly. I shortly felt perfectly reconciled, and by ten o'clock gave him credit for being the best informed, most amusing, most gentlemanly, yet most free and easy host it had ever been my fate to encounter.

Feeling tired, I then made a move to retire to bed.

"I will show you the way to your room," said Mr. Fraser.

"Oh, don't trouble yourself, I know it perfectly; by the bye, that room is excessively small and hot; but I find you have no other unoccupied."

"I am sorry, for your sake, I have not," answered he, with a smile; "good night, I hope you will sleep well," and again he insisted on shaking hands with me.

There goes the prince of inn-keepers, the acmé of perfection in a host, I soliliquised, when the door was shut. I wonder whether he attempts to treat all his guests in this manner! I ensconced myself between—not the sheets—but the mosquito curtains, and thinking of Mr. Fraser's seeming peculiarities, soon fell under the influence of the sleepy God. My dreams partook of the evening's reminiscences, in which Mr. Fraser enacted his part of the preceding evening with sundry variations; his manner gradually increasing in familiarity towards myself. He only laughed at some very satirical observations which I made on his behaviour, until I was compelled to contemplate the dire necessity of launching at his head a bottle of champagne, ordered by myself. My wrath kindled with every fresh advance he made, and every laugh with which he replied to my sarcasms seemed to add fresh fuel to the intensity of my anger, when he at once put the finishing stroke, by calling out in a slow voice, with an emphasis on the last word: "I say B——, how are you off for Laffitte?" winking his eye, and bursting into a roar of laughter. I stretched forth my arm to seize the bottle of champagne, for the purpose of administering to his pericranium when I was awoke by a crashing noise, and found that I had smashed a cup and saucer, which the Malay butler had been holding by my bedside for some time full of coffee, and which, instead of solacing my interior man, now amply bedemed his milk-white vestments, turban, &c. The butler imported the intelligence that it was half-past eight o'clock. I arose, bathed, dressed, and proceeded to the breakfast room, where I found mine host and breakfast prepared. He shook me cordially and smilingly by the hand, and I could not refrain from an occasional laugh, as the idea of the bottle of champagne occurred to me. After a repast consisting of curry and rice, fried Pomfret fish, Manilla chocolate, and that most delicious fruit, the mangostein, &c., I asked Mr. Fraser, whether he kept buggies and horses, as I wished to have one for the day.

"Certainly," said he. "Quihi, tell the syce to get the buggy ready, and put to the English horse."

In ten minutes I started in a first-rate turn out for the house of Mr. Fraser, the agent for the ship, who after welcoming me to Penang, asked, when I landed and where I had been stopping.

"I landed last evening about five o'clock," replied I, "and slept at Fraser's hotel."

"Fraser's hotel!" said he, "there is none such in Penang."

"Indeed! well, Fraser is the name of the gentlemanly, humoursome, and free and easy landlord; there can be no mistaking him: the house is situated about a quarter of a mile out of town, close to an extensive pepper plantation, with Chinese huts near it."

"That is the house of a namesake of mine, also a merchant of this place."

"What!" said I, with a dawning idea that I had made a mess of it, "I told the chulias to take me to the best hotel, and as such I have used that house; I assure you such is the fact." "And," said he, laughing, "the only way I can account for this *contretemps*, is, that the chulias, knowing but a few words of English, did not understand you, and hearing that a Mr. Fraser was agent for the ship, unfortunately took you to the house of the wrong one, which you concluded to be an hotel."

I bolted down stairs, jumped into the buggy, and drove with all speed back to Mr. Fraser No. 1. to whom I poured forth all the apologies I could think of, with as crest-fallen a countenance as might well be.

Mr. Fraser seemed to enjoy the joke amazingly; and indulged in much merriment at my expense. He said he hoped I would remain in my present quarters, which of course I declined; he would not, however, allow me to depart without first promising to meet a party of his friends that evening at dinner. The first toast after the removal of the cloth, proposed by the vice president, amidst roars of laughter, was "Success to the New Hotel."

THE SPANISH NIGHT-WATCH, OR EL SERENO.

In some Spanish countries, the guardian of the night, or watchman, is called the Sereno, and generally commences his cry, half-singing the following words: "Ave Maria purissima;" and then gives the hour, in these words: "Las doce han dado y sereno."—"O holy Virgin Mary most pure, the clock has struck twelve, and beautiful is the night."

One can easily imagine the sorrow and anguish of a young and beauteous donna of southern climes, when invited by her lover to an evening walk, to be called by a severe mother to a long series of Romish prayers and counting of beads. Then sternly requested to retire to her chamber,

knowing that her lover is under her window; he not daring to sing to her the songs she loves, or touch his guitar—she listening to the sereno crying the hours, and just being able to hear the footsteps and merry voices of the passers by, returning from their paseo or evening ramble—to use the emphatic language of old deaf Stapleton in *Jacob Faithful*, is "rather too much for human nature."

The following is a translation of the Spanish song "El Sereno," commencing with

Una noche tan hermosa,
Me convidan á pasear,
Pero, como y lo digo
Mi Madre Uama á rezar.
Me pongo al punto,
Sola, á Uorar,
Mi triste suerte,
Mi duro mal, &c. &c.

O what a lovely moonlight night
For those who could out wand'ring go;
But when the call 'to prayers' came,
I knew my mother would say no.
Yet as I knelt I wept,
And wish'd that I were free,
For well I knew my love
Would waiting be for me.

Through the open casement sounding,
As I gaze on the moonlit tower,
While of happier days I'm dreaming,
Comes the knell of the passing hour.
O, hateful watchman, cease,
Nor tease me with thy lay,
Which makes it worse for me
Thus all alone to stay.

And now 'tis nine, and now 'tis ten;
Art thou list'ning to my wailing?
While hark! from yonder shady groves
Merry voices now are pealing.
But as I kneel I weep,
And wish that I were free,
For well I know my love
Will waiting be for me.

Now eleven o'clock has struck,
I hear all the serenos chaunting;
But little I'd reck their telling the hours,
If my love and I were roving.
But as I kneel I weep,
Though I'd try to get free,
If I knew that my love
Were waiting still for me.

Hark! once again that vile sereno;
He seems 'tis twelve o'clock' to say,
And thus my misery makes complete,
For all are on their homeward way.
Still as I kneel I weep,
And I wish it could be
That my true love dear
Had walking been with me.

FRIAR PARTRIDGE.

LECTURE ON TEXAS.

A lecture was last night delivered on Texas, at the Marylebone Literary and Scientific Institution, Edward-street, Portman-square, by Mr. Percy B. St. John, author of the "Trapper's Bride," "Enchanted Rock," &c. Mr. St. John is an enthusiast in everything relating to the success of Texian affairs, and has evidently entered with the spirit of one into the study of their history, as he has physically, into their struggle for "independence" in their war with the Mexicans. He served in that stirring struggle in the Texian navy, but the materials of his lecture were chiefly gleaned from, and principally related to, the land service. The theatre of the institution was numerously and fashionably attended, a large portion of the auditory being composed of ladies. The lecturer commenced his discourse with interesting details of the early history of the Texians, in which were indicated many circumstances of stirring interest. He then directed attention to the Natches, of whom he related some curious stories, and passed on to the conquest of South America by the Spaniards. He next directed attention to the Anglo-Saxon colonists, who soon became naturalised, and caught up the patriotic flame of American independence and American feeling, which they pushed with the indomitable energy and determination of purpose for which Englishmen, whether at home or on foreign shores, are distinguished. He next carried his audience on to the revolutionary war in which the country was engaged, and of which he gave a rapid and glowing sketch, pencilling its incidents of patriotism, hope, blood, treachery, &c., in a very lively manner; and thence passed to the mercenary efforts of the Mexicans to subdue the Texians, and bring them under the Mexican yoke, narrating several instances of the treachery, baseness, and gross breaches of faith of Santa Anna and other mercenary soldiers engaged in that struggle. He then entered on a description of the extraordinary battle of San Jacinto, which ended in the achievement of Texian independence of the Mexicans, and the great distinguishing feature of which was the disparity of the antagonist forces, the Texians, who proved victorious, numbering but 750, while the Mexicans counted 4,000; the former commanded by the gallant General Houston, the latter by the experienced and daring Santa Anna. On the night before the battle the Texian forces, composed of all nations, English, Germans, Irish, Scotch, Italian, Polish, Swiss, French, Yankees, Dutch, &c., &c., presented a most singular and wild appearance as they grouped in conversation around their camp fires. They were most of them farmers' men, having a stake in the country, and who, setting their lives and liberties, their altars and their hearths on this last cast, had sent their wives and children into the United States for safety from the worst, should the worst befall, and the fates declare against them. Their boots were unpolished, their trousers unstrapped, their coats mostly of rough bear-skin unbrushed, and their hair and

beards uncut for months, presenting as wild and singular a band as nature and rude warfare ever presented; yet most of those singular-looking men had been once accustomed, in the neat, fashionable, and well-appointed costume, to "grace the drawing-room" in European circles—most of them were polished gentlemen. The plan of battle was arranged — the Mexicans were in strong position; and at three o'clock in the morning General Houston gave the orders to advance towards the enemy, and to reserve their fire, not discharging a single shot until they should have come right front up with the foe, so as to be able to see "the whites of his eyes;" and with this firm set purpose the Texians advanced until they came within pistol range of the enemy's front, when they "let fly," scattering death and dismay throughout his ranks. The Mexicans reeled before the blow, and broke into confusion, the battle becoming sanguinary. The result was victory and independence to the Texian standard, the small band of 750 laying 700 Mexicans dead on the field, and taking 1,500 prisoners, and amongst them Santa Anna. Taken altogether, Mr. St. John's lecture on Texas was most instructive, and would have told much more effectively had it been delivered with less rapidity—a fault perhaps excusable when it is recollected that it was a first essay, and valuable for its matter. A second lecture takes place on Monday, May 11.—*Morning Advertiser*, April 28.

Reviews.

Ainsworth's Magazine.

A very careful, but too condensed abridgment of "Piquillo Alliaga," with several amusing articles, and the editor's "Old St. Paul's," renders this periodical amusing and agreeable.

The Sporting World. No. I. [Ackerman, Regent-st.]

This is the cheapest and best of the sporting monthlys. It is illustrated and written in a very superior style, and in addition to sports in Cornwall, Ceylon, Arrow Fishing, China, India, &c., gives us some passages in the "Life of Pierre Durand," by Percy B. St. John. This is the biography of a backwoodsman. We shall quote an article or two from this very agreeable periodical, which may be read with interest by all classes.

Hood's Magazine. [H. Hurst].

Opens with "The Inheritance, or the Lost Miniature," by Percy B. St. John, a curious story. To this succeeds "The White Cloud," by the same writer. In addition we have the "Siege of Antioch," "Nell Gwynne," "The Bushranger," "The May Garland," and a highly intellectual and profound classical article on the "Antigone of Sophocles," as represented at Covent Garden Theatre. The author of "Rural Sonnets" continues his "Sonnets for the Times."

United Service Magazine.

Opens with a tribute to the "Army of the Sutledge," and closes with "The Mariner's Lamp," a tale of Scio. This magazine is chiefly to be valued for its excellent historical matter. The varied contents comprise, "Legend of Lampedusa," "Battle of Leipsic," "Emperor Nicolas," "Campaign of 1792," "War of Succession in Portugal," &c. &c.

The Chess Player's Chronicle. [Edited by Staunton.]

This cheap and valuable work is indispensable to the chess player.

The Gatherer.

Early Closing of Shops—£5,000 Fund.—We have been favoured by the secretary to the Metropolitan Drapers Association with a verbatim report of the fourth annual meeting of that society, held in Covent Garden Theatre, on Friday evening, the 27th February, 1846, at which the right hon. Lord Ashley presided. The object for which the Institution has been established, as explained by the report, is the physical improvement, and the moral, intellectual, and religious education of young men engaged in trade, through the medium of an abridgment of the hours of business, and though, as its name imports, it seems originally to have embraced linen drapers only, it now has extended its operations to and includes all branches of trade. No person unacquainted with the constant and unmitigated toil of those employed in shops in the large towns of England, and especially in the metropolis, can form the least notion of the worse than negro slavery to which the young men and women so employed are subjected, but when we reflect that thousands and tens of thousands of those unhappy victims are confined in close, and often ill ventilated rooms, from early in the morning until very late at night, and this nearly all the year round, without any time being allowed them for the cultivation of the mind, or even for that degree of relaxation and exercise necessary for the promotion of health, we think we should omit an important duty if we did not do all in our power to give encouragement to, and extend the publicity of, the existence of an institution formed to remedy so great

an evil, and one so well worthy the attachment and support of the philanthropist. In order to carry out the objects of the society a sum of £5,000 is being raised, first, that a prize may be offered for a brief but forcibly written essay upon the power of the public to effect the desired reform, and next, that the successful prize may be distributed generally as far as the fund will permit. The annual report (which has been made up into a small cheap pamphlet) includes the speeches of the noble Chairman, the right hon. Fox Maule, M.P., Col. Fox, M.P., Rev. Henry Hughes, M.A., Rev. R. W. Dibdin, Rev. F. A. Cox, D.D., LL.D., F.S.A., G. Thompson, Esq., and Joseph Payne, Esq.

Misapplication of Quotations.—The misapplication of quotations is clever, and has a capital effect when well done; but Lord Brougham has not exactly that kind of capacity which the thing requires. One of the best hits in this way is made by Tieck, and I have lately seen it appropriated, with interesting complacency, in an English magazine. The author of the "Journey into the Blue Distance," is giving an account of some young ladies, not very beautiful, whom he caught *in mediis rebus*, at their toilet. "They were curling their monstrous heads," says he, "as Shakspeare says of the waves in a storm."—*E. A. Poe.*

"You, Socrates," said Mr. Seth Harris, of Ploughkeepsie, to his coloured fellow the other day, "you, Socrates, have you fed your pigs?" "Yes, massa, me fed'um," replied Socrates. "Did you count them?" "Yes, massa, me count 'um all but one. Yes, massa, all but one; dere be one little speckle pig, he frisk about so much me couldn't count him."

Suitable Professor.—The following anecdote is related of Professor Humphries, of Amherst College, by a New York paper:—One morning before a recitation, some of our students fastened a live goose on the president's chair. When he entered the room, and discovered the new occupant of the chair, he turned on his heel, and coolly observed, "gentlemen, I perceive you have a competent instructor, and I will therefore leave you to your studies."

Style of Addison.—The style of Addison was a refinement upon the rugged elliptical styles of his greater predecessors, but it wanted their breadth, manliness, and sincerity, and will not bear comparison with the healthy vigour of De Foe, the muscular energy of Dryden, and the prodigal magnificence of Milton. Addison had the merit of reducing the art of prose to an attainable level, laid out with gracious fields and pleasant walks, but still a flat. It was wonderfully accessible, and popular in proportion; for the grand and the elevated, which are not so easily reached, can never be so generally admired. But no outlay of skill upon the surface can prevent flats from becoming tedious; one longs for a break, or irregularity of some kind, to relieve the monotony. Where the whole landscape lies mapped out on the plain, we see too far in advance to care much about getting to the end of the journey. And this is now felt with Addison. His writings, always attractive at first by their ease and propriety, disappoint us at last by their uniformity. The sameness of the charm wears out its interest, for the most agreeable mannerism must ultimately produce indifference by ceasing to excite expectation.—*Robert Bell.*

Monarchial Despotism, previous to 1688.—If any proofs are required that the English were governed by despotic monarchs, and in fact had no constitution previously to the revolution in 1688, the following instances, in the reign of James I. may place the question beyond the shadow of doubt. In the conference which took place, by order of that monarch, between the House of Commons and the judges, James said, "This conference he commanded as an absolute king, and that all their privileges were derived from his grant, and he hoped they would not turn them against him." Not only were the powers of the crown almost unlimited, but the feudal barons still retained a high position in the state. "A waterman belonging to a man of quality having a squabble with a citizen about his fare, showed his badge (the crest of his master, which was a swan), and insisted on better treatment from the citizen. The other replied carelessly, that he cared not about *that goose*. For this offence he was summoned before the marshal's court, was fined for having defamed the nobleman's crest, by calling the swan a goose, and was in effect reduced to beggary."—*Mackinnon's History of Civilisation.*

The sight of a drunkard is a better sermon against that vice than the best that was ever preached upon it.—*Saville.*

"Time is money." So Franklin said. It is very true, and some people take plenty of it to pay their debts.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

One farthing's worth of iron may be manufactured into 7659 watch-balance springs which at 2s. 5d. each, the common price, are worth £946 5s., being 740,280 times the value of the raw material.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IN TYPE, "History of Civilization," by W. A. Mackinnon, M.P. We prefer giving extended notices of this important work. F. L. (Bristol) accepted. To F. N., we beg to say that ours is the only translation of Piquillo published; the others are abridgments. "Friar Partridge" will be always welcome.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

"VELUTI IN SPECULUM."

No. 20.] SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1846. [Vol. 1, 1846.

THE PAINTED HALL, GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

THE PAINTED HALL, GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

The "Painted Hall" in Greenwich Hospital is divided into three rooms, the whole of which are before the eye of the spectator as he enters the vestibule. The vestibule is surmounted by one of the two domes which adorn Greenwich Hospital—the great height of the lantern, and the light thrown on the apartment below, give an air of grandeur to the room. A flight of a few steps leads to the principal room or hall, a noble oblong apartment, the roof of which is painted, and the walls are hung with the pictures constituting the NAVAL GALLERY. The third room is called the Upper Hall—it has no pictures, but the walls are painted, and it contains various objects of curiosity, models of ships of war, the coat worn by Nelson at the battle of the Nile, &c. The view of the three rooms from the entrance of the vestibule is very fine.

This splendid national gallery is freely open to the visitors of Greenwich Hospital. No door-keepers stand in the entrance holding out their hands for fees. One of the pensioners, indeed, points to a box on a table in the vestibule, and tells you that you may, if you please, add your mite to a fund which is appropriated to the support of the orphans of those who have helped to sustain the naval glory of Old England.

On either side of the vestibule are four statues, casts from the statues in St. Paul's cathedral, of Nelson and Duncan, St. Vincent and Howe. Between the statues of Nelson and Duncan, on the right of the entrance, is hung Turner's large picture of the battle of Trafalgar; beneath it four portraits of naval commanders, Lord Dartmouth, Lord Mulgrave, Sir John Warren, and Captain Franklyn; and beneath these, near the ground, are the relief of Gibraltar, and the defeat of the French fleet under the command of the Comte de Grasse, both actions achieved by the gallant Rodney. On the opposite side, between the statues of St. Vincent and Howe, is hung a large picture painted by Loutherbourg, of Howe's victory over the French fleet off Ushant, on the 1st of June, 1794; and beneath it portraits of naval commanders, and pictures, arranged similarly to those on the right side. High above, in the cupola, are hung the flags taken in the battles won by Howe, St. Vincent, Duncan, and Nelson.

Altogether, the vestibule is a noble introduction to the hall. Besides the statues, it contains twenty-eight pictures, large and small, arranged with considerable taste. On either side of the flight of steps leading to the Hall are a view of the old palace of Greenwich, 169[illegible] endowment as an hospital), and a [illegible] Windsor Castle, as it appeared in the [illegible] year—both pictures painted by Vosterm[illegible] There is also a portrait, by Sir J[illegible] Thornhill, of "John Worley, aged 97, [illegible] of the first pensioners admitted into the Hospital."

The ceiling of the Hall was painted by Sir James Thornhill, in 1703 and subsequent years. In the central compartment appear king William and queen Mary, surrounded by emblematical personages, intended to typify national prosperity; and the compartments are crowded with figures representing the seasons, the elements, the zodiac, with portraits of Copernicus, Newton, &c., with emblems of science and naval trophies.

The pictures in this spacious apart[illegible] are arranged somewhat chronologically, beginning at the left-hand corner with the Armada and the naval heroes of [illegible] Elizabeth's reign, and continued from [illegible] left to the right-hand side of the ro[illegible] ending on the right-hand side of the [illegible] trance with the bombardment of Algiers [illegible] Lord Exmouth. A large number of [illegible] traits are hung along the right side of [illegible] Hall, of which we can only mention [illegible] of Anson, Cooke, St. Vincent, Nelson, [illegible] Exmouth.

"The Naval Gallery," says the *P[illegible] Magazine*, to which periodical we are [illegible] debted for the preceding particulars, "[illegible] a proud monument of the glory of Eng[illegible] For though war is a bitter curse, and [illegible] the peculiar work of civilization to re[illegible] it less frequent in its occurrence, and [illegible] shorter duration when it does occur, [illegible] man can look around upon these trop[illegible] without feeling a portion of that enth[illegible] asm which made a shout to ring thro[illegible] the fleet at Trafalgar, when the signal [illegible] made, that 'England expects every [illegible] to do his duty.' While a large portion [illegible] the world remains uncivilised—while [illegible] are liable to be exposed to encroachm[illegible] ambition or the influence of angry passi[illegible] —while we have a vast commerce to ma[illegible]tain and defend, the naval power of [illegible] land can never be suffered to decay. It decayed after the reign of Elizabeth, but revived in the hands of Blake—it declined in the reign of Charles II, when the Dutch burned Sheerness, menaced Chatham, and alarmed the citizens of London, but revived when Rooke scattered the French navy off Cape La Hogue—it fluctuated in the early part of the eighteenth century, but its 'meteor flag' burned with terrific brightness under Howe, Jarvis, Duncan, and Nelson—it showed itself to have been still vigorous when Exmouth bombarded Algiers and Codrington fought at Navarino.

d a just occasion of war again arise, is little doubt but that future naval anders will have scope to develop energies—steam, too, will bring a power into play in naval warfare."

THE RED HAND.

A Tale of Louisiana.

CHAPTER VII.—THE CAFE PIC-A-PIC.

In the public room of a low *cabaret*, or *café*, towards sundown, sat behind the bar a solitary waiting-maid. Everything denoted preparation for visitors, though none as yet were present. The liquor bottles were arranged in beautiful order; flasks of Burgundy and Rhenish, and good Spanish skins of the red, red wine were in ample profusion. The landlord of the Pic-a-Pic was evidently a very shrewd fellow, for here, before the eyes of his customers, he had placed everything which could irritate their bibular appetites, while long glasses, and stout glasses, glasses little and glasses big, gaped ready for action; of eatables there was abundance. Hot Indian corn cakes had just been transferred from the wafer iron to the platter, and smoked enticing and delicious; venison steaks, red fish, lampreys, mullet, ducks, geese, partridges, all the prolific produce of the river, lake, and prairie, proved that eating was a pastime to which the New Orleanois were by no means averse. A wide gaping door, too, showed a large hall, well sanded and variegated with the flowers of the region, hanging in fragrant and refreshing festoons. A violin and several banjos were suspended from a kind of rack, giving ample explanation of the saltatory propensities of the mercurial creoles* of the American Venice, where pleasure and excitement now seemed to drown the sense of oppression and tyranny.

"St. Michael shrive us," cried a voice from the vast *cuisine* of the Pic-a-Pic—"not *in habitue* yet."

"Not one, M. Pic-a-Pic," replied the waitress, drily.

This waitress was no common personage. Tall, of handsome, though massive proportions, there was a stately dignity about her which belonged neither to her class nor race. At times, when reminded of some inward struggle, she would strive to throw off, by an effort, the gloom which overpowered her. She would strive to be gay, but though the effect was great, was barely able to succeed. A consuming melancholy was wearing her away — was destroying the finite if it could not the infinite. As a natural consequence, she was disliked, and received but little consideration from the habitual frequenters of the locality. She had been there but a short time, and already the owner had warned her to quit the next day. Not that she did not her duty. No one could more carefully wait upon the guests; never had waitress more speedily supplied their demands—but she wanted the merry laugh, —the joking propensities—the liveliness necessary to make a successful *cabaret* servant.

She was sad, because she was a quadroone, and because she was virtuous.

Though more than three parts white, and wholly so in appearance, there was the naked fact ever staring her in the face —that negro blood was in her veins. She was, therefore, a slave, and by the infamous laws of the land, able only to wed a slave. She could only be the mistress of a white man. Such in Louisiana was the fate of the quadroone. If beautiful, but one course was open to them, and this they almost universally followed. But the young Maria Sa, brought up under the care of a good and noble-minded mother, who died early, had never forgotten the precepts of her only parent, who, from the father, had purchased the daughter's liberty. How far this liberty extended will be seen at a later period of this narrative.

Desirous of honestly earning her living, and influenced also by motives of which none around her were aware, she accepted the post of waitress at the Pic-a-Pic. Though as a slave, or at least of the despised race, used enough to very indifferent society, her soul revolted at that of this low inn. But she never complained, silently doing her duty, and having the satisfaction of knowing that her own strong heart preserved her from the degradation of her class.

There was a talisman, however, more powerful to preserve her amid temptation than all. Maria Sa loved.

"The Virgin preserve us," continued the inner voice. "I hope Loutre has not been conjuring to-night."

Loutre was the sign of a rival inn.

"Very probably," said the waitress, with a tone of indifference, which was decidedly unprofessional.

"*Mort de ma vie*," cried the voice petulantly, "you take the matter coolly, Maria L'Lupér. Why, I am a ruined man, if that be the case. I tell you what——"

"M. Pic-a-Pic," interrupted the superb quadroone, mildly, while a faint smile crossed her face, "I should be very, very sorry at anything of the kind."

"I know! I know!" said the inner voice,

* It is often thought that a creole is a coloured person. In Louisiana it merely means a person born there of French parents.

that of a huge red-nosed, red-faced individual, who was generally known by the name of his inn, "you are a good girl, I believe, though confounded glum. Ah! I hear an arrival."

"M. Luke Salem," said the fair Sa, with a slight frown. Luke Salem was rather too civil.

"Bravo!" cried Pic-a-Pic; "business begins, though he be a Spanish spy!"

Luke Salem entered, with an audacious swagger, which spoke volumes for his own sense of self-importance. It could easily be seen he was no longer under the thumb of the terrific Red Hand, though had his name been mentioned, there is little doubt he would have suffered a severe fit of the shivers. He was more bravely dight than usual, and had, indeed, the appearance of having risen in the world. His costume was completely renovated. A handsome sword hilt peeped out beside his belt, while a jaunty cap was set knowingly on his little red head.

"Mam'zelle Sa, I conclude you look spry this evening——"

"*Plait-il?*" said the girl, quietly.

"Ah!" exclaimed Luke, in French, "I have a peculiar fancy for my own lingo, and cannot, somehow, get on so smooth with your cursed language. Why, what on earth made your people leave off speaking English, I should like to know? English was the original language everybody realises. It's all out of spite your country made up that other lingo you call French, because they would vex the British. That is rather a good reason, I *do* say; but your ancestors might have known there was Americans."

"Not in the days when French became a language," smiled Maria Sa.

"Well!" said Luke, with a genuine look of astonishment, and in unmistakable American English, "that do beat all natur' hollow. Why who ever heard talk of the time when America warn't America. I conclude it is generally allowed we are the first nation on 'arth, and if that don't mean we were afore any other, my name's not Salem, that's all."

"What shall I serve you with?" said Maria, forced into a laugh.

"A right down jorum of whiskey toddy, a couple of pork chops, and lots o'lasses. America warn't made I suppose. Ha! ha! ha!"

The Yankee, much tickled evidently by the idea that there was a time when English was not spoken in America, sat down in such a position as to command a view of all who entered. The cunning and acuteness of the spy soon returned, and in a moment he was once more the calm self-possessed individual he usually appeared.

Numerous visitors now entered and scattered themselves round the apartm seemingly without concert or connect though none passed the spy without a cular nod, which Luke returned gaily, with much satisfaction. Women as as men soon occupied the seats, and versation with its attendants of ea and drinking commenced.

Near Luke were seated a woman a man. Both kept up a constant fire of marks upon those who entered.

"Who is that fat fellow?" said L speaking in very bad French.

"That," said the man, "is ——."

"That" interrupted the woman, "i Louis Pochez, who keeps a jeweller's s in the Rue Brise-fer."

"Is he one of us?"

"I believe you—*pardieu*—Louis Poc is a trump. He gives four gallons of s a day to the poor."

"But who pays for it?" put in the m

"Why, the Monk to be sure, but— "

"Always that eternal Monk," mutt Luke, becoming uneasy.

"Of course nothing happens in O Orleans, without he knows all about it

"Who are these two?" continued L Salem, turning the conversation.

"Don't know," said the man.

"Don't know!" chimed in the wom "they are *not* of us."

These remarks were occasioned by entrance of two well-dressed individu who were, however, disguised as much possible. It was a man and a wom The man wore a slouched hat and a l cloak, the woman a neat *chapeau*, a c veil, and a Mexican *serapi*. They se themselves at a side box, and called f bottle of wine.

Maria Sa served them, not without ing a scrutinising glance upon them.

"You will know me again, my girl," the man, with a sneer.

"I know you now," replied the quietly.

"How so?"

"You visit my mistress often enough

"Malediction!" muttered the man.

"And who is your mistress?" said lady, with a faint laugh.

"My mistress, at all events the ow of a part of this house," said the sadly, "is Marcella Zanetto."

"And this house is —"

"The Pic-a-Pic."

"The Pic-a-Pic," repeated the lady, audibly, "it was here Paul de Chazal di

The man raised his hand menacin towards Maria, though the lady saw this action. The girl took no notice him, but continued:—

"M. Paul de Chazal was killed in house. I don't know in what room, M sieur knows, he was with him."

"He was with him when he died, said the Monk," repeated Marietta Visconti to herself, turning pale (for it was she, unaccompanied by Leone de Chazal); "what is the meaning of this?" and then she added aloud, "I do not like this place. Let us go."

"And you forget our object in coming," said Leone, savagely. "Pic-a-Pic, here is your fool of a girl turning away your customers with her confounded stories. I wish you would teach her to hold her tongue, or speak pleasantly."

"Maria!" shouted the landlord furiously, amid an universal murmur of applause, "this is the last night you are waitress in this house."

"You are mistaken," said the girl, quietly; "I shall remain as long as I think proper."

M. Pic-a-Pic advanced to the bar purple with rage. The fat rubicund *restaurateur* was petrified at the audacity of his menial, and that menial a quadroone.

"You will remain as long as you think proper. Now I say bundle, you audacious baggage; go, leave the house."

"I shall remain as long as it suits me," replied the girl, taking up a platter with glasses to carry to a customer.

M. Pic-a-Pic seized her by the arm. Luke Salem was by his side in a minute, and gave him a paper. The whole of the tenants of the *café* looked on with interest. The contest between the tavern-keeper and Maria was a relief to the monotonous flow of their thoughts. The Visconti's only feeling was sympathy with the girl's.

"Read that," said Luke Salem, "and then I conclude you'll know better."

"At your peril, M. Pic-a-Pic, give Maria Sa even an angry word. She is your superior, and only waits here to obey my orders.

"THE MONK."

"Oh Lord!" said Pic-a-Pic, turning pale.

"The devil," chorussed the *habitues*.

"Pray excuse me, Maria," put in the penitent inn-keeper, "I was not aware—"

"It is forgotten," said the girl; "was I not right? I shall stay as long as I like."

"For ever."

"You have high protection," said the Visconti, having called the girl to her side, gazing curiously on her face. "Who, may I ask, was your father?"

There was a touching sweetness in her tones as she replied, "You don't ask who was my mother."

"Child," said the blushing Visconti.

"Madam, no excuse, my mother was a slave, and not worth naming; my father was her master, the noble Pierre de Chazal."

"Pierre de Chazal!" exclaimed Marietta.

"Yes, madam, Paul de Chazal and Maximilian have and had a common father with the outcast quadroone."

At this moment three men entered the apartment. The first a young man dressed gaily, and in the very height of New Orleans fashion. He was of lofty stature and elegant. Handsome, with an eye in which lightness seemed to struggle with loftiness of thought, he appeared born for noble enterprises. And yet in gaiety, in pleasure, in amusements sometimes which shunned the light—for many of his hours were spent in the most secret recesses of his magnificent palace—did his time pass. Never would he even sympathise with the struggle for liberty; danced now at a citizen's house, next at the Spanish governor's ball.

"Maximilian," said the Visconti, in a whisper; "he is here, Leone, you have not played me false."

THE PROGRESS AND USES OF KNOWLEDGE.

[From the Address of the Rev. T. R. Robinson, D.D., Astronomer of Armagh.]

We have for several years (whether wisely or not I need not inquire at present) been diffusing to an enormous extent what is called education, but what any reflecting mind can only acknowledge as its instruments. We have called into existence an immeasurable power, and it surely belongs to ordinary foresight to consider how it is likely to be applied, and avert the danger of its misemployment. There is, I think, none so weak as to imagine that the mere ability to read or write makes a man better, or improves his principles and conduct. If any do hold this delusion, let them look to the example of France, where, since its revolution, such rudimentary instruction has been very extensive; and they will find that its extent is almost exactly proportional to the extent of crime in the different districts. The accuracy of this fact cannot be denied, and it is exactly what a Christian would anticipate. He knows but too surely that there is a knowledge of evil as well as of good preferred to in the infancy of the human race, though its own price was death, and fearfully increased in amount during the six thousand years that have passed since that dread event. If left to ourselves, are we likely to choose more wisely than our first parents? or is a choice on which so much depends to be left to blind chance? if, indeed, it can be considered chance where the tendencies are so unequal. It may not yet be too late to to turn the scale and divert into the track of good the impulse which has been given, though no human power can stop it; but

if the present crisis be allowed to pass, if, while the soil is open to receive it, we neglect to sow good seed, be assured it will not remain barren. Not only will it bear in rank profusion the thorns and weeds which are its natural growth, but there will be at hand a power ready to fling in it the dragon's teeth of the poet, from which spring a crop of armed warriors, doomed to perish by mutual wounds, and certain of reaping an abundant harvest of impiety, revolution, and blood.

Knowledge, we are exultingly told, is power; as if a mere phrase should scatter all our forebodings. It is power, but is it therefore necessarily beneficent? If we were content to overlook that awful question, no doubt we should find enough to urge our blind confidence into almost maddening excitement. Every day brings to light some wonder of reality more dazzling than the wildest imagination of our fathers. The very marvels of the fairy tales, which some of us remember as the amusement of our childhood — (some of you, I see, smile at such an unfashionable reference, but remember that the mind has poetic as well as reasoning powers, and those, too, destined to higher aims than the mere utilitarian can comprehend) — these very marvels are but shadows of what are now the realities of daily life. The wooden horse that, when his rider turned a pin, bore him on his journey, makes but a poor figure beside one of our iron horses, breathing fire and cloud, sweeping by with the roar of a tempest and the speed of an eagle in its irresistible career. The magic gem, whose changing colour discloses the fate of the distant friend, or the enchanted mirror, that revealed to Spenser's heroine the form of her lover, have found more than counterparts in the spells of science. The electric telegraph not merely warns, but discourses—nay, prints its message; the daguerreotype fixes on its polished surface the invisible ghost of the passing picture, and evokes it to sight; the anastatic press recalls to life the forgotten book or mouldering engraving, and multiplies it to thousands of thousands with a power which will probably, in its influence on the spread of knowledge, be to ordinary printing what that was to the feeble circulation of the manuscript. Like the enchanters of old, we too have spirits of the elements, and giants for our slaves. Not all the genii that, as they tell in the east, bowed before the ring of Solomon; not all "the mighty" that before the flood filled the earth with the marvels of their prowess, could match the unwearable strength of steam, not to be overtasked by any resistance, yet to be wielded by the will of a child; not all the inhabitants of a nation, were they to unite their efforts, could effect more than a fraction of the task performed by the magnificent engines which drain the mines of Cornwall. The eye of the geologist pierces the earth, and guides the way to its hidden treasures, the instruments of our civilization and power. The viewless forms of air confess our dominion and work our will. One we command to illuminate our dwellings and our streets—one gives ice in the torrid zone—another makes our sustenance white as snow, or guides us unscathed through the dwellings of pestilence. Water not merely as of old bears the ship or turns the mill, but it yields us wings which have borne us to heights that the eagle never reaches; it gives us a consuming flame before which the most refractory metal, the hardest gem, melt as wax in the taper; it gives that dazzling light which, during the matchless survey of our island, often was revealed on its mountains through cloud and storm, like a new-born star.

But agents of a still higher and more mysterious order work our will; the secret influence which draws iron to the magnet, and which long guided our vessels through the pathless ocean, now sends forth at our command a stream of flame, or wakens the paralytic limb to feeling or motion. The electric fire, that sign and instrument of Almighty wrath, when it sends us the destroying hail or blasting lightning, is become a daily drudge of the gilder, the engraver, or the founder. Instead of the slow, toilsome, costly, and often poisonous processes by which they fashion for our wants intractable materials, this mimics the development of organic life; the copper or the gold grows into form under the guidance of mind, not hand; the medal or statue, which had tasked the invention and toil of the sculptor for years, and which he himself could not reproduce, is copied by thousands in a day. Nay (and without using what the scoffer calls the privilege of my country), we SEE the INVISIBLE. Thus the transparent amethyst, scarce to be known under ordinary circumstances from a piece of glass, reveals in paralysed light its wonderful structure, and the very forces from which bodies derive their strength and elasticity become manifest to the eye; thus the microscope bears us far into the domain of minute infinity, unfolds in a single drop of water a crowded world, whose inhabitants, however remote in organisation, form, and instinct from all with which we are familiar, are yet perfect in their kind, and show that even down to the faintest twilight of existence, God is there. It tells that even these evanescent atoms have been in His hands mighty architects, to build up rocks, mountains — nay, most of this very island; or it leads us far back into the past, and as it discloses the minutest blood-vessels in the flinty teeth of the primæval

sharks of Armagh, or the discs, spirals, and cells of the petrified wood of Antrim, it informs us with the certainty of almost personal knowledge that these regions were once the bed of an ocean, or covered with the mighty vegetation of the torrid zone, to be stored up in beds of coal for the latter times, a mighty instrument in developing the earthly destiny of man. Or the telescope leads us towards the other infinities of faintness and distance. It places the traveller on the mountain summit, where foot never trod; or shows to the sailor his place in the deep, and makes the object of his pursuit apparent in the gloom of night. In a sky, bright as that over us, it shows the stars, whose faint light is lost in the sunshine; and it takes us beyond our own abode, and in the glimpse which it gives of the condition of other worlds, adds a mighty voice to the acclaim in which the firmament declares the glory of its God. When we look with astonishment at the shattered surface of the moon, measure its lofty and precipitous peaks, fathom its enormous craters, larger than some terrestrial kingdoms, or read in the traces of its vanished rivers and seas an anticipation of the fate for which our own globe is reserved; when we turn to the other planets, and note the polar snow of one gleaming on its ruddy surface, the pale blue radiance of another, or a third conspicuous with its strange rings and crowd of moons; when we pass beyond these narrow limits, and, ranging among the stars, wonder at those twin systems that glitter with the contrasted radiance of the ruby and sapphire, the topaz and the emerald; then only shall we feel in all its power the apostle's saying —"that one star differeth from another in glory." But far beyond this, the telescope reveals an illimitable spread of universes, the "many mansions of our Father's house," and when we think that each of these innumerable points of light must be the centre of a system like ours, peopled by beings who, if not like us, have yet appointed destinies to fulfil; when we are sure that even this is but a part, perhaps the smallest part of creation, shall we not sink under the pressure of this awful thought, and cry with the wisest of mankind—"Will God indeed come on earth!" when the heaven, the heaven of heavens, cannot contain him? Yet shall we not the more bless his name, because he has given us to know that he dwells not on earth alone, but also in the hearts of all who love him.

Is not this a noble list of the triumphs of intellect? Yet I could increase it to an infinite extent! Every day is adding to it; any hour may reveal secrets which will make it even seem unimportant. It almost realises the tempter's haughty boast—"Ye shall be as gods;" yet it does not contain the noblest triumphs of all — the highest knowledge—to command that which achieves such marvels—to know ourselves; to know him from whom proceeds all knowledge and power, to give him the glory of all our attainments, and to devote to his service and to our fellows the might we have obtained. Nor is it enough that it be so employed; we must also counteract the evil, which, as I have already said, is most inseparable from it. If not offered at the altar of the Lord and hallowed by his spirit, there is another who will claim it; it will still have power, but the power of a demon. The knowledge of which I am boasting may be, and often is, applied to the most pernicious purposes; the electric metallurgy, to which I have alluded, is as potent to forge the coin, signature, or stamp as to multiply the engraving. The chemical science which guides the manufacturer or the farmer may adulterate our food, arm the hand of the incendiary, or mask the crime of the poisoner. Even when its guilt is not of this aggravated character, yet it may harden the hearts of those who wield it. It will open sources of wealth before unknown, and unmeasured in their flow, and in the plenitude of unexpected riches the heart may become callous to the distress of others, and forget the labour, the demoralisation, the diseases and the deaths by which their treasures have been bought. It may become a deadly snare to the soul, and instead of raising it to a more intense love of our creator and conviction of his goodness and wisdom, it may be perverted to doubt his word or deny his existence. . . .

Without dwelling longer on the dangers of ill-regulated knowledge, its tendency to taint the mind with jealousy and ambition, to fill it with a haughty reliance on its own powers, or at least, by its attractive nature, to hold it in a dazzling captivity, far from that region of high and hallowed thought where alone true intellectual power has its perfect development, let us admit all the peril in its fullest extent: what then? Are we to avoid it by throwing ourselves into an opposite evil, and seeking refuge in ignorance? like those weak men of old who fled from the temptations of active life to the useless solitude of the hermitage! Far from it: the faculties by which this knowledge is acquired are among our creator's noblest gifts; if we graft them on the tree of life, they will assuredly bear fruits of immortality. If we direct them towards the good of our fellow-men, we may become the unmeasured benefactors of our race; if we ask them about their author, they surround us with the glory of his presence at every step, and open in all their fields new worlds for the believer.

PIQUILLO ALLIAGA;

OR,

THE MOORS IN THE TIME OF PHILIP III.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

[From the French of M. Eugene Scribe.]

CHAPTER V.—THE HOTEL OF GOOD REST.

The captain and his lieutenant, Caralo, smoked away, spoke of the present posture of their affairs, and an intended expedition which had been projected. Juan Baptista gave Piquillo a fierce and significant glance, like the one he had bestowed on the wretched Bohemian, and, without uttering a single word, made a motion to his lieutenant, in whose gripe the trembling culprit soon found himself. In this manner he was led to the dining-room, in which many of his comrades had just entered: in an instant Piquillo was stripped naked, laid upon his stomach, and Caralo, taking down a leather strap which hung up against the wall, began to lash the sufferer with a hearty good will, which proved the satisfaction he experienced in executing the orders of the captain. The rest of the banditti began to discuss their morning repast without paying the slightest attention to the painful groans and cries of poor Piquillo. As to the captain, who had just made his appearance, he sat down, and began with the utmost gravity to count the number of lashes that were being administered.

"Ten — twelve — fifteen—not so quick, Caralo! Sixteen — seventeen. Ah! look, what has he there—that brand at the top of the right arm?"

"Nothing, captain," said Caralo, continuing his flogging; "pay no attention to it. Those are Arabic letters, superstitious or diabolic signs, which Moorish mothers mark their offspring with at their birth."

"That is a proof that this wretch is not even a Christian — eighteen — nineteen — that he is a pagan, a reprobate."

"That it would be a sin to show any mercy to," continued Caralo, giving a still harder blow. "There are a whole lot of similar vagabonds who have not been baptised."

"Yes, but there are others who have been christened five or six times, which makes up for it—I, for instance," exclaimed the captain, with self-complacency. "Ah! bravo, Caralo, that was a capital stroke;" so good that it had torn away a large lump of flesh, and Piquillo, covered with blood, cried out once more, and then fainted away.

"Enough, enough," said Juan Baptista, "while we were chatting I had forgotten this boy; I had forgotten that he was not strong enough to bear so many blows. You yourself could bear them, I have no doubt."

"What, me, captain!" exclaimed Caralo, indignantly.

"Now, silence; and you there, and you there, come and help the lad; have a little compassion. Apply some vinegar to restore him — that's right. See, he recovers his senses," said he, on hearing the lad's renewed cries, for the compassionate lieutenant had just poured vinegar in copious streams over his fresh wounds. "Enough; take him away, and you, Piquillo, if you should ever again happen to disobey me, you will not be let off so easily. Look what Paco the Bohemian got from me."

From that day Piquillo had neither the inclination nor the courage to quit the inn. Whenever he went out he was either accompanied by the captain or by his direction, with orders which he implicitly obeyed; fear, and the habit of prompt obedience in which he was brought up by the captain had so completely extinguished his energies and blunted his natural capacities. He was sent out to a farm-house or to a gentleman's seat in the character of a wandering beggar-boy, imploring assistance from the hospitality of the inmates; when on his return he was closely questioned as to all he saw, the localities, the number of the inmates, masters, and servants.

Piquillo related everything; this was all that was required. His happiest days were those on which he performed these journeys, for he had spent them away from his den. Oftentimes he wished to say to those whom he visited, "Engage me in your service, I pray you," but would they have consented? and then the vengeance of the captain would have been now to have sought him out, and recalled vividly to his recollection the fright he had experienced when one day, influenced by the kind reception he had met with, he was about to implore the protection of the proprietor of the house, when he saw at the window which looked into the park a figure which chilled him with fright — it was Juan Baptista, on horseback, superbly dressed, who came to treat for the purchase of the fine estate, which the proprietor wished to dispose of. Being thus persuaded that this man was his evil genius, who seemed to his imagination to appear everywhere and to know everything, Piquillo silently gave himself up to a tyrannical dominion against which he had neither the fortitude nor the means to struggle. There was something, in fact, so puzzling in the conduct of his chief and his followers, that all his efforts to unravel the mystery were fruitless. In the first place, the inn, in an isolated position, and at some distance from the road, was never shut at night; then, on the royal road, which Count Lerma was at great expense to maintain, was a dilapidated place, a sort of precipice, which was never repaired, but was only covered over with leaves, and whenever a post-chaise broke down on this

detestable road, there always appeared on the skirts of the wood a wood-cutter and his son, who pointed out to the travellers an excellent inn in the neighbourhood, where they would get the best accommodation. The son even volunteered to serve as a guide; this son was Piquillo, who, much to his dislike, found the friends of the captain act alternately the part of father to him. None were conducted to the welcome asylum but those manifestly well to do in the world. For such no luxury was spared—not even the Jamaica rum, on which the captain prided himself. After partaking of a magnificent entertainment, they were conducted to a splendid apartment, which Piquillo was not suffered to enter, but the splendour of which he once saw through the half-closed door. It contained two beds, with rich canopies over them, and gorgeous furniture to match. It was the only room in the inn that could boast of such magnificence.

One circumstance connected with these chance travellers struck Piquillo as strange. They were all early risers; indeed, he had never seen them leave the inn, and occasionally so careless were they, that they left behind them their conveyances and their horses in the stable, to be sent for, doubtless, on some future occasion.

Upwards of two years passed away in this dismal slavery, which exercised over the mind of Piquillo a startling—an almost unaccountable influence.

When we first enter a pestilential prison-house, after breathing the pure air of heaven, our first impression is, that the change must needs be utterly intolerable for even so brief a period. Yet are we apt to linger in such localities till habit renders them a "second nature." Habitual contact with vice produces the like effect. Our early disgust melts away, and we catch, at length, the fatal infection in its most formidable form. The loveliest flower will decay by contamination, and perish on its stem.

Piquillo, surrounded by bad example, and a spectator daily of the most criminal course of life, began to picture to himself that all the world was equally debased, and that Juanita and Pedralvi were simply exceptions to the general rule, the parallels of which he should never more behold. Young as he was, he was getting indifferent to all around him. He could barely discern good from evil; but at intervals the cheering hopes of bygone days, the glimpse of the past, would gush to his heart: the tree was not altogether blasted, but its richest verdure had begun to fade.

Baneful instincts were springing up in his bosom—intense hatred among the rest. Ill-treatment, neglect, blows, engendered in his heart passions to which it was not prone. They crept in insensibly, and gained ground with rapidity, especially when the lieutenant got intoxicated (which was often) and then the poor little fellow became the special object of his anger.

One day, drinking over his dice, he ordered Piquillo to bring him his pipe. Piquillo, on the point of presenting it to him with his usual readiness, received, by way of thanks, a box on the ears. Forgetting himself for the moment, he dashed the pipe to pieces on the floor, and stamped on it. The lieutenant was particularly fond of his pipe.

"Bravo!" exclaimed the captain.

"Yes! bravo!" reiterated the lieutenant, sarcastically. "Look you," added he, addressing the boy, "count the fragments of that pipe (it was shattered to atoms). You shall have, mind you, as many lashes from yon instrument."

He went to the wall where it hung, and at the same instant Piquillo rushed to the table and seized a knife. The rest of the bandits immediately rose from the table in utter astonishment.

"Don't approach me," said Piquillo, his voice gaining strength by his rage; "I appeal to the captain—to you all. I have been struck a blow I merited not, and I have heard you, sir, say before now, that a blow demands blood; and if you advance one step, I'll draw some of yours, depend upon it."

"Bravo!" cried the captain, rubbing his hands with delight.

The lieutenant forthwith commenced imitating the manœuvres employed at a bull-fight, when the object of the "torridor" is to urge the excited animal to the conflict. He waved a red handkerchief he held in his left hand, and with the right he brandished the "cat" over his head. The spectators shouted outright at this novel idea of the lieutenant's, who, encouraged by the "bravos" of his companions, struck the boy with the thong.

Piquillo rushed at him, and plunged the knife a little below his breast.

The lieutenant fell to the ground, shrieking with rage. The bandits ran to the assistance of their comrade, and then seizing Piquillo and throwing him down, drew their daggers to despatch him.

"Hold!" exclaimed the captain. "By all the saints of Spain the combat was a fair one, and the blow right vigorously planted."

"Too vigorously," added the lieutenant, with a groan.

"Bravo, Piquillo, bravo!" continued the captain, without paying any attention to his fallen lieutenant; "and as for you, my friends, hark ye, harm not a hair of that youngster's head at your peril; now that the young tiger has tasted blood, I tell you

he is one of us. Come hither, Piquillo, and you, sirs, take the man away and staunch his wound."

"Be it so," rejoined the lieutenant; "but I tell you candidly at once, he shall taste the blade of my dagger ere long."

"That is a private affair of your own," rejoined the captain; and whilst they were bearing the lieutenant away, "see here," said he, addressing Piquillo, in a friendly and patronising tone, as though he were instructing a promising pupil; "you struck too low,—that blow should have been a thought higher!"

From that day, Juan Baptista completely altered his treatment of Piquillo. He had despaired of making anything of him, but the event above recorded entirely changed the aspect of things, and the captain now entertained hopes of turning his young apprentice to some useful account. Selfish motives alone prompted the captain to act thus, for there was no honourable feeling in the breast of Juan Baptista Balseiro, who, indeed, was the only being in the world for whom that bold bandit entertained the remotest genuine affection.

Piquillo, despite his extreme youth, became conscious of the crimes and vices of his vile companions, and sought to shun them. The tares had not quite choked the grain; and the sound principles which nature had planted in his heart, sprung up despite the corruption around it. Meanwhile, having become a favourite of the captain's, he was treated with more confidence, and although *all* "the secrets of the prison-house" were not revealed to him, he was suffered to mingle with his comrades more socially. Sometimes, on the arrival of travellers, he was permitted to prepare the mysterious chamber for their reception. This apartment had always excited great curiosity in his mind, especially after seeing, as he imagined on one occasion, some of the splendid furniture with which the room was supplied, stained with blood. One of the duties he had to perform, was to rise betimes, and keep watch from the garret of the inn for passers. It often struck him during these vigils as somewhat inexplicable that he never saw the guests that came overnight leave in the morning, especially if they chanced to possess valuable property. One incident was further remarkable. The landlord of the inn invariably attended his guests at supper, and when that meal was ended and the travellers had retired to their room, the captain sat up drinking, and after the lapse of an hour or two, instead of going to-bed, he always went down into the cellar, without, however, bringing up any wine.

Piquillo had often watched the captain at the head of the stairs leading to the cellar. He had seen him open the door with a key hanging by his side, and leave the bunch when he descended; but there his discoveries ended. At length, wearied out with impatience and curiosity, he resolved on following the captain on one of his visits to the mystic cellar. He was on the point of doing this one day, but his heart failing him at the sound, seemingly, of some disturbance down below, he hurried back to the garret in terrible trepidation. He never again ventured to repeat the experiment, and the great secret promised to remain a secret as far as he was concerned, for the captain determined on leaving the *posada* shortly, as its reputation (a ticklish one at all times) began to spread throughout the country rather unpleasantly.

Whilst, with his comrades, he planned fresh campaigns, the lieutenant lay confined to his room. Although convalescent he preferred remaining there, simply requesting his companions to supply him with abundance of wine, and promising, like a discreet invalid, to partake of it sparingly. The juice of the grape sparkled bright and profuse enough in his glass; but with all its genial qualities he that quaffed it looked gloomy and pensive, as though he meditated carrying into effect some long pent-up act of vengeance.

In another apartment the rest of the bandits were carousing merrily over their wine and a savory *olla podrida*, the delicious aroma of which reached Piquillo temptingly enough, who, as was his duty, stood in attendance upon the band. Thus were they rioting over their banquet, when a loud knocking was heard at the gate of the *posada*.

"Can these be travellers?" inquiringly exclaimed the captain; "I heard no wheels."

"Can it be the alguasils?" rejoined his comrades, painfully bearing in mind the awkward fame of the inn.

"By the saints above," replied the captain, "it behoves us to reconnoitre before we open the gate. Go you, Carnego, cautiously, whilst Piquillo pours me out a bumper."

Carnego immediately obeyed the order, and returning shortly, brought with him a little man, with a round, good-natured face, holding in one hand a humble portmanteau, and conducting with the other a smart-looking little damsel, of about fourteen years of age, who bashfully hung back at the sight of so large an assemblage of men.

"Gentlemen," said the stranger, "I am a poor traveller who has met with an accident, and entreat shelter at your hands for myself and my niece here. Why don't you pay your respects to the company, Juanita?" added he, addressing his niece.

Juanita curtsied modestly, and Piquillo

shrunk behind the captain's chair, to avoid recognition. He was overwhelmed by her sudden apparition. His remembrance of her was too deeply engraved on his heart to be readily effaced. Notwithstanding the change that a lapse of two years had wrought on so young a girl as Juanita, he recognised her instantly. His first impulse was to rush to her side and load her with inquiries; but an undefinable dread of danger, coupled with a modesty he could not dispel, checked him, and he remained, as we have said, partly hid behind the captain's chair, and keeping his eyes fixed on the fair Juanita—for, mark you, the pretty little lass was worth the looking at with all the ardour of youth! As for her, poor thing, she recognised no one, and timidly clung to the side of her uncle.

"Seat yourself, sir," said the captain, "and you, too, senorita, by the side of yonder gentlemen, who, like yourselves, have done me the honour to patronise my inn, and meditate sleeping here. May I take the liberty of asking," he added, "who it is I have the honour of entertaining?"

"Sir," said the little man, "perchance you have not heard of my fame. Among the knights of the soap and razor, I hold a high reputation, and am, gentlemen, Aben-Abou Gongarello, the illustrious barber of Pampeluna."

The captain and his comrades bowed respectfully at this grandiloquent announcement, and Gongarello, proud of the effect he imagined he had produced, poured out a cup of wine, and continued his harangue.

"Look you, gentlemen, about two years ago there was a disturbance in Pampeluna in favour of the Fueros. Gines Peres, the innkeeper, one of the most active supporters of these privileges, enlisted in the cause, as a sergeant of halberdiers. They have nearly worked him off his legs already, what with patrolling round the city and keeping guard at the palace day and night. Truxillo, the tailor, is just in the same predicament; but it was all their own fault, for it was at their own desire. As for myself, who only wished to lead a quiet life, and not to interfere with these confounded brawls; on me, gentlemen, would you credit it, has the whole onus of the revolt fallen! The Cortes—composed, be it said, entirely of Spaniards—have imposed a new tax, and have, forsooth, in their wisdom, decreed that on the Moors alone shall this tax be imposed—on the ground, logically, that they are, *par excellence*, the most industrious and skilful of the citizens! Merit, gentlemen, costs a man a heavy price in these times!"

"On that score, sir," replied the captain, bowing to the barber, "the impost should certainly fall heavily on you."

"Ay, that may be the case; nevertheless, it is ruination to a man. I have been, gentlemen, for a long time, the butt of all manner of persecution. The Inquisition left me no rest whatever. In the midst of business, often I have been hurried off to answer all sorts of foul accusations of conspiracy, heresy, and heaven knows what. At length, exhausted by these acts of injustice, I determined on quitting Pampeluna. I have a relation at Madrid, perfumer to the court, Andrea Cazoleta by name. Having removed my niece from her service at the Golden Sun to accompany me, I am now on my way to Madrid to establish myself in business there with my relation. In order to accomplish this I have disposed of my valuable property in Pampeluna, and have brought with me the proceeds there in my portmanteau, amounting to two hundred ducats."

Piquillo, startled at the dangerous turn the conversation had taken, glided suddenly, bottle in hand, behind the barber, and, nudging him with it, said, "Rash man, be silent!"

"But, my friend, there is no occasion for you to dig that bottle of yours into my side," rejoined Gongarello, addressing himself to Piquillo. And then, resuming his bouncing order of conversation, he added, "Yes, gentlemen, they are there, two hundred ducats and all in gold!"

OBSOLETE PUNISHMENTS.

THE STOCKS AND THE PILLORY.

[From the Archæological Album.]

One of the most common modes of punishment for lighter offences in the middle ages was by exposing the offender, in a disgraceful posture, to the gaze of the public during a certain length of time. He was attached by the neck, or by the feet, or by the hands. In the first instance, the instrument of punishment was a pillory; in the others, the stocks.

The time is not long past when every parish was furnished with a pair of stocks, and they still remain in some of our country villages. They generally contained merely a row of holes for confining the legs, but sometimes they had a second row of smaller holes for imprisoning the hands. They were generally placed in the churchyard or market-place, or on the village-green: the persons confined in them were chiefly drunkards, idlers, turbulent vagrants, &c. In more ancient times there were stocks in the prisons, particularly in those of private establishments, such as monastic houses, hospitals, and the like. We have seen that, by the old laws of the hospital of St. Nicholas at Harbledown, the inmates of

to speak further on in the present article. Douce informs us that, towards the end of the last century, there was still remaining in the Section des Halles, at Paris, an old triangular building of stone, with open Gothic windows, through which appeared an iron circle, with holes for receiving the necks and hands of several persons at the same time. A square building, of a similar character, once stood in the Cornmarket of Dublin. The old books of accounts, of nearly all our corporate towns, contain items relating to the building or repairing of the pillory.

The punishment by pillory was one of the manorial rights of feudal times, and it appears, with the stocks, to have been one of the instruments for tyrannising over the peasantry or servial lcass of the population. Similar modes of punishment were formerly practised against the slaves in America and the West Indian islands. In the medieval towns the pillory was used chiefly against dishonest traders. A satirical poet of the reign of Edward II (in the "Political Songs" published by the Camden Society, p. 345), complaining of the remissness with which justice was then executed against offenders of this kind, exclaims:—

"But bi scint Jame of Galice, that many man hath souht!
The pilory and cucking-stol beth i-made for noht."

It appears from the statutes of the church of Anjou, promulgated in 1423 (quoted in Ducange v. *instalare*), that blasphemers and irreligious men were at that period placed in the pillory. It was in very common use on the continent, and is frequently mentioned in old documents. From one of these, dated in 1336 (quoted by Ducange in v. *pilorium*), we learn that it was ordered by a council that a pillory should be erected in cemeteries and holy places. In the year 1407, as we learn from Monstrelet, during the quarrel between the rival popes, Gregory XII (Angelo Corrario) and Benedict XIII (della Luna), the latter excommunicated the king of France:—"Master Sausein, and the messenger from Pietro della Luna, who had brought the letter and bull of excommunication to the king, with mitres on their heads and having surcoats emblazoned with the arms of Pietro della Luna reversed, were carried most disgracefully in a dung-cart from the Louvre to the court of the palace; and shortly after, near the marble tables, at the end of the steps, were set on a pillory. They were thus exhibited for a very long time, having labels on their mitres, on which was written, 'Disloyal traitors to the church and king.' They were then carried back in the aforesaid cart to the Louvre." Stow, in his "Survey of London," gives the following quaint account of the pillory on Cornhill.—"Bythewest side of the foresaid prison, then called the Tun, was a fair well of spring water, curbed round with hard stone; but in the year 1401, the said prison-house, called the Tun, was made a cistern for sweet water, conveyed by pipes of lead from Tiborne, and was from thenceforth called the Conduit upon Cornhill. Then was the well planked over, and a strong prison made of timber, called the cage, with a pair of stocks therein, set upon it; and this was for night-walkers. On the top of which cage was placed a pillory, for the punishment of bakers offending in the assize of bread; for millers stealing of corn at the mill; for bawds, scolds, and other offenders. As in the years 1468, the 7th of Edward IV, divers persons being common jurors, such as at assizes were forsworn for rewards, or favour of parties, were judged to ride from Newgate to the pillory in Cornhill, with mitres of paper on their heads, there to stand, and from thence again to Newgate; and this judgment was given by the mayor of London. In the year 1509, the 1st of Henry VIII, Darby, Smith, and Simson, ringleaders of false inquests in London, rode about the city with their faces to the horse tails, and papers on their heads, and were set on the pillory in Cornhill, and after brought again to Newgate, where they died for very shame, saith Robert Fabian. A ringleader of inquests, as I take it, is he that, making a gainful occupation thereof, will appear on Nisi-priuses, or he be warned, or procure himself to be warned, to come on by a tales. He will also procure himself to be a foreman when he can, and take upon him to overrule the rest to his opinion: such a one shall be laboured by plaintiffs and defendants, not without promise of rewards, and therefore to be suspected of a bad conscience. I would wish a more careful choice of jurors to be had; for I have known a man carted, rung with basons, and banished out of Bishopsgate ward, and afterwards in Aldgate ward admitted to be a constable, a grand juryman, and foreman of the wardmote inquest: what I know of the like, or worse men, proffered to the like offices, I forbear to write, but wish to be reformed." "In the year 1546," Stow adds, "Sir Martin Bowes, mayor, dwelling in Lombard-street, and having his back-gate opening into Cornhill against the said conduit, minded to have enlarged the cistern thereof with a west end, like as Robert Drope before had done towards the east: view and measure of the plot was taken for this work; but the pillory and cage being removed they found the ground planched, and the well aforesaid worn out of memory, which well they revived and restored to use: it is since made a pump. They set the pillory somewhat west from the well, and so this work ceased."

After the accession of the Stuart dynasty to the English throne the pillory was used as a punishment for political offences, more especially for the publication of books and pamphlets that were considered objectionable by the ruling powers. From this period it obtained greater celebrity, and its history is connected with the names of Prynne, and Bastwick, and De Foe, and a host of other names which occupy a place, in one way of other, in the annals of our country. It was now frequently exercised with great cruelty, and was often accompanied by the amputation or mutilation of the ears of the offender, who was sometimes attached by the ear instead of the neck. The satirical writers of the time make frequent allusion to this punishment. Thus, in Hudibras:

"Each window like a pillory appears,
With heads thrust through, nail'd by the ears."

And again, the same writer speaks of—

"Witches simpling, and on gibbets
Cutting from malefactors snippets,
Or from the pillory tips of ears
Of rebel saints and perjurers."

We have seen a very curious pack of playing cards, apparently of the reign of Charles II, now in the possession of Mrs. Fitch of Ipswich, in which every card has a picture relating to some one of the conspiracies and other events of that period: one of these pictures—on the knave of clubs—represents "Reddin standing in the Pillory." The pillory, in this picture, is of the common simple form, resembling that of Robert Ockam already described.

When the pillory became notorious as a political punishment, it was looked upon as an instrument of martyrdom, and soon lost most of its terrors. De Foe, as a political partisan who had experienced its effects, published an "Ode to the Pillory" in 1703, which he apostrophises thus:—

"Hail, hieroglyphic state machine!
Contrived to punish fancy in:
Men that are men in thee can feel no pain,
And all thy insignificance disdain."

He describes it as serving political purposes, and punishing party and not crime, and therefore no longer attended with shame:—

"Thou art the state-trap of the law, [awe;
But neither canst keep knaves nor honest men in
These are too hardened in offence,
And those upheld by innocence."

He goes on to enumerate some of the men who had suffered unjustly:—

"How have thy opening vacancies received,
In every age, the criminals of state?
And how has mankind been deceived,
When they distinguish crimes by fate?
Tell us, great engine, how to understand,
Or reconcile the justice of the land;
How Bastwick, Pryn, Hunt, Hollingsby, and Pye,
Men of unspotted honesty—
Men that had learning, wit, and sense,
And more than most men have had since,
Could equal title to thee claim
With Oates and Fuller, men of later fame.
Even the learned Selden saw
A prospect of thee through the law:
He had thy lofty pinnacles in view,
But so much honour never was thy due.
Had the great Selden triumph'd on thy stage,
Selden, the honour of his age,
No man could ever shun thee more,
Or grudge to stand where Selden stood before."

The pinnacles have been mentioned more than once in the foregoing descriptions of pillories. De Foe adds:—

"Thou art no shame to truth and honesty,
Nor is the character of such defaced by thee,
Who suffer by oppressive injury,
Shame, like the exhalations of the sun,
Falls back where first the motion was begun:
And he who for no crime shall on thy brows appear,
Bears less reproach than they who placed him there."

From those who had suffered, the satirist turns to the classes of offenders who ought to be subjected to this punishment, and he goes on to enumerate the principal vices of his age, averring that—

"Justice is inverted, when
Those engines of the law,
Instead of pinching vicious men,
Keep honest ones in awe."

Accordingly, we find that the pillory had very little effect in stopping the mouths of the crowd of libellous writers who fed upon the vicious manners and taste of the last century. It was looked upon as little more than a sure means of acquiring notoriety—a public advertisement. Foote alludes, more than once, to the benefits an author or publisher derives from this source; and, in his farce of 'The Patron,' Puff the publisher advises the poet to forsake the Muses and write "a good sousing satire;" to which the cautious author replies, "Yes, and so get cropped for a libel!" The publisher indignantly exclaims, "Cropped! ay, and the luckiest thing that can happen to you! Why, I would not give twopence for an author that is afraid of his ears! Writing, writing is, as I may say, Mr. Dactyl, a sort of warfare, where none can be victor that is the least afraid of a scar. Why, zooks, sir! I never got salt to my porridge till I mounted at the Royal Exchange: that was the making of me. Then my name made a noise in the world. Talk of forked hills and of Helicon! Romantic and fabulous stuff! The true Castalian stream is a shower of eggs, and a pillory the poet's Parnassus."

As might be expected in this state of things, in moments of political excitement, the pillory was sometimes a triumph rather than a punishment. We learn from the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1765, that "Mr. Williams, bookseller in Fleet-street, stood on the pillory in New Palace Yard, Westminster, pursuant to his sentence, for republishing the 'North Briton,' No. 45, in volumes. The coach that carried him from

the King's Bench prison to the pillory was No. 45. He was received by the acclamations of a prodigious concourse of people. Opposite to the pillory were erected four ladders, with cords running from each other, on which were hung a jack-boot, an axe, and a Scotch bonnet. The latter, after remaining some time, was burnt, and the top of the boot chopped off. During his standing, also, a purple purse ornamented with ribbons of an orange colour was produced by a gentleman, who began a collection in favour of the culprit by putting a guinea into it himself; after which, the purse being carried round, many contributed, to the amount on the whole, as supposed, of about two hundred guineas. Mr. Williams, on getting into the pillory and getting out, was cheered by the spectators: he held a sprig of laurel in his hand all the time."

At a much more recent period, in March 1812, a bookseller of Ave Maria Lane, named Eaton, an aged man, was convicted of having published the third part of Paine's "Age of Reason," a work equally repugnant to morality with the writings of Wilkes, and he was condemned to eighteen months' imprisonment and to be exposed once on the pillory. He stood in the pillory on 25th of May, and was received with demonstrations of sympathy and respect, the mob taking off their hats and cheering him, while some individuals offered him wine and refreshments.

In later times, however, the pillory has been chiefly used as a punishment for the crime of perjury. The mutilation of the offender's ears was no longer practised; but another practice, hardly less disagreeable, was persisted in to the last—the throwing of rotten eggs, mud, and other articles, while in the pillory. When the culprit had rendered himself or herself (for it was not confined to one sex) particularly obnoxious, harder substances, and even stones, were used as missiles by the mob; and the results were often very painful, and in some instances fatal. This circumstance caused so degrading and barbarous a punishment to be gradually laid aside, and it is now many years since it was put in practice, although it was not formally abolished until the year 1837, by the statute of 1 Vict. c xxiii. It had previously gone out of use in France and in Germany. In the latter country the pillory was called a *pranger*; in France it bore the medieval names of *carcan* and *pilori*.

A finger pillory is still preserved in the church of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, in Leicestershire. It is three feet high, and has, as here shown, holes for holding at once four fingers of the hand, or only two fingers. If the offender were held long in this posture, the punishment must have been extremely painful.

The Gatherer.

Middle Class in France.—The middle class in France, before the Revolution, was in much the same situation as the middle class in England under Charles I, previously to the civil war. They perceived great abuses in the state; they found themselves in a situation inferior to what, from their property, they were entitled; they wished to define the power of the crown, and to obtain and secure their own rights and privileges: yet the existing government was so besotted as not to see advancing movement, nor take warning by the example held out by our civil wars; and refused to grant voluntarily that which the middle class was determined to obtain—limit to the power of the crown, and the right of all to aspire to the highest donations or rank in the state, if qualified by talents, property, or public service. The middle class was thus highly dissatisfied with the state of things; or, in other words, public opinion in France was in favour of a revolution; and the lower class, influenced by the numbers, the property, the information, and connexions of the middle class, united cordially with them in desiring a change. Public opinion and popular clamour being thus united, the middle and lower classes became an over match for the king and that part of the noblesse attached to the court, to which we may add the heads of the church, and the higher officers of the army. The result, as might easily be imagined, was, that the throne, the noblesse, and the clergy, were annihilated by the states-general, that is, by the middle class.—*Mackinnon's History of Civilisation.*

Globe of the Moon.—Madame de Wit, of Hanover, has just completed, after twenty-two-years' arduous labour, a globe of the moon, in which all the discoveries that have been made in the lunar planet are set forth with the minutes particularly. The globe has excited the admiration of the scientific world, and of the king and aristocracy. It has been purchased for the Royal Astronomical Society of London.

"You can't come in here," as the fire said to the frost.

Literary Lore in Turkey.—The Sultan, at the request of Reschid Pacha, has authorised strangers to visit the royal library at Constantinople, in which there are a great number of Turkish, Arabic, Persian, and Armenian manuscripts. His majesty has also ordered the establishment of a museum, which will be open to all persons interested in the arts and sciences.

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PLACENTIA PALACE, GREENWICH.

PLACENTIA PALACE, GREENWICH

This is unfortunately one of the things that were, a regret which we have no doubt most of our readers will join in. Greenwich was at an early date a royal residence. We have traces of one as early as 1300, when Edward I made an offering of 7*s.* at each of the holy crosses of the Virgin Mary at Greenwich, and the prince made an offering of half that sum. Henry V granted this manor for life to Thomas Beaufort, and soon afterwards to Humphrey, duke of Gloucester, who rebuilt the palace, calling it Placentia, or the Manor of Pleasaunce. Edward IV. on its reverting to the crown, took pleasure in finishing and enlarging it, and in his reign the marriage of Richard, duke of York, with Anne Mowbray, was here solemnised, with much splendour. The marriage of Henry VIII and Catherine of Arragon, and of Mary, his sister, with Charles Brandon, duke of Suffolk, were also celebrated here. But more than all, "Queen Elizabeth was born at this place Sept. 7, 1533, and christened," says Sandford, "with great state on the Wednesday following, the duchess of Norfolk bearing her to the font. Her godfather was archbishop Cranmer, her godmothers the old duchess of Norfolk and the old marchioness of Dorset. Over the font, which was of silver, hung a square canopy of crimson velvet, fringed with gold, another being likewise borne over the child's head." It was afterwards her favourite summer residence, and many was the splendid fête here given. After Anne of Denmark, who enjoyed it later for life, Charles I made it an occasional residence. Changing hands, it became the property of Cromwell, and then of Charles II, in whose reign it was pulled down. A magnificent palace was intended to be erected on its site, but no more than a wing was ever completed; and at length the unfinished mansion of Charles II was converted into a hospital for seamen, founded by William and Mary. Thus out of a royal palace, Placentia, or the House of Pleasaunce, we have the present humane and politic institution.

THE RED HAND.

A Tale of Louisiana.

CHAPTER VII.—THE PIC-A-PIC *(continued)*.

The young man whom the Visconti had been so intently watching was Maximilian de Chazal. He did not perceive her, but without pausing in his course, after casting somewhat of an audacious look upon Maria Sa, audacious or intelligent it was hard to say which, advanced towards the hall usually devoted to dancing. Just within the door of this apartment was a staircase leading to the upper part of the house, and whether he disappeared by this, or whether he turned elsewhere, it was hard to say.

"Leone," said Marietta Visconti, with unearthly calmness, "I thank thee; this must be seen out."

"Said I not he was false?" replied Leone de Chazal, still pale and anxious; "and now I have proved it."

"No," whispered Marietta, a woman's faith and enduring love yet whispering comfort, "not proved it. As yet I believe nothing. I must see, hear, and have no loophole for doubt, ere I condemn him."

"Maria," said Leone, bitterly, "as it seems we have to wait, another bottle."

Maria had momentarily disappeared; next moment she appeared, flushed and excited, from the long chamber.

"Another bottle," repeated Leone, eyeing her suspiciously; "what is become of the gallant Maximilian?"

Maria Sa looked at the flushed and anxious face of the lovely heiress, as she answered, "M. Maximilian de Chazal but crossed on his way to the Rue Brise-fer. He has left by our other door;" and Maria Sa served the wine calmly.

"Said I not give me proof?" said the Visconti, with uncontrolled delight, such as woman ever feels in the discovery of a beloved one's faith; "Leone, you do him wrong."

"Nay," said de Chazal, moodily, his whole frame quivering with passion and rage as he saw the returning loveliness of the Visconti at the very thought of Maximilian's truth, "saw you not the understanding between him and the quadroone? Believe me he is doubly false with maid and mistress."

"Neglect me for a quadroone," said the Visconti, proudly, and yet in under tones, while all her doubts and fears returned; "and yet can it be true?"

Leone replied not, for just at that moment the two men who had followed Maximilian seated themselves at no great distance. The position they occupied enabled these worthies to converse at their ease without attracting the attention of Luke Salem. They spoke in Spanish.

"Which is the girl?" said the elder of the two men.

"Yon waitress, your excellency."

"Faith, a lovely quadroone," continued the other, after surveying the young woman with curiosity. "I commend your wit, Pedro."

These two men wore the costume of the governor's body-guard, but speaking as they did in Spanish they did not affect much concealment, that language being as yet but little understood in Louisiana.

"Your excellency, I have as sharp an eye for beauty as for dollars. Leave me alone to ferret out where pretty girls keep themselves concealed. It is like everything else—a thing which requires experience, but your excellency gives me enough practice to bring me to perfection."

"Pedro, your tongue runs riot. But tell me—this quadroone is servant to the famous Marcella Zanetto, mistress of De Chazal."

"You hear," said Leone, without moving a muscle, and in tones which reached the two interlocutors.

"I do," continued the Visconti, her pale face still paler than ever.

"Of whom will pay her best, 'tis said. But I believe it not, your excellency," said Pedro, with a cynical smile. "Leone de Chazal is a boaster, and, I fear me, a liar. It was but yesterday night he boasted—"

"Be careful, Don Pedro Malanso," interrupted Leone, hurriedly, "walls have ears."

"Ah, Monsieur Leone," said the other, unabashed, "you will not deny what I have said."

"I deny nothing, Don Pedro, save that my name and that of Marcella Zanetto have any right to be coupled. My cousin, perhaps——"

"Maximilian," interrupted the Spaniard, while his companion studiously concealed his features, "is a noble youth, true as steel and as brave as a lion. Take my word for it, he flies at higher game, and, flying high, stoops not so low by the way."

"And this higher game?" said Leone, eagerly.

"The lovely Marietta Visconti, who else? All the town knows it."

"Is this Visconti so lovely?" said the coarse voice of the other trooper.

"So report says, your excellency," observed Don Pedro. "I never saw her. Don Leone here can speak more certainly."

"Your excellency," said Leone, annoyed, vexed, and confounded, "can have little interest in knowing. Your taste is more easily satisfied;" and he glanced expressively at the quadroone.

"Leone," whispered Marietta, now thoroughly alarmed at the position in which

she had so incautiously placed herself, "let us leave this place."

The governor (for this unscrupulous and licentious soldier it was who was addressed as "your excellency") had not been idle, though silent. His gaze had been directed towards Marietta, in the endeavour to penetrate her disguise. He saw enough to let him know that much beauty was concealed beneath her rough costume. His curiosity was piqued, and half forgetting the purpose of his visit to the Pic-a-pic, he determined not to lose sight of his new discovery.

"Your excellency," said Leone, who saw through and wished to turn his thoughts in another direction, speaking in a whisper, "are you aware that Luke Salem is in this room?"

"No," exclaimed Reilly, warmly, "where is the dog?"

"Hush, your excellency!" said Don Pedro, "we are in somewhat dangerous proximity to a host of rebellious creoles, and a discovery of your highness's rank might be fraught with peril."

"You are right, Don Pedro," said the other; "besides, I recollect me one purpose of this disguise."

Meanwhile, a short but rapid dialogue had taken place between Leone and Marietta, the upshot of which was that the latter agreed to test the truth of her lover, if necessary, by an appeal to Marcella herself. Blinded by jealousy and by the strangely unpatriotic conduct of Maximilian, she was ill prepared to repel the insinuations of his cousin, who had now openly avowed himself her suitor, giving as a reason that the conduct of Maximilian justified any extremities. It was now agreed that Leone should proceed alone to discover if the coast were clear, leaving Marietta a moment alone.

The young heiress availed herself of this temporary absence to carry out a plan of her own.

"Maria Sa," said she, "a word with you. Can I sup in a private room?"

"Everything for money, lady, here," said the quadroone, with a peculiar smile.

The Visconti rose and followed her.

"A splendid girl that," said the governor.

"The richest heiress in New Madrid," replied Don Pedro, using the name common among the Spaniards.

Maria Sa led her fair charge into a room which commanded a view of the whole parlour, but in itself private.

"What will you take for supper, madam?"

"Child," said the Visconti, warmly, and speaking with something of southern freedom, "am I mistaken in you, or are you pure, innocent?"

"As yourself!" replied the quadroone, sternly.

"Look not so fierce, girl, but listen. The Spanish governor and one of his men are in yon room; you see them near where I sat. They have a plot against a woman—I think, to bear her away this night. That woman is yourself."

"Merciful heaven!" cried the quadroone, turning pale. "And you, madam—a plot, a wicked plot, is formed against you.

"By whom, child?"

"By Leone de Chazal, who slew Paul de Chazal, and who would now murder the reputation of his brother."

"Child—Maria—quadroone," said Marietta, gasping for breath. "What mean you?—slew Paul de Chazal?"

"In this room, Leone, in a fit of drunken rage, pierced Paul de Chazal to the heart!"

There was a moment of silence. The Visconti began to see through the plot which had been carried out against her.

"Child, you speak warmly of Maximilian de Chazal."

"He is my brother.

"True, I forgot. Then Marcella Zanetto——"

"Is one who, as a dancer, has earned an unenviable reputation; she is, in reality poor and virtuous. Her guilt exists only in the false assertions of such men as Leone."

"Holy virgin, let me escape from this!"

"Wait here, lady, and we will leave together. My mission is accomplished."

With these words the beautiful quadroone glided from the room, and left the heiress alone to ponder on the events of that evening. Proud would Maximilian have been could he have read into her heart! The villainy of his cousin caused the whole course of her affection to tide back full and fresh to their original possessor, and sweet and gentle were the maiden's thoughts.

"Oh, lady!" said Maria Sa, rushing in wildly, "the entrances are guarded by Spanish troops, with strict orders for not living being to leave the place."

"Holy virgin," cried the Visconti, "are lost."

"Nay," said the voice of Leone, entering, "not lost, but found, fair lady."

"Leone de Chazal—base recreant," exclaimed the indignant girl, rising, and confronting him with a look, in which majesty and horror were strangely blended: "in this room, where by thy hand died thy cousin Paul, I spurn thee from me as a false and cowardly knave, who, to work out his own base ends, would sacrifice everything which other men look on as sacred and holy—not the tie of relationship—of friendship—nothing with thee is binding or powerful."

Leone stood confounded. In the very instant of the fruition of his hopes he found himself to be baulked. But he could not thus tamely resign a prize he had so dearly vowed to purchase.

"Marietta Visconti," he said, "what is the meaning of all this? How many more changes will take place in your will——"

"None, Leone de Chazal, away! I hold no communication with a murderer."

"Marietta," said Leone, his teeth clenched, his eyes glaring tiger-like, while his pale cheeks denoted more than all his fury and disappointment, "are you gone mad to tempt me thus? Know you that you speak to one who will dare all——"

"Aye, even murder."

"To you——I owe this," exclaimed he, turning furiously toward the quadroone.

"You owe me nothing, my lord, but the truth," said the girl, calmly.

Leone replied not, but left the room. As he turned to go, a smile of deep meaning passed across his features.

"Child," said the Visconti, seizing the quadroone's arm, "he means evil."

"Madam, I fear him not; nor need you. Put faith in me, and he shall not harm us."

"But in what way can you contend against his power—I fear me he and the Spanish governor will together carry out their purpose. See! they talk together; they look this way—Leone smiles a fiendish smile."

"Madam, we must claim *his* protection."

"Whose?"

"That of the Monk."

"But, child, how to find him—no messenger——"

"No messenger will be needed."

And the quadroone stepped across the room to where a huge gong was suspended from the ceiling. Taking up a heavy iron stick with which to strike it, Maria spoke.

"Madam, but little is required to save us. If I can give three distinct strokes, at intervals of five minutes each, we are beyond the power of Leone de Chazal."

"Then strike, in the name of heaven and mercy."

RECOLLECTIONS OF LORD KEITH.

BY A FRENCH MARCHIONESS.

Milord Maréchal (I shall never be able to write that name without emotion) was, when I saw him at my uncle's, a handsome Scotchman, twenty-four years of age, intelligent, sensible, and grave. He came from England on a mission from the English Jacobites to the refugees, and he had political audiences at the Hotel de Breteuil, where he used to meet his uncles the Dukes of Perth and Melfort. If you wish to have an idea of his personal appearance, you must look at that charming portrait of the handsome Caylus, the favourite of Henry III, which you inherited from the Connetable de Lesdiguieres, and which is among our pictures in a gift frame encrusted with amethysts. (Be it said, in speaking of this picture, that Henry III had forgotten it in his oratory at Chenonceaux, and it was queen Louise de Vaudemont who presented it to the constable.) The young lord fell in love with your grandmother, then a young girl, and not devoid (according to other people) of attractions. We began by looking at one another, first with curiosity, then with interest, and at last with emotion. Next we used to listen to the conversation of each other, without being able to answer a word, and then neither could speak at all in the presence of the other, owing to our voices at first trembling, and then failing us altogether. So, to make a long story short, he one day said to me, apropos to nothing, "If I dared to fall in love with you, would you ever forgive me?" "I should be enchanted," said I, and we relapsed into our usual formal silence, bestowing as many looks as we could upon one another, and our eyes beaming with radiant happiness. In this manner did we spend six weeks or two months, looking without speaking, each day bringing increased delight. My aunt permitted him to give me some lessons in Spanish, not English; for, in fact, at that time no one thought of learning English, nor any other northern language. The people of the north learnt French, but the French learnt only Italian or Castillian. Milord Georges spoke Spanish and Italian quite as well as French, that is to say, perfectly. He came once, and sat upon a bench behind mine, for a young lady in my day was never installed in a chair with a back, much less in an arm chair. As the lessons which he gave me never took place except in the Hotel de Breteuil, under the eye of my aunt, and in the presence of numerous spectators, there was no reason why my cousin Emilie should take offence; and yet this was always the case. Milord Georges had translated into French for me (after the English fashion, in blank verse, that is to say, without rhyme, but not without reason) a charming stanza that his father had written for him, and which I often in my thoughts apply to you:—

"When first thy wakening eyes beheld the light,
Thou wert in tears, whilst those around thee smiled;
So live, that when thy spirit takes its flight,
Thine be the smiles and theirs the tears, my child."

He related to me one evening with great glee, the adventures of some Dutch heiress

who had eloped with an English Orange-man; her parents had put in the London papers, that if she would not return, at least to send back the key of the tea-caddy, which she had carried away with her! This set me off laughing, upon which Mdlle. de Preuilly fancied we were making game of her, when I am sure she was not even in our thoughts. Emilie uttered thereon some remarks, and this decided the young lord to make a proposal of marriage for me, which was immediately submitted to my grandmother (of whom I have lately spoken), and my aunt De Breteuil-Charmeaux, the coward, who shrieked at the idea, because the Marischal of Scotland must be a Protestant! I had never thought of that! The discovery burst upon me suddenly and so grievously, that I cannot even now dwell on it without shuddering, and without having a bitter recollection of what I suffered. We ascertained however, that he was a Calvinist, and he said so himself; and Heaven is my witness that from that moment I do not hesitate. I refused the hand of Milord Maréchal: and two days afterwards he set off to return to his own country; from whence he wrote to my aunt to say, that grief and despair would lead him to acts which would bring him to the scaffold. There, my dear child, is the history of the only predilection I ever had in my life for any one except M. de Créquy, to whom I was honest enough to talk of it without reserve. When we met again, after a lapse of many years, we made a discovery which equally surprised and affected us both. We had never ceased thinking of one another; our hearts had been so devotedly attached, that they remained replete with sentiments which at first made us melancholy, but were afterwards a source of the highest gratification. There is a world of difference between the love which has endured throughout a lifetime, and that which burnt fiercely in our youth, and there paused. In the latter case, time has not laid bare defects, nor taught the bitter lesson of mutual failings; a delusion has existed on both sides, which experience has not destroyed, and delighting in the idea of each other's perfections, that thought has seemed to smile on both with unspeakable sweetness, till, when we meet in grey old age, feelings so tender, so pure, and so solemn arise, that they can be compared to no other sentiments or impressions of which our nature is capable. The visits of the Marischal of Scotland took place in the presence of Madame de Nevers, and it moved her to the depths of her soul. You were born then, my dear grandson! and the Maréchal was seventy years of age. "Listen," said he, "listen to the only French verses I ever composed, and perhaps to the only reproaches that were ever addressed to you:

"Un trait, lancé par caprice
M'atteignit dans mon printemps!
J'en porte la cicatrice
Encor sous mes cheveux blancs.
Craignez les maux qu'amour cause,
Et plaignez un insensé
Qui n'a point cueilli la rose,
Et que l'épine a blessé."

From those proud eyes two or three tears trickled down his venerable cheeks. "Are you going again immediately to join the king?" said I; "shall we be separated for ever?—will you never be converted to the true faith?" "I am *des votres* after, as before," said he, with beautiful simplicity. "I have ever loved you too well not to embrace your religion—what religion can equal that which gives us strength to make self sacrifices? In fact, I have become a Catholic, and I am Catholic in spirit and in truth." This announcement from so noble an old man has been the joy and comfort of the rest of my life!

NEW ENGLAND SUPERNATURALISM.

By G. J. Whittier.

I.—DEATH WARNINGS.—THE BURIED TREASURE SEEKERS.

"Our superstitions twine
Each with the next, until a line
They weave, that through each varied stage
Runs on from infancy to age,
Linking the spring with summer weather,
And chaining youth and years together."—*Scott.*

Something of that deeply-wrought superstition of our Scotch and Irish ancestors, embodied in their Banshee and Bodach Glas, the melancholy spectral presage of coming death, beautiful in the melody of Moore and the romance of Scott, still exists in New England. A writer in the N. A. Review of 1832, alluding to this subject, says: "Our minds involuntarily turn to the instance in which the early death of one of the brightest sons of genius in this city (Boston) was revealed at the moment of its occurrence to his venerable father, himself sinking under the pressure of infirmity, at a distance from home. We have also heard, on authority which we cannot question, another instance, in which a lady of no vulgar mind communicated to her friends her impression of the death of a favourite daughter, from whom she had long been separated, and where the impression justified the event."

Two similar instances have occurred in my immediate vicinity. During the late war with Great Britain, a sloop of war was lost on Lake Erie, and among those who perished was Lieut. C——, of Salisbury. On the night of the event, his brother, who had just retired to rest, was

startled by a loud hoarse gurgling sound, like that produced by the plunging of a heavy mass in water. He left his bed instantly, and declared his conviction that his brother had just been drowned in the like. A circumstance of the same nature occurred in the case of Capt. B——, of this town, who was last year drowned near Eastport. The memory, probably, of every reader will recur to some parallel case.

As might be expected, in a community like ours, attempts are not unfrequently made to speculate in the supernatural—to "make gain of soothsaying." In the autumn of last year, a "wise woman" dreamed, or somnambulised, that a large sum of money, in gold and silver coin, lay buried in the centre of the great swamp in Poplin, N. H., whereupon an immediate search was made for the precious metal. Under the bleak sky of November, in biting frost and sleet-rain, some twenty or more of grown men, graduates of our "common schools," and liable, every mother's son of them, to be made deacons, squires, and General Court members, and such other drill-officers as may be requisite in the "match of mind," might be seen delving in grim earnest, breaking the frozen earth, up-rooting swamp-maples and hemlocks, and waking, with sledge and crow-bar, unwonted echoes in a solitude which had heretofore only answered to the woodman's axe, or the scream of the wild fowl. The snows of December put an end to their labours; but the yawning excavation still remains, a silent but somewhat expressive commentary upon the "Age of Progress."

Still later, in one of our Atlantic cities, an attempt was made, partially at least successful, to form a company for the purpose of digging for money on one of the desolate sand-keys of the West Indies. It appears that some mesmerised "subject," in the course of one of those somnambulic voyages of discovery, in which the traveller, like Satan in Chaos:

> "O'er bog, o'er steep, through straight, rough, dense, or rare,
> With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,
> And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies,"

while peering curiously into the earth's mysteries, chanced to have his eyes gladdened by the sight of a huge chest packed with Spanish coins, the spoil, doubtless, of some rich-freighted argosy, or Carthagena galleon, in the rare days of queen Elizabeth's christian buccaneers. Who, after this, shall set limits to Yankee faith in—money-getting?

A curious affair of this kind astonished the worthy citizens of Rye, N. H., last spring. Rye is a small farming and fishing town, looking out upon the broad Atlantic; and, in the summer season, with its green headlands jutting into the ocean, its fine white beach, relieved in the background by dark green woods, through which peer out the white walls of farm-houses; it is deservedly held in high estimation as a quiet and beautiful place of resort from the unmitigated heats of the inland. In the winter and spring its inhabitants are almost entirely left to themselves. In early March, however, of this year, a double sleigh drove to the door of Elder Philbrick, a worthy old gentleman, whose attention is by turns occupied with the duties of a landlord and publican, the oversight and direction of half-a-dozen fishing-smacks, and the untying of knotty texts of scripture. It deposited four of its passengers—three long solemn-looking men with hair hanging down around their lank visages "like pounds of candles," and a female figure, closely muffled and veiled. They bespoke lodgings of the Elder, who was not a little puzzled to divine why his guests had chosen such an inappropriate season for their visit. Early the next morning, however, the good man was still more amazed to see the whole party wend their way to the beach, where one of them appeared engaged in performing some mystical incantation over the veiled figure, moving his hands in a mysterious manner above her head, and describing strange circles in the air before her. They soon returned to their lodgings, conducted the woman to her room, and having borrowed the Elder's shovels and crowbar, immediately commenced digging with great diligence in the spot which had been occupied by the veiled mystery, only abandoning their work as the night closed around them. The same ceremony was acted over again the next morning; and Elder P., deeming it his duty as a Christian man to enquire into the matter, was gravely informed that his visitors were in search of a large sum of money, which the veiled woman had seen in the magnetic sleep, a few feet below the surface of the beach! The search continued for three or four weeks; the muffled Pythoness perversely changing the location of the treasure, now to the right and anon to the left of the previous day's excavation, wearying alike the souls and bodies of her companions with "hope deferred" and hard delving. They were at length reluctantly compelled to relinquish their object, and depart sorrowfully and heavy at heart, yet firm in their faith that they were leaving behind them a treasure reserved for some more fortunate experimenters in somnambulism and second sight.

Blushing.—A practice least used by those who have most occasion for it.

THE LATE HOUR SYSTEM.

The evils that must inevitably attach to a practice so repugnant to the best interests—moral and physical—of the classes affected by the 'late hours' to which attention in business is too generally protracted are now, it must be said, beginning to attract consideration. So palpable are the injuries sustained on the one side, and so trivial the benefits derived on the other, from the infliction of those injuries, that it may well be deemed surprising how such a system could either have obtained, or once called into existence, could so long have been endured unchecked. Yet, comparatively speaking, this matter seems to have been regarded hitherto only with criminal indifference, or sustained with hopeless endurance—and that too by those most intimately concerned.

The linen-drapers' assistants seem to have suffered deeper, perhaps, than any other class of men in this respect. The nature of their vocation is such as to afford little opportunity in itself for moral or intellectual culture, and gives little occasion for the exercise of the higher qualities of the mind. And the daily limits of this wearying occupation have been so fearfully extended as to allow no time for the development of the noblest faculties—no time for the culture of the humanising influences of the affections. From the counter to the bed—from the bed to the counter—week-beginning to week-ending—would seem, to one capable of conceiving the monotonous character of such a life, anything but that training which a human being should receive. Calculated as such a system must be to induce the feeble frame—the vapid intellect—to do its frightful part in the extinction of life and reason, still more must it be condemned, because it can only foster the desire for sensual enjoyment in its unhappy victims; because its natural tendency must be to leave them, during the brief intervals of leisure allowed, in a condition only to appreciate the excitement arising from pernicious and debasing pleasures. We say it is too generally the case as we have stated it, the exceptions are numerically perhaps many, but still in the aggregate sadly too few. To a system of 'late hours' in business are to be attributed consequences that a benevolent, a rightly-constituted mind must shudder at, while contemplating. Owing to it, and to it alone, thousands of young men are absolutely denied the time in which to become virtuous. Such effects follow from a known, a too palpably demoralising cause. The degeneration that it alone can produce is attested by the daily observation of every one. And now the evil has found itself a voice, and begins to utter loudly the necessity, as well as the justice of ensuring its destruction, it becomes the duty of any, who by talent or position can effect any influence upon the subject, to exert themselves at the present juncture.

THE LARK.

[A Bohemian Ballad. Translated by EDWARD KENEALY.]

A gentle maid is weeding hemp
In her master's fields: she cries;
And a singing lark inquires
Why the tears are in her eyes.

Little kindly-hearted lark,
Well may I weep all the day;
They have borne my own dear love
To the mountain tower away.

Had I but a pen I'd write
To my love a letter fair;
Thou dear little kindly lark,
On thy wings the note would'st bear.

But I have not ink nor pen,
Note of love I cannot send;
Little lark, fly, sing and tell
All I suffer to my friend.

[The foregoing is quoted from the April number of the *Dublin University Magazine*. We trust to be excused for adding a few stanzas which do not occur in the Bohemian original, nor singularly enough, in Mr. Kenealy's translation.]

When the lark thus heard her speak,
He, with wish her woes to still,
To his wing applied his beak,
And drew out the largest quill.

Then a blue-bell flower he chose,
And a rose leaf pure and white;
And he gave her all of those,
So that she her love might write.

When he brought her, for her use,
Things so fit to form a note,
She her pen in blue-bell juice
Dipped, and on the rose leaf wrote.

Wrote a letter full of grief,
Framed into a lovely sonnet;
Gently twisted up the leaf,
And for seals dropped kisses on it.

And with many a grateful word,
(Grateful words were well his due),
Then she gave it to the bird,
And into the tower he flew.

Took it to her love who there
Pined within a prison cell;
And it soothed his lone despair,
Telling that she loved him well.

Oft and oft he kissed the boon;
Thanked the bird with all his heart;
And he wrote an answer soon,
Full of love in every part.

Sent it to the maid, who, nigh
Mad with joy, made this remark,
As she read it o'er—"Oh my!
Isn't this a precious lark!"

T. H. SEALY, in *Great Western Advertiser*.

Coals.—We learn from Stow, that in the time of Edward I, the nobility and gentry, who resorted to London, made a remonstrance to the king against what they called "the sore annoysance and danger of contagion growing by reason of the stench of burning sea-cole."

PIQUILLO ALLIAGA;

OR,

THE MOORS IN THE TIME OF PHILIP III.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

From the French of M. Eugene Scribe.]

CHAPTER VI.—THE BANDIT'S INN.

"And so," said the captain, who with his comrades had paid earnest attention to the gossiping story of the barber's; "and so, sir, you mean to establish yourself at Madrid with the capital mentioned. Permit me to drink a bumper to your success. Your health, sir, and that of your niece."

"My niece," replied the barber, "don't drink wine, but that matters little, for I can drink for two. Fill your glasses to the brim, gentlemen," continued the little man, gaily; "here's to your health, landlord, and to yours also, gentlemen." The barber then tossed off his tumbler, and smacking his lips, exclaimed, "This is nectar indeed! I, who prided myself on knowing the qualities of every wine, must confess that I am puzzled in this instance. Is it from the vineyards of Spain?"

"No," replied the captain, "you are out in your sorcery this time, that wine is the vintage of France."

"Indeed!" stammered the barber, with evident vexation at the want of judgment he had betrayed. "Well, that is strange, I who seldom err in the opinions I express."

"Is it so, really?" chimed in the captain and his comrades.

"I assure you," continued the barber, elated with the wine, and speaking like an oracle, "I assure you there is scarcely a single thing that I have foretold, which has not come to pass in the end. I predicted that evil would befal my neighbour Truxillo, when he got married to a pretty woman—and I was right, sure enough! One morning I predicted that the corregidor Calzado would receive some personal injury, and in the evening they brought him home with a broken arm."

"That's very true, uncle," timidly interrupted the little Juanita, "but you omit to mention that you saw him in the morning pass your door, mounted on a vicious mule."

"What matters that?" rejoined the barber; "are there not multitudes of vicious mules in the world? Isn't the mule that we ourselves drove, a vicious mule? and yet my arm is not broken! And again, look you," continued the little man, merrily filling his glass; but here the captain interrupted him, by exclaiming—

"By St. James I will put your skill to the test!—Tell me my fortune!"

"With pleasure," responded the barber; "give me your hand."

"Here you have it."

After examining it very attentively, the prophet of Pampeluna exclaimed—"Confound it! that French wine of yours has certainly obscured my organs of vision. Either I am wrong in my science, else do I read on that hand of yours something so preposterously strange and contradictory, that I barely like revealing what I read."

"Never mind, let's have it, whatever it is," said the captain.

"It won't frighten you?" asked the barber.

"Nothing on earth can frighten me," replied the bandit.

"Well, then," continued the barber, in a hesitating tone, "one line on your hand clearly proclaims that you will be burnt to death, and again another unequivocally shows that you will be hanged! However, as one line manifestly contradicts the other, you needn't be alarmed for the result. It is obvious that you can't die two deaths, and, therefore, my prediction is at fault." And here the barber laughed outright at his own wit. But the barber was the only one who laughed, the captain's comrades knowing full well that one portion of the prophecy was extremely likely to be fulfilled. The captain was the only one unmoved by this hap-hazard augury of the barber's, and filling a fresh glass, asked him if, in his prophetic wisdom, he could not foretell his own destiny.

"As for that," said the philosophic barber, "the contemplation of the future has never disturbed my slumbers. I can tell you now, gentlemen, without the aid of sorcery, what will befal me to-night and to-morrow!"

Piquillo trembled, and the captain turned pale, but, collecting himself almost immediately, solicited Gongarello to proceed with his prediction.

"Where," said he, "is it that you read your own destiny for to-night and the morrow?"

"By Jupiter!" answered the philosopher, "I read it, sir landlord, in that physiognomy of yours. I perceive there that, in highly exemplary company, I have made an excellent dinner, and have swallowed choice wine pretty profusely. In these 'great facts,' however, there is nothing particularly uncomfortable; but I look to the sequel, sir—yes, it is the sequel that makes me feel monstrous uneasy."

The captain's hot blood got chilled by this remark.

"Yes," continued the barber, "it is the expression of your face that disturbs my equanimity. I can read there as plain as a pikestaff, that you are a merry and yet a calculating man. You reckon on making me pay heavily for my whistle to-night, for this splendid entertainment. But look you, Mr. Landlord, I tell you candidly be-

forehand, I am not to be hoccussed." And here again the barber laughed at his own sagacity, whilst the captain, for the first time in his life, turned pale, and the cold sweat absolutely trickled down his brow. "Ah, sir," added the barber, "that face of yours betrays care and fatigue. Doubtless we have kept you up too late to-night, and we should all be the better for a little repose. Let us go to bed."

"Well, to be candid with you, sir," said the captain, "I am quite of your opinion;" and then, turning to poor Piquillo, who stood behind him in agonised suspense, he added—"Piquillo, go and prepare for this gentleman and his niece the damask chamber, and hasten back to conduct them thither."

Piquillo took the captain's dark lantern, and went on his errand. But scarcely had he left the room before he stopped in utter despair, hesitating what course to pursue in this sad emergency. At the risk of his life he determined, if possible, to save Juanita from the fate that awaited her. But how was he to accomplish it? To what source could he fly for succour? The young girl and her uncle, unconscious of their imminent danger, had no other defender, no other guardian but a boy! Alone, too, against a host of bandits, and with only a few fleeting moments to arrange his thoughts and plans. Gathering up his energies he ascended the steps leading to the fatal room. It was on the first flight, and the door faced a long and narrow passage. In arranging the chamber for the reception of the guests, he sought, but unsuccessfully, for some clue to the danger with which he felt convinced it was fraught. In his agitation he upset the light, which, without getting extinguished, rolled on the floor. On stooping to pick it up, and blundering about, partly in the dark, he thought he felt a sort of groove in the planks surrounding the bed. He applied the lantern to it, and there sure enough he beheld a kind of trap-door encircling each of the beds in the room. Nor was the groove skilfully dove-tailed, for a current of air came cutting through the orifice. Here, thought he, lies somehow the hidden secret. He felt assured that if Juanita and her uncle once entered that fatal chamber, they would never leave it alive. And that which added not a little to his misery, was the reflection that he was the chosen guide to lead them to this horrible destruction.

"Never, never," he mentally exclaimed, as the terrible idea crossed his fevered brain. He rushed from the room, frantic with these reflections, and passed into the narrow passage with despair. But what was his dismay, when by the glimmering light of the lantern he discovered at the farther end of the passage, the lieutenant Carlo, who, coming from the upper-story of the inn, with a poniard in his hand, closed the door of the passage, thus cutting off all hope of retreat. The lieutenant had seen him enter the passage, and poor Piquillo had no weapon whatever to defend himself withal, not even the handy knife which had proved so serviceable to him on a former occasion. He felt his hair stand on end, and, in the fall bitterness of his anguish, he bore in mind that his own death would inevitably involve the destruction of Juanita, his early benefactress. Moreover, he knew right well that he had no quarter to expect at the hands of his savage adversary; nor, indeed, did it ever occur to him to beseech his pity. Instinctively, however, he closed the lantern, and instantly all was in utter darkness. Carlo advanced towards him, and Piquillo, shrinking close against the wall, calculated by the noise occasioned by his footsteps, the proximity of his opponent. He fancied he almost felt the cold blade of the dagger. The lieutenant all but touched him, and Piquillo trembled at the very sound of his voice.

"That little rascal Piquillo," he muttered, "was here, I am certain. But he wasn't alone, I think. There were two. Yes, certainly, there were two. I, who thought I should have only one to despatch—but never mind, the more the merrier."

The bold lieutenant, be it said *en passant*, was in that amiable condition in which folks see double. He could scarcely speak, and lurched like a ship, knocking himself against the sides of the passage. It was evident that the convalescent had quite forgotten his homily, touching the virtues of moderation in wine. At length, stumbling against Piquillo, he seized him by the shoulder, and his affrighted victim gave himself up for lost. At this ticklish crisis he heard the dagger drop, which the lieutenant had held loosely in his hand. Piquillo picked it up, but not with the intention of using it murderously. After a brief pause, the lieutenant hallooed out, in a maudlin voice—"Halloo, there! is Piquillo down below?"

"He is," replied Piquillo, in a feigned tone.

"Well, then, hark you, comrade, be so good as to send him up to me in my room?"

"Yes," answered Piquillo; "but you are *not* in your room."

"Egad," added Carlo, pottering about in the dark, "I believe you are right. In that case, my friend, just show me the way to it, like a good chap; for hang me if these walls here don't seem to me to be perpe-

tually turning round and round, with my room into the bargain."

"See, here is your room," said Piquillo, shoving the lieutenant into the door hard by, which led to the fatal chamber. Carlo, stumbling in the dark, rolled up against the bed and threw himself on it, mumbling —"Confound the thing—it is very strange. My bed used to be on the other side of the room, but hang me if every thing don't seem to have turned topsy-turvy to-day."

Piquillo listened attentively till the lieutenant fell asleep. Now, thought he, this is my only chance of serving them. Having locked the lieutenant in, he went boldly back to the dining-hall, where the captain awaited his return impatiently.

"Well, sir?" said the captain, inquiringly.

"Sir," rejoined Piquillo, "the room is prepared for the guests, and I am ready to conduct them to it."

"That's all right," exclaimed the barber; "we are quite at your service."

And forthwith he took possession of his chest, and Piquillo, pale and immovable, betrayed the anxiety he felt. The captain perceived his consternation and approached him. Piquillo thought his last hope had vanished; but instead of the brutal manner in which he was usually accosted, the captain addressed him mildly, and in an under tone.

"Oh, oh! you see through it, at last, then? That is right; but on the next occasion it would be as well for you to pluck up more courage. However, for the first attempt it is not so bad after all."

"We are ready to go, my young friend," said the barber. "Good night, gentlemen. We will settle the account to-morrow, landlord."

"To-morrow," replied the captain, gravely, "all accounts will be settled. Your room is ready—good night. For my own part I must sit up yet awhile to attend upon these gentlemen over their wine." He shook hands with his guests, and then said to Piquillo, "Show them their room, and go to bed—I will attend to the rest."

Piquillo guided them up to the steps, but was ascending so fast that the barber called out to him not to be in a hurry.

"What's the matter?" cried the captain, opening the door of the dining-room.

On hearing his voice, Piquillo paused and answered, explaining the cause of the barber's exclamation.

"Is that all?" rejoined the captain, once more closing the door.

Piquillo breathed once more on hearing the door shut, but on reaching the room in which he had deposited the drunken lieutenant, he could not help pausing to take breath.

"Is this the room?" said the barber.

"Oh, no!" replied Piquillo, endeavouring to hide his emotions, and ascending the second flight of steps.

The barber and his niece were somewhat startled by the strange conduct of their guide. At length they reached the garret where Piquillo slept. He begged them to enter, and after shutting the door, he checked the barber, who was about to address him.

"Silence!" said he; "silence, or you are a lost man!"

On hearing this, the barber's gaiety instantly forsook him.

"Lost! lost!" he cried; nor could he utter a word beyond these distracting monosyllables.

"Juanita," exclaimed Piquillo, "do you not recollect me?"

"No," replied the girl, gazing attentively at him.

"Have you forgotten the two poor little beggars you saved from hunger about two years back?"

"What! Pedralvi's friend?" inquired the girl, blushing deeply.

"Yes. Pedralvi — my friend—my old companion. What has become of him?"

"Since the period of which you speak, he remained with us at the Golden Sun, and wept bitterly when I left, predicting—alas! too truly—that harm would befall us."

"No; never as long as I am by your side. Listen to me."

And forthwith he made them acquainted with the kind of inn they were inhabiting —what was the captain's calling, and their chances of escape.

"They are by this time all gone to bed," said he, "and will sleep for an hour or so. The captain will then, in all likelihood, descend into the cellar. Then will be the time for us, also, to quit this horrible dwelling. How we are to accomplish this, I must confess I don't exactly perceive at present, but be quiet here while I keep watch."

He then left the barber and his niece, more dead than alive, and descending a few steps, lay in a recumbent position, eagerly listening to ascertain the movements below. Some considerable time elapsed before he heard the bandits betake themselves severally to their rooms. He then descended to the ground-floor, and listened again. Presently he heard a door inside the dining-hall opened. Entering the room stealthily, he saw the captain going down into the cave, and leaving the door of it wide open. Piquillo double-barred it, locking the captain in. Having secured the bunch of keys that hung to the door, he hurried back to the garret where he had left his friends.

"Now," said he, "we have not a moment

to lose—follow me. Doubtless among these keys we shall find one that will open the gate that leads into the wood. Failing that, it is all over with us."

"Saving," said Juanita, "to commit ourselves to Heaven."

As for the barber, he was speechless.

"What shall we do," cried the young girl, "about our cart and mule?"

"You must think no more of such things," rejoined Piquillo. "It will be as much as we can do to save ourselves. We shall have to wander about the wood all night; and, perhaps, in the morning, we may find some refuge and protection."

"Ah! you are our protector," exclaimed Juanita, throwing her arms round Piquillo's neck.

"This is not the time," added he, "for thanksgiving. As yet, I have done nothing for you; pray hasten, and follow me."

"Oh, yes," replied Juanita, "let us hurry away. Our time is short, indeed; and you, uncle, lie there, heedless of our impending fate."

Gongarello would willingly have acted promptly on this timely summons, but that was out of his power. He hung down his head and closed his eyes. Urged by fear, he would gladly have aroused himself; but his legs refused their office, and heavy sleep overcame him. At length, after struggling for a while against its influence, and exhausted with the effort, he fell flat upon the bundles of straw, and was instantly —to the horror and surprise of his companions — fast asleep! All their efforts were in vain to awake him from this strange slumber. He blubbered forth a few incomprehensible words—that was all.

"Ah!" said Piquillo, "it is that wine that has done it—that wine of French vintage, as it was called! In order to run no risk, to render their victim powerless, they have, no doubt, drugged it."

"I see—I see it now," exclaimed the frightened Juanita; "what will become of us?"

"Even if we tried," said Piquillo, "it would be impossible for both our united strength to lift that heavy weight of your uncle. All now left for me to do is to secure your safety—you, my dear benefactress. Haste—haste then, and follow me. Already have we lost too much of our too precious time!"

"No!" emphatically rejoined the maiden; "whatever may happen, I will never desert my uncle."

"And as for myself," replied Piquillo, "whatever peril befalls us, I will never desert you; we will die together."

And thereupon he seated himself by her side on the straw; and Juanita, crossing her arms over her breast, began muttering certain words, incomprehensible to her young companion.

"What *are* you saying?" asked Piquillo.

"I am beseeching succour of the God of my Fathers—the God of Mahomet; for my uncle, myself, and Pedralvi, are descended from the Moors of Grenada."

"And I, also!" chimed in Piquillo, joyously. "The bandits told me so when they discovered some Arabic hieroglyphics marked on my arm."

"It is well," earnestly added the girl; "child of the forsaken thou shalt die with thy brethren!"

"It is a better destiny," said he, "than to live alone, uncared for in this world!"

At this crisis a great uproar was heard in the house. Down in the cellar a desperate struggle had commenced between the captain and lieutenant, the latter, although in a state of inebriety, was aroused from his lethargy by the descent of his bed; and although he barely knew where he was going, he had an impression that he was being murdered. Immediately on alighting he leapt from his bed, and flew at the throat of his supposed assailant, who, anticipating no resistance whatever, was thrown by his adversary, and in the fall the light got extinguished. The two combatants rolled on the floor, and as their physical strength was pretty equal, the tussle for mastery was fierce in the extreme, the more so that Piquillo had robbed the lieutenant of his poniard, and the captain's pistol had fallen from his side in the commencement of the conflict. The terrible uproar below awoke the bandits above.

"Help! help!" exclaimed Carnego; "the alguazils have, no doubt, got into the house, and are attacking the captain. Burst open the door, my fine fellows!"

Some armed with pick-axes, and others with implements ready at hand, vigorously went to work, and the noise they thus created was that which reached the two captives in the garret; for, as for the third, he was incapable of hearing anything.

"We have no hope left," said Piquillo, leaning over the staircase; "all the brigands are up rioting about the house, and if they come in this direction we can have no escape."

He gazed at Juanita vacantly, and the poor girl, overcome with fear, exclaimed, appealing to Piquillo, "Oh, save me! save me!" and then looking to her uncle, she added, "Fool that I am to dream of it—I see it is impossible."

"No, no," cried Piquillo, struck with a sudden happy thought.

The garret in which they were ensconced had but one window looking upon the forest; Piquillo pushed open the shutter, and, by the rays of the sun, Juanita saw the tops of the trees waving in the wind.

"You perceive," said her young companion, "we have but one source of escape."

"I see," said the girl, approaching the window. "Thank Heaven the height is immense, and if they persecute us here, we have the alternative of throwing ourselves into the abyss below."

"No, no," replied Piquillo, "there is no occasion for that, but we may escape by descending that same abyss."

"And what is to become of my uncle?" asked the girl.

"I will undertake also to save him," was the reply.

"But how?"

"See," said he, pointing to the rope and pulley with which the bandits were in the habit of hoisting the hay and straw into the garret. "If," added he, "you are not afraid to make the attempt, and will trust yourself to me—"

"I will—I will," boldly interrupted the girl.

Immediately on hearing this courageous remark he passed a slip-knot round her person, and commenced lowering her gently, previously cautioning her to shut her eyes, and on her safe arrival on *terra firma* to intimate to him the fact by jerking the rope. Presently she disappeared in the darkness, and then, after a while, the weight was released, and he pulled up the rope easily. Now was it the barber's turn to undergo the same operation. He was awakened with difficulty, but without intimating to him the perilous journey he had to perform, Piquillo launched him in the same way he had adopted with his niece, holding with difficulty the awkward weight he had now to manage. In due time he felt a heavy bump, assuring him of the safe descent of his charge, and the rope, releasd by Juanita, once more ascended. Piquillo securely fastened one end of it to a beam in the garret, and boldly ventured out, sliding down it.

"Are you there?" he asked, on his arrival, in a low voice.

"Yes, brave young man," said Gongarello, who spoke much more distinctly than Piquillo had reason to expect. But the fact was, a lucky incident had greatly revived the barber.

"I can never," said he, "forget the substantial services you have rendered me, my young friend."

"Silence," answered Piquillo, checking the exuberance of his gratitude, and reminding him that although they were out of the inn, they were still within reach of their relentless enemies. The day was about to dawn, and their wisest course would be to penetrate as deep as they could, during the darkness, into the heart of the forest. The barber readily acquiesced in all these prudent projects, and it was evident that with the return of his reasoning faculties, he was again paralyzed with fear. A fearful altercation in the house added not a little to the apprehensions of the fugitives. Without the slightest knowledge of the locality, they entered the dense forest, and walked for a full hour straight before them. At the expiration of that time the barber declared he could proceed no farther. His legs gave way under him, and again he was overpowered by sleep.

"What! again?" exclaimed Piquillo despairingly.

The barber made no answer, but prostrating himself on the moss, and closing his eyes, fell into a disturbed sleep. Piquillo in vain attempted to arouse him from this untimely fit of lethargy, and while he was so occupied, Juanita exclaimed, clasping Piquillo by the hand—

"Listen, listen—do you not hear that noise? It must be those dreadful people in pursuit of us!"

Piquillo listened attentively, and heard the clanging of horses' hoofs. "Yes," he added, "it is them, no doubt."

"And galloping this way too!" exclaimed the terrified girl.

FEMALE INFLUENCE.

The influence of women on man is all powerful, for better or for worse. Whether it become an antagonist or a helper, depends as much on the manner in which it is used, as it does on the nature of the influence itself. It must not merely be virtuous, but it must be exercised virtuously (as becometh the female character), gently and indirectly, for its very essence is mannerism. Its very nature and power (which God has implanted) is *winning* not *controling*; immediately it aims at the being *direct*, it becomes an usurper, instead of an ally; but the energetic and mistaken woman may well wonder why her influence is not so agreeable and useful to the sovereign she herself dethrones, as in the mild, friendly, and genial sway, the less intellectual but more gentle possesses over her lord. This arises from the relative position of man and wife, which can admit of no other influence than that which nature has constituted, and revelation sanctioned; and punished in the consequences will be that woman who forms any austere and mistaken notions of duty, or from natural disposition, attempts to exercise an influence incompatible with her position as a wife, and her nature as a woman. The experience of all must have led them to observe among their acquaintances the pernicious effects of the one kind of influence,

and the joyful consequences of the other. Mr. R. and Mr. S. were both young men of promising talent, pleasing manners, and good temper; they both possessed sufficient energy, and modest confidence, to battle with the difficulties of life, and they were both about equally looked up to by their companions as possessing sound opinions, and clear judgments. In short, they were both in the path to virtuous fame. But they married, and mark the difference of their fate. Their wives were both intellectual women, but how different were their dispositions and manners, and how widely different has been their influence on their husbands. Mr. R. retains all the activity and energy of his youth: his face beams with happiness and hope; his heart is light, and his temper unruffled. His commercial enterprises are brilliant with success, for his resolves are never weakened, his intentions never thwarted, his hopes never dampened by opposition at his own fireside. His debates in the Senate (to which he has risen) are marked by nobleness of conception, by firmness of purpose, by benevolence of intention, by happy expectations, which bespeak the genial atmosphere in which he lives. The fact is, his home is peace and concord; he never hears there the language of opposition, but only of suggestion; the tone of rebuke and insinuation never ruffles his spirits, and he leaves his house to enter the world of commerce, or the hall of legislation, with all the kindly feelings which the encouragement and confidence and cooperation of a gentle and confiding wife are so eminently calculated to inspire. But how is it now with the equally sensible and deserving Mr. S.? Alas, how despirited he seems! How lost at times in abstraction! With what hesitation he now acts and speaks. How careful, and almost fearful, he is, lest what he says should be opposed. How seldom now are we benefited by anything from his pen. How seldom invited to hear his once cheerful and instructed converse at his own fire-side. How lethargic in business; how fearful of action; and how infirm of purpose; how unsettled and unhappy; and yet this man is still in himself as wise, and amiable, and courageous, and talented as ever; but his wife assumes a direct influence. She unintentionally prostrates him, by vainly endeavouring to raise herself. Her constant opposition to his views creates in him a fear of advancing his own. The contentions that occasionally arise irritate his feelings. He perceives how lightly she estimates him by her constant dissent from his judgment. His spirits are depressed—his pride wounded—his heart made sad. His love holds contest with his judgment, and as a man (a moral, independent, noble man) he sinks. His wife, in foolishly endeavouring to "make him" (him who was already so nobly made) has undone him.

Reviews.

History of Civilisation. By William Alexander Mackinnon, M.P., F.R.S. 2 vols. [Longman and Co.]

It is with much pleasure we have observed the numerous works of great value and research which have within these last few years issued from the press, and among these we may justly reckon the volumes now before us, which are as full of learning as they are of amusing instruction. The work was conceived and has been carried out in a very good spirit, and reflects the highest credit on the author's taste and judgment. Not that we entirely concur with all Mr. Mackinnon's conclusions; far from it, as we will endeavour to show in the course of this notice. We shall follow as nearly as possible the plan of the work, which commences with the state of civilisation among the ancients, then takes a survey of English history from William the Conqueror to the present day, and in the third part contains an outline of the course of events among foreign nations. In a very ably-written introduction Mr. Mackinnon has given us his theory of civilisation and public opinion, and has brought it before the minds of his readers with great precision and clearness; and, contrary to the general practice, he has not tired us with unnecessary disquisitions, but in his short and concise introduction has fully proved his theory of civilisation and public opinion, of the different classes of society, giving to the middle its just position, and also of government. With regard to the state of civilisation among the ancients we do not concur with Mr. Mackinnon's opinions; we consider that he rates it as far below the true point as others rise above it. Our author has a very mean opinion of the civilisation of the Egyptians, in which he is perhaps correct, but we cannot agree with him in placing the Greeks at all on a par with the Egyptians. There was no doubt much ignorance, much depravity, and much superstition among the Hellenics, but there was also much to be admired, much heroism, and we will venture to add, much civilisation and gentlemanly feeling. We admire the spirit in which Mr. Mackinnon has written his account and promulgated his theories, but we fear he has been led away by his just detestation of their faults to forget their virtues. Let us consider the Athenians; they were the best of the Greeks. What do we find among them? Cruelty? Certainly

we discover that vice; and do we not find it among the most polished and civilised of modern nations?' and were there not also found, as at present, numerous instances of the greatest magnanimity? Among the Athenians infanticide was no more prevalent than among ourselves; their women held their proper position in society; their children were carefully educated; and their slaves (for they had slaves) were treated so well that, as Xenophon says, "the Athenians erred on the side of humanity;" their commerce and manufactures were extensive. With this Mr. Mackinnon does not agree, but let him consider the numerous Athenian vessels that annually sailed from the Piræus to Spain, to Gaul, to Italy, to Carthage, to Egypt, to Asia Minor, and sometimes even to Britain, besides the numerous coasting voyages to the different neighbouring states. With Mr. Mackinnon's strictures on the cruelties of the Lacedemonians and the other Greeks we cordially concur. We have been induced to make the above observations concerning the author's opinions of the Athenians, in the hope that in a future edition they may be modified, and we do not make them with the view of merely indulging in censure; but as what we have said are our opinions we have freely uttered them. Mr. Mackinnon has shown much ability in the arrangement of his present work, and has treated his subject with great ingenuity. He appears to have devoted much time and labour to the completion of these volumes, which reflect the highest credit on his talent and industry. They contain a great variety of useful information; and gentlemen who are desirous of acquiring a better knowledge of the progress of civilisation will do well carefully to study Mr. Mackinnon's elaborate work. We can also recommend it to parents as a proper book to place in the hands of their sons who are about to enter into public life. It does not contain, that we are aware of, a single sentence which could be objected to, but every subject is treated with a delicacy that, were it followed, would very much improve the writings of many contemporary authors, particularly among our neighbours. Our strictures on the second part of the work will appear in another number. Before concluding, we would offer a few remarks on the chapter on the History of Rome. By devoting so small a space to the ancients, it is clear that it was Mr. Mackinnon's intention to enlarge on the more important and interesting subject, namely, the progress of civilization in England. Mr. Mackinnon has forcibly illustrated his views with respect to the Romans; he has shown how, by the progress of extravagance and luxury, by the consequent depravity and distaste for all that was virtuous, and by the neglect of the fine arts and literature, the masters of the world sunk to such a miserable and insignificant condition, that they were kept in awe and tyrannised over by a band of licentious and subsequently undisciplined soldiers, and to be governed by some of the worst wretches that ever disgraced humanity. The Romans were in general devoid of good feeling, or they could not have enjoyed, or even suffered those disgusting exhibitions in the amphitheatre, where animals destroyed each other, or where men were exposed to the desperate assault of half famished lions, and where man was placed to combat with his fellow man, for the enjoyment of a brutal nobility and populace, and, subsequently, for an equally savage emperor, court, and slaves, for they were no longer *men* during the reign of the Cæsars. We do not of course mean to insinuate that all the Romans were bad; on the contrary, every reader of Roman history must be persuaded of the contrary; for there were numerous instances, indeed numberless instances, of the most exalted patriotism, of a love of virtue, and of a hatred of everything that was vicious. With these remarks we conclude our present notice, and we shall feel great pleasure in returning to the second part, on the progress of civilisation in England, leaving for a future occasion, our observations on the third division of this highly interesting and valuable work.

The Wigwam and the Cabin (second series): By W. G. Simms.

[Wiley and Putnam, London.]

This is a very curious and interesting volume of tales told with rough vigour, very characteristic of the subject. The first, "The Giant's Coffin, or the Feud of Holt and Houston," is a genuine border narrative with all the terrible features which belong to such tales. "Sergeant Barnacle, or the Raftsman of the Edisto," is perhaps as terrible a story as any we ever read. It is painful in the extreme. In the first we have the fate of a brutal husband pictured with startling fidelity—in the second, the awful retribution of God by the hand of man upon a seducer. It is like a nightmare, but it is good. "Which is the Madman," "The Lazy Crow," and "Lucas de Ayllon," are clever, but "Caloya, or the Loves of the Driver," is a gem. We never read a better told story, though it has faults referred to by the author himself.

"I have but a single word to deliver in regard to this little volume. I am conscious—in one at least of the stories in the ensuing collection—that entitled 'Caloya, or the Loves of the Driver,'—of a certain Flemish freedom of touch which, in the

minds of very fastidious persons, may subject me to a certain degree of censure. The materials are coarse in character, delineating the negro slave in his moments of excess, and the Indian in his condition of deepest degradation. It has not been without a purpose that I have so designed it, since I am free to believe that I have succeeded in showing how happily virtue can be seen to triumph even in the worst estates, and with what loveliness of aspect purity can make her progress, like the Lady in Milton's Comus, even through the foul rabble of lewd spirits that hang about her path. I flatter myself that, in this little story, I have wrought out the most healthful and encouraging results of virtue, even from an atmosphere wholly vicious and impure; and that the Indian woman, Cullaya, is, in moral respects, such a being as might serve for the model of the purest lady in the land.

Maize or Indian Corn, its Advantages. By John S. Bartlett, M.D.

[Wiley and Putnam, London.]

Nothing but extreme ignorance and the force of those unwholesome prejudices which militate against everything new, can prevent this article of food from becoming universal. For cheapness and nutritious qualities it has no equal. If the bakers will not keep it, let some adventurous individuals start Indian corn-meal depôts, they will soon be remunerated. The present pamphlet is admirably adapted to encourage the use of this article. It should be read by every house keeper. Its recipes for griddle cakes, egg pone, Indian meal breakfast cakes, Indian muffins, corn bread, artificial oysters, baked Indian pudding, corn pudding, ash cake, corn dodgers, shovey, slappeys, mush, &c., have literally made our editorial mouth water with the recollection of the day when we fed on such luxuries. This pamphlet should be in every body's hands.

The Drama.

Her Majesty's Theatre. — Verdi's "I Lombardi." — While we must deplore, in common with the musical world at large, the calamity which deprives us of the graceful productions of Donizetti, it is gratifying to find a young and ardent mind, full of fresh impulses and eager aspirations, ready to supply his place. All admit that the compositions of Verdi possess great variety and sweetness, with infinitely more vigour and dramatic expression than Donizetti ever threw into his works. Two operas by Verdi, *Ernani* and *Nino*, have already been brought before an English audience with marked success; and on last Tuesday evening, his grand lyric drama of *I Lombardi*, produced originally at Milan in the year 1843, was played for the first time at Her Majesty's Theatre, to a brilliant and fashionable audience. The opera of *I Lombardi* is that upon which the fame of Verdi principally rests on the continent, and which must ever sustain its pre-eminence as a work of extraordinary musical talent. The subject is taken from a tale of that period, so rich in legends of love, war, and romance — the time of the first crusades. Grisi's great scene was a magnificent triumph of dramatic and lyric art, as, standing like an ancient Pythoness—her form dilated to more than mortal beauty and grandeur by the passion that shook her soul—she mingled with the eloquent anguish of the fond woman the prophetic anathemas of the inspired priestess. The only drawback to the performance was the indisposition of Fornasari, who, in consequence, was obliged to omit some of the music of his part. The merits of *I Lombardi* have thus been fully acknowledged, and the favourable opinion of the continental critics completely established by the verdict of the English public. We must not omit a striking and novel feature in the beauty and magnificence of the scenery and costume of this opera. Hitherto these accessories engaged little attention in Her Majesty's Theatre; the music was the grand object upon which all the care and expense of the management was wont to be bestowed; but we see no rational reason why the interest of a serious opera, as well as of a tragedy, should not be heightened by appropriate scenery. Surely there exists a congenial feeling between the sister arts, which would make the chorus of music sink more deeply into the heart when aided by the power of the pencil. We refer, then, with pleasure to the singularly beautiful scenery by Charles Marshall, which shared with the opera the admiration and applause of the audience. The moonlight view of the cloisters and church of St. Ambrose, the hall in the palace of Acciano, at Antioch, with its light and graceful Saracenic architecture, and the different views of Jerusalem and places in the vicinity of the Holy City, especially called forth the plaudits of the spectators. The costumes and stage appointments were also in the highest degree splendid and appropriate.

Haymarket. — A piece disgraceful to the English stage was produced here last Saturday, entitled *Peter Piper*. The *Morning Chronicle* gave it its quietus. We are surprised that so judicious a manager as Webster should have been thus taken in.

Adelphi.—Wright is uproarious as usual, and Celeste celestial. Crowded houses every night proclaim their popularity.

Princess's.—On Monday last Macready

played Macbeth to a suffocating house. How is this? We understood a new play, by the author of *Earl Gowrie*, was to be produced.

Olympic.—A very praiseworthy attempt at reviving the legitimate drama is meeting with deserved support. Miss Cooper has shown talents above the general opinion entertained of her; a little less of affectation, and she would be very pleasing. Mr. Bolton's efforts we shall notice next week.

The Gatherer.

Study.—Beside a library, how poor are all the other greatest deeds of man—his constitution, brigade factory, man of war, cathedral—how poor are all miracles in comparison! Look at that wall of motley calf skin, open those slips of inked rags—who would fancy them as valuable as the rows of stamped cloth in a warehouse? Yet, Aladdin's lamp was a child's kaleidescope in comparison. There the thoughts and deeds of the most efficient men during three thousand years are accumulated, and every one who will learn a few conventional signs—twenty-four (magic) letters—can pass at pleasure from Plato to Napoleon, from the Argonauts to the Affghans, from the woven mathematics of La Place to the mythology of Egypt, and the lyrics of Burns.—*Davis's Essays.*

Marylebone Institution.—The second lecture on Texas was delivered by Mr. Percy St. John at this place on Monday, May 11. It was listened to by his audience with much pleasure on account of the animation which characterised it. The information concerning the scenery, habits, and peculiar manners of the inhabitants was of an exceedingly interesting nature; and the lecturer introduced, as illustrations of his various descriptions, anecdotes of a highly amusing and original nature. When Mr. Percy St. John shall have corrected a few faults of delivery, he bids fair to become a popular lecturer.—*Sunday Times.*

The Fair Sex.—A vast improvement in the situation of the female sex since the advance of civilisation is apparent. In our days, the education of woman makes her the companion of man, not his slave; she participates in his domestic comforts, instead of being his menial drudge. As partner of his life, she shares in his joys and sorrows, affords him advice in trouble, solace in adversity, and adds to his pride and pleasure in the halcyon days of his fortune. Whilst man is occupied in his pursuits either physical or mental, his wife overlooks his domestic affairs, and educates her children. Whether as maid, wife, or widow, in whatever circle she may move, she has influence in that proportion; as civilisation extends, so does it increase her power, and secure dignity and high bearing of her nature.—*Mackinnon's Civilisation.*

New Newspaper Era.—The *Daily News* will, on June 1, appear before the public at half its present price, thus offering for a moderate subscription, all the advantages of a carefully edited and complete daily paper. We are glad of this. In America and France, morning and evening journals abound not only in the various metropoli, but even in subordinate towns, from the mere fact that they are cheap. The example will now be set here, a new era in price will have been started, and we cordially hope, for the sake of the community, that the experiment will be entirely successful. Instead of borrowing a man may now buy and preserve a daily paper for himself. We have no doubt, the day will come, when all the public journals will obey the general cry for cheap intellectual food, and to be able to give this, they must agitate for a halfpenny, aye, for a farthing stamp. It is the mere trifle paid to government, which enables a daily paper, like the *Siecle*, to be received in this country, even, for forty shillings a year.

Importance of a Comma.—A curious incident took place at Walsall a few days ago. A public announcement was made, by handbill, that the new organ would be opened, by Bishop, of London. At the day appointed great crowds of persons from the country attended to witness the performance, but they returned much disappointed, having expected to see the "Bishop of London" play the organ.

Extraordinary Phenomenon.—An extraordinary phenomenon took place on the 13th ultimo, at Karoly, in Hungary. Mount Mormentsee, about 1,800 feet high, situated at the entrance of the defile of Borsoe, suddenly split in two, and stopped up the course of the river running through the hollow. The whole country above the place where the earth fell was immediately flooded.

Spinsters.—Among our industrious and frugal fore-fathers, it was a maxim that a young woman should never be married until she had spun herself a set of body, table, and bed-linen. From this custom all unmarried women were termed *spinsters*; an appellation they still retain in all law proceedings.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Books received for Review:—Mackinnon's History of Civilisation; Wigwam and Cabin, by Simms; Indian Corn, by Bartlett; Blackgown Papers, by Mariotti; Mysteries of Tobacco, by Lane; Alps and Rhine, by Headly; Pilgrim of Jungfrau, by Cheevers; The Raven, &c., by E. A. Poe.

All letters, books for review, &c., to be addressed, Editor of Mirror, 42, Newgate-street.

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"VELUTI IN SPECULUM."

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GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

In our last, we gave some account of the old palace of Placentia, out of which sprung the present magnificent building, concerning which anything we can say must be almost a work of superogation. In no country in the world do so many noble institutions exist as in England; and it is a fact of which we can scarcely be too proud. The present is one of the noblest. Our navy is our right arm. It is on the value of our sailors, and the efficiency of our fleets, that our proud position as a nation is most sure; and when we reflect how many in the gallant service must be constantly disabled, that an asylum is behind them must give great zeal to the efforts of our seamen.

Greenwich Hospital was founded in 1694, by William and Mary. It is elevated on a terrace, about 865 feet in length towards the river; and consists of four distinct piles of building, distinguished by the the names of King Charles's, Queen Anne's, King William's, and Queen Mary's; the interval between the two most northern buildings, viz. King Charles's and Queen Anne's, forms the grand square, which is about 273 feet wide. In one of these piles is a chapel, which, for neatness, elegance, and real beauty, is not surpassed by any building in the kingdom. The painted hall, governor's hall, and the several offices, &c. &c., are entitled to similar praise.

On a fine day, the old pensioners may be seen standing about in groups, or taking a solitary walk in the courts of the Hospital, or intent upon some book of devotion, or of inspiring adventures. The appearance of these veterans—some without a leg or arm, others hobbling from the infirmities of wounds or of years, and all clothed in old-fashioned blue coats and breeches with cocked hats—would oddly contrast with the splendour of the building which they inhabit, did not the recollection that these men were amongst the noblest defenders of their country, give a dignity to the objects which everywhere present themselves, and make the crutch of the veteran not a discordant association with the grandeur of the fabric in which he finds his final port, after the storms of a life of enterprise and danger.

THE RED HAND.

A Tale of Louisiana.

CHAPTER IX.—THREE STROKES OF A GONG.

"Watch, madam, the effect of what I shall do," said the quadroone, "and mark how crime shall be baulked!"

"I watch," replied the heiress, posting herself at the door of the room.

ONE!

The gong gave forth a deep roar, the echoes of which were heard rumbling through the whole of the building, first in one corner, and then in another. Its sound was sharp and thrilling, and the effect upon those within the large chamber was curious.

Leone started, and looked anxiously around; then, clutching his dagger, turned to hasten towards the apartment occupied by the two women. A hand was, however, laid upon his arm; it was that of the Spanish governor.

"Bah! do not mind that noise; my guards are without. If it summons to the rescue it is too late."

Leone reseated himself, and the whispered conference was resumed.

Meanwhile Luke Salem and the whole of those men who had nodded to him on entering had each one risen, and by a simultaneous impulse, it seemed, invited his nearest fair neighbour to dance; next minute the grand apartment of the Pic-a-Pic was almost deserted. The point of attraction was the dancing chamber; in another minute, however, the women all returned—the men had unaccountably disappeared.

"Watch, lady," said the excited quadroone, standing by the gong, "we want to gain but ten minutes of time to be saved. What is happening now?"

"All the men have left the tavern save Leone and the governor," replied the Visconti.

"Good," said the quadroone.

"Santa Maria!" whispered Reilly, turning to Pedro, "there was meaning in that sound. Where opens the rear of this ill-omened house?"

"On the river, your excellency."

"Is that dog Salem gone?"

"Yes, your excellency."

"No, your excellency," exclaimed the spy at the very same time; "I reckon that canine quadruped is here."

"Well, and what account are you going to give of yourself?"

"I was a gwine to say, your excellency, that here I conclude to be, after my captivity in the hands of the Bloody Fist."

"But, sirrah, what of the mission I sent you on? Did you find St. Mary's Tower?"

"Well, I conclude I did; it arn't left its old locality."

"Luke Salem," said the governor, sternly, "answer me properly and distinctly. Did you find trace of any conspiracy?"

"A rigler conspiracy, your excellency. I found it all out."

"You did, and the head was the Monk."

"The Monk?" said Luke, innocently, "I conclude I saw no Monk. What they met to speechify about was more suitable to the leader I saw."

"And he was—"

"The Seigneur Leone de Chazal."

"Rascal!" said the accused.

"And the object?" continued the governor, sternly.

"The object did'nt exactly convene to my notions of the fitness of things," said the spy, demurely; "it was to steal all the pretty gals in New Orleans, and—"

"Brave spy! good Luke!" said the quadroone; "you have done excellent service."

TWO!

This time the gong resounded still louder than before, its voice ringing in the ears long after the real sound had ceased.

"Again!" said the governor, rising, in which act he was followed by Don Pedro and Leone, "there is meaning in *this*."

"There is in both," said Leone; "let us beware the third."

"Highness," exclaimed a soldier, advancing, "there is a strange tumult in the street. The people congregate in masses; they say naught, but they mutter threats, they shew arms, and their rallying cry is the Monk."

"Say you so—why did I let the traitor escape."

"Lor'!" said Luke Salem, "that are's all nonsense, and them chaps is saucy, that's all I can say. The Monk has no more to do with it nor you, but they love him, and its natural they should talk of him."

"Still, my lord, the people collect," said another soldier; "they have barred every passage, and clearly overpower us in numbers."

"This becomes serious," said the governor, knitting his brow; "ground your pikes, my lads, and keep your muskets ready. At the first act of violence fire, and disperse this mob."

"My lord," exclaimed Leone, "if the Monk be their watch cry, better not, for be assured they are well armed and prepared for the contest. Your troops will be massacred and overcome."

"Bah," said the Spaniard, confidently, "a mob, a gang of unruly Frenchmen, who, at the first sound of fire-arms, will disperse in every direction."

Leone flinched. The insult to his country was not the less felt that he could not resent it.

"We shall see, my lord," he said, sarcastically.

"Your highness," repeated another soldier, "some order has been given from behind, and the people have dispersed in every direction."

"They have done wisely," said the governor. "I should have been sorry to have used force."

Again the gong sounded.

"Three!" said Maria Sa.

Marietta Visconti held her breath, and stood in anxious expectation of the result, while Maria Sa, as if aware that all that could be done had been done, sank in exhaustion upon a stool. Leone de Chazal, who began for the first time to comprehend that the striking of the gongs had some probable connexion with the evasion of his victims, spoke to the governor, while still the sound of the third blow was ringing in their ears: "Methinks those gongs denote some preconcerted signal, which it were well to unravel. Let us join the ladies."

"Madre de Dios!" cried the governor, "there is some mystery in this affair; I should not be surprised if that cursed Monk were at the bottom of it."

"Monk me no monks," said Leone, impatiently; "I am weary of such senseless quackery."

With these words he turned towards the chamber occupied by the women, followed by the governor and his companion. Though it contained no other visible outlet but one, and no one had crossed that, the room was empty, and there hung the mysterious gong which had acted with such efficacious power.

"To arms! to arms!" shouted at the same instant the soldiery without, as, cleaving the crowd with his axe, followed by a hundred armed and painted Indians, the terrific Red Hand burst like a thunder cloud upon the unconscious Spaniards. Ere they could offer any active resistance, the soldiers of the guard were repulsed by the wild Chichachas, who remained sole masters of the café Pic-a-Pic.

The feelings of the governor and of his two friends were most acute. They saw before them no fate but that of instant death, and death under circumstances of the most terrible nature. They looked to the habitués of the café for support, but the whole party had retreated to the dancing room, where they remained totally inactive spectators. Even Luke Salem, despite that his terrors of the Red Hand were not so great as heretofore, still exhibited a decided preference for the propinquity of men verging more towards his own colour than for the neighbourhood of the Red Skin.

"What means this outrage and this violence?" cried the governor, his Iberian valour reviving; "what seek the rebellious knaves?"

"The red men are thirsty, they come to the pale faces for drink," said the gallant youth whose name graces our title; "this house has a door; it is like the wigwam, always open."

Suiting the action to the word, the Chichachas warrior seated himself, after casting a rapid and inquiring glance around the room.

"What means this forbearance?" muttered Reilly, in a whisper to Leone.

"We shall see; follow me;" and brushing past the crowd of Indians, who stood silent, but with fierce and threatening countenances, the three men made for the door.

On the very threshold stood the Monk.

The trio paused; there was a moment of guilty hesitation about their manner, but the priest gave them no time for thought.

"Your excellency of Spain," he said, sternly, "they seek you in the viceregal palace. It is a matter of general inquiry why you prefer the disgraceful Pic-a-Pic to your own mansion. Go, and beware the eve of St. Michael!"

The governor, burning with indignation, hurried by, and sought the open air, there to cool his heated brow. The two would have followed, but the Monk blocked their passage.

"Leone de Chazal, vengeance has been long in store for thy crimes. Repent, or beware thou too the eve of St. Michael!"

Pale and cast down by emotions of speechless horror, the guilty man passed by.

"Thou, Don Pedro, art also guilty, but thou art the tool of another. Beware thou too, but of *Palabras milagrosas!*"

Had the fiend himself in bodily substance and shape stood before the eyes of Don Pedro, it is probable that he would have gazed with less intensity of horror than at the sound of these two words, which he had not heard pronounced before for seventeen long years, and yet which he had never for one moment lost sight of. Fixed in his mind, unalterable in their position as fate itself, they had yet not passed his lips in conjunction during the whole of that period. If then he stood with gaping mouth, with blanched lips, with eyes which started almost from their sockets, gazing in mute terror at the Monk, it will not wholly surprise our readers. They have yet to learn how two simple words, almost without meaning, could thus affect a man; but when the mystery is explained, that Don Pedro could suppose the Monk human was beyond belief. These words, used in a threatening sense *towards him*, could have but one sense. And yet they had never passed the lips of any but himself, and that

seventeen years before, to one man, whose locality was ten thousand miles from that spot, and whom he supposed dead years, years ago. It was inexplicable.

"Monk! priest! devil! what is the meaning of this?" said he, turning in the direction in which that mysterious individual had vanished. His gaze met only the rigid outlines of a knot of American Indian warriors, behind whom the omnipotent and all knowing Monk had disappeared.

Don Pedro gave a deep sigh.

"*Pilabras milagrosas!*" he muttered; "what can be the meaning of this? It might have one. Oh, how joyous, how sweet! Are seventeen years of torture and of anguish," he exclaimed aloud, "to be wiped out, and peace once more regain my bosom?"

"Turn not your head, move not," said a voice near him, "but listen. Be cautious, join the governor in no more foul schemes, befriend the people, and who knows what may happen?"

"Whoever thou art," exclaimed Don Pedro, who had been leaning his back against the half-open door of the café Pica-Pic, "give me one word of hope."

There was no reply, and the Spaniard, silent and thoughtful, sought the open air.

END OF BOOK I.

A FAIR DAY IN BRITTANY.

During a very agreeable residence of some months near Caen, in Normandy, we often speculated upon the wisdom and feasibility of a pedestrian tour through a part, at least, of Brittany; which part of France, though so remarkable both in its conformation and associations, has been about the least visited of its ancient divisions. *La vielle Armorique* is certainly a curious, and, indeed, extraordinary country. Far behind the rest of the land in its civilisation, and also in scepticism and want of faith, it has many characteristics to render it worthy of minute investigation. Its highlands and lowlands, too, are widely different, as are its commercial towns, and its merely agricultural communes; in all, one sees the dark, sunburnt complexion, coal-black piercing eyes, oval faces, high cheek-bones, and in most parts the coat of calfskin or sheepskin, with the hair outside, reaching to the knee, with a short cape on the shoulders, is the dress of the *paysans*. There are, however, many singular and distinctive peculiarities between the various portions of the country. The great towns are French, modern French, priggish and new; the villages and agricultural districts are Breton, amongst whom social improvements are slow, though we doubt an assertion of certain tourists, that paganism has been the religion of families within a hundred years. The costume of the department of Morbihan is striking and novel. Scanty, square jackets of white or brown cloth, over which their long black hair, hanging down to the waist, shows to much advantage, the button-holes, edges, and pockets facings all of crimson, and even, on occasion, the date of the making of the coat embroidered on one side, with a figure of the chalice and holy wafer on the other, loose *bragon bras*, or breeches, terminating at the knee, and tied closely, leggings and *sabots*, or wooden shoes—such is the appearance presented by the men. The women are more various in their taste, though a tight boddice of cloth, fitting close to their busts, of some bright colour, with close sleeves of another tint, both edged and ornamented with a third hue, be the prevailing dress. A hood, or cap, violet coloured or green, is worn upon the head. The *coiffe*, however, or head-dress of the women, differs in almost every commune; the dames clinging with pertinacity to the hereditary taste of their ancestors in each locality. To an unaccustomed eye, indeed, the difference is scarcely perceptible; but still in each village, town, or district, the variety does exist. One remarkable article of furniture found in the dwelling-house of every respectable Breton peasant is the "*lit clos*," or box bedstead, which demands a passing remark. In one corner of the room occupied by the family will be seen by the stranger a vast black oaken piece of carved upholstery, in shape like a huge chest of drawers. On one side, however, is an aperture, through which you catch a glimpse of mattress upon mattress, reaching to a height quite extraordinary to our sophisticated ideas. A slide can be drawn across even this—the only opening—and little cold need be feared by its occupants.

The owners of these luxuries are the lowlanders; in the hovels of unhewn, unmortared stone, in the mud huts of the hills, such things are not. Indeed nothing can be more marked than the difference which exists. The one is a compound of rich and fertile valleys, or the lower slopes of the hills, while the other is a wild, barren, ill-cultivated range of table-land, with here and there a stunted tree, or patch of heather. The former is well peopled and under comparatively careful cultivation, the agriculturist sometimes even rich—all comfortable. The latter is thinly inhabited, the peasants wretchedly poor, ill-fed, and miserable, though generally ruddy and healthy-looking in the face—so much for good pure mountain air. No goodly and tempting array of bacon-sides here meets

the eye, no excellent cider, but the coarse black bread of the sarazin; no huge heap of butter, no lump of cheese, but a poor *galette*, a pancake of sarazin meal. No *lit clos*, but a pallet, on which the whole family huddles at night. The difference in the appearance in the population is so marked, as to suggest at the first glance the idea of a separate race; the men being in the hills little and puny, the females without any of the outward charms of their sex; while the Bretons in general are of a goodly stature, well made, the women, though brown from exposure, being pretty and of tolerable figures. But, without seeking a cause so remote as that of their being another people, we may safely, we imagine, assign the hard lot of the former as the principal cause of their physical degeneration. The stunted Bushmen of the Cape of Good Hope are doubtless no race of pigmies, but men arrested in their growth by starvation and a rude savage life. Even the animals of Brittany vary according to the locality, being in the hills small and dwarfish, if we except the pigs, which, though always ugly in France, are here more so than usual, being a hideous breed of long-legged beasts, resembling starved wild boars in their appearance.

These facts, combined with our propinquity to the scene, determined us some time back upon a tour in the region, which fully repaid the time, toil, and physical exertion which it cost us. A strange people, the most perfectly-preserved specimen of the Celtic race, scenery wild, pretty, and charming, ancient strongholds, picturesque ruins scattered over the whole face of the country, historical recollections without end—all these were so many links to bind us to the province, of which we have retained few recollections which are not of an agreeable nature. The materials collected by us would form a ponderous volume; but we shall at present content ourselves with giving a brief account of a Brittany fair day, such as we saw in 183—, at Collinée, a *chef lieu du canton*, which lays claim to having one of the principal cattle-fairs in those parts. Being aware of the date of this grand occurrence—which takes place in the early days of May—we contrived to reach the spot at the proper time, and though we had honoured many a similar exhibition in other parts of France with our presence, were never more amused and enlightened upon many points than upon the present auspicious occasion. The strange, uncouth, yet picturesque costumes and figures of the men, their sombre gravity, so unlike the mercurial *Francais*—the women, young and old, pretty and otherwise, but none fair—the ugly, stunted highland cattle—arched, sharp back-boned pigs, with red hungry eyes and hollow sides—the more sightly lowland breeds—were all peculiar, novel, and interesting. Several species of theatres, in which were represented those remnants of ancient mummeries, mysteries, and moralities, so graphically described by Victor Hugo, which yet take the fancy of a simple, believing, but bigotted people, were the great attraction of the day. The "Nativity," the "Resurrection," and other scriptural subjects, were of course the groundwork. Many, various, and grand were the booths and shows—the itinerant doctors, the dancing-rooms, carts with each their barrel of cider, from the tap of which the sharp acid liquid was ever running, while brandy, coffee, and beer, were being dispensed in more aristocratic regions—*i. e.*, beneath cover. Eating and drinking, buying and selling, were, of course, the principal events of the day. An old woman, with a primitive *blaque*, or oven, in the open air, sold fried *saucissons*, slices of pork or ham, and other rare titbits, and found abundance of customers; a travelling dentist bawled himself hoarse, vociferating in favour of the extraction of teeth as the only sure cure for the toothache, which operation he offered to perform for the small sum of one halfpenny, or rather *sou*. To those who had feared this violent remedy, he recommended warmly his *Creosote Pignard*. Pedlars without number tempted the young and brown beauties with their stores of lace, ribbons, and haberdashery, necklaces, holy crosses, and beads. A printseller, well aware of the devout character of the people amid whom he now was, exhibited a vast variety of pictures, in gay flaunting and gaudy colours, of saints, virgins, holy families, and other catholic subjects. A red Balaam on a yellow ass, with a blue cloud, attracted much attention; but the prints devoted to local legends were most sought after. For the more worldly-minded, the dispenser of the fruits of Gallic art, pious and profane, had Napoleons, Louis Philippes, and young Henris, to suit all tastes. Of the former, his supply was immense and varied. The eternal cocked hat and *redingote* were seen at Elba, at Fontainbleau, at St. Helena, at Waterloo, in Russia, in peace, in war, on earth, in heaven, in every attitude, position, or locality which a fertile imagination could suggest. And then the wild-beast shows—live crocodiles, sea-serpents, learned pigs, remnants of antediluvian elephants and mammoths, were scattered over the ground, each finding its knot of lookers-on and supporters.

One feature of the scene, however, which, though not new to us, and though often alluded to by tourists in other parts of

France, struck our attention more than other of the many singularities around. This was the occupation of the hair-merchants. We have alluded to the black hair of the Bretons, which, both in man and woman, is often of great beauty. Accordingly, it is made an article of traffic, both sexes continually cherishing it with the avowed object of disposing of the crop to the hair merchants at the annual fair. These gentry stood in the centre of the *place*, scissors in hand; by their side a basket to receive the flowing locks of both male and female vendors. As soon as a bargain was struck, say with a pretty young Breton lass, the close cap, or hood, was removed, the long tresses were submitted to the hands of the purchaser, and in a few minutes the captivating *brunette* stood shorn of her dark locks, the very personification of a parish apprentice girl. From twelve to five-and-twenty *sous* was the price paid for the article, according to its length, beauty, and the bargaining powers of its possessor. Lest, however, our fair readers form a wrong estimate of the character of these dames, from the voluntary surrender of the most elegant of female native ornaments at the shrine of gold, or rather copper, be it recollected that the close cap worn by the girls and women of the province entirely conceals the hair, which is, therefore, rather a burden than a cherished object with the Bretonese. Still we thought it wondrous unfeminine to behold knots of young women standing round the dealer in human hair, their long tresses combed ready for the clipping, which process was meantime going on upon some one of the party.

Towards evening even the native Breton phlegm and severity of manner gave way beneath the combined influence of eating and drinking, cider and sausages, bottled beer and ham, brandy, *café noir*, &c. The sound of voices became louder and more confused, quarrels were got up, the women said hard things one to the other, and looked at their caps, but no blows were struck. The purchasers of cattle wended their way home, driving refractory cows, oxen, and pigs before them; the vendors proceeded to spend a portion of the produce of the sales in the drinking-houses; one old lady, who had vainly striven to gain her price for a pig, sent it squeaking before her; and we, tired and hungry, with difficulty obtained a supper and a night's lodging, so crowded and busy was everything in the shape of an inn. Sleep came late, for both in and around the house the loud hum of voices was heard until past midnight, when the *chef lieu du canton* subsided into its usual peaceful state of repose, and Codlinée was itself again.

VOLCANIC ERUPTION AT THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

The following is an extract from a letter from the Rev. T. Coan, dated Hilo (Sandwich Islands) May 16, 1843:—"You have heard of the great volcanic eruption near our station in 1840. Another scene of a similar kind has recently taken place about the same distance from us, but in a different direction, and directly in the rear of our station. On the 10th of January of the present year, just at the dawn of day, we discovered a rapid disgorgement of liquid fire from near the summit of Manna Loa, at the elevation of 14,000 feet above the sea. This eruption increased from day to day for several weeks, pouring out vast floods of fiery lava, which spread down the side of the mountain, and flowed off in broad and burning rivers, throwing a terrific glare upon the heavens, and filling those lofty mountainous regions with a sheen of light. This spectacle continued from week to week, without any abatement, till the molten flood had progressed twenty or thirty miles down the side of the mountain, and across a high plain which stretches between the bases of Manna Loa and Manna Kea. It was not till after many weeks that I was able to visit this scene of terror and of sublimity. At length, in company with Mr. Paris, the missionary for Kau, a station south of Hilo, I made the attempt. We penetrated through a deep forest, stretching between Hilo and the mountain, and reached the molten stream as it flowed over those vast and high regions lying at the base of the mountain. Here we were able to approach the fiery stream, and dip up and cool its burning fluid, as we would approach the banks of a river, and take of its waters. From this we followed the stream to the top of the mountain, and found its source in a vast crater, amidst the eternal snows of those wild and desolated regions. Down the sides of the mountain the lava had now ceased to flow upon the surface; but it had formed for itself a subterranean duct, at the depth of fifty or one hundred feet. This duct was encased with vitrifaction, as smooth as glass, and down this fearful channel a river of fire was rushing at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles an hour, from the summit to the foot of the mountain. This subterranean stream we saw distinctly through several large apertures in the side of the mountain, while the burning flood rushed fearfully beneath her feet. Our standing above it was like standing upon ice on a river, while the liquid flood flows under your feet."

Censure is the tax which is paid at the toll-gate on the high-road to eminence.

THE LITTLE OLD MAN OF THE WOOD,
OR,
THE TALE OF A COMICAL STICK.

BY T. H. SEALY.

[This delightful poem, worth oceans of common modern rhyming, which we shall give entire, is by the author of "The Porcelain Tower, or Seven Stories of China," tales which we never think of without laughing.]

Know ye the river on whose brim
Ancient Bristowe holds his state?
Down to the channel it pours a flood
Of raw part water and two parts mud;
And yet through such beautiful banks it speeds,
Bedded with withies and fringed with reeds,
Now through valleys and now through meads,
And now through rocks in wildest trim;
That our eyes we seldom safe
With a more enchanting sight
Than the river of which I write:
And those who once have seen the Avon,
Will carry it long in their minds engraven.
But the loveliest part by far
Lies between St. Vincent's rocks;
Where the heaven-ascending blocks
Overgreened with forests are,
And yield chink-holes to the chough,
That the treasury of its eggs
May be laid secure enough,
Past the reach of school-boys' legs:
And o'er the tops of these high cliffs
'Tis with venturous art intended
A suspension bridge to throw;
Which not only sloops and skiffs,
But tall ships with masts extended,
May with safety pass below.
This bolder work than ever men did,
Graved on wood, you perhaps have seen,
With full and true account appended,
In the "Saturday Magazine."

A few days since when the sun was merry
And made his beams on the waters quiver,
I crossed the river at Rownham Ferry—
The ancient way to cross the river—
(And even more to my taste I own
Than reverend bridge of wood or stone;
Much more than one of chain or iron
By blacksmiths worked with hammer and fire on;)
I crossed the river and took my way
Beneath the forest rocks,
Wandering all the early day
In the shadowy woods of Leigh,
Climbing over stones and stocks,
And listening to the buzz of bee,
Among the ashes, oaks and yews,
Which embowered the loveliest views
Of the rocks o' the other side,
And the distant Severn wide
Starred with vessels all acruise.

After awhile I shrunk from these,
And hid myself in the wood's recesses,
Where the briars and rocks and trees
Made out little lonelinesses,
Within whose shadows all things grew
Into a tinge of emerald hue:
I startled there the nestling jay
With its jet and turquoise wings;
And from many a wood-nut spray,
Brushed the little flies away;
And sometimes stopped and listened to know
What those notes of the birds might be
That I heard around in a mingled flow,
Loud and low, hurried and slow,
Notes of gladness, notes of woe,
Music simple and music rich,
That carried my joy to the highest pitch,
And now excite desire and itch
To make you feel that same sweet peal
That made me tremble from head to heel,
And my heart grow bright with beams of delight,
Banishing sorrow and banishing spite.

At last I came to an inmost nook
To find which, long you in vain may look;
With a yew to the north and a rock to the south,
With brush-wood behind and with ferns at the mouth:
A huge old oak from the rock stretched over,
And shut me in with its broad green cover.
There I sat down on a turfted stone:
It was a place to entice a rover:
Thither a poet might wander alone;
Thither a ladye-love, led by her lover.
In the inmost corner of this sweet nook
I sat me down on a turfted stone;
For I thought I a little would rest and look
Into the leaves of a magical book,
Which into those dim recesses I took,
Whenever I wandered alone;
Because it gave me a Merlin's power
To scoop out caves and build up tower,
And make sweet founts spring out of the ground,
And warriors tilt, and coursers bound,
And dwarfs obey, and ladies gay
Step forth from the bushes beside the way,
Where nothing before but tree and flower,
Grass and fern and earth and rock,
Here a stone and there a stock,
Made up my sheltering bower.

So among old trees that had stood for ages
I sat in musing mood;
And turned our gentle Spencer's pages,
Reading more than I've time to rehearse,
In several parts of his magical verse,
Until my fancy choose its food
From "Errour's den," "the wandering wood,"
And stopped to chew its cud at ease
In my green den of antique trees.

I fixed mine eyes against the rock
Whence a few slow drops were stilling,
Just enough to make it wet
With a cold and clammy sweat,
Oozing through the tangled grass
Where it fringed the stony mass,
Which appeared the while unwilling
To permit the dews to pass.

'Gainst the rock a broken bough
Of the o'erhanging oak was leaning,
Such as falls from ancient trees
Eaten through by long disease,
Shred by shred and inch by inch
'Till it yields to each slight pinch;
And reveals—beneath the screening
Of a grey and crumbling crust,
Which a little moss is greening—
Nothing but decay and dust.

'Twas a little knotted branch,
Noded, knobbed, knurr'd and knagged,
Gnarled, knared, knuckled, knarled,
Rough and rugged, rude and ragged,
Crinkled, crook'd, contorted, curled,
Twisted, turned, twined, twirled.
Scaly, scabrous, screw'd and scragged,
Crabbed, crusty, cloven, cragged;
In its time it had been staunch.

This old bough was forked below;
And you near the top might see
Two lean limbs all crooked across;
And the thickness served to show
That the upper end must be
Where it parted from the tree;
There it had a fringe of moss,
Like an eremite's beard to see.

'Twas so still in that recess
That the cool fresh air I drank,
Did'nt move the slightest tress
Of the grass upon the bank.
Not the birch's slenderest frond
Trembled in that charmed place,
And if there had been a pond
'Twould have had no wave beyond
Little ridges made by midges
As they skated o'er its face.

(To be continued.)

PIQUILLO ALLIAGA;

OR,

THE MOORS IN THE TIME OF PHILIP III.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

From the French of M. Eugene Scribe.]

CHAPTER VII.—THE CARREFOUR.

Let us return to the hostelry of Good Rest, where, after great labour, the banditti had succeeded in breaking open the door of the cellar. The band had precipitated themselves towards the spot whence the noise emanated, and by the light of torches a horrible spectacle was presented to them; it was the captain and his lieutenant, bloody and disfigured, and who, worn out by the struggle which had taken place, had both reeled on the ground without loosening their hold. Instantly that the light of the torches was reflected by the sombre and dark walls of the cellar, a cry of surprise arose, and the combatants paused.

"Is it you!" said the captain, furiously; "you, Caralo, who have raised your hand against me?"

"You, captain!" said the lieutenant; "you, who allowed yourself to strangle and assassinate me. For whom did you take me?"

"For one of our guests," said the captain, good-naturedly; "but it was your fault."

"It was yours."

"Why were you not in your own bed?"

"Truly," said the lieutenant, "it is singular."

"Why were you sleeping in the grand chamber?"

Caralo could recollect nothing, and, of course, could explain nothing.

"And the barber and his niece?" said the captain.

The whole body rushed to the Red Chamber. Empty! They searched the other room. Empty!

"What means this?" said the captain.

"I knew," said Carnego, gravely, "that accursed Moor was a heretic and a sorcerer."

"Nonsense," said the captain.

"Don't you recollect the face he made when he said, 'to-morrow we will settle.' He spoke truth; he has gone without paying."

"Gone! and how?"

"How can we tell; unless through the air on a broomstick."

Carnego believed what he said.

"It is he," he cried, "who has bewitched the house. It is he who made us fight one against the other. Heaven defend us," and Carnego crossed himself.

The captain was confounded. Recollecting the ironical tone of the barber, he began to believe him a witch.

"And Piquillo," he cried, suddenly recollecting himself: "it was he who took the Moor to the Red Chamber. Where is he?"

They hastened to the chamber of Piquillo. It was shut; they knocked, then burst open the door. Empty.

"What of that," said Carnego, "the witch has carried him off too."

After an hour spent in fruitless poking into every hole in the house, they began to think that Carnego was not far wrong, and prepared to return to their beds. At this instant a loud knocking was heard at the principal entrance of the inn, there being heard at the same time the neighing of horses, with the sound of many voices.

"What is this!" exclaimed Baptista.

People of his profession were so seldom troubled under Count Lerma, that it was little to be wondered at that the good captain was surprised.

"Some other piece of the Moor's witchcraft," said Carnego.

"Impossible," said the chief, and poking his head out of window, he cried, "Who goes there?"

"The queen's regiment."

"You are welcome, cavaliers. You travel betimes."

"Yes, and as we proceed we clear the highway of rogues, commencing with yourself, master landlord."

"I am known," said the captain, finding his incognito over. "Go below, Caralo; pack up our baggage, and be ready for a start by the little door. Let the rest do as they can."

He then endeavoured to gain time with the young officer.

"I think, good cavalier, you are mistaken. You will, I am sure, agree with me, after accepting my hospitality."

"It is too expensive," replied the young officer. "In the first place we have a few questions to put to you concerning the barber Gongarello, your guest of last night. Where is he?"

"You see," muttered Carnego, "always that accursed Moor."

"I think you are right," replied the captain. "I was not aware the worthy barber was a friend of yours," he added, in a taunting voice, aloud.

"Enough, open and surrender."

"Yes, open," added a brigadier, "for though our commander Fernando d'Albayda officer of the queen's regiment, is not in the habit of thief taking, yet if you insult death to every one."

"The house is surrounded," whispered the lieutenant, coming up; "we have no choice; we must surrender."

"No?" said the captain, wildly, and then he added, "ten thousand excuses Don Fernando d'Albayda, officer of the queen's

regiment, for keeping you waiting. You request an answer, you have it."

He fired with the word. The ball grazed the feather of the cavalier's hat, and wounded Fidalgo d'Estremos, his friend, in the shoulder. Fernando, irritated, pointing to the bandits, cried "Fire! and no quarter!"

A party immediately dismounted, and climbed over the wall of a small court. The assault commenced, and the inn of Good Rest, well defended, was attacked on every side.

Let us now explain how this assault occurred.

Piquillo and his fair companion had distinctly heard the sound of horses. They were on the skirt of a forest, in a carrefour. They could have concealed themselves in the foliage, but they would not have, perhaps, found Gongarello again, and they could not abandon him. Juanita and Piquillo leaned one against the other, both trembling with fear, the former murmuring in a low tone, "Adieu, Pedralvil" Fear, too, prevented them from observing that the troop was composed only of two cavaliers; but the morn bursting from behind a cloud, enabled them to distinguish them perfectly as they crossed the carrefour. They had evidently journeyed far and fast, for they now walked their horses. One rode ahead, while the other, more aged, followed at a respectful distance. The first was evidently the master. It was a handsome young man, of melancholy but gracious aspect, wearing a costume somewhat at variance with that of the day. A Spanish sabre, suspended by a gold chain, hung by his side; his horse was a splendid Arabian, which he patted gently, as it champed the bit, and would have started off, saying, "No! no! Kaled, no, my good companion, let us rest. My father's house is yet a long way off."

"Fear nothing," said Juanita, in a low tone; "he is a Moor."

Piquillo instantly hastened forward, and threw himself on his knees before the horse, which reared on high.

"I understand," said the young man, speaking still in Arabic to his horse; "you like not a Spanish beggar." Then addressing Piquillo in pure Castilian, "it is very late to beg," he said, coldly. "If your companions be concealed in the wood, tell them that in the morning I have gold for those who ask it. At this hour I have but iron." Then placing his hand on his sword, "Go," he said, while his old servant, advancing, took aim at Piquillo with a blunderbuss.

"Friend! friend!" cried Juanita, "and child of the same god!"

At these words the young man leaped from his horse, which he gave to his servant, ran to Piquillo, still kneeling, held out his hand to him, and cried, "I am here, brother; what seek you?" and he embraced him.

Juanita now related what had happened in a few words. The young man listened, attentively examining the countenance of Piquillo.

"Good, my lad," he said; "continue, and you will be an honest man."

Piquillo trembled with delight. It was the first time he had heard such words of praise, and he gazed gratefully on the young man.

"Ah!" he cried, "if I had always been spoken to thus. But when you are gone what will become of the unfortunate beggar?"

"You will be a beggar no longer. It is Spaniards who beg. But you," he said, writing some words on a tablet, "come and find me, and you shall learn how to be an honest man. And here, brother, take this purse, it will enable you to perform the journey."

Piquillo, much moved, kissed his hand.

"As for you, my child, I must get you and your uncle out of this forest. An important affair requires my presence. I will, however, take you to the first inhabited spot. Can the good Gongarello stand on his legs? Yes, I fancy he rouses himself and understands us. Hassan," said he, addressing his servant, "you will take care of him. Place him on your horse. I will answer for Akbar carrying both, so quietly even, that Aben Abou, our brother, may continue his sleep if he thinks proper."

"Thank heaven," said the barber, "it is over. I thought I should have died of sleep two hours ago, which was very lucky for else I should have died of fright. But now, in such good company, I fear nothing, and by Mahomet"—the barber quite enjoyed the proscribed oath—"by Mahomet, I shall be as well off on your horse as on the palfrey of the prophet, for I am sure he will not overthrow a countryman," he added in the Moorish language; and as the horse began to neigh, the barber was firmly convinced that he understood him.

"As for Juanita," said the young man, "she must allow me to mount her before me on my horse. I swear she has nothing to fear, and as she is so light, Kaled will not be aware of her presence. As for you," he said to Piquillo, "we cannot bear you away; but you can soon leave the wood. Remember, in eight days I shall expect you. Adieu, brother, adieu."

The young man then, loosening the reins of his horse, disappeared in an instant, followed by Hassan, with Aber-Abou mounted behind him. The barber spoke not a word; but, whether from fear or gratitude we cannot say, pressed the arm of his companion very tightly.

Piquillo, who remained alone in the forest, still kept his eyes fixed on the spot where had disappeared the unknown, whose voice and words still wrung in his ears.

After an hour's march, Yesid, Juanita, and Gongarello reached, without accident, the village of Arnedo. Though it was still night, the young Moor, and his old servant Hassan whom cares, more dear, called elsewhere, continued their route, and the barber and his niece, left by them at the gate of a *posada*, knocked loudly, in order to make themselves heard. Gongarello, who no longer slept, awoke everybody; while the landlord and his people placed themselves at the window, and while the barber, before entering, was recounting his adventures, and the perils from which he had escaped, a sound of armed men and horses was heard in the street. It was a company of the queen's regiment on their road to Madrid, travelling by night to avoid the heat of the day. A very brief explanation induced Fernando d'Albayda to go to the attack of the inn of Good Rest. Their arrival there we have seen, with the commencement of the siege.

While the combat was taking place, the end of which we are yet ignorant of, Piquillo was giving himself up to thoughts of ecstasy and delight. His terrible waking from this state of mind must be found in the next chapter.

NEW ENGLAND SUPERSTITIONS.

By G. J. Whittier.

II.—WITCHCRAFT.

"Thus saith the Book, 'Permit no witch to live,'
Hence Massachusetts hath expelled the race,
Connecticut, where swap and dicker thrive,
Allows not to their feet a resting place;
With more of hardihood and less of grace,
Vermont receives the sisters grey and lean,
Allows each witch her broomstick-flight to trace
O'er mighty rocks and mountains dark with green,
Where tempests wake their voice and torrents war between."

So sang Brainard many years ago. The hospitality of the good people of Vermont is proverbial, and, for aught we know, it may have been extended even to those whom sea-board puritanism has felt bound to exercise and cast out by law and gospel. But that the evil brood is not entirely extirpated, even in the old Bay State, seems manifest enough.

It is an old and familiar proverb, that a certain malignant personage is always nearest at hand when spoken of; and in confirmation of this a scene of genuine *diablerie* has been enacted in the goodly and respectable town of Pepperell, in an adjoining county. There, it seems, is a veritable witch, riding o' nights in this cold autumnal moonlight, on a spectral white horse, like that of Dana's Buccaneer, with

"Ghostly sides,
Pale streaming with a cold blue light,"

—a steed upon whose silent hoof shoe was never set, unless by the grim artisans of the infernal smithy. A poor girl, supposed to be one of her victims, recently died, and on the night of her death the witch was seen riding hurry-scurry around the house, not indeed by natural eye-sight, but through the magic spectacles of animal magnetism. A mesmerised girl was put on the track of an old woman long suspected of being little better than she should be. She found her body lying without any spirit in it—the merest husk and shell imaginable, and following in the track of the wandering soul, discovered its whereabout. She is at present grievously afflicting another poor child; and, as is usual with such evil-disposed characters, has made sad work with the dairies of her neighbours, bewitching churns and preventing the butter from "coming"—a peculiarly diabolic feat, which Burns alludes to in his enumeration of the ill-doings of "Auld Clootie:"—

"Thence kintra wives wi' toil an' pain,
May plunge an' plunge the kirn in vain,
For, ah, the yellow treasure's ta'en
By witching skill."

In this case, however, she has not altogether escaped with impunity, for the red hot tongs being suddenly applied to the refractory cream, a corresponding burn was found the next day on her own "shrunk shank." Upon this fact, and the evidence of the somnambulist, some of the good people are half disposed to hang her outright, as an undoubted witch.

The circumstance of the old woman's abandonment of her body during her nocturnal equestrian excursions, reminds us of the hypothesis of the erudite Dr. Jung Stilling, in his "Theorie der Geisterkunde." The doctor professes to believe that the soul, in a state of peculiar exaltation, may be disengaged from the body for a short space of time, without the supervention of death, and cites several remarkable instances in support of his belief.

During the past summer the Quiet Shakers of Canterbury, N. H., who profess, in the midst of a sneering generation, to have restored within their family limits the lost innocence and purity of Eden, have, I am told, like our first parents, been troubled with the subtle enemy. Not having forgotten his old tricks, he has once more stept into Paradise. He has been only seen by two or three peculiarly sagacious members of the family; but they have had several thorough hints for him,

the entire community joining with commendable alacrity in the search, and, at times, very nearly succeeding in capturing him. Once under the barn they supposed they had him fast, but he escaped the eye of some less vigilant brother or sister, and took refuge under the great stone watering-trough. His cunning saved him; and he still, as my informant states, goes about subjecting the worthy family to divers perplexities and troubles, and new hunts equal to any recorded in the olden annals of New-England.

In a letter which I have just received from a distinguished member of the legal profession in New-Hampshire, a very remarkable case is narrated. My friend's informant was Judge Gove, at that time attorney-general. A few years since, while attending court in Cheshire county, in his official capacity, a person came before the grand jury to enter a complaint for murder. As he had heard of no murder committed in that county, he looked at the complainant carefully, suspecting him to be insane. He was a young man of about twenty-five years of age, good-looking, intelligent, and well-dressed. Perceiving the surprise of the attorney-general, he said to him, "I do not wonder at your astonishment; examine these papers." They were certificates of good character and perfect sanity from a large number of the most respectable people in the town where he resided. He then proceeded to state his complaint as follows: In the winter previous he had been hired to work by a farmer. Soon after he went to live with him he heard strange noises in the cellar and rooms. At first he took little notice of them; but one night he distinctly heard a spinning-wheel in the cellar, and loud sounds in the entries. The doors flew open as often as they were latched. The farmer laughed, and remarked: "They keep up quite a rumpus to-night." The next night he heard groans as he went out to feed the cattle; soon after he saw a bright light in his bed-room, and an apparition, which said to him: "I will see you again; you are too much alarmed now." The next morning, while passing an old covered well, he heard a noise. He spoke, and a voice from the well answered: "I am the Irishman who was murdered by Mrs. F., and put here." The farmer's wife saw him looking and beckoned to him, to desist and escape; and looking up he saw the farmer pointing a gun at him through the window. He at first fled, but returning, promised to reveal nothing and continued to labour. Soon after, however, the farmer attempted to kill him with a sled-stake. On his return one night, the windows in the lower part of the house seemed brilliantly illuminated. He made some remark about having company, when suddenly the lower windows became dark and the upper ones illuminated, and the whole house was a blaze of fire. Upon this the farmer swore: "This is that cursed Irishman's work!" He now left the house, and told the story to the neighbours, and then was informed that, some years before, an Irishman, in the employment of the farmer, suddenly disappeared, and was by many supposed to have been murdered. The young man made an oath that the facts above stated were in his belief true, but, of course, the intelligent attorney did not deem it a sufficient ground for prosecution.

III.—RELIGIOUS ECSTASY.

There is one phase of the supernatural which, perhaps, more than any other, is at the present day manifested among us, growing out of the enthusiasm which not unfrequently attends strong religious feeling and excitement. Thus the state of trance or ecstasy, the subject of which sometimes visits in imagination the abodes of blessed spirits, hears ravishing music, and gazes upon ineffable glory,—

> "Sees distant gates of Eden gleam,
> And does not dream it is a dream,"—

is not confined to the Methodist camp-ground, but is sometimes among the phenomena of an awakened religious interest in other sects. The doctrine of the second coming of Messiah, which has been zealously preached in almost all sections of New-England a few years past, has had a powerful influence over the imaginative faculty in its recipients. One of my neighbours, a worthy and estimable man, believes that in June, 1838, he saw the "sign of the son of man in the heavens" at noon-day—a glorious human form, with the figure 5 directly beneath it, indicating that the great consummation was to be in five years, in 1843.' I have alluded to this subject with somewhat of hesitation and delicacy, for I feel that it is extremely difficult to define the exact point where devotion ends and fanaticism begins. In the beautiful records which Lady Guion, John Woolman, Dr. Payson, and Mary Fletcher, have left us of their religious experience, we are compelled to make some allowance for over-wrought feeling and imagination. Bunyan, in his remarkable auto-biography, "Grace Abounding," tells us that he heard devils behind him, and that he kicked at and spurned them; Swedenborg squelched a whole legion of fiends on the street pavement; Sir Henry Vane, the glorious martyr in the cause of civil and religious freedom, believed himself specially called to bear rule in the millennium; Luther, with true Teutonic vigour, dashed his massive ink-stand in the face of

the Annoyer, grimly glaring on him through the stone wall of his cell, being "born," to use his own words, "to fight with devils;" Wesley was beset with invisible house-haunters; George Fox rebuked a witch in his meeting—but are we therefore to shut our eyes to the reality of the spiritual life in these men? For myself I cannot but treat with some degree of reverence and respect every manifestation of the religious principle, even where it seems to me the reverse of that quiet obedience to simple duty, that sober and reasonable service which our heavenly father requires at the hands of his children.

MARYLEBONE LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION.

This excellent institution, one of the best of its kind in the metropolis, possessing as it does the advantages of an admirable library and reading-rooms, supplied with all the journals and magazines, is about, after fourteen years of existence, to have a dinner. This dinner will take place on the 17th of June, Lord Brougham in the chair, at the Albion Tavern, and we have no doubt will serve admirably the object of its promoters—that of increasing the funds of the institution. Among the stewards, we believe, are Henry Hope, Esq.; the borough members; J. Hume, M.P.; Raikes Currie, M.P.; W. Ewart, M.P.; Messrs. B. B. Cabbell, J. S. Buckingham and Percy B. St. John; Sir Samuel Scott, bart.; Lord Montfort; Sir Peter Laurie; and others. It has always been a matter of surprise to us that when all the advantages of a circulating library, with lectures, concerts, and reading-rooms, are to be obtained for two guineas per annum, institutions of this kind do not meet with the most extensive success. No better means of diffusing literary tastes and feelings, with knowledge and varied information, was ever devised, and the day will come when we shall find them eagerly caught at by hundreds whom indolence and want of thought alone keep from supporting them now. The Marylebone Institution, in Edward-street, Portman-square, is so admirably conducted, its library contains so valuable a collection of books, its lectures are so diversified and useful as well as entertaining, while last, not least, the urbanity of its secretary, Mr. Bingley, is so marked, that we beg emphatically to encourage every neighbour of the institution to become a member. We have no doubt the advantages of it and similar places will be right well and eloquently dilated on at the dinner, and beneath its genial influence we hope many a new friend will be found for the Marylebone Literary Institution.

SONNETS FOR THE TIMES.—No. II.

By the Author of "Rural Sonnets," &c.

A plea for the BETRAYED, that they become not DESERTED.

"And *now* he urges the disparity of our ranks."

Are you a man? if such you be, repair
Fully, at once, the wrong which you have done:
Drive not a gentle creature to despair;
Break not her heart, because that heart is won.
If she was fond—the fondness was for thee!
If bountiful—the bounty was thine own!
Forsake her—and remorse thy lot shall be,—
Save her—and peace shall fill thy spirit's throne.
These are not times the people will look on,
While heartstrings rend beneath the hoofs of pride:
Be false—when pandar, parasite, are gone,
God's, and all good men's anger will abide,
And brand thee for a fickle, dastard thing,
Who in a virgin's breast hath left a viper's sting.

Be frank, and principled, and *truly* wise,—
For worldly views refuse not to be just:
The *callous hearted* and the *coarse* despise—
And in thy better feelings put thy trust:
They will endure to comfort and sustain,
Henceforward as their promptings are obeyed;
And mostly then, when earthly gauds are vain,
In sickness or in death to bring you aid.
Conscience is only *noble* when sustained
By pure humanities and virtuous deeds,
The more the rank by which it is profan'd,
The deeper on itself the vulture feeds;
For it is vulture-fang'd, or Halcyon-bright,
As each man by his kind shall do, or not do, right.

Heed not the formalists, the proud ones, heed,
The voice of nature, and the might of truth:
Since thou hast made a trusting bosom bleed,
Be thine, with constancy, its pangs to soothe.
Doth not that bosom's anguish form a spell,
Constraining thee to cherish and protect;
Would'st thou for pomp's ephemeral sake do well
That spell to break, that bosom to neglect?
Wed her! and love her, all the more for this,
She trusted thee, where trust like her's was fate!
Consuming torment, or enduring bliss,
As thou art treacherous to so fond a mate;
Or, prompt to quench the misery of her heart,
By holy happy rites which pledge ye ne'er to part.

Hood's Magazine for May.

Reviews.

Discoveries in Australia, with an account of the coasts and rivers explored and surveyed during the voyage of H.M.S. Beagle, from 1837 *to* 1844, *by command of the Admiralty; also a narrative of Captain Owen Stanley's visits to the islands in the Arafura Sea.* By Capt. J. Stokes, R.N. [T. and W. Boone.]

It seems scarcely creditable, that in this stage of civilisation so large a portion of the globe as Australia should remain so unknown, so neglected. We possessed comparatively no information with regard to its vast line of coasts, or of its lands, navigable rivers, productions; and, what was of perhaps greater regret, we absolutely knew nothing of the aboriginal inhabitants. The last voyage of the Beagle has done much to raise the veil of ignorance from this "terra incognita." We will frankly confess that before reading Captain Stokes's work we felt little or no inte-

rest respecting that portion of the globe which he has so ably explained and described. Captain Stokes has done much to excite our curiosity, and implant a desire of knowing more of that beautiful and interesting country. But we are perhaps indulging too much in our own feelings, and forgetting that it would be as well to let our readers know something of the last voyage of the Beagle. The vessel sailed from England in 1837, and visited Teneriffe, San Salvador, the Brazils, the Cape of Good Hope, and the Mauritius. It then sailed to Australia, and commenced its labours by surveying a vast extent of coasts, and also Bass's Strait, so accurately that it may, by the assistance of Captain Stokes' charts, be as easily navigated as any portion of our own coasts. But what have principally interested us are, the accounts of the natives, and the beautiful descriptions of the inland country and the rivers. Our author has had the good fortune to discover numerous navigable streams—namely, the Victoria, the Adelaide, the Albert, and Fitzroy; we really envied the feelings of our intrepid countryman, as he sailed up these magnificent waters, or wandered along their lovely banks, on spots where a European's foot had never trod. We feel confident, from the manner in which Captain Stokes treated the natives whom it was his good fortune to meet, that it would be a great matter of congratulation for the well-wishers of the aboriginal inhabitants were Captain Stokes made governor of Northern Australia. There is a kindly feeling for those poor savages, which we much admire; and Captain Stokes is well worthy to be accredited, as he had ample opportunities for studying their characters, and he has made good use of his time. It is quite a new era to behold officers of the navy uniting the energy of British sailors with the most polished diction. Style is not absolutely necessary in a book of travels, and therefore we were the more surprised and pleased to find in this work that delightful quality which is so unusual in the works of navigators, whose education seldom fits them for much excellence in composition. In this work, the style will be found strong and animated, frequently rising to be almost sublime. In conclusion, we can heartily and conscientiously recommend these interesting volumes to the notice of our readers, being fully convinced that all those who peruse Captain Stokes' work will feel as much delighted as we were. It is a book with which we can discover few faults, it is well arranged, and admirably executed. The plates are good, and bring before us scenes which we could scarcely have believed to have existed in that large continent. We should even be content to leave our own country to travel in the little unknown and beautiful regions. Captain Stokes has well earned any tribute of thanks that the government may be disposed to bestow upon him. For our part, we would recommend that he should, for the present, be put in command of a party destined to explore the interior of the country, that is, commence at one point, and endeavour to force their way to another appointed, as far from Sidney to the Victoria River. Can we say more to recommend this work to our readers? We can only add, it is full of anecdotes of natives and Europeans, curious personal adventures, magnificent descriptions, and is pervaded with a feeling of the greatest delicacy, there being nothing related which could in any way be objected to. We beg to thank our enterprising countryman for the amusement and instruction he has afforded us, and we hope that before long, we shall see him engaged in some enterprise worthy of his great talents and consummate energy. Extracts will be occasionally found in our columns.

The Alps and the Rhine. By J. T. Headly. [Wiley and Putnam.]

The Alps and the Rhine! who has not read of these countries, and learned to feel interest in them? And yet all are prepared to read of them again, and find pleasure and delight in the subject, all the more perhaps in that it has been read of before. The present is one of Wiley and Putnam's "Library of American Books," and the writer intimates that he has not designed to make a book of travels, but give a series of sketches of the Alpine portion of Switzerland, and the scenery along the Rhine. He says that he has omitted almost altogether notices of the character of the people except those occupying the valleys of the Alps. Right well and excellently does the writer perform his task, and seldom has a more delightful and agreeable book fallen to our lot to criticise. Opening with the Pass of the Simplon, we have sketches of the Gorge of Gondo, of the Tete Noire, of the Castle of Chillon, and then of the mighty Alps, with their avalanches and glaciers, and their eternal snows. Of the Rhine we have delightful glimpses, and the following will give an idea of our author's style:—

"Having an unconquerable desire from boyhood to see the land of Tell and Winkelried, I had read everything I could lay hold of that would give me clear conceptions of the wonderful scenery it embraces, yet I found imagination had never approached the reality. Hoping to do what others had failed in accomplishing, I confess, was the motive in my attempting these sketches. It always seemed strange to me, that such marked, striking features in

natural scenery could fail of being caught and described. Such bold outlines, and such distinct figures, it seemed a mere pastime to reproduce before the eye. And even now, of all the distinct things memory recalls, none appear more clear and definite than the scenes of the Alps. But notwithstanding all this, I need not add that I am as much dissatisfied with my own efforts as with those of others. The truth is, the Alps are too striking and grand to be described. We get a definite idea of very few things in the world we have never seen, by mere naked details. This is especially true of those objects that excite emotion. It is by comparing them to more familiar and greater things, that we conceive them properly. Indeed, the imagination is generally so much weaker than the bodily eye, that exaggeration is required to bring up the perceptive faculties to the proper point. But the Alps have nothing beyond them—nothing greater with which to compare them. They alone can illustrate themselves. Comparisons diminish them, and figures of speech only confuse the mind. This I believe to be the reason why every one becomes dissatisfied with his own descriptions. To give lofty conceptions of mountain scenery before, he has been accustomed to call it *Alpine*. The Alps are called in to illustrate all other mountains and lofty peaks, and hence when he comes to describe the former, he is at loss for metaphors and comparisons. The words grand, awful, sublime, have been used to describe scenery so far inferior to that which now meets his eye, that he would reject them as weak and expressionless, were there any others he could employ. I have never felt the need of stronger Saxon more than when standing amid the chaos of the Alpine abyss, or looking off from the summit of an Alpine peak. Like the attempt to utter a man's deepest emotions, words for the time shock him. I am aware this may be attributed to a sensitive imagination. Some may boast that they have stood perfectly tranquil, and at their ease in every part of the Alps. I envy not such a man his self-possession, nor his tranquil nature. He who can wander through the Oberland without being profoundly moved, and feeling as Coleridge did when he lifted his hymn in the vale of Chamouni, need not fear that he will ever be greatly excited either by the grave or the beautiful."

The Enchanted Rock. A Comanche Legend. By Percy B. St. John.

[From the Friend of India.]

Mr. St. John—a successful and experienced contributor to many of our London periodicals—the author of this tale, founded on an Indian legend, has had many and ample opportunities to qualify himself sufficiently for the task he has undertaken. Under many dangers and difficulties, he has travelled throughout the wilds of the sublime interior of the vast American continent, and, associating fully and freely with the members of the native tribes, gained that personal acquaintance with a primitive state of existence which in the present volume he so truly and vividly describes. The narrative it contains is full of interest, and written throughout with ease and much generous enthusiasm. His descriptions of scenery are picturesque and animated, preferable perhaps to his delineations of character, although the latter are in nowise deficient in force and truthfulness. We subjoin a splendid passage, evidencing tolerably fairly Mr. St. John's power in descriptive writing, and in conclusion honestly recommend the book to the best consideration of our readers:—

"At the mouth of a gorge in the hills, behind the Canon de Uvaldi, is a lake of small dimensions, to the borders of which we must now transport our fancy at eventide. Over its deeply-shadowed waters came gliding an Indian canoe, the occupants of which were silent as the grave, wrapped in their own thoughts, or awed by the grandeur of the scene around, which, despite that hail and rain descended in torrents, was to be defined by a keen and scrutinising eye. To the right and left of him who paddled the canoe were wild meadows, dotted with trees and groves of a myrtaceous shrub, that, as it waved in the damp breeze, diffused delicious fragrance around, mingled with the faint odour of the wild strawberry, that actually coloured by day the surface of the prairie. Down to the very water's edge came the trees, their boughs drooping and dipping into the lake, as they rose and fell with the motion of the wind. Here and there a brown-tailed deer was discovered quenching his thirst from some shady copse; there the loon screamed and dived beneath the tiny waves; while the owl and wolf made dismal chorus from the banks. All this was seen and heard while angry clouds rolled high in the heavens, while hail and rain fell fast, big drops pattering on the green leaves, and making wild music with the moaning of the wind. A remnant of daylight yet trembled in the heavens, and lay slumbering on the troubled surface of the lake; but presently, as the current became swift, whirling, and difficult to stem, it vanished, and left all in utter darkness, just as the sound of a cataract broke clearly on the ear. Still the canoe sprang, or skimmed rather, lightly over the rippling surface on the waters, and as the roar became louder, the cloud broke and revealed the fall above.

The sullen thunder of the falling stream, the hastening of the flood, the sharp rippling on the rocks, would, had it remained unseen, have revealed its presence, but now it stood naked to the view. The storm was for the moment over, the currents of air were dispersing the clouds, and the stars shone out on the gradually-clearing brow of night. The sweet savour of teeming groves was again wafted by the dying breeze to the weary senses of the wayfarers. The view on each side was now changed. Grim and rude rocks had assumed the place before occupied by trees and meadows, while several spring-fed rills fell jingling over the stones; cascades were heard singing from cliff to cliff; while the trout and salmon leaped wantonly near them in the flood. Mosses and stunted pines clothed here and there these nearly-barren shores; amongst which ran the trail of the Indian wanderer, near the torrent, along the rocky slope, ending amid large loose rocks, blanched by the flood of ages, at the foot of the great fall. The mighty crags rose frowning on each side of the gorge, confining the course of the stream which fed the lake—the same that ran so smoothly through the Canon de Uvaldi — into close and uneasy limits. Bound in a narrow channel, it rushed madly through the gap a short distance, then, meeting a firm and immoveable rock, divided in twain, and fell headlong two hundred feet into the lake below. The right fall was slight, and was dispersed in spray, whichever side the wind chanced to blow; but on the left, a vast body of water came in a heavy mass, rushing to the plain, where it rose in clouds of vapour, after raising thunder on the broad surface of the rocks. Far around reached the waves and eddies caused by this mighty power; while trees, stones, and other matter, torn from the rocks above, continually added to the hideous clamour that reigned without ceasing near that spot. As the canoe came within two hundred yards of the fall, and glided towards the right bank, another change came over the scene. All nature, save the never-dying waterfall, was silent, the brown clouds had vanished from around the hill-tops, the stars were twinkling brightly in the sky, when a faint silvery streak was seen gilding the edges of the mountain, the sky grew grey, the lesser spheres paled and disappeared, or grew dim. The depths of the blue sky, near the edge of the lofty cliffs, glowed in one rich flush of mellow light, rising from the unseen moon, which presently dipped upwards, and disclosed its full glory and power. The summits of the hill tops no longer shone alone, all nature was flooded with a semi-noontide glory, the leaves shook beneath the beams, while on the waters the moon's rays fell, the waves dancing beneath the bewitching influence of blue light and darksome shade. It was a glorious rising, and one which, to any spirit alive to God and his power, must have been pregnant with mighty thought."

The Gatherer.

Public Opinion and Popular Clamour.—Popular clamour and public opinion are often confounded with, and mistaken for, each other, yet they essentially differ, and emanate from totally opposite causes. Public opinion is powerful in a community where the requisites for its formation are spread among the people; that is, where moral principle, information, wealth, and facility of communication exist, and where the middle class is extensive. On the contrary, popular clamour is influential in proportion as the lower class is numerous, ignorant, poor, and fanatical. Popular clamour is an excitement created by, and exercising influence on, the passions of the multitude, who usually form rash resolves and act without reflection, judgment, or regard for consequences. In proportion as reason exercises its influence on a people sudden bursts of feeling will be less common, but public opinion will be more powerful. Popular clamour has probably less influence in this country than in any other, owing to the strength of public opinion.—*Mackinnon's History of Civilisation.*

Charles James Fox.—Never was there such an union of massive intellect and fascinating character as was witnessed in Charles James Fox. In public, he captivated attention by the splendour of his abilities and the ascendancy of his energetic will; in private, he artlessly ingratiated himself by the charm of his manners. With a colossal understanding, he had no arrogance of intellect; the most formidable of debaters, he was free from all dogmatism and petulance, and the world admired the rare union of the most commanding power joined to the most delightful sweetness of disposition. He was gifted by nature with a robust body, and remarkable buoyancy of spirits, which he sustained by society and convivial pleasure. Sanguine—enthusiastic—with more sensibility than imagination, he was fond of constant excitement, the vehemence of his nature recoiling from what he deemed the sluggish monotony of every day existence. Thus politics—even, of the highest kind—being insufficient to stimulate him, he plunged with ardour into all the vices of a fashionable libertine. And while his eloquence and knowledge were eagerly extolled by politicians—his voluptuous excesses—his reckless hazards at the gaming table, were the themes of a

thousand tongues. Play had become an indomitable passion with him. "By the bye," says Gibbon, in one of his letters, when alluding to the young orator's exertions for enlarging the toleration act, "Charles Fox prepared himself for that holy war by passing twenty-two hours in the pious exercise of hazard. His devotion cost him only about £500 per hour." In 1773 his father relieved him from debts to the amount of £140,000. He was soon again involved as deeply, and his dissipations were as noted in Paris as in London. —*The Age of Pitt and Fox.*

The New Zealanders.—The colour of the New Zealanders is a light clear brown, varying very much in shade; sometimes it is even lighter than that of a native of the south of France. The nose is straight and well-shaped, often aquiline, the mouth generally large, and the lips in many cases more developed than those of Europeans, the eyes are dark and full of vivacity and expression; the hair is generally black and lank, or slightly curled; the teeth are white, even, and regular, and last to old age; the feet and hands are well proportioned; the former, being uncovered, are in a healthy development, and the native laughs at our mis-shaped feet. As the New Zealanders often use the second and great toes in weaving and plaiting the ropes of the phormium, the toes are less confined than with us, and they have more command over the muscles. Their features are prominent but regular; the expression of the face quiet and composed, showing great self-command, and this is heightened by the tattooing, which prevents the face from assuming the furrows of passion or the wrinkles of age; their physiognomy bears no signs of ferocity, but is easy, open, and pleasing. Some of the natives have hair of a reddish or auburn colour, and a very light-coloured skin.—*Dieffenbach's Travels in New Zealand.*

Singular Custom.—In Guernsey, the 'lit de veille' is more universally seen than in Jersey. This 'lit de veille' is a broad bed frame, occupying one corner of the common room, raised about a foot and half above the ground, and covered with dry fern, or hay, or pea-haulm. On these 'lit de veille,' the young people in the house where it is, and of the neighbouring houses, to the number of a dozen perhaps, or even considerably more, and of both sexes, assemble during the long winter evenings; sitting in a circle feet to feet. There the girls knit and sow, or the young men talk or sing. One large lamp is suspended overhead; and some say, arguing, perhaps, from the parsimonious character of the natives—that the custom originated in the advantage of saving fire and candle, since one light suffices or the inhabitants of many houses; and since no fire is needed where a score of persons are packed so close together. One would imagine, that such a custom as this would be productive of idle habits and possibly even of worse; but judging both by the industrious habits of the population and by their general pure morality, I should infer that no such effects are produced. This custom, however, like many others, is on the wane in both islands. In Jersey, I have seen the walls against which the "lit de veille' is placed, and the roof above, festooned with flowers and shrubs, laurel, myrtle, rose, and sun-flower; so that the scene is sometimes equally pretty as it is curious.—*Inglis' Channel Islands.*

How to Increase the Grip of Railway Wheels in Wet Weather.—A correspondent of the *Mechanics' Magazine*, calls the attention of railway directors to a simple contrivance for preventing a class of accidents which frequently occur, owing to the detention of trains in wet weather, caused by the slippery state of the rails. The plan is simply this: let there be a square hollow tube, made of iron, four inches by two, about a foot and a half high, placed perpendicularly over the driving wheels, which could be attached to the guard over the wheels, the tubes to have a moveable cover on the top, and open at the bottom shaped out to the circle of the wheels, but not to touch them. Put into these tubes blocks of chalk, shaped to the tubes, to fit quite easy, to allow the chalk to rest on the wheels by its own weight; but if this were found not sufficient, a weight could be placed on the top of the chalk, to press it down more. By this means, the wheels would be kept constantly chalked, which would cause them to bite the rails quite as firmly as in dry weather; thus preventing any decrease of speed, to the danger of the passengers, &c. The engineers could at all times have a supply of these blocks of chalk, to use when required, which might also be found very useful in ascending inclined planes even in dry weather.

Francis I was one day playing at tennis, when a monk, by a successful stroke, insured the victory for the king's side of the game. "Well done," said the king, "a brave stroke for a monk!" "Sire," replied the monk, "your majesty can make it the blow of an abbe when you please." Some days afterwards the abbacy of Bourmagen became vacant, and the king presented the witty monk with the cure.

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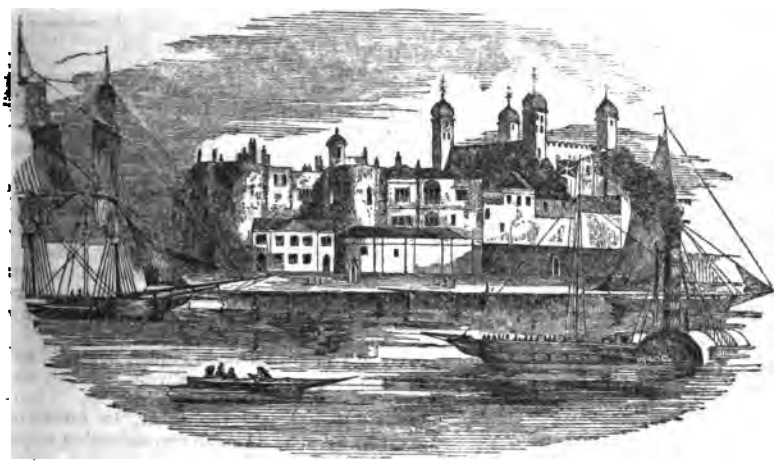

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

The series of buildings termed the Tower of London occupies an extensive area to the east of the city, on the north side of the Thames. The following description, though the terms in which it is conveyed are not rigidly exact, may convey a general idea of the form of the Tower:

The area may be termed a circle, which is described by a wide and spacious ditch, or moat, running round the walls and the river. The centre of this circle is occupied by the most conspicuous and the most ancient portion of the Tower—the citadel or keep, which was the royal palace. This is a massive quadrangular building, having a turret at each angle rising considerably above the roof. It is termed the White Tower. The White Tower stands in the centre, or nearly so, of a square or inclosure called the Inner Ward; the buildings composing which are appropriated to the Ordnance offices, the ancient and modern armouries, store-houses, resident governor's house, &c. The Inner Ward is encircled by the Outer Ward, a narrow street, or rather lane, running round the Tower, which is appropriated to offices, residences, barracks, &c. The walls have cannon mounted at the embrasures.

We have so often had occasion to refer to the time-honoured walls of London's Tower—from which Ainsworth took the name of his very successful historical romance—that we feel ourselves under no necessity of giving any very minute details on the present occasion. To say that its foundation is ascribed to Julius Cæsar, that here have great and good men and women—Raleigh, Lady Jane Grey, Lord Russell, &c.—perished; some by inches, others on the scaffold—is to repeat what everybody knows. It is, therefore, more relevant to the present to invite our readers to pay a visit to this ancient fortress; where, if they be of the slightest poetic temperament, they will find their minds carried back to the picturesque, but in nowise to-be-regretted, days of feudalism, *i.e.* barbarism. The objects most worthy of inspection are the Armoury, the White Tower, the Jewel House. The dungeons—those infernal cells, where perished the very names of numerous victims of tyranny or religious bigotry—we propose, at no very distant period, to visit ourselves. We have been promising ourselves this satisfaction for some time past, and when we do so our readers will have the benefit of our editorial gleanings into these deep and dark regions; where, as in Dante's infernal regions,

"Nor Hope, nor Peace ever came."

THE RED HAND.

A Tale of Louisiana.

Book II.*—Palabras Milagrosas!

CHAPTER I.—SUPPER FOR TWO.

It was a winter's night, the cold wind blew keenly, the shutters of the houses shook with violence, and made the interior all the more tempting and agreeable. Caronde Piquet felt this. Who was Caronde Piquet will be the very natural question of the reader. He was a notary, and old, honest, and, we will not maliciously say in consequence, poor; but that he was poor, was self-evident. The apartment which he occupied was small and ill-furnished; a desk, a box containing deeds and parchments, a ricketty table, and two chairs, were the whole of his *mobilier*, if we except a bed in what by courtesy was called another room—in reality a closet.

Now it by no means follows that because a man be poor, therefore he is miserable. Caronde Piquet was not. He plodded on in his avocation, with a few respectable but rich clients, who had little legal business to transact. What they had, they gave to Caronde, and Caronde after this fashion lived. He rose at dawn, made his breakfast and his bed, swept out his room, and had everything in order by office-hours. He then took a walk, for, like every poor man who thinks rightly, he found the open air his best friend. By eleven he returned, lest any one should be in want of his services. The day, however, generally passed without the visit of a client, though Caronde had enough of writing to do to occupy him until his dinner hour. This meal he luxuriated in at the neighbouring eating-house, such as they were before the revolution; and having expended his modest pittance, returned once more to his *mansarde* in the Rue Royale du Coq, No. 17. Towards evening the poor notary took another stroll, called perhaps on some friend, less solitary than himself because he had a family, and here Caronde was generally welcome. His gentle manners, his quiet yet witty remarks, his fondness for children, his inexhaustible fund of patience, which made him the martyr to half the children in the parish—or, at all events, of his acquaintance—rendered him ever welcome to the whole circle of his friends. Thus Caronde glided smoothly down the stream of life, never in want, never in penury, and still never at the end of the year, though exercising the most rigid economy, with one penny saved.

It was a winter evening, to go back to our opening words, and Caronde Piquet sat by his little fire-place, watching the development of a *bouillon* with which he promised to regale himself for his modest supper, with that intentness native to the poor and the solitary. Caronde was thinking. Of what, he would have found it difficult to say, since his subjects of thought were not of the most extensive kind.

A loud noise was heard at the bottom of the stairs; then the step of a heavy foot ascending.

Caronde took no notice, there were so many lodgers in the same hotel.

Rat! tat! tat!

"*Peste!*" said Caronde, eyeing his *bouillon* and his preparations for supper, which were, to say the least, slightly unprofessional, with doubt; "but bah, one must eat, even if one be a notary."

"Rat! tat!" this time rather impatiently.

"Come in," and Caronde threw himself back in his arm-chair with the air of a *millionaire*, disturbed at his evening meal.

A tall man, masked, and with a huge cloak thrown around him, entered unceremoniously, and advanced into the centre of the apartment.

"You are Caronde Piquet, notary," said the stranger, interrogatively.

"At your service, monsieur."

"Hem!" said the other, in somewhat bad French; "I come recommended to you by a client of yours—the Marquis de St. Leon."

"Sir, you are twice welcome. Will you be seated? What can I do for you?"

"Much, but it is an affair of moment. The first requisite is secrecy."

"It is my profession," said Caronde, drily.

The stranger seated himself, but without removing his mask, his hat, or his cloak.

"You would like to gain two thousand francs a year."

"Monsieur," said the poor notary, starting and looking at the stranger's feet with suspicion, "what am I to do for you?"

"Would you like to earn two thousand francs?"

"Certainly, with pleasure. Two thousand francs? why, it is a mine."

"They are at your service."

"But, monsieur, explain yourself."

The stranger said nothing; but opening his cloak, there appeared, wrapped in a deep sleep, a child. Pale but most beautiful, the little creature slept so sound as to create the suspicion that artificial means had been resorted to cast it into slumber. It was about a year and a half old, and a girl.

Caronde's favourite instincts were all active and alive in an instant. His pale face flushed, his eyes beamed with a sparkling animation, his lips were curled into a smile.

* Book I. of "The Red Hand," which is written expressly for The Mirror, commences April 4th, and ends May 30, and may be had, price 1s. 6d.

"Is it to take that child? why, I would do it for nothing."

The stranger, whose mask covered only the upper part of his face, looked gratified, and continued: "You will be required to educate and adopt this child—you must bring it up as your own. Every year two thousand francs will be sent you. Be satisfied with this, be secret, and I confide her to you."

"I accept the office," said the notary, fervently, "but if you would reclaim her?"

"I shall never do so," replied the man, moodily; "and yet, who knows?"

"You may one day change your mind; circumstances—"

"Yes! you are right," said the man; "and yet you must not know me."

And the stranger mused. After a while, he took up a pen which lay on the notary's table, and wrote two words on the back of a packet, which he deposited in the notary's hands.

"The child I confide to you," said the stranger, rising; "watch over it, guard it, as you would your own soul, and deliver to no living being but he or her who shall repeat to you the words I have written."

The notary paid no attention to the words, for he had taken the child in his arms, and was intently engaged in admiring its pretty and innocent face. Caronde had within him all the feelings, all the emotions of a father, at this moment; and under the peculiar circumstances which brought the little stranger to his door, could scarcely but experience all the feelings of one.

"Its name?" he said, after a pause.

"Call her Piquet until she be ten years old; then open the packet I have given you; you will find other instructions. I confide in you."

"You may, sir stranger."

The mask here stooped, and imprinted a kiss upon the child's face. He then raised himself, cast a heavy purse on the table, and left the room. The notary again gazed on the child, on whose cheek he observed a slight humidity.

It was a tear dropped by the stern man who was now heard hurrying down stairs.

"Mon Dieu!" said Caronde, "that was the child's father, and he has left it thus. So much the better; I am no longer alone. Bravo, our family increases. We must have supper for two."

The child still slept, and Caronde bore it to the bed which for ten years he had enjoyed in solitary loneliness. It was big enough for the man and the baby, however. If it had not been, Caronde would have slept on the floor.

"Bravo!" said the notary; "God is good, and *au diable* with the philosophers. Here am I, a poor lonely devil, too poor to have a wife, and yet all my life wishing for a child of my own. Pan! pan! a knock at the door, and we have one that I will wager two sous to a bottle of brandy, can walk, and talk, and eat. Aha! talking of eating, I wonder whether *bouillon* is good for children. When it wakes, it will be hungry. All right; I know I have seen Mere Margot give a younger child, it was her grandchild, meat in lumps. Va! what is good in the whole must be excellent diluted. Agreed, soup is just the thing; and as sure as my name is Caronde, we shall have supper for two."

One should have seen the air with which the notary laid out his supper, even running out, so sound did the child sleep, and fetching, on the faith of the purse he had not yet looked at, certain little tit bits for the meal which the poor man had not for many a year regaled himself with. Ah! Caronde was a happy man, as he put on an extra log, lit an extra wick of his lamp, and popped a bottle of wine on his table. "Yes, God is good, and to the deuce with the philosophers."

"Ta! ta!" said Caronde, as soon as the whole banquet was in apple-pie order, and he began himself, after his unusual exertions, to feel somewhat of an unusual appetite, "we sleep as if we liked it. I expect she is used to it," and creeping in on tiptoes, the man of law seated himself on the edge of the bed.

That poor notary, in his threadbare coat, in his russet cap, pale, with no feature of outward show to recommend him, what an admirable, what a beautiful picture did he present. In his heart there was more beauty than in a Madonna of Raffaelle. To see him gazing tenderly, anxiously, upon that little child, examining every feature of its little face, he seemed some guardian angel, so subdued, so eloquent was his mute patience.

Presently the child grew restless, moved, raised its diminutive hand to its little face, rubbing it as if to chase away slumber, and then woke.

"Mamma!" were its first words.

"Ta! ta!" said the poor notary, somewhat puzzled; "I had forgotten, babes do usually have mothers!'

The child heard the strange voice, looked, saw the strange face, and began to cry.

"*Mon Dieu!* what shall I do," exclaimed Caronde, taking it in his arms and beginning to sing, at the same time bearing it into the other room. At the sight of the well furnished table, the child paused. It was evidently hungry. Caronde was delighted, and, seating himself, soon found that his little friend had an appetite which promised much for its health.

"I see we shall do favourably. Bravo, Caronde, you make a capital nurse."

In fact, in a very short time, the child seemed perfectly reconciled; but Caronde's ways were so amusing; he plied it so perseveringly with food, he laughed, he played all kinds of queer antics, he made faces ugly enough to have frightened a horse, and the little thing, tickled irresistibly by the notary's fun, laughed too, until, what with laughing, eating, and playing with its new guardian, the young creature once more fell asleep.

"This goes famously, like a watch," said Caronde, as he put away the supper things; "and now for the packet and the money, let us put them away."

In the purse were a hundred louis d'ors.

"An inexhaustible treasure," said the notary.

On the packet were written these words: *Palabras Milagrosas!*

"Very queer words," said the notary.

HUMPHRY DAVY'S EXPERIMENTS AT BRISTOL.

A more persevering and enthusiastic experimentalist than Mr. Davy, the whole kingdom could not have produced; an admission which was made by all who knew him; many of his experiments were in the highest degree hazardous. He seemed to act, as if in case of sacrificing one life, he had two or three others in reserve, on which he could fall back, in case of necessity. He sometimes so excited my fears, that I half despaired of seeing him alive the next morning. He has been known sometimes to breathe a deadly gas, with his finger on his pulse, to determine how much could be borne, before a serious delension occurred in the vital action. After his experiments in breathing the nitrous oxide, he determined even to hasard a trial with the deadly nitrous gas. For this purpose he placed in a bag, "one hundred and fourteen cubic inches of nitrous gas," and knowing that unless he exhausted his lungs of the atmospheric air, its oxygen would unite with the nitrous gas, and produce in his lungs aqua-fortis, he resolved to expel if possible, the whole of the atmospheric air from his lungs, by some contrivance of his own. For this purpose, in a second bag, he placed seven quarts of nitrous oxide, and made from it three inspirations, and three expirations, and then instantly transferred his mouth to the nitrous gas bag, and turning the stop-cock, took one inspiration. This gas, in passing through his mouth and fauces, burnt his throat, and produced such a spasm in the epiglottis, as to cause him instantly to desist, when, in breathing the common air, aqua-fortis was really formed in his mouth, which burnt his tongue, palate, and injured his teeth. Mr. D. says, "I never design again to repeat so rash an experiment." But though this experiment might not be repeated, there was one other nearly as dangerous, to which Mr. Davy's love of science prompted him to resort; not by trying it on another but generously on himself. Mr. D. wanted to determine whether the carburetted hydrogen gas was so destructive to animal life as had been represented. In its pure state, one inspiration of this gas was understood to destroy life, but Mr. Davy mixed three quarts of the gas, with two quarts of atmospheric air, and then breathed the whole for nearly a minute. This produced only slight effects, (nothing to an experimental chemist), merely "giddiness, pain in the head, loss of voluntary power," &c. The spirit of inquiry not being repressed by these trifling inconveniences, Mr. Davy was now emboldened to introduce into his green bag, four quarts of carburetted hydrogen gas, nearly pure. After exhausting his lungs in the usual way, he made two inspirations of this gas. The first inspiration produced numbness and loss of feeling in the chest. After the second, he lost all power of perceiving external things, except a terrible oppression on his chest, and he seemed sinking fast to death! He just had consciousness enough to remove the mouth-piece from his unclosed lips, when he became wholly insensible. After breathing the common air for some time, consciousness was restored, and Mr. Davy faintly uttered, as a consolation to his then attendant (Mr. John Tobin), "I do not think I shall die." Such are some of the appalling hazards encountered by Mr. Davy, in his intrepid investigation of the gases. These destructive experiments, during his residence at Bristol, probably produced those affections of the chest, to which he was subject through life, and which, beyond all question, shortened his days.—*Cottle's Recollections of Coleridge.*

A STORY ABOUT KIT CUCUMBER,

THE MAN WHO NEVER GOT INTO A PASSION.

One of the pleasantest, merriest fellows in existence was Kit,—or, as all who didn't presume to abbreviate sponsorial appellations used to call him—Christopher Cucumber. You knew him, of course, everybody knew him; and a great and insurmountable obstacle it would have been to everybody's social happiness if they hadn't known him. Such a blithe, sparkling-eyed, joking, chatty fellow was Kit. You had only to get him seated behind a meerschaum on one side of the fireplace and perch yourself on the other, and away went the fretting annoyances of the day in the first puff of smoke—corns, quarter-days,

tax-gatherers, unremitted accounts and all, completely routed from the field of memory by Kit's artillery of good humour. Now and then some peevish or grating care would obstinately attempt to contest the ground and rally the hypochondriac forces, but it was no use battling against such long odds; Kit had only to puff and joke, and joke and puff, and there was the victory gained at once without further trouble. Kit's temper too was even as a bowling-green; his most intimate acquaintances never saw him ruffled or discomposed in the slightest degree. He rebounded like a racket-ball from all the sturdy blows dame fortune gave him, and as to any attempt at depressing his flow of spirits by all ordinary means, the very notion was perfectly utopian. Kit was a human Jack-in-the-box, with one of those very elastic spiral coils of wire twined about his heart. Press him downwards one moment and up he was the next, with all the pertinacious indifference of those red and green gentry belonging to the toy aforesaid; and then as for joking Kit was the very personification of "The Complete Jester," a perfect peripatetic proof of the doctrine of transmigration, inasmuch as the soul of every witticism descended from Mr. Joseph Miller had by a novel metempsychosis entered into his corporeal being. Such quaint contortions of Walker, such queer quiddities of language, and such a flashing exuberance of mirth, never flowed from any other lips in the way they did from Kit's. He was the individual embodiment of fun, and would have reduced to a state of facetious destitution every "Mr. Merryman" that ever existed, had they dared to enter the lists with him. But we have a story to tell about Kit, and it is this:—

Shrinking back from the din and bustle of the Strand and Fleet-street, and occupying a modest station behind the pillars that complete a kind of equilateral triangle with Holywell-street and Temple-bar, there have been visible, since the early days of Justice Shallow, a sober assemblage of houses known unto the indwellers and their visitors as Clement's-inn. The monotony of their dull and sombre brickwork is only occasionally relieved by huge portals surmounted with a staring black numeral, and dusty casements sprinkled in regular order over the walls, amid which dusky window-panes and dingy muslin curtains are dimly perceptible. In one of the corner recesses of this secluded spot, there might have been observed, at the period we speak of, an inscription on one of the white pillars which sentinelled the door-way, to the effect that on the third story thereof one Christopher Cucumber resided, and any street sceptic who presumed to doubt the veracity of the inscription on the door-post would have found, by ascending to the landing on the third flight, the intimation confirmed by a repetition of the letters composing our hero's name being duly emblazoned on a massive black door which formed the exterior boundary of the aforesaid Cucumber's chambers. Not that Kit had anything to do with the law, nor in fact that he had any ostensible profession whatever; but rejoicing in all the liberty of action and freedom of will common to bachelors in general, and to Kit in particular, he had taken up his domicile in that region with a view to exercise his privileges to their fullest extent; with a small income derivable from some hereditary interest in the "Three per cents," a tolerably decent figure, and years that had not yet enabled him to celebrate the thirtieth anniversary of his birthday, it was, perhaps, no wonder that Kit preserved the buoyancy of his animal spirits; but as the minor vexations of life seldom fail to disturb the equanimity of man, and as Kit had hitherto passed through every ordeal unscathed, it is not so surprising that amongst the numerous personages whose acquaintance he could boast, a *soubriquet* had become attached to him of "Kit Cucumber, the man who never got into a passion"—an enviable distinction, of which a mortal might naturally be proud.

Every man, however, hath his tempter at some period or other, and it appears that this was the season fixed upon by Kit's to pay him a domiciliary visit. Accordingly, one evening a peculiar knock at the outer door, sounding something like a postman's rat-tat, multiplied by two, was the intimation of his presence. Kit no sooner heard the signal than, recognising it as one of a code which had been conventionally established among a chosen few to ensure admission when the visited did'nt choose to be "at home" to others—Kit, we say, no sooner was conscious of the reduplicated percussion of his knocker, than jerking back his easy chair into one corner, and thrusting his meerschaum into another, he immediately proceeded to unfold the facilities of egress. On opening the door there appeared—no occasion for alarm really—Harry Sharpe, his old college chum, clad not exactly in the ominous red trunks, which Mephistopheles is said to have displayed to his victim Faust, but in the ordinary Codrington of everyday life, and without even a spark of red fire, save that which glowed at the extremity of his half-smoked principe.

"What! the immortal Harry?" exclaimed Kit, as he grasped his friend's digits, with a conviction that, notwithstanding his extravagant salutation, he was only shaking hands with corporeal clay like himself—"you are a good fellow for dropping in so speedily."

"Thought I should find you at home," responded the other, establishing himself in a chair by the fireplace, and familiarly naturalising his feet to the fender. "I've got a special communication for your particular ear."

"Blaze away!" said Kit, metaphorically, adopting the manner and tones of Mr. Paul Bedford, when he trundles one of his very bass notes out at one corner of his mouth, and sends it rumbling over the pit, whilst he squeaks a stray joke to Wright out at the other. "Emma faithless, or the governor severe—which?"

"Neither, my boy," returned his companion; "as for Emma, she is, as she ever was, the paragon of lovely constancy and constant loveliness; and as for the governor his assent to our marriage is as sure as quarter-day. You are on the right scent, however. Guess again."

"Impossible!" cried Kit, after a few moments' consideration, with his eyes intensely fixed on the ceiling, as if a mesmeric influence was expected to come out of the whitewash.

"Guess!" repeated the puzzle-propounder with increased energy.

"Can't," urged Kit, with redoubled emphasis; "must give it up; so light your pipe; mix yourself a glass of Hollands, and unfold."

"Well, then, you remember Emma's friend, Caroline Merton, that you used to be so fond of, when we did the amiable down at Grange Farm together."

"Remember her! I should think so; why, in everything from Pope Joan to the Lancers, she was the only partner that I ever cared about; knitting or nutting, bonnet-building or blackberrying, Carry Merton and I were inseparable. But, alas! fate was unkind, and Caroline went out to India when I came to Clement's-inn."

"All a delusion, my dear fellow, she merely exercised her feminine prerogative—altered her mind—and settled at Maidstone instead of Madras. Emma saw her the other day; gave her an invitation to the Farm; wrote to me to bring you down, if I could, or bring myself if I couldn't, and to-morrow morning *I* propose starting."

"*We*," emphasised Kit—"we, Harry; by all means make it the plural, and bother Zimmerman! I see—first Gravesend, boat from Blackwall; then van to Maidstone—then walk to Grange, through hop-gardens and cornfields; then hearty welcome from farmer Lambert, and blushing recognitions from Carry; then songs from Carry, and piano accompaniment from Emma, Mrs. Sharpe that is to be; then moonlight stroll through the orchard with Carry, old loves, old memories, and all that sort of thing; then back to the farmer's cosy fireside; brandy and water, pipes, jokes, duets, and all that sort of thing, then—but, hang it, Harry, I'm out of breath with my raptures already."

"Well, better that than out of danger, Kit, which, I believe, no one ever saw you yet. What the deuce *is your secret*? I'd give the world—at least with Emma out of it—to be as unruffled by the petty annoyances of life as you are."

"All a habit, my dear boy; nothing ever worries me. I defy any vexation to wrinkle my complacent smoothness—I always take things easy."

Happy Kit! but he only spoke the truth. He *had* taken everything easy—very easy—up to the period at which the conversation above recorded took place; but how often does a pitfall await the unconscious traveller along life's dusty road! How often, in gathering the last rose, do we feel the avenging thorn when least expected! But to snap short the chain of similes into which moral reflections are always apt to lead us, we may as well leave Kit and his companion to enjoy their converse privately and singly together, whilst we seize the opportunity to say something about the ladies that formed the principal subject of discussion.

(To be continued.)

Milton's Sonnets.—Traces indeed of the peculiar character of Milton may be found in all his works; but it is most strongly displayed in the Sonnets. Those remarkable poems have been undervalued by critics who have not understood their nature. They have no epigrammatic point. There is none of the ingenuity of Filicaja in the thought, none of the hard and brilliant enamel of Petrarch in the style. They are simple but majestic records of the feelings of the poet; as little tricked out for the public eye as his diary would have been. A victory, an unexpected attack upon the city, a momentary fit of depression or exultation, a jest thrown out against one of his books, a dream, which for a short time restored to him that beautiful face over which the grave had closed for ever, led him to musings, which, without effort, shaped themselves into verse. The unity of sentiment and severity of style which characterise these little pieces, remind us of the Greek Anthology, or perhaps still more of the Collects of the English Liturgy—the noble poem on the Massacres of Piedmont is strictly a collect in verse. The Sonnets are more or less striking, according as the occasions which gave birth to them are more or less interesting. But they are, almost without exception, dignified by a sobriety and greatness of mind to which we know not where to look for a parallel.—*Macaulay.*

THE LITTLE OLD MAN OF THE WOOD,

OR,

THE TALE OF A COMICAL STICK.

BY T. H. SEALY.

(*Continued from page* 343.)

So that little bough stood still,
Though the slightest wind would shake it;
And seemed like to rest until
It should crumble and so tumble,
If no perching bird should break it;
For it certainly must moulder
Ere it should be greatly older.

On the bough I fixed mine eyes,
Thinking nothing of the bough:
I was in a pleasant dream
Musing o'er the poet's theme;
Travelling under his command
Through the walks of fairy land,
Careless whether led or how.
Hearing things that were not heard;
Seeing things that were not seen;
Mixed in facts where none occurred,
Caused by powers that ne'er have been.

Both mine eyes remained as still
As the branch whereon they gazed;
But if there they fed their fill
'Twas not by mine act of will;
For the forces of my mind
All to fancy's power resigned,
In her labyrinths so were mazed,
As to not be 'ware, from thence,
Of the appeals of outward sense.
All my powers at once concurred
To receive the Circe's law;
So I heard not what I heard,
And I saw not what I saw.

But, as one who sleeps and dreams,
Does not hear the voice, at first,
From his slumber that would wake him;
Yet at last the spells forsake him,
That so long unconscious make him,
And his charmed senses burst
Into life and into light,
Not at once but by degrees;—
So my mind resumed its sight
In that cabinet of trees;
And at first I seemed to see,
And at last could well discover,
(Though the while mine eyes had not
Wavered from the self same spot)
Something it was strange should be
Suddenly along with me,
Underneath our broad green cover;
Even a little knaggy man,
With a colour like a toad's,
And a skin of knots and nodes,
Full of wrinkles, full of crinkles,
Full of nuts like periwinkles;
All his face was seamed and notched,
All his body blained and blotched,
All his substance looked like tan.

Dwindled, spindled, warted, weasend;
Scaly, scald, sclerotic, scraggy;
Old, decayed, and out of seasoned;
Rusty, crusty, snubbed and snaggy;
All his form was cranked and crookéd
So that he was not well lookéd.
His eyes were sunk, his nose was snubby,
His lips were chopped, his teeth were jaggéd.
His brows were whelked, his cheeks were scrubby.
His pate was bald, his beard was shaggéd.
His beard was shaggéd long and thick—
When it was combed was hard to determine;
Now it was full of ends of stick,
Of woodlice and earwigs and all sorts of vermin.
All his body from head to heel
Rather than skin was clothed with peel,
And covered with lumps and bumps and boles,
Filled with crannies and nooks and holes.
His arms together were crossed and fitted
As well as their sinuous forms admitted,
And his fists below the wrists,
Were all made out with twirls and twists,
Furnished, just as the circumstance comes,
With one or two fingers and two or three thumbs.
A sprout of flesh, as mistletoe sprouts,
Grew from the shoulders of this strange elf;
If of this you have any doubts
Wait till you see the man yourself.
Then his legs were bent and bowed,
Greened and blacked, blistered and cracked,
And beneath his knees they showed
'Stead of garters cankerous rings,
Which, though not ideal things,
Must be mentioned since a fact.
And his feet so clubby, knubby,
Seem'd embedded where the grass—
(Freshened by the drops that pass
Lightly tickling earth with trickling)—
Grew into a tangled mass,
Sluggy, beetley, wormy, grubby,
Filled with all the slimy class.

At the little old man I looked,
And the little old man at me:
One so bent and curved and crooked
It was comical to see;
'Specially in such a spot,
Where two minutes erst, I wot,
Such a little old man was not.

By the little old man's eyes,
And the wrinkling of his lips,
And his most lugubrious air,
I at the first became aware,
That sure as grass and birds and song
To the rocks and woods belong,—
Sure as wax pertains to bees,
And their foliage to the trees,—
Ships to seas and shrouds to ships;
He had some deep-seated woes
Which he wanted to disclose;
Though a certain want of ease—
Being perhaps unused to talking,—
This intent was plainly baulking:
So I thought if I brought
The conversation about myself,
That which he sought might so be wrought,
And thus I should aid this crooked old elf.

So, as I sat down on my moss-cushioned stone,
I made him a bow as low as my knees,
And spoke in exceedingly affable tone,
Which I hoped might set him at once at his ease.
"My worthy old man"—I thus began,—
"I'm happy to see you in this green spot:
This shade's at present remarkably pleasant,
Because the day's remarkably hot.
I'm sorry very you don't seem merry:
Pray you discuss to me why are you not?
If I to your grief afford relief
The salve to your wound will be easily got."
The little old man he breathed a sigh
Like the wind in a brake of fern;
A lobe of gum oozed out of his eye,
As he writhed his lips to utter reply;
And screwing his cheek and his brown valves winking,
Where his little hard eyes were blinking,
(To aid him to speak and to help him in thinking)
These were the words I got in return:
But the voice in which he spoke
Was like the sough of an aged oak,
Just before its roots are blown
Out of their chamber of earth and stone.

(*To be continued.*)

PIQUILLO ALLIAGA;

OR,

THE MOORS IN THE TIME OF PHILIP III.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

From the French of M. Eugene Scribe.]

CHAPTER VIII.—THE FLAMES.

He pondered over his new friend, the young Moor, so elegant, so distinguished, who had said, "my brother," "it is good," &c., and these words acted upon him as an incentive to a virtuous course of life, very dissimilar to his recent career. Pedralvi had been but as a companion, a friend, but the stranger had been to him, as it were, a superior being, a divinity. He could barely persuade himself that all was not a dream, and as he, almost unconsciously, pressed the tablet to his heart, he cherished the thought, so new to him, that there was one in the world interested in his future destiny. Suddenly the fact crossed his brain that he could not read. Of what service was the tablet to him in this predicament? He consoled himself, however, by the reflection, that he could get it read for him on the following day by some wayfarer. At length, overcome by the fatigues of the day, he chose a secluded nook in the forest, and firmly clasping the treasured tablet in his hand, he fell fast asleep on the grass, thinking of the unknown, lulled by the gentle waving of the foliage and the refreshing perfume of a summer's night.

The morning air was heavy and suffocating, indicative of a day of more intense heat even than the preceding. The clouds were charged with electricity, rendering respiration difficult. Piquillo, labouring under the influence of these oppressive sensations, awoke suddenly with a start. It was broad day. But what was his amazement on awaking to find himself in the presence of that arch-demon Juan Baptista Balseiro, who held him tight by the throat.

The captain was in a very sorry plight, covered with blood, blackened by powder, and his clothes in tatters. He held in his hand the tablet and the purse he had torn from Piquillo whilst he slept, and looking at them contentedly, and with a ferocious laugh—

"Ah! ah!" said he, "you thought to escape me! You thought me dead, perchance. You have commenced betimes, my fine fellow, to betray those who succoured you, and to denounce them as spies, like an alguazil."

"Me!" exclaimed Piquillo, trembling.

"Yes, you. Yonder soldiers that you sent us very nearly realised the prediction of your accomplice — that cursed heretic and sorcerer the Moor Gongarello, who shall yet pay the penalty."

"Sir captain, I am ignorant of what you are speaking."

"Well, well, there's no use prevaricating; *we will settle our accounts* now, as the barber observed. Sent by you, and guided by the instructions you doubtless gave them, they found the way to the inn of Good Rest, and as I declined surrendering, they set it on fire: yes, the royal soldiers set it on fire. That rascal Gongarello predicted that I should be burnt to death, and you two set your heads together to realise the augury."

"Listen," said Piquillo.

"Did they listen?" said the captain; "did they not fire upon us as we struggled to escape the flames? May hell exterminate them along with those who suffered themselves to be entrapped like foxes gone to earth. These royal soldiery calculated on securing me with the rest, but I gave them the slip. I expect I am the only one that did, out of the lot, in the midst of the heavy firing. And, mind you, I shall not yet be hanged, but live, Master Piquillo, to perform the hangman's office upon you!"

"I am not guilty, indeed I am not—I swear it to you," cried the terrified Piquillo. "Listen."

"Do you take me for a corregidor, or a counsel learned in the law?" rejoined the captain, coldly. "Think you that I am going to listen to *your* lies? No, no; I have fully resolved that you, that satanic barber that was with you, and especially that incendiary Don Fernando d'Albayda, shall die the death I have designed for them; and I mean to finish you to begin with!"

Holding Piquillo with one hand, he tore up some pliant osiers with the other, to make a rope with. Having collected some half dozen or so of the finest, he composedly amused himself by fastening them together, previously taking the precaution to throw Piquillo on the ground, and to sit upon him, so as to prevent all chance of escape. So situated, the poor captive ran a fair risk of suffocation, from the enormous weight he had to bear. The captain, paying no attention to his groans, and evidently gratified by this novel mode of torture, continued his labour of love quite contentedly, whistling a jocund Castilian air.

"Have mercy on me, have mercy on me, I do implore you!" bitterly exclaimed Piquillo, in a suffocating tone.

"Have mercy, quotha?" responded the monster. "By my mother Geronima! yes, yes, I'll have mercy on you! It is my firm resolve to confer on you an immense favour. I purpose giving you a very exalted position indeed, my pretty captive starling. But, hark you! I like to be generous. You shall have your choice on which of yonder oaks you will swing."

Piquillo made no reply to this brutal raillery, seeing it was all hopeless to try to mollify the heart of this insatiate tiger.

"Look you, Piquillo," continued the captain, after having completed his rope, "do you see, on the margin of that road in the distance, that magnificent oak towering to the skies? That tree, possessing all the requisite advantages, will serve to shade your delicate person from the scorching sun! what say you?"

Piquillo made no answer.

"Just at a convenient distance from the ground there's a branch, too, that will serve magnificently to bear your weight, and seems, indeed, to have been created expressly for the purpose; and besides, should your friend of the tablet chance to pass this way, he will enjoy the happiness of seeing you in a very comfortable position, and of learning, also, how Juan Baptista avenges a wrong. Yes, that will do very nicely indeed, and with heaven's assistance—"

Piquillo understood that he was about to die, and he gave his last thoughts to the unknown.

Here the captain was interrupted by the report of a gun in the forest. Although the sound was distant, it was more than probable that he who fired the gun would pass in the immediate vicinity of the spot above described. The captain accordingly jumped instinctively to reconnoitre. Not being far from the tree which the captain had so picturesquely pourtrayed, Piquillo, liberated of his burden, started off, and sprang up its branches like a cat, and in an incredibly short space of time found himself perched on a branch some twenty feet from the ground. Piquillo had recourse to this attempt at escape, feeling convinced that the captain, in consequence of his corpulence, could not follow him. He was not wrong in his calculations, for the bandit, furious with rage, halted at the root of the tree, whilst the fugitive, breathless, but in comparative safety, continued his ascent.

"Come down, you young scoundrel," shrieked the baffled bandit, drawing a long pistol from his side, the last weapon he had left; "come down, and I will pardon you, and if you refuse I will shoot you to a certainty."

Piquillo was perfectly conscious of the dangers of his novel position, but dreadful as they were, they were not so terrible as those he had just escaped. As for trusting to the clemency of the captain, that was the last thing he dreamt of, and so he determined to try if, by stratagem, he could possibly save his life. The captain, meanwhile, kept dodging round the trunk of the tree to get a fair aim at his target, whilst Piquillo, carefully watching the movements of his fearful adversary, concealed himself as well as he could behind the branches. At length the captain, seizing a favourable opportunity, fired, and a shriek of horror immediately succeeded the report of the pistol. Piquillo fell headlong, and Juan Baptista gave one joyous shout of savage triumph—as the hyena howls with delight when it has secured its prey. But the captain had *not* secured his prey. The ball had simply shattered the lofty branch on which Piquillo was placed, and down they came together; but, happily, in their descent, the branch and its weight were arrested by the huge limbs of the oak which stretched out between the captain and the object of his aim. Piquillo responded, in a spirit of prophetic composure, to the triumphant exclamation that had escaped the bandit.

"Juan Baptista," said he, "you have been without pity for a helpless child, but rest assured that child will live to become a man, and, in his turn, will evince no mercy towards you. Remain as long as you please below; but the time will come when my cries from this asylum will attract some traveller to the spot, and then justice will have its course. You—an assassin—a bandit—an arrant coward—for you have assailed a defenceless child, who has defeated you."

"Ah! war! war!" rejoined the captain, with a roar of laughter which echoed through the forest; "he challenges me to the combat, and I am not loath to accept it. The cost of the campaign shall be defrayed by the enemy, for have I not in my possession this smart purse crammed with doubloons, and this elegant tablet with one solitary name thereon inscribed?—the name, doubtless, of one who offers you protection and wealth, for I know him to be one of the wealthiest men in Spain. I rejoice that he has dared to offer you an asylum, for that very offer has sealed his death-warrant."

At this idea Piquillo uttered a shriek of despair.

"And," continued the captain, "hope not to frustrate my plans of revenge; your hour is come. You have chosen that tree for a shelter; you refused to be hanged—the refuge you have chosen shall prove your funeral pyre."

Piquillo could not at first conceive what the bandit meant, but he was, alas! very soon let into the mystery.

"Ah! you proclaim war, do you? you shall have it to your heart's content," continued the captain, collecting round the tree all the dried wood and foliage with which the forest abounded. "War! war! you wished it, be satisfied," and he laughed with his infernal laugh; "it will soon be lit." While Piquillo watched with uneasy and alarmed thoughts these preparations, the

brigand proceeded; and having collected a large heap, he quietly took from his pocket a flint, and struck it sharply over the pile, smiling contentedly, and resuming his merry Castilian ditty. The mass got shortly ignited, and gradually the dense smoke ascended in spiral columns. For some time the green branches arrested the progress of the flames, but the fiend by their side fed them diligently, and a strong wind that unhappily rose at that critical moment, but too successfully aided the efforts of the demon. The tree became first covered with a black and viscous sweat, the froth oozed forth soon to disappear, then the branches gave forth a crackling sound, some breaking and giving food to the flames; to heighten the scene of horror, dark clouds began to dim the light of day. He thought that the smoke alone would suffocate his victim. Presently Piquillo was completely hid from his enemy by the thick smoke that surrounded him. Not a sound, saving an occasional scream of dread and agony, and the crackling of the burning timber, disturbed the silence of this awful scene. The merciless Baptista still fed the flames incessantly. At last, tired of his task, and having taken it for granted that Piquillo lay smothered above, or even if he attempted to descend, he would be burnt alive, he left him to his fate, rejoicing at the success of his horrible project. Moreover, it was not improbable that the glaring beacon that occasionally burst forth, lighting up the dismal forest, would attract travellers and lead to his discovery. He therefore thought it prudent to retire, and casting one more anxious look at the infernal pyramid he had erected, he soon disappeared in the tangled forest.

Piquillo, meanwhile, as the devouring flames gradually approached him, climbed higher and higher to avoid them. The tree was an immense one, its topmost branches towering to the skies; but still, as upwards he went, the destructive element gained fast upon him. The feathered denizens of the adjacent trees sought safety in flight; but alas! he could not follow them. Perched at the greatest height he could possibly attain, he tremblingly contemplated the fearful death he now saw no chance of averting. He had seen the captain disappear, but he had left his work too well accomplished to extend any hope of escape by descent. At one time, as a *dernier resort*, he thought of climbing to the extremity of one of the broadest branches, and dropping himself clear of the frightful furnace beneath him; but then, again, he remembered the tremendous height he had to fall. To complete the hopelessness of the position, the oak was too far apart from any other tree to permit of his leaping from one to the other. Thus debarred of all possible chance of escape, the poor little fellow's heart failed him outright, and he burst into tears. From whom now could he seek solace and soothing? He was alone in the world! alone!—and *yet* one ray of hope cheered his sinking heart. Juanita, when surrounded by danger and imminent death, had appealed for succour to the God of her fathers. Why should he not do the same? And, thereupon, whilst still the ruthless flames ascended, he cast his eyes to heaven, and in the full bitterness of his broken spirit, prayed aloud.

"Oh! my God; oh! my God!" he exclaimed, "to die so young, just when the joys of life were bursting upon me! When this very night such sweet dreams lulled my sleep. Oh, suffer me to live, that, by the virtuous future, I may blot out the crimes of the past. All is ended! I die!"

And still the flames ascended.

"Have I not, oh heaven! been bereft of all earthly bliss—a vagabond wanderer, with the street for my country, and the pavement for my home—without the love and tenderness of a mother; seeking my bread in sorrow, and taking it, by stern necessity, from the hands of a robber. If I have erred in society so contaminating—oh! suffer me yet to live that I may wash away the stain. Have pity on me, oh, my God."

And still the flames ascended.

"Oh! if I could but escape the terrific death that faces me—could but fly from the flames so fast surrounding me, and the merciless smoke suffocating me by degrees—if I could but escape these appalling terrors, the rest of my days should be devoted to thy service. I would employ them in no selfish pursuits, but for the benefit of my fellow-creatures. This do I pledge myself to fulfil faithfully. I would do for them what thou hast done for me. Listen then, my only protector, to these my earnest supplications, and suffer me yet to live. Oh! protect me in this hour of agony and peril."

And still the flames ascended.

CHAPTER IX.—DELIVERANCE.

Still the flames ascended! But higher still ascended the fervent prayer of the perishing child. God no doubt, had heard that prayer, and his mercy answered it; for a heavy storm which had been threatening all the morning, suddenly burst over the tree in which Piquillo had taken refuge, in one terrible clap of thunder, and torrents of rain fell, extinguishing the fire that had all but reached its victim. In the exuberance of his joy, with eyes uplifted to the source of this timely aid, he exclaimed, "Heaven has heard me, and wills that I should be an honest man."

The tempest continued to rage for a full hour, and right gratefully did Piquillo welcome the cataracts of rain that rescued him from his impending fate; with what joy—what gratitude—he contemplated this new deluge. The blazing branches were all successively extinguished, and presently a pool of water was formed at the base of the oak where but now a huge furnace existed. Piquillo commenced his descent when he perceived the flames had ceased to blaze; but the descent was by no means an easy matter. The copious fall of rain had rendered the branches slippery, and others, by the action of the fire, had become brittle, and would break even under the slight weight of Piquillo. When he had got about half-way down, and was congratulating himself on his safe arrival on *terra firma*, he heard, amid the howling of the tempest, the trampling footsteps of a man advancing towards the spot. His progress was impeded by the mud, and he helped himself onwards by leaning on a double-barrelled carbine, which he held in his hand. Worn with fatigue, he halted immediately beneath the oak on which Piquillo was still a captive. Presently taking off his cap to wipe away the rain and the perspiration which poured down his brow, he gave utterance to a horrible imprecation; the voice, which Piquillo knew so well, was that of Caralo the bandit! The wretched captive who was dreaming of life and liberty on the oak, tried to conceal himself behind the little foliage the fire had left.

"Ah!" said he, "Heaven has not heard me yet, and I am still doomed to die."

The brigand remained motionless, leaning against the tree as if in the act of listening. Piquillo could not at first exactly comprehend the object of this deep silence and profound attention; which, however, saved him, as it prevented his looking upwards; but presently, in the distance, he perceived a carriage dragged by four stout mules approaching them down the road, The postillion had much tough work to get through, for the road was rendered extremely heavy by the storm. As the carriage neared the spot, Piquillo hesitated whether it would be good policy to cry aloud for help. He abstained from doing so, knowing that it would betray his whereabout, and Caralo would most assuredly give him the benefit of one, if not of both of the barrels of his ugly carbine, and then, in all probability, escape unscathed into the heart of the forest.

He was disturbed in these reflections by a noise that made him tremble on the tree. Caralo, who was not by any means a man given to thinking on such occasions, prepared for action. When the carriage which was a costly one, heavily laden with luggage) was within a few paces of the bandit, he saw, at a glance, that there were but three persons in it, an old man and two young girls. It being evident that the postillion, a stout young Galician, was the only one likely to offer any obstinate resistance, Caralo shot him dead on the spot, and levelling his second barrel at the window of the carriage, which was then immediately facing the tree, he called aloud to the old man—

"Your purse, and the ladies' jewellery!"

The door of the carriage was opened, and out came a grey-headed gentleman with a stern cast of features, and placing himself before the young ladies by way of rampart, drew a hunting knife from its scabbard.

"Down with your arms," exclaimed the bandit.

"Never!" rejoined the gentleman.

"Resistane is perfectly useless; your purse and down with your arms, or I'll shoot you."

"Fire away," replied the old man, "Don Juan d'Aguilar will never surrender to a rascally bandit like you."

"You shall have it, sir, since you wish it," replied Caralo, levelling his carbine slowly.

"My father!—my friend!" exclaimed the terrified young girls, trying to leap from the carriage.

"The children are right," said the bandit, coldly. "Why, old man, you are not worth the powder in this barrel. I don't exact at your hands homilies and morality; all I want is the gold and silver you have about you; as for that iron, which is useless for both—down with it; and make haste, for I am in a hurry."

By way of rejoinder to these remarks, the old gentleman made a thrust with his sabre at the bandit.

"Come!" exclaimed Caralo, "we must finish this." And, leaning against the tree, he took a deliberate aim, and was on the point of pulling the trigger, when Piquillo dropped himself heavily on the uplifted arm of the bandit, and thus turned away the shot in a contrary direction. Though astounded, at first, at this wholly unexpected attack from above, he speedily recovered himself, and, seizing his new opponent, cast him on the ground roughly, exclaiming, in utter amazement at the sight of Piquillo,—

"'Tis him, indeed; this time at all events he shall not escape my vengeance"

And thereupon, with one foot on the trembling body of his feeble adversary, he was about to break his head with the butt end of his carbine, when a hand, vigorous in its old age, sent a sword, up to the hilt, into the body of the bandit. Caralo had

got his quietus; for, with one howl of rage and agony, he rolled over—a corpse!

"Ah! ah! that word was of no use to either of us, but the wild beast is slain," exclaimed the old gentleman. "I have hunted them before now, but never such a dangerous one. But what's the matter with you, my child, my Carmen? Oh! she has fainted, poor thing. Aixa, you who have more presence of mind, bring her to her senses, while I go to the assistance of our young defender yonder, the poor little tattered beggar, who has in him more courage than strength."

And the gouty old gentleman hobbled up towards Piquillo, who, though bruised, was not much hurt, and in rising offered his arm to Don Juan d'Aguilar.

"Why, I was coming to your assistance, my little fellow, and you come again to mine. Who are you?"

"Piquillo."

"Your business!"

"I have none."

"Who are your parents?"

"Alas! I have none."

"Where do you come from?"

"From the top of that tree."

"Do you dwell there?"

"I have since this morning."

Juan d'Aguilar looked at the oak, the trunk and branches of which were charred by the fire, and said, smilingly,

"Your dwelling is in a sadly dilapidated condition; and I offer you, if you will accept of it, a somewhat better one at my house in Pampeluna."

Joy and gratitude sparkled in Piquillo's eyes, and so choked was he for utterance, that all he could do was to press his new master's hand to his lips. Meanwhile they had reached the carriage, and Carmen having recovered from her fainting fit, leaped from the carriage, and threw herself on her father's neck, who was so overwhelmed with the caresses of both the young ladies, that it would be difficult to decide which of the two was his daughter. Piquillo stood by the door, calmly contemplating a scene of tenderness so perfectly novel to him. He had never beheld such exquisite loveliness as that on which he now gazed. Juanita, who had hitherto been his paragon, sunk down to a very ordinary person indeed. One, to his thinking, was of earth; the other was heavenly. And when the young ladies fixed their radiant eyes upon him, sparkling with kindly feeling and gratitude, and thanked him for his opportune assistance, and complimented him on the courage he had displayed in their cause, he felt a sensation he had never before experienced, and could not possibly define. Understanding that he was parentless and desolate, without resources or home.

"Ah! how happy," exclaimed Carmen.

"He will owe every thing to us," said Aixa.

"We will take him with us," added Don Juan d'Aguilar; "henceforth he shall be one of our household—he shall be my page. But in the interim," continued the old man looking at the Gallician, who lay grim and prostrate on the turf, "I wonder if our new page can perform the office of a postillion?"

"Most assuredly," exclaimed Piquillo, closing the door of the carriage, and jumping on one of the mules, which he encouraged with voice and gesture. Getting them into a gallop, he speedily cleared the forest, and on the following day, happier than the king of Spain, with a proud air, a glad heart and doublet in rags, he entered the city of Pampeluna.

"Where shall I drive to?" he asked of his new master. "To the viceroy's palace," cried the two girls.

THE REFORMATION.

If the motives of Henry VIII, in commencing the Reformation, may be accused of selfishness, cupidity, and revenge, the conduct of Luther is not altogether free from similar imputations. When Leo X, by the lavish expenditure in which he gratified his love of luxurious magnificence, found his treasury exhausted, he devised a scheme for raising money by selling indulgences, which were to free the purchaser from the pains of purgatory, and, by paying an advanced price, his friends might be included in the immunity. This traffic was carried on in many parts of Europe; and in Saxony, the Augustine friars were, at first, made sole "consignees" (to speak commercially) of these spiritual commodities,—an agency which ensured them, by way of commission, considerable profit. The Pope's minister, however, suspecting the accuracy of their accounts, transferred the lucrative business to the Dominicans. Martin Luther, being an Augustine monk, was indignant that he and his brethren had been deprived of so much good trade, and immediately denounced the efficacy of the indulgences; and, being of a fiery temper, soon proceeded to greater acts of insubordination, and at length denied the Pope's authority altogether. The Reformation, great and beneficial as its influence has been, originated both in Germany and England from questionable motives; Luther's subsequent conduct, however, in great measure redeemed its commencement. That of Henry was throughout tyrannical and vile. He slaughtered indifferently the advocates of both sides of the religious dispute. The learned Bishop Fisher, and the able and

conscientious Sir Thomas More, were executed for refusing the oath of supremacy with which the king had invested himself; while at the same time, he condemned many Protestants to the stake. His resentment, moreover, against all who had ever impugned the royal authority, carried him to the enormous folly of causing the bones of Thomas à Becket (whose rich shrine he had pillaged) to be cited into court, when the saint was condemned as a traitor, his name erased from the calendar, and sentence of burning pronounced on his bones! This surely was the act of a madman, no less than of a tyrant. But in whatever way Henry gratified his royal will, no opposition was manifested by the people, who witnessed with wonder, but with entire submission, the victims of popery and protestantism dragged in couples to the stake or to the scaffold. The Reformation in England, therefore, although the first blow to popery was struck by Henry, did not bear its good fruit in his reign. Its consummation was reserved for a later period.—*Mackinnon's History of Civilisation.*

Reviews.

The British Friend of India Magazine, May.

[Sherwood and Co.]

The staple subjects of this magazine are the Rajah of Sattara and George Thompson—George Thompson and the Rajah of Sattara. This is the less to be wondered at when we know that the work is edited by the honourable proprietor himself, whose reiterated motion in connection with the dethroned prince, is the nuisance of the Indian house. The present number opens with a pretended report of a meeting, in reality a series of libels on all those opposed to Mr. Thompson, and very laudatory of the worthy gentleman himself. In the first place Sir Henry Willock, K.L.S., the worthy and excellent late chairman of the board of directors, one who has ever shown his readiness to aid the cause of justice and good government in India, is mercilessly assailed in language little creditable to the honourable proprietor, whose florid and inflated style peeps forth in every line. Next we are favoured with some aspersions on Mr. Hogg, whose knowledge of Indian politics is one strong argument that his opposition to the Sattara Rajah is founded on justice. Major Randall, who spoke with the warmth of a soldier on the occasion of the vote of thanks to the army, is next taken to pieces; while the benevolent and gentle Mr. Poynder is equally subjected to the literary tomahawk of the honourable proprietor. But all this falls very harmless. The country knows well how to discriminate between politicians of known and tried ability and men of such shallow abilities as George Thompson, whose sole motive in editing a magazine appears to be, to give publicity to his own peculiar views, as well as to reprint, or rather report, his own speeches. Perhaps there is meaning in this. We know not, but it may be they are reported nowhere else. We look in vain in this publication for any information of a solid character in connection with India, the subject it professes to be about. In this it is not singular, for both journals and magazines exhibit generally a lamentable ignorance on this great and important dependance of the British Crown. The "Foreign Quarterly Review" is the only exception we know of among the reviews of the day.

The History of the Manners and Customs of Ancient Greece. By James Augustus St. John, Esq.

[Bentley: London.]

Everything that appertains to ancient Greece, must, from the nature of the subject, be invested with much interest, whether we consider it in relation to the wonderful achievements of its inhabitants, or to its natural beauty and lovely climate. To the scholar, the Greeks afford a never failing subject of investigation; to the orator, the most eloquent and polished speeches; to the rhetorician and philosopher, Greece opens her boundless stores of criticism and speculation. Few are acquainted with the influence which those ancient writers possess over the mind of christendom. Our best systems of philosophy, our noblest theories of politics, nay, everything which is admired is either directly or indirectly pervaded by the influence of the ancient Greeks. Their power is not so sensible as it is real; our architects and sculptors have received their greatest improvement from the study of the remains of Grecian and Roman art, from the latter they derived, no doubt, great benefit, but the Romans acquired their knowledge originally from the Greeks. But it is needless to continue on this theme, or to enumerate the benefits which our statesmen and poets have drawn from the study of Plato, Aristotle, Æschylus, Thucydides, Demosthenes, and the host of other writers; their value is sufficiently proved by the joy and satisfaction that is felt, if even a few pages of the works of these ancient sages, supposed to be lost, are by any accident recovered. Possessing therefore such claims on the attentive consideration of the English people, and loving as we do anything that can throw light on the public and private lives of the inhabitants of Greece, our readers will well understand the delight

with which we perused these instructive and amusing volumes. Many very able authors have treated of the public life of the Hellenes, but Mr. St. John is the first, we believe, who has laid before the public so complete a picture of their domestic life. After a short and concise account of the peopling of the country, the character of its inhabitants, and of the chief cities, our author leads us at once to the domestic hearth. In reading, our fancy transports us to their homes; we attend on the Greeks at their birth; we behold the ceremonies that accompany the entrance of a soul into this teeming world of care; we follow the child into the nursery, we listen to the songs and catches that are sung to lull the young Alcibiades and Plato to sleep. Their toys are scattered around us, and we watch with the greatest interest the sports and pastimes of these babes, who, in after ages, shook the world with their renown. From this scene of infant pleasures the author leads us to the public schools. But before following the young Grecians further, we cannot help expressing our surprise at the numerous anecdotes and stories that are introduced. For our part, when we sit down to read a book, though very anxious to obtain all the information we possibly can, we yet like to be amused; we have not here dry treatises, but we have short and pithy accounts, written in an easy flowing style, rendered still more attractive by the variety of amusing matter interspersed throughout every chapter. There are also incidents introduced which would furnish materials for a variety of entertaining tales. The Greeks were, without doubt, a romantic people, a most extraordinary race. To return to the subject of education, from the public schools we accompany the students to the academy, and hear how the philosophers instructed their pupils. Modern schoolmasters, without any disparagement, might study this part of the work with great advantage. The portions that will perhaps principally interest our gentle readers are those which relate to women and rural life. Mr. St. John has devoted a whole book to the ladies. Numerous controversies have been held, facts, authorities, and arguments adduced, concerning the condition of the Hellenic women. In our minds, this book has settled the uncertainty which we previously felt. In an inquiry profound and searching, yet lively and amusing, abounding in instructive and entertaining details of the actual condition of the Grecian ladies, the author has indisputably settled the point. We are enthusiastic admirers of the fair sex; we love to read of them; we feel interested in everything that appertains to them. We have followed Mr. St. John with delight through his account of the mysteries of the toilette, the dress, the perfumes, the amusements, the occupations of the ladies. We are certain from what we have read that the author is inspired with the same fondness as we have for the most lovely of creation. And like all true admirers of the beautiful, Mr. St. John has written in a most gentlemanly and exquisitely delicate style. No coarseness, no unbecoming jest, offends the ear. But, as usual, we are dilating too much for our columns on this delightful subject. We must, therefore, turn to the other portion of the work, connected with the rural life. We are perhaps too apt to consider the Greeks as statesmen and philosophers, and to forget that they had all the feelings of other men. How delightful it is, after the months of toil spent in the busy pursuits of business in this dense metropolis, to leave care and work behind you, and, with your carpet bag in hand, to start for a month's trip in the country. How we notice everything, how we revel in the sunshine and hay fields, how delighted we feel to hear the songs of the birds. Everything we behold fills us with pleasure. If we feel thus on journeying into our country, how much more so must the Greeks have felt, in enjoying relaxation in their delightful climate! Though not apt to feel enthusiasm in reading a work, we cannot help giving vent to some of our feelings. The chapters on the rural life breathes of the scenery, balmy climate, and fill our imagination with delight. We wander through the fields and reach the farm-house; we visit its buildings, we view the labours of the agriculturist, we smell the odoriferous blossoms of the lemon and orange groves. Nothing is forgotten; the poultry, the cattle, the farm yard, churning butter and making cheese, are brought distinctly to our view. On leaving these we enter the gardens, and are delighted with the fragrance of the flowers, and the sight of the rich stores of esculent plants. But what we have always been most pleased with, even from our very childhood, we now approach—we refer to the orchards and vineyards. Mr. St. John mentions that he has visited the countries of the vine, and has accurately described what we ourselves have seen, now some years ago. His descriptions have refreshed our memory, and made us long once more to wander along the narrow paths, through the vineyards. The Greeks appear to have properly estimated these blessings with which they were surrounded. They were undoubtedly a delicate minded people; the simple fact of their erecting altars beneath the shade of some of their finest trees, in order to preserve them from profanation, sufficiently proves it. The Grecian farmer was by no means a fine gentleman; he was, as an agriculturist is in our own country, rough,

honest, and laborious, and Mr. St. John's description reminded us of the jolly hard-working farmers of our own counties. We have, we fear, exceeded our space, and we shall therefore find it impossible, in the present notice, to follow Mr. St. John through the other portions of his elaborate work. We will, on a future occasion, return to it, when we hope to lay before our readers some account of the Greek theatre, and of the commerce and industry of Greece. In conclusion, we can recommend this work to a great variety of our readers. To the scholar and historian, as an unexhaustible store of knowledge. We should have given precedence to the ladies, whom we would recommend to study that portion of the work which relates to the Hellenic women. Indeed, to enumerate the claims which we would recommend it, would be difficult. We will sum up by saying, that all may derive great benefit from a careful perusal, while the general reader will be highly repaid by the amusement which the work will afford him.

Hood's Magazine.

The present number opens with "Ignez de Castro," a tragedy in five acts. As only one act is given, it is impossible to express any opinion on its merits as a tragedy. The language, however, has much of the stately flow and dignity which should appertain to this class of writing, proving the writer's perfect mastery of his language. "Mrs. Caudle smells tender" is good, while we give an impromptu which succeeds:

IMPROMPTU,

On observing that the Vestry Clerk of St. Andrew's, Holborn, is named Pontifex.

The *Pontifex* of ancient Rome,
For ages called "the dark,"
Ere yet St. Peter's reared its dome,
Was *a High Priest*—in London town
(Where Holborn's steep throws horses down;
Quake, Lambert Jones, for thy renown,
Unless they're brid'g'd from crown to crown);
He's only—*Vestry Clerk!*

"Sonnets for the Times," our readers will have an opportunity of judging of for themselves. "The White Cloud," by Percy B. St. John, follows; and then we have an article on Poland. Poland and humbug with us are synonymous terms; and we feel sympathy neither with Lord Dudley Stuart nor the views of the writer of this article. No man who has gone into the core of Polish history can feel within himself that this people are deserving of the universal sympathy they have met with. If the convicts in Van Dieman's Land were oppressed, we might strive to prevent it, but we should be unwise to elevate them into heroes. "Nell Gwynne" is certainly amusing; so was Faublas. These two writers' tastes appear very apposite. "Voices from the Past," "The Whispering Gallery," "The Bushranger," "Cabinet of Gems," &c., comprise a very excellent number. The present editor is certainly a tasteful and elegant selector; he loves, it is clear, the true and the beautiful—witness the exquisite "Summer Wreath for Summer Tide," but he must allow us to say that the present number contains too much poetry, and some, we instance Tupper's and Marston's, not of a calibre to be quoted in the same sheet of paper with Milton. Still we have much praise to give to the present number; and though we are of those who think that the mantel of departed genius fits no living shoulders, we must commend the present editor for what he has done in the brief space of time which has been afforded him.

The Drama.

Olympic.—We visited this theatre the other evening, to witness the representation of *The Rivals*, which, with the important aid of Miss Cooper, Miss Charles, Mr. Henry Marston, and Mr. James Browne, is very nicely played. We were quite struck with the *Fag* of an actor all but new to the London boards, of the name of Clarence. There is stuff of the genuine sort in this gentleman, and no mistake about it; a more spruce, dapper, knowing, or characteristic *Fag*, we have not seen for many a long day. He rattled out the impertinences and small talk he had to deliver in the most telling manner imaginable, and superadded a knowingness of look, wink, and gesture, which was quite in keeping with, as it was thoroughly illustrative of, the part. We wish him success, for we feel that he deserves it.—*The Theatrical Journal*, May 30.

The Gatherer.

A down-east chap, walking with a lady, accidentally stumbled and fell. The lady, thinking to commiserate his mishap, observed that she regretted his unhappy *faux pas*. "I didn't hurt my fore paw," he replied, "It was my knee."

Revolution of 1688.—To show the advance of civilisation, and strength of public opinion, in 1688, let us imagine that in 1488, an attempt, similar to that of the prince of Orange, and with a similar force, had been made in England; that the sovereign on the throne had possesed treasure and an armed force equal, in proportion to the times, to that of James. No shadow of doubt can exist that, as little or no public opinion was formed in 1488, the attempt to dispossess the reigning sovereign would have been abortive. The voice of the people in 1488 was of no moment; there was no middle class of any influence;

James II, had he lived in those days, would have been esteemed by the barons and courtiers as an excellent monarch; and the ignorant and barbarous lower class would have been blinded by superstition and influenced by their superiors. The same result must have followed in 1588; though in 1485, Henry VII overcame Richard and ascended the throne; but this event arose from the victory gained over the latter, not from any sentiment in the people, then divided into the factions of the Roses.—*Mackinnon's History of Civilisation.*

Water-Cress. — Most persons are acquainted with the water-cress and its salutary properties; they know generally that it grows in brooks, and on the borders of fresh running streams. Few, however, of those who, in the busy thoroughfares or quiet suburbs of London, hear the cry of "water-cre-e-ses," or see, in their daily walks, the old red-cloaked women sorting the little bundles at the corners of the streets, have any idea that the cultivation of this esculent now forms an important branch of horticultural and commercial industry, which, from the increasing consumption and use made of the plant in pharmacy is gradually rising into consequence. It is one of the most powerful antiscorbutics with which we are acquainted, and is said to possess the property of exciting the appetite and fortifying the stomach. We have no certain information that it is cooked in any part of England as is occasionally the case in France; but in the north of Germany, to which country we owe its original cultivation, it is boiled and eaten as spinach. The common cress is known as *nasturtium officinale*, and presents two varieties, the green and the blue, which by cultivation have been rendered far superior to what they were in their wild state, being less acrid, and not so liable to contract the taste of slime and mud as those found in ditches and marshes. Near Rickmansworth, in Hertfordshire, where there is a fine stream running over a chalky bottom, there are now about fifteen acres under cultivation. The Springhead plantation consists of four acres, while on the opposite side of the Thames, at Waltham Abbey, in Essex, there is another of six acres.

A New Branch in the Queen's Genealogical Tree.—We are sure it will be forgiven us, if we remark, ere passing on to other matters, that from a French Protestant refugee our own gracious sovereign may trace, without any sacrifice of dignity, her illustrious descent. It will place no bar in the royal escutcheon of England to show that the revocation of the edict of Nantes contributed to give a monarch to our empire, by banishing Alexander Desmiers D'Olbreuse, a gentleman of Poitou. This gentleman, with his daughter, passed into Germany, and established himself at Brandenburg, where his daughter, Mademoiselle Desmiers D'Olbreuse, became maid of honour to the electress, duchess of Zell. George William, brother to the electress's first husband (who was Charles Louis, Duke of Zell), fell desperately in love with the maid of honour, and married her. He died in 1703, and she in 1722, leaving one daughter, married in 1680 to her cousin-german, George Louis, Duke of Hanover, afterwards elector, the appointed heir of queen Anne to the throne of England, and father of the House of Brunswick, as connected with the imperial realm of Great Britain and Ireland.—*Church of England Quarterly Review.*

Kangaroo Hunt.—A large male, called an "Old Man" by the colonists, loitering to protect the does under his care, was singled out by the fastest dog; and a splendid run ensued; the country, however, being rather woody, and strewed with fallen timber which was concealed by long grass, only those who risked the pace over it enjoyed the sport. The dogs stuck well to their game, and coming at last to an open piece of ground, the fleetest began to close with the "Old Man," who was covering an immense space in each bound. At length the dog reached the kangaroo's quarters, and burying his teeth in them, made him face about, cutting at his pursuer, who kept out of reach, with his hind feet, and then turning round and endeavouring to escape. But the same liberty being again taken with his haunches he was once more brought to bay. The rest of the pack now came up, and a fine half blood-hound rushed in and seized the kangaroo by the throat; whilst the latter, in return, fiercely clutched the dog round the neck; a violent struggle ensued, each trying to choak the other. Although the dog that had first reached the "Old Man" was biting his quarters, the danger that the game hound would be laid open by a cut from the kangaroo's hind feet, determined Dr. Barker and myself to watch an opportunity of creeping up behind a tree to assist in the struggle. We accordingly did so, and managed to seize the animal by his monstrous tail, so that by keeping a strain on it he was prevented from lifting his hind leg, as if he had we should have pulled him over. The dogs, thus protected from injury, were at last victorious; and the kangaroo, a great beast, weighing nearly two hundred pounds, was soon stretched on the ground.—*Stokes' Australia.*

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"VELUTI IN SPECULUM."

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NORTH TRANSEPT.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Dedicated to St. Peter, its site was anciently called Thorney Island. The church is ascribed to Sebert, king of the East Saxons, in the first year of the seventh century. The edifice was afterwards repaired and enlarged by Offa, king of Mercia, but suffered greatly during the Danish invasions. The present church was built by Henry III., except the upper parts of the western

towers, which were completed by Sir Christopher Wren. This edifice is one of the finest examples of the pointed or Gothic style of architecture in the kingdom; and, excepting Salisbury cathedral, it is the most perfect of any remaining. Its total length is 530 feet, that of the transept 203, and the height of the western towers 225 feet.

On entering this venerable edifice from the west, the interior produces a most striking effect, the view from that point being more extensive and unbroken, and the architectural character of the building more apparent, than from any other. The choir, which is fitted up for divine service, excites considerable interest from the grandeur of the perspective; it is entered from the nave under the organ gallery: there are also entrances to it from the transepts. Immediately behind the choir is the chapel of Edward the Confessor, containing the shrine and remains of its saintly founder, and monuments of Henry III, Edward I, and his queen Eleanor, Edward III, and his queen Philippa, Richard II, and his first consort Anne of Bohemia, and Henry V.

In the north transept are the monuments for Pitt, Fox, the great Earl of Chatham, Captains Bayne, Blair, and Lord Robert Manners, Earl of Mansfield, Francis Horner, Sir Eyre Coote, Earl of Halifax, Warren Hastings, Dr. Boulter, &c. &c.

The north and south aisles of the choir contain many memorials for naval officers, musicians, and others.

The south transept has been very appropriately named Poet's Corner, on account of the numerous poets and men of genius and science who are interred, or have memorials, there. It contains the monuments of Shakspeare, Chaucer, Spenser, Camden, Casaubon, Barrow, Ben Jonson, Milton, Butler, Sir Isaac Newton, Drayton, Cowley, Dryden, Addison, Gay, Pringle, Hales, Barrow, St. Evremond, Prior, Handel, Gray, Garrick, Rowe, Thomson, Anstey, and many others. In the pavement are slabs in memory of old Parr, Davenant, Dr. Johnson, Chambers, Adams, Cumberland, and Sheridan.

Adjoining to the east end of the church is the magnificent chapel called, after the name of its founder, Henry the VII's. This chapel, called by Leland "a wonder of the world," was completed in the year 1512. Its extreme length outside is 115 feet, and breadth 79 and a half. It is a rich specimen of the most florid style of pointed architecture. Every part of it is covered with sculptural decorations, "as though the artist had intended to give to stone the character of embroidery, and enclose his walls within the meshes of lace-work." The decorations of the interior are equally rich and beautiful.

A STORY ABOUT KIT CUCUMBER,

THE MAN WHO NEVER GOT UPTO A PASSION.

(*Concluded from page* 358.)

Miss Emma Lambert, so soon to be linked in the bonds of matrimony, was a little laughing Saxon blue-eyed beauty, of three-and-twenty, fresh in accomplishments from the *repertoire* of a fashionable ladies' boarding school, and the pet offspring of a fine old English farmer, who had converted the produce of his broad acres to a tolerably handsome account, and thought it possibly the proper time now to move his daughter a grade higher in the scale of social gentility. Caroline Merton, the orphan daughter of a city merchant, whose failure and subsequent death had thrown her upon the world with no resources but her own talents for a subsistence, had been Emma's schoolfellow; and a similarity of taste and pursuits had expanded the evanescent acquaintance of girlhood into a firm and sincere friendship. Caroline was about three years her senior, and in person at least presented a strong contrast to Emma. With a tall and rather slim figure, a fine, oval, pensive countenance, and a pair of full, lustrous black eyes, there was united a poetic and somewhat romantic temperament, which distinguished her character from that of her more volatile companion. Perhaps this diversity of disposition may have had its due effect in harmonising the nature of their intercourse; but be this as it may, it answered every purpose in attracting the attention of admirers who could not possibly have made them consider each other as rivals. During one of her more protracted sojourns at The Grange, Caroline Merton became introduced to the hero of our narrative; and, whether the influence of her eyes at once penetrated Kit's heart, or whether the love-making that his friend Harry was carrying on tolerably strong at that time may be considered, with other dangerous disorders, infectious, is not recorded in the family history, but it soon became pretty manifest to everybody but themselves, that one Christopher Cucumber had become rather deeply smitten with the fascinating Carry Merton. Just at the critical period, however, when the interesting question either could, would, or should have been popped, affairs of moment called Kit back to town; and before time could be given for an explanation, Miss Merton received an offer, too eligible to refuse, to go out to India as companion to an officer's lady, who was about to join her husband. Fortune, that juggles with the destinies of individuals in so eccentric a fashion, interposed, however, and prevented her departure. Only a week prior to their arranged day of leaving England, a letter came to hand that announced his immediate return

home, in compliance with orders; and thus by an accident, which it is honestly believed contributed secretly to her satisfaction, Caroline was again compelled to resume her previous avocation of morning governess. It was whilst giving a music lesson in the neighbourhood that Emma again encountered her, having gone herself to pay a visit to the mistress of the house, little expecting to find in the morning governess of her acquaintance, so unexpected a guest as her old friend and schoolmate. What followed the recognition has already been hinted at by Emma's "intended" during his colloquy in the chambers, and we may now therefore return to our hero, who, after revelling all night in a dream which blended long ringlets, black eyes, green pathways, twisting hop-poles, sentimental ballads, Gravesend steamers, and "Sir Roger de Coverley," in a confused heap together, now awoke to the cold grey light which struggled through the curtains of his bed-chamber, and a matter-of-fact consciousness that St. Clement's clock was then striking five. Everybody knows—or if everybody don't, they soon may learn from experience—that getting up at five of a cold autumnal morning is certainly not to be included among the social pleasures of this life. Everything has a repulsive, cheerless damp about it, from the shining slated roofs of the opposite houses, to the slippery road which is only traversed by a rumbling market-cart or a rakish-looking cab, with a very seedy individual inside, who gets pertinaciously oblivious about the toll when they come to Waterloo Bridge. Kit certainly felt rather reluctant to encounter the waking miseries of the hour; but recollecting that he had to meet Harry Sharpe at Nicholson's wharf by half-past seven, and remembering the rich recompense that would reward his self-denial at The Grange, he battled manfully with the dosy suggestions of quiescent cosiness, and throwing himself vigorously out of bed, proceeded towards the window to ascertain the state of the weather.

It was decidedly no very agreeable prospect. A cold sleety rain, drenching to the skin those whose avocations had already compelled them to encounter it; and sudden gusts, which wrenched umbrellas from hands that bore them, and sent wet avalanches of gingham into the faces of foot-passengers coming in an opposite direction, gave no promise of a very delightful day. "Never mind," thought Kit; "it will clear up presently;" and with this consolatory reflexion he hastily robed himself, and began—for Kit was a bachelor in chambers, recollect—to light the fire, and prepare breakfast. Now these operations are most assuredly easy enough in themselves, when the accessories are at hand, and no obstacle intervenes; but Kit's evil star was in the ascendant that morning, and he found difficulties where they were least expected. First, the wood was damp, and resisted all attempts at ignition; then the coals were as anti-inflammable as though they had been asbestos; and after these minor annoyances had been surmounted, and the little brass kettle had been fairly consigned to the fiery ordeal, a puff of smoke indignantly refused to make its exit by the chimney, and diffused itself in a remonstrative shower of small "blacks" about the apartment. We have already described Kit as one not addicted to any sudden ebullitions of anger; but he had never before had his imperturbability subjected to such a severe test as this. The linen portion of his apparel, which he had just before suspended in all its unexceptionably-starched purity before the fire, was now converted into the semblance of a soot-bag, and driven down by the spasmodic gusts of an unquestionable north-easter, the smoke, emboldened by the success of the first adventurous puff, came out stronger than ever, and with a rebellious determination about it that set all opposition at defiance. It was in vain that our hero frantically flung up the window, and went through a series of philosophical experiments with the door, the insidious invader of domestic peace would not be persuaded to beat a retreat, and Kit was compelled at last to endure the mortification of Ixion, and put up with a cloud instead of something more substantial. To speak sooth, Kit *did* get a little cross and peevish about losing his breakfast, and once or twice he found himself nearly betrayed into the utterance of an anathema against the smoke, but he resisted the fiend manfully, and conquered. At last, after a fearful succession of struggles against the elementary enemies of fire, air, and water, Kit found himself duly attired in the choicest apparel his wardrobe could provide; and sallying forth from beneath the pillars in Pickett-street, which seem especially erected for the convenience of baked potato vendors and street exhibitors, he heard the horological monitor of St. Clement's striking seven.

"In very good time indeed," thought Kit, as he smiled approvingly on the clock at the baker's, which confirmed the first announcement; "and we shall have a pleasant excursion down the river after all;" but the rain, as if in direct opposition to his hopes, came down at that instant faster and steadier than ever, and compelled Kit to take refuge on a door-step, whilst a telegraphic communication was established with a glazed hat and straw stockings which were alone visible at the cab-stand opposite. After rousing with some difficulty the driver of the foremost cab on the

rank, and making that sleepy individual conscious that he was not snugly bedded in his own domicile, the waterman introduced Kit to the interior of the vehicle, and transmitted the intelligence of his destination with an electric speed that must have resulted from the galvanic agency of the little circular plates of copper stamped with the royal features, which now found their way into his pockets. Away through the miry streets rolled the cab, dashing past dripping newsboys on their way home with the morning papers, and yawning apprentices detaching unwieldy shutters, to undergo their daily imprisonment within: away through St. Paul's churchyard, with the wheels hissing round and round through the puddles fizzing and sputtering like Catherine wheels, and showering sparks of mud in all directions: away into Cheapside and Cornhill, and then with a sudden jolt, jerk, and crash, the cab came into collision with a railway omnibus, sending the horse down on its knees, the driver on to the pavement, and Kit into a state of mind that left considerable obscurity on the question where at that precise moment he believed himself to be deposited.

Fortunately, after a moment's examination, no other injury was found to have accrued from the accident, than a fracture of the shafts of the vehicle; this was, however, sufficient to preclude the possibility of Mr. Christopher Cucumber pursuing his journey by the same conveyance, and he therefore heroically determined to brave the weather, and walk the remainder of the distance. There was a short cut, he knew, existing somewhere in that locality, which would bring him down to the riverside quicker than by pursuing the sinuosities of the ordinary thoroughfare, and threading the mazes of the first alley on the right which presented itself, he walked resolutely on, fully believing that he was going in the right direction. To those, however, and Kit was one amongst the number, who are not versed in city topography, there is no region so apt to bewilder one's notions of the points of the compass as the one he was traversing. The interminable chain of offices and warehouses branching off at right angles to each other, and inflicting the continual necessity of turning round the corner, mystified our hero so much, that after about half-an-hour's pretty smart walking he found himself suddenly precipitated through a narrow court into the extreme end of White-chapel. "Confoundedly vexing!" said Kit to himself, when made aware of the blunder he had committed; "Harry Sharpe will be tired of waiting at the wharf, and start without me!" There was, however, no time for indulging in useless lamentations, so, carefully retracing his steps, our hero strove vigorously through the rain to keep up his wonted equanimity, and had actually so far succeeded as to hum with doleful hilarity the burden of some lugubrious comic song which had been often given by him with unbounded applause in his capacity of "Most Noble Grand" at the weekly meetings of "The Festive Knights of the Round Table." Running, rather than walking, during the remainder of his exploring tour, Kit at last arrived at the London Bridge wharf, almost breathless from the exertion, and nearly soaked through with the rain. Everything and everybody in the place appeared merged into a scene of inextricable hurry and confusion. Passengers bustling down the steps one way, and porters with pyramids of portmanteaus struggling off in another; periodical vendors, office-keepers, coachmen, cab-drivers, and country cousins, all talking at once, and moving to and fro, as if the primary object of their assembling was the greatest bewilderment of the greatest number—these and the other multifarious concomitants of a steamboat wharf on an autumnal morning, completed the picture of chaos which now burst upon Mr. Cucumber's astounded vision.

"Half-past seven o'clock boat gone yet?" gasped Kit, as an official hurried by.

"No, sir, just starting; follow me, or you'll be too late," and the panting querist had only just time to obey the injunctions of his guide, and race over the slippery plank, off the stone steps on to the deck of the vessel, when the signal was given for departure, and the steamer was set in motion.

"Thank goodness!" muttered Kit, as he propped himself against the heated box of the funnel to dry his coat and rest his limbs. "Thank goodness, I am all right now at last;" and after having amused himself during his stay in that position by reconnoitring his fellow-passengers; and becoming satisfied that Harry Sharpe was not amongst the number, he consoled himself with a determination to wait at the Town-pier, Gravesend, until that individual arrived, and then to administer a severe and dignified reprimand for the delay he had occasioned. In the meantime, the clattering of knives and forks, plates and tea-cups, and other similar manifestations of a matin meal, stole upon Mr. Cucumber's ear with a pleasant sound, which served to tranquillise his perturbed spirit, and reminded him that a hearty breakfast on board would by no means be a bad substitute for the scanty snack which the smoke had nearly deprived him of before starting. Descending to the cabin, whence the savoury fumes of tea and coffee rose seductively to the upper air, Kit found the long table so prodigally provided with viands,

which were so fully appreciated by the double rows of hungry passengers garnishing the extreme sides thereof, that he paused in admiration on the threshold, as one witnessing a scene which, to a philanthropic mind like his, was truly delightful to contemplate. Such wonderful rounds of beef, and such remarkably fine chines, all scattered in convenient proximity to everybody, were enough of themselves to create an appetite; and he having one ready-made, consequently lost no time in fixing himself in the midst.

Never before had Kit displayed such a ferocious appetite, and the innate good humour of his disposition oozed out more freely than ever, as the rolls and butter at his side disappeared with the fragrant inhibition of the mocha, like the magical articles dexterously made to vanish by the potent hand of a professor of legerdemain. The weather too, which had been so perversely gloomy all the morning, now began to realise Kit's sanguine prediction and clear up in earnest, sending bright rays of sunshine though the cabin windows and attracting grumbling passengers to the deck, who all, singularly enough, had prognosticated a fine day, though they had, apparently, little faith in their vaticination by coming prepared with every habiliments to encounter a wet one.

"What's to pay, steward?" exclaimed Kit, as that bustling functionary came bustling round to collect the pecuniary amount of each individual's repast.

"Breakfast—eighteen-pence, sir, if you please."

Kit thrust his hand confidently into his side pocket to discharge the claim, and the steward patiently awaited its withdrawal. It was a critical moment. Kit, baffled in the first attempt to extract money from one part of his vest, tried another, but with no better success. Then came more rapid and less confidential divings into every imaginable hole and corner of his apparel, and with every failure Kit's face grew redder and redder, and the countenance of the claimant longer and longer. At last the painful truth flashed suddenly upon him; his pocket had been picked of purse and pocket-book during his exploring tour that morning in Whitechapel. Something sounding extremely like an anathema issued from the hitherto immaculate lips of our exasperated hero.

"Sorry to hurry you, sir, but when you are *quite* disengaged"—vindictively urged the steward, brushing off imaginary crumbs from the table, as a kind of excuse for loitering, and leaving his victim to fill up the *hiatus*.

Kit never felt the tones of the human voice grate so harshly on his ear. They vibrated like the closing chimes of the bell which warns the condemned criminal of his last moment.

It was of no avail that he assumed an air of confidence, and recommenced his researches; the precise reason of his non-compliance with the request must come out at last, and this Kit, with as much assurance as he could command on emergency, now communicated to the anxious steward. But there are some men who are obstinately incredulous in such circumstances, and the proprietor of the consumed breakfast was one of them. He did'nt believe in such things as pickpockets, not he, though they might dress themselves up like gentlemen, and walk about on steamers for what he knew, and order things that they never intended to pay for; but *he* had only read of such doings in newspapers, and never saw one in his life that he knew of, though he didn't know how soon he might, and so on.

At last Kit bethought himself of an expedient—he would deposit his silk umbrella with the steward as security for the ultimate payment, and this arrangement, after some hesitation, was accepted.

And now, cheered by the reflection that this dilemma had been favourably surmounted, our hero, whose faith in impurtability of temper had already become somewhat shaken, began to brighten up with the sunbeams, and ascended to the deck to recover his lost equanimity. Another surprise was, however, in store for him. The steamer had made such rapid progress during the time he was breakfasting and the period occupied by the unpleasant altercation that ensued, that it had now nearly got out of sight of land altogether, and the expanded view of the river, therefore, puzzled Cucumber mightily. It was something like seeing a well-known but unexpected vision in a dream, when the spectator having gone off to sleep without knowing it, feels himself under the influence of imagination without believing it.

"What place is that yonder?" inquired the bewildered passenger, indicating an indefinite object with a confused recollection of having seen it before, and anxiously awaiting a reply from the man at the helm.

"That, sir? Why, that's what we call the buoy at the Nore," responded the helmsman, with no very high opinion of his interrogator's knowledge of geography.

"Buoy—Nore—why where—where on earth is this steamer going to?"

"Why, where should it be going to but Margate, to be sure?"

Kit saw it all. Another disaster had occurred. In his hurry to get on board at the wharf, he had never thought of looking after the vessel's destination; and now he began to sink under the pressure of calami-

ties, he grew morose and testy, out of humour with himself and all the world, with every particle of his milk of human kindness curdled and sour.

Leaving his outer coat in custody with the collector as a temporary substitute for the payment of a seven-shilling fare, Kit arrived, vexed and disconsolate, on the landing-place at Jarvis's jetty. Everybody had assembled there to welcome everybody they knew; but he had come unrecognised and unknown, and he felt dangerously tempted to seek a saline bath for his woes, and wedge himself permanently between the rocks and sea-weed. The thought too would come across him of the cosy party at the Grange, and the charming company of Carry Merton, and what Harry Sharpe might possibly think of his personal defalcation; and as these phantoms of the brain taunted and gibed in mockery of his distress, a bold thought came to the rescue, and routed the others. It was only about five and thirty miles from Margate to Maidstone, and he would resolutely walk the distance. He set off at a furious pace with that determination.

Need we protract the denouement? Need we enter into any long description of how, at twelve o'clock that night, the pleasant party at the Grange were suddenly startled in the midst of a parting chorus by the sudden appearance of a ghost, covered in dust, and how the ghost turned out to be Kit Cucumber? Need we say how glad Kit was to get there, after clinging to backs of stage coaches, and bribing railway-stokers with a silk handkerchief and "Albert cravat" to have a cast down the rail on an engine? Need we repeat the warm congratulations that ensued of Emma Lambert and Harry Sharp on the safety of his arrival, and the expressions of their sympathy with his misadventures throughout the day; and need we inform the reader how a certain young lady was said to have been taxing him with infidelity all the afternoon, and how she now, amidst a perfect floricultural show of blushes, earnestly denied it? No, we are assured such have been already the conclusions every intelligent peruser has drawn from our narrative, and it would be equally uncalled for to state, in addition, how the marriage of Mr. Henry Sharpe with Miss Emma Lambert, the bride was given away by Mr. Christopher Cucumber, and how, on Mr. Cucumber's own marriage with Miss Caroline Merton, a similar service was performed by Mr. Henry Sharpe. More minute historians might make such assertions with some foundation, but we decline a diffuseness so unnecessary. There is one thing, however, we *must* mention, and that is, from the eventful day on which the circumstances above recorded took place, Kit Cucumber never boasted of his being impervious to annoyances, and frankly acknowledged that, though he had still a due and proper respect for a healthful serenity of temper, he could no longer describe himself as "The man who had never got into a passion." B.

THE LITTLE OLD MAN OF THE WOOD,

OR,

THE TALE OF A COMICAL STICK.

BY T. H. SEALY.

(*Continued from page* 359.)

"If I'm not merry, I wot,
I've a very good reason why:
At this season 'tis more reason
I should sorrow and pine and sigh:
I could smile upon a while,
Such a heart of oak was I;
But now I'm old, and my hope is cold,
And I've nothing better to do than die.
Now I'm crook'd and my skin is yellow;
I'm a little old shrivelled fellow:
But my brain full well remembers
When I had youth in these screwed members.
Strength in bone and stress in sinew
Such as would raise astonishment in you.
Yea, I'm a little weird old man,
Mouldy, musty, meagre, marred,
Worn and withered, whealed and warted,
Chinky, crankled, chapped, contorted;
All my body is kerned and hard,
All my blood as dry as bran.
But 'tis not for myself I sigh,
Though for myself I well might moan;
If I have sorrow I've reason why
As should I tell you'd surely own."

"Then tell me I pray," said I,
"What is the reason you have to sigh?
I will aid you all I can,
So reckon on that, my little old man.
Only tell me first," I said,
"If the question be not rude,
Who you are, and whence you sped,
And how we met in this green wood?"

"Ho," replied the little old man,
"I am of the fairy clan:
Once, by all the fairy brood,
Called the little old man of the wood.
I'm the Spirit of England's oaks:
Many an age I've wandered free
From forest to forest and tree to tree:
The beams of morn were ever my warners,
That made me hide in nooks and corners,
Where the trees grow thick in clumps;
Or within their rotten stumps,
Where squats the toad and raven croaks.

"Since you ask the cause that now
Came I hither to this nook,
I reply the reason why
Was a magic in that book;
And if you desire the how
Such a charm could be effected,
I must tell that the spell
Lies in scattered stanzas three,
Which at once must be connected
By the touch; and you wrought such,
For the first time in all ages,
Holding it upon your knee
With your fingers 'twixt the pages."

"I account myself," I said,
"Very happy in the chance
That has introduced you to me;
But my pleasure 'twould enhance
Could I see a smile instead
Of that sorrowing look and gloomy.
Yet if thinking of the present
Be a subject so unpleasant
Thus your face to overcast,

Perhaps for both yourself and me,
The plan, my little man, will be
To talk a somewhat of the past.
Give me just in slight connection
Somewhat gleaned from retrospection;
For if you have been a rover
Several ages as you state,
When you think the matter over
You'll have something to relate."

Hereupon the little old man
Once again to speak began
Giving vent afresh to sighs,
And casting up his small brown eyes.
When *cast up*, whatever their hue,
The sum of the twain was found to be two;
And each of them looked, when so cast up,
Like to an acorn set in its cup.
But it's a fact I ought to state,
My agility was so great
(More I doubt than you'd have thought it),
Whenever he *cast up* an eye I *caught* it.

He told me of the glorious days
When England all was filled with trees,
And every forest filled with fays,
Who wandered very much at ease,
And fear'd no eye their troops should spy,
When the moon was in the sky.
All the tale of their loves and dances,
All the tale of their fights and tilts,
How they used spear grass for lances,
Thorns for swords, with seeds of mallows
Quaintly furnished for the hilts;
Shells for morions, and for plumes
The breast feathers of a lark
Seized whilst roosting in the dark,
Or the catkined flowers of sallows.
Of their feats in woodbine bowers,
Set on plates of pine-tree bark,
With the blossoms of bell-flowers
Stuck on thorns for drinking beakers,
Filled with all the choicest liquors
That the meadow nectaries fill.
There were acorn bowls replete
With the honey of wild bees
Stolen from rock, and wood, and hill.
All he said I shan't repeat
Of their meat, conserves, and jellies;
Brains of wrens and dormice legs;
Omelets made of bat-moth's eggs,
Cooked on marish fires up-blown
In kitchens of potato stone:
Fibres drawn from vermicellis
Out of the stems of withered grasses;
Sugar of cowslips in humble bee's bags
Salt distilled from the tears of stags,
Served in little spars for glasses.
"And were you then one of the brood
Living on such dainty food?"
Interrupting thus, I spoke
To the little old man of the oak.
"No," the little old man replied,
"I myself was forest warder:
Somewhat to those little people allied;
Somewhat a spirit of different order.
Acorns only form my food;
Wholesome diet though rough and crude.
Now alas!" said the queer old man,
"All the dear little race are gone:
I alone, of all our clan,
Sad and sorrowing still live on.
But mine hours are near their end,
For my term is but to be
Whilst a wood shall still be found
In the limits of English ground:.
Yet decay shall be a friend
Rather than a foe to me;
For a sorrow gripes my heart
To behold how these depart;
Many a plough and many an axe
On the remnant make attacks;
Many a perch, and many a rood
Vanishes daily of English wood.

(*To be continued.*)

PUMPKIN PIE.

I was one night sleeping at a friend's house; all the family had retired to rest, and I have no doubt that a perfect stillness prevailed around. Suddenly, a noise like thunder startled me from my slumbers, and as soon as I was able to collect my scattered thoughts, I distinctly heard a series of violent blows against a door at the foot of the staircase leading up to my bedroom. Though the first impression might have been that the disturbance was caused by thieves breaking into the house, it appeared improbable that such characters should make their approach with so much clamour. I instantly leaped out of bed, and arrived in time to see a sight I shall never forget. The owner of the house, who slept on the ground floor, equally astonished with myself at the noise, had also quitted his pillow, and, arming himself with a sword and taper, advanced, in the costume of Iago, when he re-appears upon the stage after stabbing Cassio and Rodorigo, towards the door against which the monotonous thumping still continued at regular intervals. It now appeared that the cause of this alarm was on the inside; and my host, who believed that a party of robbers had introduced themselves into his premises, hailed them in a loud voice, promising that if they did not cease their hammering, and surrender, he would put every one to death. So far from attending to his suggestion the thumps increased in rapidity and violence, and he had scarcely time to put himself in a defensive position when the door burst open and out rushed his assailants—a multitude of round figures, of all sizes, without heads, legs, or arms! His first thought was that the supernatural existences of New South Wales had now, for the first time, revealed themselves to his eyes! Here was material for a fairy tale! The genii of this country, in which everything runs into leg, were then it appeared all body! Such were the fancies that flashed through his mind as he made a desperate lunge at the advancing foe, one of whom he transfixed from breast to back, whilst the rest in an instant overthrew and trampled him under foot, if I may use the expression. And now arose a wild scream—of laughter from myself and the others who had witnessed this mortal combat, for the disturbers of our night's repose were no other than a number of huge *pumpkins*, which had been placed in a heap upon a press on the landing, and from having been perhaps carelessly piled had given way, and rolled, one by one, down stairs, accumulating at the bottom against the door, until, by their weight, they forced it open! —*Stoke's Australia.*

PIQUILLO ALLIAGA;

OR,

THE MOORS IN THE TIME OF PHILIP III.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

From the French of M. Eugene Scribe.]

CHAPTER XI.—THE CONSULTA.

During the two or three years of Piquillo's residence in the bandit's inn, passed in the instructive society of Cozalo and his worthy colleague Juan Baptista Balsiero, other events of somewhat greater importance had transpired in Spain, to which we now invite the attention of the reader. Phillip II had bequeathed to Philip III, his son, war against England, and the Count de Lerma, anxious to immortalise the early part of his administration by a brilliant achievement, equipped a fleet of fifty vessels to effect a descent on the British coast, under the command of Don Martin Padilla. The maritime expeditions of Spain, although undertaken with religious objects in view, and for the supremacy of the catholic faith against a heretic nation and king, never enjoyed a successful issue, and the Count de Lerma's fleet was not a jot more fortunate than its memorable predecessor—the Armada. Scarcely had the vessels put to sea than they were dispersed by a storm, and compelled to take refuge on the coasts of Spain without encountering the enemy. In order to solace himself for this unexpected calamity, the minister might—following the example of Philip II—have exclaimed "I despatched my fleet to fight the enemy, and not to combat the elements!" But far from pursuing this philosophical course, he became obstinate, and determined on seizing the first opportunity of revenge that might offer, without wisely and maturely weighing the consequences.

Ireland had just rebelled against Elizabeth, and the new minister of Philip III, under the pretext of aiding the insurgents, had resolved to take possession of that island. Its vast extent, its extreme fertility, and the convenience of its harbours, which would ensure safe asylums to the Spanish fleet in case of reverses, and place Spain in a condition to dispute the empire of the seas with England and Holland, were the primary reasons for this bold attempt. The aged counsellors of Philip II, many experienced generals (among them Don Juan d'Aguilar, who had been chosen to command the expedition), expressed an opinion, that it was a serious error to suppose that the Irish would so easily be seduced from their fealty to their legitimate sovereign, and yield to the dominion of Spain. That a trivial revolt was not a serious revolution—that it was madness to expect the ready assistance of the insurgents, and that a force of six thousand men was insufficient to compete with the combined forces of England. In reply the Count de Lerma asserted that the condition of the Spanish exchequer did not justify the equipment of a larger force—that valour was an admirable substitute for numbers, and that if Don Juan d'Aguilar was afraid to undertake the campaign, there were many others willing and able to defend the honour of the Spanish arms! This taunting defiance was two much for the Castilian blood of Don Juan d'Aguilar. Despite his conviction of the frantic character of the enterprise, he accepted the appointment and embarked. The only request he made was, that the fleet should not be commanded by Martin Padilla, his implacable enemy and the Count de Lerma's parasite; but be confided to Don Juan Guevara, a brave officer, under whom he had formerly served in Brittainy.

The passage was a prosperous one. The general in chief, with a force of four thousand men, landed in the harbour of Kinsale—took possession of the town, and fortified himself in it, calculating on its serving as a shelter in the event of a reverse. At the same time, his lieutenant Occampo entered Baltimore with his army, and the united forces were about to march into the interior when they learnt that the rebels had been beaten and dispersed by the Irish viceroy;—that their leader, the Earl of Tyrone, had narrowly escaped with the fragments of his force (an ill-equipped band of four thousand peasants), and that the viceroy, who was in close pursuit, had a well-disciplined army of thirty thousand men.

"I foresaw all this," exclaimed d'Aguilar, calmly; "but never mind, let us hasten to their assistance."

And accordingly he proceeded.

Meanwhile the Count de Lerma, never for a moment questioning the success of an expedition devised by himself, looked upon Ireland as already annexed to the Spanish crown, and amused himself by selecting a governor. He hesitated between his uncle, Borja, and his brother-in-law, the Count de Lemos, whom he could not discreetly leave in the viceroyalty of Navarre, where he had already rendered himself obnoxious. The minister's system of government consisted in awarding to his own relations the most lucrative and important offices of the state; for he regarded the Spanish monarchy in the light of a private household, of which he was the chief and his kindred the principal ramifications. It was in keeping with this convenient principle that he had appointed his brother, Barnard de Sandoval, to the double post of archbishop of Toledo and grand inquisitor, the one placing him at the head

of the clerical community, and the other giving despotic sway over the rest of the population.

Bernard de Sandoval was even more dangerous at the head of a government than his brother. The Count de Lerma, indeed, had no character at all, being a reckless man, with the most pliant principles in the world, and ready at all times to change them according to circumstances. His brother, again, plumed himself on the possession of a character. He deluded himself with the idea that he was remarkable for his firmness, in fact, nothing more than downright obstinacy. He never abandoned a single idea that once chanced to enter his fertile brain, and these ideas were almost invariably of a baneful nature. "I break," he would say, "I never bend."

"And I," would say the Count de Lerma, "bend to avoid breaking."

It must be admitted, however, that they each possessed the virtue natural to their faults. The frivolity of the Count de Lerma was partly repaired by acts of generosity. He was considerate in the extreme in matters affecting the interests of his own kindred. He loaded them with gifts, and even lavished gold on some whom he had injured by his acts. As for his prodigality (so distasteful to the Spanish people, who had to pay for it), he never gave it a thought; for regarding the kingdom as though it were entirely his own, he took it for granted that he had a perfect right to dispose of his own property just as he pleased. Bernard de Sandoval, on the contrary, was harsh and stern, and as thrifty as his brother was profuse: never acknowledging a weakness, he loved nothing, gave away nothing--forgave nothing, and was thus admirably qualified for the post of grand inquisitor. He it was who, in the reign of Philip II, entertained the grand idea of the expulsion of the Moors, and communicated the notion to the Count de Lerma, who forthwith took the credit of it to himself, and cherished it, as well calculated to shed immortal lustre on his administration and to consolidate the catholic faith. The majority of the Moors continued, at heart, faithful to their Mahomedan creed. Externally alone they submitted to the usages of the christian religion. They attended mass, simply to avoid certain penalties which their non-attendance would assuredly entail. They brought their children to the baptismal font, but immediately after the ceremony they washed them well with hot water. They would even submit to the ceremonial of marriage in church; but when they got home they closed their doors, and celebrated the event with songs, dancing, and hilarity, according to the custom of their own country. Never failing to harbour a hope of ultimate deliverance, they kept up a constant correspondence with the Turks and the Moors of Africa. When the Algerine pirates landed on the coast of Andalusia, the Moors, who dwelt on its shores, never sounded the alarm-bell, or took up arms against them; and the Algerines, in return, never committed outrage in the villages inhabited by the Moors, while they made it an invariable rule to reduce every christian they caught to rigid bondage.

Philip II had recourse to very harsh and cruel measures to subdue the large Moorish population who had emigrated into his kingdom. He proscribed many of the customs of their native land, to which they had been wedded from their childhood. He went even the length of compelling their women to appear in public uncovered, and to open the doors of their domestic homes, which the custom of their country kept usually shut. These two regulations were unendurable to a nation jealous to preserve intact the usages of their ancestors. At the least offence, or show of opposition, a menace was held over their heads of tearing from them their children for education in Castile. The use of baths was interdicted to them, and such was the rigour of the dominion under which they dwelt, that music, songs, and fetes (their habitual mode of pastime), were rigidly prohibited.

The exasperated Moors at length took up arms in the mountains of Alpujarras, and defended themselves so vigorously that the picked troops of Spain, commanded by the king's brother, John of Austria, the conqueror of Lepanto, were requisite to bring them into submission. Torrents of blood had flowed on both sides, and it had cost the Spaniards the lives of sixty thousand men — a severe lesson, which taught the conquerors to be less despotic, and the vanquished more resigned to their fate.

Thus was it, at the commencement of the seventeenth century, the period of which we treat, during the first years of the reign of Philip III. The Moors, formerly, for a period of eight hundred years, conquerors and sovereigns of Spain, which they had civilised, had lost successively their independence, their religion, their manners, and their customs. Nothing was now left to them but the soil acquired by their ancestors, and rendered fertile by the sweat of their brow, and to which they were attached.

The Arabs and the Moors had imported into Spain the cultivation of sugar, cotton, and rice. Thanks to their industry, the fertility of the province of Valentia furnished all Europe with the fruits of tropical countries. Three harvests were had

in the year; scarcely had one been reaped before another sprang up, and the assiduous toils of the labourer, aided by the mildness of the climate, and the most ingenious agricultural contrivances, helped to promote so bountiful a fecundity. Flocking from Egypt, from Syria, and from Persia, essentially agricultural countries, the Arabs had transferred into the kingdom of Valentia a system of agriculture perfected by the experience of three thousand years. Nor was industry and commerce less indebted to them. Toledo, Grenada, Cordova, Seville, teemed with manufactories of silk and leather; the green and blue cloths of Cuenca were eagerly sought for on the coast of Africa, and Turkey, and the sea-ports of the Levant. The blades of Toledo, the silks of Grenada, the harnesses, saddles, and gilt morocco of Cordova, the spices and sugars of Valentia, were celebrated throughout all Europe; and the Moors, content with the plentiful results of their labours, gradually habituated themselves to forget the past, and to enjoy the present consequences of their industry. Once conquerors, they became agriculturists, manufacturers, and tacitly submitted to the aggrandisement of their masters—to pay them extortionate taxes, and to heap on them the enjoyments and luxuries of civilisation, simply seeking in their stead peace and protection for themselves and their families. This was a state of things utterly incomprehensible to Bernard y Royos Sandoval, the grand inquisitor, and his brother. They consequently induced Juan de Ribera, patriarch of Antioch, archbishop of Valentia, known for his hatred of heresy, to present a memorial to the imbecile king, in which they urged him to banish all infidels from his kingdom, reserving only adults for the purposes of labour in the galleys and mines, and children under seven years to be reared in the christian creed.

The king consulted his minister and the grand inquisitor upon the subject of this memorial. The former expressed his opinion that it would be wise to await a favourable opportunity, whilst the latter declared that it was a measure that could not too speedily be brought into operation, and only regretted that the proposition of the archbishop was not stringent enough for the occasion. His advice was to exterminate all the Moors, *en masse*, according to the principles of St. Bartholomew, which spared neither females nor children.

Such a project, however, required deep precaution and a large employment of united forces, and at that critical crisis the flower of the Spanish army was engaged in the lower provinces and in the Irish campaign; accordingly it was determined that this mighty secret should be strictly for the time preserved among themselves. The minister and grand inquisitor feigned to be convinced of the necessity of this precaution. It was, however, a matter of difficulty to induce the archbishop of Valentia to coincide in this decision. He could barely restrain the excess of his zeal, and neither spoke upon the subject, nor would suffer others to discuss it, without indulging in transports of pious rage, which he conceived to emanate from on high. The king, moreover, was on the point of marriage, and to select such a period for harsh extermination, instead of popular rejoicing, would be regarded as a matter of heartless oppression. It was consequently determined that at the approaching *consulta* of the king, no subject should be brought forward but that of the forthcoming royal nuptials.

The *consulta* of the king was a sort of privy council, held at the palace in the presence of the sovereign, and presided over by the minister. To this august assemblage none were admitted on important occasions but the grand inquisitor, the king's confessor, and a few favourites, who directed the will of the monarch, and caused him either to adopt or reject the counsels of others. Nevertheless, on so interesting an occasion as that which was about to take place, permission was given, for form sake, and as a mark of distinction, to a few young lords, belonging to the first families in Spain, who would eventually attain the Spanish peerage, to be present and even take a part in the important deliberations of the council. Accordingly, the Count de Lerma (whom the king had created a duke on the strength of his marriage, and for services he had not yet had time to render, but would in the end, no doubt), the Duke de Lerma, presented at this meeting his son, the Count de Uzeda, to the king. The Marquis of Miranda, in his turn, being the head of the house of Zunica, and president of the council of Castile, claimed a similar privilege for his relative, Don Fernand d'Albayda, one of the principal barons of the kingdom of Valentia and nephew to Don Juan d'Aguilar, commanding the royal troops in Ireland.

The youth, with the bashfulness natural to his age, blushed deeply, and bowed to the king, and that imposing assemblage which he had previously pictured to himself as possessing all the awing attributes of majesty, while several of the members of the council were earnestly discussing the colour of the dress they should wear on the queen's arrival. Don Sandoval, the grand inquisitor, counted his beads; the minister sketched on a parchment a duke's coronet, and Philip III, with his head thrown back

on his state chair, amused himself with counting the decorations of the ceiling. Juan de Ribera, archbishop of Valentia, was the only one of the group lost apparently in grave reflections, and seemed to be heedless of all passing around himself. The young Count de Uzeda, proud of his birth and of the position he held by virtue of his father's connexion with the court, gazed around him haughtily and vacantly, and when, accidentally as it were, his eye fell upon Fernand d'Albayda, he contemplated him scornfully, for he conceived that none but the prime minister's sons should share in the distinction which had been conferred on both alike.

The Duke de Lerma, after taking the orders of his majesty, proceeded to explain that a new alliance was about to unite still more closely the descendants of Charles V. His most catholic majesty was on the point of marriage with Margaret of Austria, daughter of the archduke Charles. He added that the young princess had arrived at Genoa, having left Graetz for Italy. But his grace omitted to mention that, in consequence of the sloth of those employed in making grand preparations for her reception, the fleet intended to convey the betrothed to Spain did not reach Genoa till several months subsequent to the princess's arrival in that city. The duke then entertained the council with an account of the magnificent entertainments which awaited the princess's arrival at Valentia, where the marriage was to be celebrated. Such was the splendour of these *fêtes*, so congenial to the sumptuous taste of the minister, that they would, he said, cost the treasury the sum of a million ducats; but, added he, "the exchequer is in so flourishing a state that it is justifiable to lay out so large an amount in celebration of the nuptials of the greatest monarch of the greatest kingdom in Europe."

Usually on occasions similar to that we have above recorded, when the minister had concluded his report to the council, no one spoke. The king expressed his approval with a nod, and every body could do the same, but, in the present instance, the duke, being particularly desirous of pushing his son forward on his first appearance on the diplomatic stage, addressing himself, in a patronising tone, to Uzeda and Fernand d'Albayda, said, "Well, my young lords, what say you to the tidings we have just announced? Now, counsellors as you are of the king, favour us with your opinion upon this important point. I feel assured that his majesty will be delighted to hear you."

The king having waved his hand by way of concurrence, the minister thus proceeded: "Now, my lord Fernand, how is it that you blush so deeply, do you feel timid and embarrassed? Collect yourself. We simply solicit your opinion truthfully. I am sure the king will like to hear you."

The king nodded.

"Do not blush, Signor Albayda. Uzeda, I perceive, is about to show you the way;" and thereupon the duke made a signal to his son to commence his harangue.

The young man—evidently wishing to impress the idea that his address was extemporary, though there was very good reason to believe that it had been cut and dried a long time ago, and in all probability supervised by his father—accordingly addressed himself to the king, complimenting his august majesty on his manifold virtues, his exalted position, the wisdom of his rule, and the marriage he was about to contract. As a natural sequence, came a dashing eulogium on the remarkable merits of the minister, the ability of the report just read, and the present and future prosperity of Spain.

When it came to Fernand d'Albayda's turn to address the council, he commenced by modestly pleading on behalf of his youth and inexperience; "but," said he, "in the presence of my sovereign—in the presence of counsellors so able and so eloquent, all that is requisite for me to do is to tell the unvarnished truth." This, he said, was the only requital he could make for the honour of being heard. He then, frankly and with a noble bearing becoming the Castilian blood that flowed in his veins, expressed his delight in placing confidence on the fidelity of the picture of national prosperity which had just been displayed before them; it was beyond his ability to examine closely the statements made; but there was just one point in which he thought the minister had been shamefully misled, and regarding which he was of opinion that he could reveal certain indisputable facts. He then briefly explained the precise position of the province of Valentia, of which he was one of the first barons and most wealthy landholders. He proved that the towns and districts were overburdened by taxes—that these imposts had, for some time, been exacted for two years in advance, and that now, in consequence of the outlay required to defray the expenses of the forthcoming marriage, payment was demanded of a third, a circumstance that had given rise to great discontent among the people, especially as this determination of the government immediately preceded an event which should be ushered by joyous acclamations, instead of being accompanied with penury and privation—that he conceived it his duty to open the eyes of the king and his minister to so lamentable a fact, for it was evident that they were ignorant of the existence of such persecution, for it appeared to him unjust and impolitic,

when the rest of Spain was rejoicing at so happy a union as that which was about to be solemnised, that the province of Valentia alone—the very locality selected for the performance of the ceremonial, should be suffered to remain in so deplorable a condition.

These last words, spoken with marked firmness, manifestly disconcerted the Duke de Lerma and the rest of the council, especially when the king turned towards the minister, and exclaimed with unwonted energy—"The young man is right. It is necessary that our faithful subjects in Valentia should participate in the prosperity of the country which you have just depicted. Would it not be sound policy now to announce to the people of Valentia that on the occasion of my marriage they should be exempt from taxes for two years?"

Astounded at the profound silence that followed his speech and apprehending that he had gone too far, the king timidly inquired of those around him whether their opinion upon this point did not coincide with his.

The Duke of Lerma, who had often felt inclined to interrupt Fernand in his bold *exposé*, cast an angry glance towards him, and addressing himself to the king, in a tone of impatience, and a mock smile which he sought vainly to disguise, said, "If this young nobleman, Don Fernand d'Albayda, first baron of Valentia, knows how to administer the affairs of the state, and to fill your majesty's coffers without the exaction of the taxes which I have conceived it my duty to demand under peculiar circumstances, I beseech of him to reveal the secret. Do you know, of any Don Ferdand?"

"Yes, your excellency," rejoined the youth, "I will pledge myself—I speak only of Valentia—not only to cause the immediate payment of the tribute you demand, but, within a very few days, to deposit in the public exchequer a fourth of the amount you require for the celebration of the royal nuptials."

The astonished minister raised his head to see if he were speaking seriously. The youth continued his address:—

"And what is more, those who shall bring you these amounts shall beseech your acceptance of them, and shall escort the king and his bride from Valentia to Madrid with hearty shouts of joy and guileless blessings!"

The king and the whole council arose, and exclaimed—"Speak, speak!"

ON THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

To whom is to be attributed the discovery of the new world, Columbus or Martin Behem! It appears, after careful investigation, that Behem has not the slightest claim to be called the discoverer of the New World, and that it is to the envious Portuguese, who had disdained the offer Columbus made to them, and who, to give a colourable claim to their statements, conceived the idea of putting Behem forth to bolster up their unfounded position. Behem was a native of Nuremberg, and it is said of him, "that he often thought of the antipodes and a western continent." He went to Portugal in 1459, and in the service of that country discovered the Azores, or Western Islands, but some Portuguese writers mention that Gonsalo Vellio was the discoverer of them.

Behem having resided twenty years in the Azores, applied to the king of Portugal for means to start on an expedition to the "South-West," which was granted, and one of Behem's biographers mentions that he discovered Brazil, and that he even sailed to the Straits of Magellan. Mere assertion goes but a little way, and to substantiate no proofs are offered. In all probability it was some part of the coast of Africa Behem discovered, and not Brazil, which was only known to the Portuguese in 1500, eight years after Columbus had opened the way for future discoveries in the West. It is, however, said that there are letters preserved in the archives of Nuremberg, written by Behem in 1486, detailing his discovery of America, and a chart he made for the king of Portugal, showing the situation of the coast round the Straits of Magellan! And in the Latin chronicle of Hartman Shedl, 1485 is given as the year when the king of Portugal sent Behem as second in command of an expedition to the "southward," which crossed the equator, but nothing is said of the discovery of the western continent, although it was out twenty-six months from Lisbon.

Petrus Martius, two years before Columbus's first voyage, mentions "newly discovered islands;" these were meant for the Azores, and not the West Indies, as Behem's supporters would have us believe. Another writer, Cellarius, merely recapitulates what Shedl mentions.

Behem's biographers tell us that the before-mentioned facts prove his right to the glory of discoverer of the New World, but to the writer of these remarks there does not appear any right to come to such a conclusion; furthermore, it is stated that Magellan, in 1517, was led to the prosecution of his visit to America by seeing an old chart of Behem's; but 1519 was twenty-two years after Columbus had publicly declared that it was his opinion, founded on the result of study and investigation, and on which his mind was then matured.

In 1485, it is said by some, before he went on his voyage to the "south-west," for his discoveries of the Azores, the king of Portugal knighted Behem; but it seems more probable that this distinction was conferred upon him for the discovery of the kingdom of Congo and the existence of gold there. 1492 is put down as the year Behem returned to Nuremberg, and he is said to have made a globe, which is still preserved in the library there, on which he delineated western lands; and, from their position, supposed to be what we now know as Brazil.

There is no difficulty in admitting that Behem went to Nuremberg in 1492, but there is no proof that he made the said globe in that year; and it may be observed, that early in 1493, Columbus had returned to Spain after his first voyage to the New World, and the Nuremberg chronicle of that period mentions the discovery of Columbus, but nothing about Martin Behem in connection with it. Behem returned to Lisbon, and died there in 1505. Dr. Robertson, an authority in these matters, is of opinion that Behem has no claim whatever to the discovery Columbus made, but mentions that Behem was personally known to him, and that he (Behem) discovered the coast of Africa, the kingdom of Congo, in 1483.

It is a strong proof in favour of Columbus's priority of claim, his having offered his services to the king of Portugal; the monarch had the baseness of character to fit out an expedition in search of the lands Columbus supposed to exist towards the west. This expedition soon returned, being fearful to proceed farther.

Thus, for twenty-two years or more, before Columbus made his discovery, he was fully impressed with the belief that a western course would lead to the shores of India, and a western course would have done so had not a New World interveded.

Columbus having been neglected by the king of Portugal, went in 1485 to Spain. This same year Behem was on his voyage to Congo. Had he made the discovery of the New World, how is it that nothing transpired about it then, and that we hear little or nothing of his claims until nearly our own times?

A. F.

EXCESSIVE TOIL—£5000 FUND!

[In giving publicity to this address, it is scarcely necessary to say how much we sympathise with the cause, which we shall take every opportunity of supporting.]

In commencing this address, the committee feel that it would be unnecessary to say much with reference to the origin and principles of the Metropolitan Draper's Association.

It is now nearly three years since the association was instituted, and its primary object—an abridgment of the hours of business—has as yet been but partially attained. Why is this? We will tell you. The funds placed at the disposal of the association have not admitted of more powerful measures being carried into operation. It is now conceded, by all who have given attention to the subject, that the cause of the late hours to which business is very generally protracted in all trades is the custom on the part of the public of evening shopping. To achieve, therefore, a general and permanent improvement, it is necessary to effect an alteration in the public mind. That alteration can only be produced by an extensive diffusion of information on the subject, showing the evils of the system, the causes of and the remedy for those evils; and appealing directly to every individual to assist in effecting the great improvement contemplated by the association. To accomplish the desired end, the following plan has been decided on:—

A prize is to be offered for the best tract upon that part of the question relating to the public; and this tract, when procured, is to be printed, and a copy of it, together with other documents bearing upon the subject, sent to every householder in the metropolis, and, as far as possible, elsewhere. To meet the expenses incidental to so great an undertaking, a special fund of £5000 is to be raised; and, in doing this, the board of management earnestly appeal to the sympathy of all classes for support.

To the Assistants in the Drapery and all other trades, wholesale and retail, we first address ourselves, as being the most immediately interested; and we address all equally: for all will derive benefit from our success, and all will feel bitterly the withering effects of our failure. We appeal with the same confidence to our fellow-assistants in the country as to those in London; for no great good can take place in the metropolis without extending its influence to the provinces. In addition to which, as so many flock from all parts of the country to London—the great heart of the kingdom—it is to their interest to promote any change for the better in the place whither circumstances may be leading them. We would also emphatically impress upon the minds of assistants in other trades that there is nothing selfish in our object; but, even if there were, still our exertions could not fail to benefit them, and the measure which we have more immediately in view will be attended with fully as much advantage to them as to

ourselves, for a tract upon the evils of the late-hour system generally must be as effectual in favour of one trade as another. Come forward and assist us, then, one and all, in this grand effort! One strong and vigorous pull together will accomplish the object. Singly, no body of assistants would, perhaps, succeed in it; if all be united, it may be easily attained. Contribute something, however trifling the amount. Do not be withheld by an ignoble fear that you may be advancing your money without the certainty of a return. Victory already dawns! its consummation is sure, if we be but united, and put forth our strength to achieve it; and a generous friend of our cause, the Rev. Dr. Cumming, says, "Either we ought not to have begun, or, having begun, we must not withdraw till success shine unclouded on our path."

To Employers.—To you, gentlemen, we appeal with grateful feelings for the sympathy which has hitherto been manifested towards us by many of your body, and with the earnest hope of securing your co-operation for the future. We have never sought, we never shall seek, anything inimical to your interests; indeed, we cannot do so without injury to our own: for we conceive the interests of employers and employed in this important question to be identical. The burden of late hours falls as heavy, in many cases, upon the one as the other, and in one essential point we believe you will reap very great benefit; that is, in the improved character and profitable services of your assistants: for it is now universally admitted that men, worked within the limits of what they are able to perform, get through a greater amount of labour, and execute it more satisfactorily, than when worn out and fagged by over-toil. Under a system of shorter hours, therefore, your assistants would set about their avocations with greater cheerfulness and alacrity, and with a disposition to do as much as possible within the prescribed period, and that much as well as possible. Experience justifies us in believing, gentlemen, that such would be the result, and we hope that a similar conviction will induce you to contribute towards the fund we propose to raise.

To the Public.—It is upon the public, however, and upon you, ladies, in particular, that we mainly rest our hopes of getting rid of this system of late hours. It is only with your co-operation that we can ever achieve our emancipation. We cannot expect, in these times of competition, that our employers will close their shops of an evening, while you continue to throng them. Let us entreat of you, then, to abstain from doing so. If you were acquainted with the injuries you inflict upon us by your late shopping—if you knew that year after year added thousands to the victims of this horrible system of protracted labour, who descend to a premature grave, in many cases unnoticed and unknown, we are convinced you would resolve, with one universal mind, never more to enter a shop after six or at the latest seven o'clock in the evening. It is under this conviction we build our hopes of not making this appeal in vain. Every good and generous impulse prompts us to sympathise with the sufferings of each other. We call upon you, then, ladies and gentlemen, earnestly and respectfully, to release us from the thraldom under which we groan. To every denomination of christians—for our subject may be regarded in a great degree as a religious one—to the philanthropist, and the philosopher, we alike appeal. The system is admitted upon all hands to be a hateful one. The voice of humanity calls loudly for its extirpation; justice demands it with equal vehemence, and religion prays for it. Who, then, can hesitate to come forward and aid us in our efforts to get rid of it? and this cannot be done more effectually than by generously contributing to the fund we are endeavouring to raise for its overthrow.

THE PROVIDENT CLERKS' BENEFIT-ASSOCIATION AND BENEVOLENT FUND.

[From Hood's Magazine.]

Having (we trust) profoundly at heart the well-doing of our species, and their advancement, moral and material, towards the highest attainable state of social development, and individual happiness, and comfort—we hold it as a part of our purpose, and our duty, to bestow our mite of encouragement upon all associations, societies, or projects, which, manifestly, have a bearing upon, and tend to, the peaceful expansion and progress which we hope to be in store for mankind, These mites, in the conduct of a magazine like ours, must be offered as the projects of them, either occupy the chief notice of the day, or as our attention is called to them by philanthropic individuals and parties have no mere self-seeking interests to serve. We cannot, amidst the pressure of the calls upon our time and space, undertake a systematic selection, in the exact order of the importance of the host of societies having claims upon our attention; but must deal with such as cross our observation at the moment, be they of first-rate, or of subordinate consequence, in the scale of beneficial agencies. Having said this much to guard our readers from expecting more

from us than a miscellany, which only appears once a month, can be required to provide, we proceed at once to give our meed of commendation in behalf of the meritorious and most useful association whose title forms the text-head of these comments. Its purposes, and its means of fulfilling such purposes, cannot be better or more fully described than in the following selected portion of its general prospectus. "It affords to clerks, and others, the means of making provision for themselves in old age: for their families, at their decease: and, of an endowment for their children:" it subdivides into the "life assurance and benefit department," the business of which is not confined to clerks exclusively, but embraces,

The benefits of mutual life assurance, in all its branches, on a safe scale of rates.

Annuities to commence at a specified age.

Division of two-thirds of the profits every five years.

Right to nominate any party to receive the amount of a life-policy, without expense.

Economical management.

Payment of policies secured by a separate guaranteed capital, in addition to the invested accumulations.

No entrance fee.

And "the benevolent department," the fund of which now amounts to 10,600*l.* stock, and is applicable for the following purposes, to clerks and their families, viz.—

Annuities to distressed members of three years' standing, of 25*l.* each; and to the widows of such members, of 15*l.* each. Annuities increase according to the length of membership.

Loans, gratuities, and allowances to members, and orphan children of deceased members.

Use of the "situation book" to members out of employ.

Medical advice, gratis, by the officers of the association, to the members. No entrance fee.

Clerks, assuring their lives (the annual premium varying from 1*l.* 11s. 11d. per cent., according to age, and which may be paid quarterly, half-yearly, or annually) or purchasing an annuity, &c., under the life assurance and benefit branch, become members, and participate in all the above advantages of both departments.

Clerks, not assuring, become members, and participate in all the privileges of the benevolent fund, by subscribing one guinea, or upwards, annually thereto, and which may be paid half-yearly or annually.

Under the denomination of clerk, every individual to whom the appellation is applicable is included, be he in the bank—or any government office—or with any of the banking, or mercantile firms—or a solitary individual in a barrister's or solicitor's chambers or offices—or in a trader's shop or counting-house. Such individual, by payment of a solitary 1*l.* 1s. in half-yearly payments, can entitle himself to all the advantages of the benevolent department, including medical advice, when ill, and access to the situations'-book, when out of employ; but by increasing this payment in a very small amount, he will not only retain all these enumerated advantages, but have insured his life, in addition, for 100*l.* to be paid to his wife, or assigns, in case of his decease. Supposing him to be a young man just of age, his payment, to combine both these benefits, will not deduct out of his earnings more than about 10d. a week! Need we add another word to induce all clerks who read these remarks to send to 42, Moorgate-street, for the printed rules of the association, in order to their taking immediate measures to join its ranks? Yes; one word or two more. The trustees of its rapidly accumulating benevolent fund of 10,000*l.* and upwards, are men of no less wealth and standing in society, than one of the Barings, one of the Hankeys, Prescott of the house of Grote and others, and Baron Lionel de Rothschild. Add to this, that all the leading banking and mercantile firms in the city, not merely patronise but subscribe to the benevolent fund; and that at each anniversary dinner, something like 1000*l.* has been contributed to increase the accumulated capital; and we think that no clerk (at least) who is not already on its lists, both for possibly-needed aid, or benevolence, as well as for assurance of life, can hesitate one moment, after perusing our explanations of its very many, and most unusual advantages, to become a member of "The Clerks' Mutual Benefit and Benevolent Fund Association."

Reviews.

History of Civilisation. By William Alexander Mackinnon, F.R.S., M.P. (Second notice.)

[Longman and Co.]

We have, on a previous occasion, criticised the portion of this work which relates to the ancients. we must now turn to consider the history of England. It commences with a graphic account of the effects of the Conquest on the subsequent civilisation of this most important portion of the globe. The character of the tyrant, William of Normandy, is displayed in its true light. His oppression of the English was of the most galling description; however, all his endeavours, and those of his successors, to expatriate the Anglo-Saxons who had a spark of noble feeling, and crush every

remnant of the Saxon institutions, were unavailing. The Normans were the few, and they therefore soon lost that pre-eminence which they at first enjoyed. The towns, those great receptacles of freedom, gradually arose, industry and commerce, the foundations of England's prosperity, implanted in the soil a sturdy race of men, styled the middle classes. As the citizens increased in numbers and wealth, so the power of the nobles decreased. The former banded together to preserve themselves from oppression, and greater security of property was instantly felt. With security, commerce and wealth soon follow, and, by degrees, slowly indeed, but surely, the power of the townsmen increased, which enabled them, in the time of the great civil wars, to overthrow the power of Charles, and that of the great portion of the nobility, and laid the broad foundations of our freedom, until, by degrees, the present state of things has been brought about. All these events are fully pourtrayed in the "History of Civilisation in England." The true character of the English people is admirably displayed by Mr. Mackinnon as he follows them through the different stages of their advancement to their present state. Their courage, noble and enduring; their holy and natural love of free institutions, and their constant desire to effect any changes by constitutional means, and their unwillingness to rise in arms unless impelled by absolute necessity, were never, perhaps, more displayed than in the attempts of the Pretender to obtain possession of the crown of Great Britain. It was most universally found that, while the populous towns were in favour of the succession of the House of Hanover, and the triumph of liberal institutions, the remote rural districts, where the inhabitants were ignorant, were almost the only ones which would support the Pretenders and their tyrannical principles. To the history, certain miscellaneous chapters succeed, on the present state of civilisation in Britain, the monarchial power, the Houses of Lords and Commons. At this time, when there is so much political excitement, these chapters are exceedingly welcome. They are admirable expositions of their subjects. The chapter on the House of Lords particularly pleases us. We admire the tone in which it is written; there are no stale panegyrics on the aristocracy, but a fair account of it, and also of its power. It is, there is no doubt, because the House of Commons is governed so completely by public opinion that it so popular. We have a veneration for that body of men; we feel that there lies the real power and sinews of the state, so that without the House of Commons we feel that our greatness would evaporate. Its members are the life, nay, the very soul of the state. In taking a candid and impartial review of the whole work, we feel assured that Mr. Mackinnon is capable of doing much towards diffusing a correct idea of public opinion. It is essentially a useful book, and being also lively and amusing, compels us, in spite of ourselves, to give it an attentive perusal. We are not of opinion that to convey instruction a book should be written in a cold formal style; on the contrary, the more the imagination is satisfied, the more will the knowledge and precepts of a book be attended to.

The Gatherer.

The Philosopher's Stone.—The eccentric but brilliant John Randolph once rose suddenly up in his seat in the House of Representatives, and screamed out at the top of his shrill voice—"Mr. Speaker! Mr. Speaker! I have discovered the philosopher's stone. It is—Pay as you go!" John Randolph dropped many rich gems from his mouth, but never one richer than that.

Ox-Tail Soup.—Prior to 1585, the butchers of London, in disposing of bullock-hides to the fellmongers, were accustomed to leave on the tails. The French refugees, however, bought them up, and introduced into use that nutritious dish called ox-tail soup.

Thinking and Talking about being Genteel.—There cannot be a surer proof of an innate meanness of disposition, than to be always talking and thinking of being genteel—one must feel a strong tendency to that which one is always trying to avoid; whenever we pretend, on all occasions, a mighty contempt for anything, it is a pretty clear sign that we feel ourselves nearly on a level with it.—*William Hazlitt.*

Railway Tell-Tale.—A Mr. W. Constable, of Brighton, has suggested the construction of an instrument to be attached to a railway carriage that shall describe on a chart line indication of the various speed of a journey. Such a tell-tale would act as a wholesome check on a reckless engine-driver, and be the means of preventing some of those accidents which are so injurious in their anticipation, and so horrible in their results.

A Prim Lady.—She looks as if she were fed with a quill; and when she opens her mouth to yawn, you would fancy that she was going to whistle.

"Out of darkness cometh forth light," as the printer's devil said when he looked into the ink-keg.

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"VELUTI IN SPECULUM."

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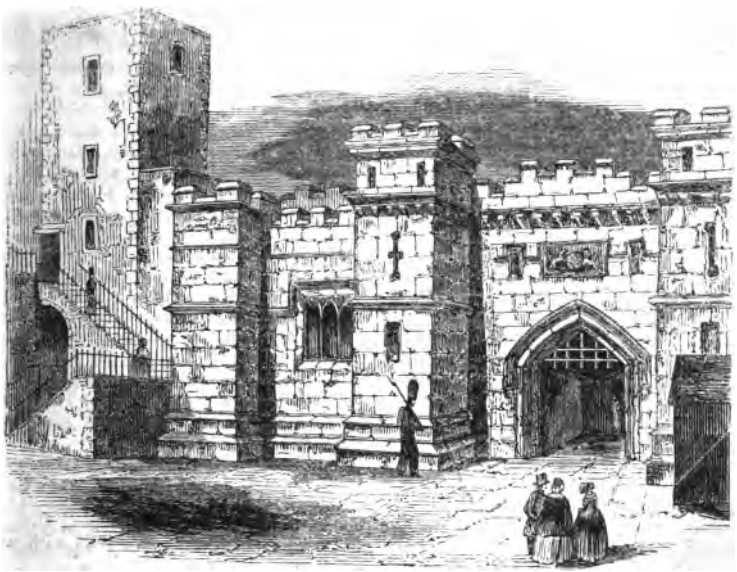

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

The Tower, as it is familiarly called, stands on the northern bank of the Thames, as we have already more than once stated, and consists of a large pile of building, the irregularity of which arises from its having been erected and enlarged by various sovereigns, at distant periods of time. It served the purpose of a fortified palace to many of the early monarchs of England. Tradition, as we have before remarked, ascribes its origin to William the Conqueror, who, having no great reliance on the fidelity of his new subjects of London, built a stronghold to overawe them, on the site of the present building, which has so often been altered, and repaired, and added to, as to be almost unrecognisable from its original form.

The exterior walls of the Tower now include an area of twelve acres and five roods. The exterior circuit of the ditch which surrounds it is three thousand one hundred and fifty-six feet; it is separated from the Thames by a broad quay, beyond which is a platform for mounting sixty-one pieces of cannon, which are brought and fixed on all occasions of public rejoicing. The principal entrance is by three successive gates on the western side, two of which are outside the ditch; the second gate on entering leads to a stone bridge thrown across the ditch; and the third, which is the strongest, stands at the inner end of the bridge; this is guarded by soldiers; and when the gates are opened in the morning, the formalities of a garrison are observed; though now that the metropolitan police have walked in—much to our regret—we suppose this is all changed. We could wish that it might be said always:

> Banners on high and battles passed below;
> But they who fought are in a bloody shroud,
> And those which waved are shredless dust ere now,
> And the bleak battlements shall bear no future blow.

We fear, however, the consequences of the present rage for improvement.

The above cut represents the walls as they appear on the inside, just on entering the Tower gates to the right hand.

A DAY AT HIGHGATE.

Few of London's suburban hamlets can boast air so fresh and salubrious, views so extensive, or rural walks so diversified and pleasing, combined with so many recollections of antiquity and days gone by, as that which is known by the name of Highgate. The reviving, cheering, and happy influence of its hill summit, has often been remarked upon in poetry and prose; on a lofty and commanding eminence it overlooks a vast amount of neighbouring country, while it enjoys the further advantage of being free from the smoke which at all times hangs in black and murky volumes over the metropolis. A short time since we took a solitary stroll to this village, being anxious to breathe the fresh and bracing air, a wish not easily realised in the neighbourhood of London. An omnibus—one of those highly useful conveyances for men of moderate tastes and moderate incomes—deposited us safely at Jack Straw's Castle, Hampstead, whence we wended our way across the heath, along the road which leads to the Spaniard's. The day was fine though cold, the sky, in part blue, was dotted with fleecy clouds, the sun shone with a faint attempt at giving warmth, a keen air swept cross a spur of hill, along the crest of which the way runs. To the right lay Modern Babylon, its dense clouds of vapour obscuring the heavens in that direction, while the dome of St. Paul's loomed up above the adjacent buildings; to our left was a scene of great diversity and prettiness, and not unextensive—Finchley, Harrow-on-the-Hill, even Windsor, being to be distinguished on a very clear day. With all these temptations, however, with its freshness, scenery, and rural character, it is surprising how few comparatively ever venture this short distance to breathe an air which is almost that of the country. Your Cockney is a creature of habit, and goes where he has been accustomed to go. Primrose Hill, and the Parks, are the places he has been used to visit on Sundays and holidays, whereas a walk to Highgate would be a healthful exertion beyond the ordinary range of his ideas.

A brisk pace soon brought us upon the Spaniard's, a somewhat romantically situated inn, formerly the site of a gate leading into an extensive park, the property of the bishops of London, and where toll was taken from all travellers. In this park, called Harringhay, was once a splendid palace, the property of these great church dignitaries; how well chosen may be inferred from a description of the suburbs of London by Fitzstephen in 1180; "There are corn fields, pastures, and delightful meadows, intermixed with pleasant streams, on which stand many a mill, whose clack is so grateful to the ear; beyond them a forest extends itself beautified with woods and groves, and full of the layers and coverts of beasts and game, stags, bucks, boars, and wild bulls." "These wild bulls," adds Fitzstephen's translator, "were probably either buffaloes, or like the beasts of Andalusia in Spain, which I presume are small."

The bishop's palace was a castle, as we may learn from a sentence in Norden, (*Speculum Britanicum*, published in 1593) which also gives an idea of its great antiquity, "for the hill is at this time trenched with two deep ditches, now olde and overgroune with bushes, the rubble thereof as brick, tile, and Cornish slate, are in heaps yet to be seen, which ruins are of great antiquity, as may appear by the okes at this day standing, above a hundred years growth, at the very foundation of the building; it did belong to the bishop of London, at which place have been dated divers evidences, some of which yet remain in the bishop's registrie." The chief object of this castle appears to have been the facility it afforded the prelates for hunting. To this day the form of the moat is still visible, and it is seventy yards square; the site uneven and bearing traces of foundations. "The portion of the moat," says Mr. Prickett, "which still remains consists of a spring constantly running, and is now used as a watering place for cattle; the aged bushes on its banks may yet be seen drooping into the refreshing stream." We read with wonderment and awe Mr. Stephens' account of vast cities, of mighty ruins in central America, utterly overgrown by forest and underwood, but here, at our own doors, within sight of London, we hear of a moated castle, with its massive walls, its drawbridges, its huge bastions; its crenelated battlements, which in the tenth century bustled with armed men, and not a stone, not even a brick remains to support the truth of the tale. Near this castle, in its surrounding wood, it was, that in 1386, a hostile meeting took place between the duke of Gloucester and the earl of Warwick; here, too, the former assembled a force of 40,000 men to oppose his king. Here, too, Henry VIII was wont to hunt, as may be gathered from a proclamation, in which the name of Highgate occurs, that threatened to those who should hunt or hawke within certain precincts, "imprisonment of their bodies, and further, punishment at his majesties will and pleasure." Game was scarce, and the monarch being fond of the chase, required that it should be preserved for his "owne disport, pleasure, and recreation." But ere we pursue our way along the road, which

leaves the ancient park of the bishops of London to the left, and Caen wood to the right, we must say a word relative to the Spaniard's. Its name is derived from the fact of its having been first opened by a member of that nation, since when it has been a very popular place of entertainment and recreation. Its early condition and style may be gathered from the following extract from a description of Middlesex, which exists in MSS.

"Its gardens have been lately improved and beautifully ornamented by the ingenuity of Mr. W. Staples, who, out of a wild and thorny wood, full of hills, valleys, and sand pits, hath now made pleasant grass and gravel walks, with a mount, from the elevation of which the beholder hath a prospect of Hanslop steeple in Northamptonshire, within eight miles of Northampton; of Langdon hills in Essex, full sixty miles east; of Banstead downs, in Surrey, south; and of Windsor Castle. These walks and plats this gentleman hath embellished with a great many curious figures, depicted with pebble stones of various colours." The quaint taste and fancies of the last century are forcibly illustrated in the account we must give of New Georgia, a cottage, two stories in height, which stood hard by. The grave old gentleman who invented it, would doubtless, in these days, have seen the inside of Bedlam. "This humourous cottage was erected by its inhabitant, the same year queen Caroline died; it hath on it the following inscription; 'I, Robert Caxton, begun this place in a wild wood, stubbed up the wood, digged all the ponds, cut all the walks, made all the gardens, built all the rooms, with my own hands, nobody drove a nail here, laid a brick or tile, but myself; and thank God for giving me such strength, being sixty-four years of age when I began it.' Here the owner showeth you several small rooms, and numerous contrivances of his own to divert the beholder; and here the gentleman is put in the pillory and the ladies are obliged to kiss him, with such other oddities; the building is irregular and low, of wood, and the ground and wilderness is laid out in a delightful romantic taste."

Robert Caxton's ingenuity however took a more alarming direction, for in 1748, these singular grounds were interspersed with representations of various reptiles, which suddenly made an attack upon the unsuspecting visitor. Those who understand how dangerous these sudden frights have often proved, will sympathise with the feelings which prompted its disuetude in 1770. Caxton's, however, was not alone. The earl of Worcester, in 1743, invented "a chair made alamode, and yet a stranger being persuaded to sit in it, shall have immediately his arms and thighs locked up, beyond his own power to loosen them. The late Mr. Winstanley had a contrivance to raise a skeleton before a stranger who should put his foot in a slipper; and the chair at the house called New Georgia, which sinks on a person sitting in it, is of the like kind, but not so innocent." Many living persons are said to remember being lowered in this chair, when they found themselves amongst figures of apparently animated serpents and vipers. The innocence of any of the above contrivances is very questionable. A host who should offer a weary guest the comfort of taking off his boots, and enjoying the luxury of slippers—which gives one an inspiration even of home—and who should contrive to startle some corpulent gentleman into a fit of indigestion, would be but a sorry dispenser of hospitality.

Pursuing our way, we advanced along Caen wood, the residence of earl Mansfield, once the retreat of Venner the fanatic and his followers, and at early date inhabited by the duke of Argyle. The mansion is a noble structure, and the park made up of graceful undulations, green lawns, spacious sheets of water, strips of woodland, with here an opening, whence a delightful view may be caught, and there a grove whose thickness is impenetrable to the eye. The very image of peace and quiet, it was in 1780 the scene of one of those riotous occurrences, the rare happening of which in the present day is so strong an evidence of the progress of knowledge and civilisation. The fanatical riots fomented, in 1780, by lord George Gordon, extended beyond the precincts of London. The earl of Mansfield was one of the special objects of the popular hatred; his house in Bloomsbury being destroyed, the infuriated mob flew to Ken Wood, through Highgate and Hampstead, both meeting at the Spaniard's, then kept by one Giles Thomas. With singular presence of mind he persuaded the visitors to refresh themselves amply, throwing his house and cellars open, while tubs of strong ale were rolled from the cellars of Ken Wood House to the road side. During the time gained by this diversion messengers were dispatched in search of the military, who arrived in time to save the noble structure, which the multitude had intended to destroy.

With a blue sky above, a hard frosty road beneath our feet, with a stillness and peace and balmy freshness in the air, as unlike as possible to the neighbourhood of a great city, it was delightful to compare 1845 with 1780. As we walked along at a brisk pace, we imagined to ourselves the very different scene which, on the memorable occasion above referred to, that very road had presented, and we re-

flected with satisfaction on the vast progress of enlightenment, which has effected changes so wonderful in the habits and disposition of the people. We now neared Highgate itself, and reaching the summit of its hill felt instantly the effects of its bracing air upon our nerves; our spirits were elevated, our lungs were in healthy play, and for a while, we forgot the thick and smoky atmosphere of London.

Composed only of two long and straggling streets, with one or two petty lanes, Highgate with its environs yet numbers four thousand inhabitants; in fact, visitors are attracted by the salubrity of the climate, in proof of which it is narrated that not one death from the fearful disease occurred in this locality during the great plague, while several hospitals have been at various times erected here in consideration of the clear and exhilirating state of the atmosphere. Our first visit was to the site of the Arch or High Gate, whence the hamlet derived its name. An extract from Norden will afford a very interesting explanation. "The Auncient Highwaie to High Barnet from Portepole, now Grays Inn Lane, was through a lane on the east of Pancras church, called Longwich-lane, from thence leaving Highgate to the west, it passed through Tallingdone-lane, and so to Crouch end, and thence through a Park called Hornsey Great Park to Muswell Hill, Coanie Hatch, Tryarne Barnet, and so to Wetstone. This auncient highwaie was refused of wayfaring men and carriers, by reason of the deapness and dirtie passage, in the winter season. It was agreed between the bishop of London and the countrie that a new way should be laide forth through the said bishop's parties, beginning at Highgate Hill, to lead directly to Wetstone, for which new waie travellers yeelde a certain tole unto the bishop of London, which is fermed at £40 per annum, and for that purpose was the gate erected in 1836, upon the hill, that through the same all travellers should passe, and be the more aptlie staid for the said tole." Norden further informs us, "The name is derived from the highgate, a gate on the hil." This high gate was an arch, with rooms over it, removed in 1769 in consequence of its lowness preventing the passage of laden wagons.

In connexion with the Gate-house Inn, we must not omit alluding to the Highgate oath.

"Its a custom at Highgate, that all who go through,
Must be sworn on the horns, sir! and so sir, must you;
Bring the horns! shut the door! now, sir, take off your hat,
When you come here again, don't forget to mind that."

As late as sixty years ago, when eighty stages stopped daily at the Red Lion Inn, three out of every five passengers were sworn. Having on some excuse collected them in a room, a pair of horns were introduced, on a long pole, and placed beside the party to be sworn. With his hat off the patient stood before the landlord who repeated these or similar words. "Upstanding and uncovered, silence!" and then entered into a whimsical account of what a man may and may not do with impunity, the only very striking part of which was a certain privilege explained in these words.—"If at any time you are going through Highgate, and you see a pig lying in a ditch, you have liberty to kick her out and take her place; but if you see three lying together, you must only kick out the middle one and lie between the other two." This strange custom is said to have originated in the fact of the gate house being frequented by graziers, who to exclude strangers, in the event of any new arrival, brought an ox to the door, and allowed none to enter who would not kiss its horns.

There is a peculiar and melancholy satisfaction in wandering about a locality endeared by so many historical recollections. Here, in Arundel House, was imprisoned the lady Arabella Stuart, and hence she escaped. In the same house died the immortal lord Bacon. Cromwell House, a curious and interesting structure, was built by the protector for Ireton, who married one of his daughters; armorial bearings of the general being still seen upon the ceiling of the drawing room. In Lauderdale House dwelt, once upon a time, Nell Gwynne, mother of the first duke of St. Albans. On Highgate hill was baron Thorp beheaded by insurgents in 1461, while lord John Russell, son of Francis, earl of Bedford, Sir Richard Baker, author of "Chronicles of the Kings of England," Andrew Marvel, the countess of Huntingdon, Dr. Sackeverell, Moreland, Coleridge, and many other distinguished personages, spent the greater part of their life in this salubrious spot, most of them ending their days here.

One of the most curious features in the history of Highgate, is its connexion with Sir William Wallace. When, in 1305, that patriotic hero was beheaded on Tower Hill, his remains were temporarily removed to the lodge of Gilbert, earl of Gloucester, at Highgate; here too Robert Bruce, disguised as a Carmelite, remained a long time concealed, until treachery betrayed his retreat to the king. The lodge alluded to was the palace of the bishops of London, and many stirring scenes there took place during the distractions of 1386-97; it being also the locality of the famous necromantic conspiracy against Henry VI.

It is surprising how little is known of

local history by the inhabitants in and about London. Many will doubtless be astonished by the details above given. Highgate, however, has many sources of interest in the ancient Grammar School, its Dorchester House, and other peculiarities. In early times there existed in Highgate a chapel, concerning which the following observations have been made: "Could the history of this hermitage be accurately traced, there is little doubt that it would be found to have been one of those cells or humble dwellings which, in the earlier periods of our history, were scattered over the most wild and unfrequented parts of the country; and no part could have been more wild than this—the summit of a steep hill, miles distant from any church, and to which no road conducted: to this hermitage probably a room, or chapel, was attached, where before the cross, or perhaps some image of the tutelary saint, the hermits who occasionally reside there, or pilgrims journeying to our lady of Muswell, offered up their vows, and performed the superstitious ceremonies of their religion." In this chapel we find the origin of the Highgate Grammar School. This hermitage was in the gift of the bishop of London. In 1136, Robert de Bray Crook gave it to one William Lichfield, a poor infirm hermit. The last Highgate hermit was one William Forte. In 1565, the chapel and grounds were granted to the Grammar School; in 1577, regranted, with a reservation of fourpence a year to the crown. To Sir Roger Cholmeley, knight, however, this educational establishment owes its chief prosperity, he at his death devising estates for its support. In 1565, the revenue available for its support was £10 13s. 4d.; in 1684, £20; in 1794, £166. It is curious to see how long the doing of a charitable act will perpetuate a man's memory. The name of one John Martin is often noted in Highgate, he having, in 1574, charged an estate of his with twenty shillings per annum towards paying the schoolmaster's salary, which is received to this day, as well as £1 6s. 8d., left by Jasper Cholmeley. In 1580, one John Dudley also devised £2 per annum. The sum is little in itself; but when we recollect that that small amount has already produced £530 to the school, we more readily appreciate its value.

Originally the school educated but forty boys, but by judicious management, and by receiving a small sum from the additional scholars, the number has been nearly doubled. Many and many a family have reason to bless the name of Robert Cholmeley, when they see their children deriving from his thoughtful care the benefits of a liberal and extended system of education. The first forty boys pay but one and twenty shillings per annum, those above that number £12 12s.

The Dorchester House was an attempt made by one William Blake, a linen-draper, previous to 1668, to found an hospital at Highgate, for the education of forty boys and girls. It was never fully carried into effect, though the projector spent £5,000 upon it, and published a book, called "Silver Drops," or "Serious Things," exhorting others to follow his example. The greater part of the day was consumed in visiting the place abovenamed, I leaving myself no time to examine into other localities and antiquities, which were named to me as equally curious and interesting. Among these I may mention Whittington's stone, on which is inscribed, in letters scarcely now to be distinguished—

"Whittington Stone.
Sir R. Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London.

1397	Richard 2nd.
1409	Henry 4th.
1419	Henry 5th.

Sheriff in 1393."

His alms houses were worthy of a visit; as well as Muswell Hill, where "formerly stood a chapel, some time bearing the name of our ladie Muswell, where now Alderman Row hath erected a proper house; the place taketh the name of the well of the hill (House Well Hill), for there is on the hill a spring of faire water, which is within the compass of the house. There was for some time an image of the lady of Muswell, whereunto was a continual resort in the way of pilgrimage, growing, as is (though as I take it, fabulously) reported, in regard of a great cure which was performed by this water upon a king of the Scots, who being strangely deseased, was by some divine intelligence advised to take the water of a well in England, called Muswell, which after long serutination and inquisition, this well was found and performed the cure." Thus gravely writes old Norden, who, however, goes on to express his doubt of the tale.

As the shades of evening drew in, and the sun sank to rest over the mighty city, we walked down the steep hill, which leads through Kentish Town into the heart of London. For a time the road was shaded by trees and bushes, with here a green land, and there a retired cottage, but soon the busy hum of men, and undying noise of vehicles of every description, the crowds hustling the pedestrian who moves not rapidly along, warned us that we were again in the metropolis. We took refuge in the first cabriolet we espied; and full of thoughts of days gone by, musing of how much local interest is after all attached to the veriest

hamlet, if inquired into, we shortly reached the West End, and before a blazing fire, and over our welcome cup of tea (we had dined on the hill) we were speedily discoursing of the wonders to be discovered even from a pilgrimage to Highgate.

ACCESSION OF THE HOUSE OF BRUNSWICK.

Although queen Anne and her ministers were desirous of supporting the interests of the Pretender, yet the feeling of the community was so strong in favour of the house of Hanover, that a clause was inserted in the treaty of Utrecht securing the protestant succession. The Stuarts being expelled by the nearly unanimous sentiment of the country, the house of Brunswick, as descendants of James I, were the only family on whom the succession, under such circumstances, could fall. Their firm attachment to the protestant faith rendered them peculiarly acceptable to the nation, especially as apprehension of the return of the Stuarts and of the resumption of papal influence was not quite obliterated from the public mind. In this observation, it is not intended to insinuate that any individual must, merely because he belongs to a particular family, be more attached to liberty than any other; yet it must be allowed, that the peculiar situation in which the family of the house of Brunswick was placed, made it their interest to preserve inviolate that constitution, for the formation and preservation of which they were called to the throne, and renders it probable that they will preserve it. If the old dynasty had remained to this day, it is more than likely that they would never entirely have lost sight of the power exercised by their ancestors, which they would imagine was their right: in all probability they would have regarded our constitution with dislike and jealousy; and, if a favourable opportunity had presented itself, they would have attempted to regain the power they had lost. Their attacks on the liberty of the people would have been incessant; and although they would have had little chance of succeeding against public opinion, the national mind would have been kept in a constant state of watchfulness, agitation, and apprehension. It must be owned that the supposition that the house of Stuart would have been permitted to remain is improbable; it is only made to show the situation of the nation, and how much its decision was guided by public opinion.—*Mackinnon's History of Civilisation.*

ENCOUNTER WITH A NATIVE.

Located in a snug house, with a garden teeming with flowers, that reminded one of home, and overlooking a still reach of the Barwon, I found Captain Fyans, of whom I have before spoken. In the course of conversation, pointing to a weapon used by the natives, called a lliangle, resembling a miner's pick, he said, "I had that driven through my horse's nose, a short time since, by a native, of whom I was in pursuit." As I expressed a desire to be made acquainted with the circumstance, he informed me, that being out with a party of mounted police, in search of some natives who had been committing depredations on the flocks of the settlers, in the neighbourhood of Port Fairey, he suddenly, whilst crossing a valley in advance of his men, came upon the chief of those of whom he was in chase. He, too, was alone; an attack immediately commenced. The native threw his spears, but without effect; and Captain Fyans, finding that the rain had wetted the priming of his pistols, charged to cut him down; but such was his antagonist's dexterity in defending himself with his shield, only a narrow piece of wood, that beyond a few nicks on the fingers, Captain Fyans' sword-cuts were of no avail. Several times he attempted to ride over the native; who, however, doubled himself up in a ball under his shield, and was saved by the natural reluctance of a horse to trample on a prostrate man in going over him. After having been apparently more than once ridden down, the chief managed to drive his lliangle through the horse's nose, and so firmly that he was unable to withdraw it. The wound inflicted bled so freely that Captain Fyans was obliged to pull up, and the native made his escape. He was not only a fine fellow in conduct, but in person, having a chest, as Captain Fyans expressed it, "like a bullock's." I afterwards learned that he displayed the sword-cuts upon his shield in triumph at some of the sheep-stations.—*Stokes' Australia.*

APHORISMS.

BY J. PETIT SENN.

[From "Bluettes et Boutades."]

Our good actions are often worth more than their motives.

Without grand words, how many persons would say little things!

To yield to those that are wrong is to be twice in the right.

We esteem people less for what they are worth than for what they are worth *to us.*

There is but one thing which is esti-

mated in heaven by what it costs here, and that is virtue.

When an extravagant friend wishes to borrow your money, consider which of the two you had rather lose.

Self-love is at once the most delicate and the most tenacious of our sentiments; a mere nothing will wound it, but nothing on earth will kill it.

To judge of a man's virtue by one great action is like measuring his height while he leaps in the air.

The whole world has taken the place of Rome in granting indulgences to the rich.

It requires less merit to discover the faults of others than to bear them.

A man displeased with the world is never satisfied with himself.

We pay the services of fools by the right they take of tediously haranguing to us, in the same way that a tree which shelters you from a shower drops upon you long after it has ceased.

It is easy to conceive why egotists find the world so ugly—they only see themselves.

Things themselves change less than our manner of looking at them.

The remembrance of a beloved mother becomes the shadow of all our actions; it neither goes before or follows.

There are some men so rascally that it is only the fear of showing them our pockets that prevents us turning our backs upon them.

The sun never enlightens all parts of our bodies at the same time, neither can reason illumine all sides of the mind at once.

We are never sufficiently important in our own eyes to cease imposing affectations upon others.

It may be very well to tell us to walk quietly through the world without arousing hate or envy, but what is to be done when they never sleep?

By constantly refusing required services with the extreme of grace, some people really acquire quite a reputation for amiability.

In most discussions we love ourselves better than our cause, and seek less to have *it* valued than ourselves.

If our future life were not better than this, it would be less a promise than a threat.

Love is an extreme—to love less is to love no more.

It is as difficult for a young woman to know she is ugly as to be ignorant of her beauty.

Many a man full of excellent qualities wants the particular one which brings them all into play.

THE PHOSPHORESCENCE OF THE OCEAN.

[By the author of "Rural Sonnets."]

The good ship swims along the heaving tides;
The limitless all-highway, where the ocean
Types the perpetual with its ceaseless motion;
And, like some lithe, enormous serpent, glides;
Some palpitating monster, in its girth,
Voluminously circling round the earth.
The breezes stiffen as the ship careers,
Instinct with speed and beauty, o'er the deep;
A myst'ry of volition it appears,
And onward, of its innate force, to sweep;
Its mighty pinions o'er th' abyss extended,
Their rushing strange yet musical to hear,
As, with the piping of the wind, 'tis blended,
And rolling of the world of waters far and near.

Lo, Fancy giveth chase—and moonbeams round her,
Wrap, in a glitt'ring halo, and serene,
The sea swift barque the Nautilus hath found her,
By magic amplified to waft the queen,
Who, with her clear kaleidoscopic vision,
Adjusts the seeming rugged into grace;
And, in the beauteous, with divine precision,
More beauty than is obvious loves to trace.
The vessel's deck is scal'd—upon it stand
Some stalwart hearts of oak, to quaff the breeze,
And gaze refreshingly upon the seas,
And bask in light, unknown on "lubber land."
Friends, too, who voyage forth, are summon'd there,
Beauty and manhood, both, the brilliant scene to share.

Drink deeply, while ye may, the skydown flood
Of argent splendour, and its mirror'd lustre;
The clouds, before the windy currents, scud,
Huge, as leviathans in shoals, they muster;
Spreading a thunder-pall across the skies,
Evoking darkness o'er the depths to rise.
But, blacker as it scowls, a brightness groweth
Besi le them, and behind, how brightly cast,
Where the wing'd rider of the billow showeth
Its imprint—passing, or where it hath pass'd—
As tho' the galaxy, from yonder sphere,
When curtain'd out, were wave attracted here.

For, as its rapid course the vessel cleaveth,
Innum'rous round the prow, the foam jets leap,
Then, towards the track the fleet Ondasher leaveth,
Shelv'd by its sides, in coruscations sweep:
Looks it not like some sea-volcano's spume
Mantling, with glassy sheen, the wat'ry waste?
Or lava of quicksilver, 'midst the gloom,
Black'ning around, self-luminously trac'd?
See, as its length outstretcheth, to the eye,
Tho' we fly from it—it appears to fly.
Now, gorg'd with scatt'ring shot, a gun, made tight,
Is levell'd from the sternchase—slop'd to rake
The kindled surface of the war ship's wake—
Boom!—from its phosphor'd crest, fly myriad splinters bright;

As stars were struck to atoms, lightning swift,
E'en as they scintillate, to flash away.
When ever was the poet with the gift
To paint in full, what truth would have him say?
These, on the sternward view! But now, around,
On ev'ry side, the thunder drops let fall,
In globules all luceolent rebound,
As, quarrelling, the winds bring on a squall,
Which into foam the water-gems doth blow,
And calls the dagger'd lightnings to the fray,
Beneath night's ebon pall their part to play,
And drives the lady voyagers below,
Where, snug in cabin'd berths, asleep from harm,
They shall renew the scene, unmix'd with all alarm.

Hood's Magazine for June.

PIQUILLO ALLIAGA;

OR,

THE MOORS IN THE TIME OF PHILIP III.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

[From the French of M. Eugene Scribe.]

CHAPTER XI. *(continued.)*

Profound silence prevailed. The Duke d'Useda bit his lips with rage, and Ferdinand, after waiting a few minutes to collect his ideas, said: "Sire, you have among your subjects a faithful and industrious people, who now constitute the riches of the kingdom of Valencia and Grenada. We know something of this, we barons and landed proprietors," he added, glancing at the Duke of Lerma, "for if they were driven away, our lands would remain uncultivated, there would be no purchasers for our manufactures, and misery and ruin would shortly succeed in the place of the wealth which is now so extensively prevalent. Your majesty will doubtless perceive that I allude to your subjects the Moors of Spain."

Don Sandoval and the Duke of Lerma were startled; but Ribeira, who had hitherto remained so silent as to appear not to notice what was passing, leaped from his seat, and, in spite of the signs made to him by the chief inquisitor, could scarcely repress his impatience to reply. Don Fernando proceeded: "Reports, vague rumours, whose origin cannot be traced, have been for some time in circulation;" here the inquisitor cast a look of reproach on Ribeira; "and notwithstanding their apparent incredibility, they have already been the means of spreading far and wide distrust and fear among a whole people, who till then had been solely occupied in the cultivation of the soil, or in efforts in their commercial pursuits to increase the demand for Spanish merchandize. Fears, no doubt without foundation, pervade all quarters; no longer trusting to the future, and disquieted as to the present aspect of affairs, they anxiously watch the course of events. Their manufacturies are worked without spirit, and will perhaps be shortly stopped entirely. I am persuaded, sire, you have only to give your royal promise, to cause a revival of trade. Let but a royal proclamation be published in Spain, promising security in person and estate to the Moors, and the supplies which your minister may require will be immediately forthcoming, without the necessity of imposing a single tax, as a voluntary gift, as a marriage portion, offered with joy to the queen of Spain, Margaret of Austria, by her faithful subjects. I, Fernando d'Albayda, will pass my word for the truth of what I say.

"You are then their friend and protector," cried Ribeira, greatly agitated; "and instead of converting the Philistines, they have made a convert of you. You hear him, signor; the plague has spread all over Israel!"

"Nothing will make me forget my duty to God and to my king," answered the young man, with firmness; "but neither my God nor my king command me to swerve from the truth, and I therefore frankly state the facts that have come under my observation. I have only seen among the Moors of Valencia industrious, orderly men, active and laborious citizens."

"Who are to be feared," said Ribeira, "for they will soon become possessors of all the property in the country, for they are a hard-working, industrious, and economical people. Shut out from service in the army, deprived of the happiness of having convents, their population is daily increasing, while ours is diminishing. They have leisure to study, to become more learned and enlightened than us."

"You are stating what redounds most to their credit," observed Fernando d'Albayda, respectfully.

"No," answered the priest, with animation; "but I wish, and it is my duty, to warn your majesty and the council against the advantages, or rather the bad gifts, which they derive from the evil spirit, for the destruction of Spain."

"The project of which I spoke," said Fernando, with alarm, "is not chimerical. You have already had your thoughts directed to it."

"No," exclaimed anxiously the inquisitor, in great alarm at the turn the discussion had taken, "no, nobody here, young man, but yourself, gives it a thought."

"I?" replied Fernando, gaining confidence; "how could your excellency suppose a project (I will not only say so fatal and barbarous, but also so absurd) to enter my head?"

"Absurd!" echoed the archbishop of Valencia, touched on his most susceptible point; "absurd! Does your majesty permit blasphemy to be uttered in the royal presence, and that heretics, not content merely with opposition to the word of God, venture to turn it into derision? Misfortune will come upon all—misfortune will happen to Spain. God, who inspires me, forewarned me of it. Spain is on the eve of a disastrous period, and the shield of the Almighty is about to be withdrawn from her, since the impious are already triumphant, and rejoice in their misdeeds."

"What have I done?" soliloquised the affrighted Fernando.

The king, confounded at the events which were passing around him, was occupied with nearly the same thoughts; but on the Duke of Lerma saying a few words

to him in an under tone, he said, gravely: "Dismiss your fears, father; and you also, signor Fernando. We will think at leisure on what we have just heard."

"And we will cause right to be done, when the occasion requires it," added the minister; "but his majesty does not intend at present that any measures be taken resulting from this discussion. We have now to read the despatches that have just arrived," added he, pointing to a bundle of despatches sealed with a black seal, that a cabinet messenger had just brought. The minister opened the letters, read them to himself, and, less master of his feelings than Philip II, who never betrayed by his countenance his joy or grief, he could not conceal from the eyes of those who were watching his countenance the paleness which became manifest. "His grace was right," said he, with gravity; "the hand of God lays heavily on Spain; the Irish expedition has not succeeded; the English have conquered."

"My uncle is dead," ejaculated Fernando, in despair.

"Is our army destroyed?" asked Sandoval, gravely.

"The news is yet more humiliating to the Spanish arms," continued the minister, holding down his head. "Don Juan d'Aguilar and the whole army surrendered without striking a blow."

"Impossible!" said Fernando; "d'Aguilar is innocent; he is calumniated."

The minister handed the letter to the king, remarking coolly, "It is from Count Lemos, my brother-in-law."

"The Count is mistaken," exclaimed Fernando, with much warmth.

"My uncle of Lemos has always the best information," said Count Useda, with a sardonic grin; "he never allows himself to be imposed upon; and I implicitly rely upon his statements."

"And I confidently rely upon d'Aguilar's honour," replied Fernando; "and without requiring any further information, I maintain that a Spanish nobleman is incapable of surrendering without resistance. A person who would believe such a report would have so acted himself."

"But I have said I believe it," cried Useda, turning pale.

"And I maintain my assertion," answered Fernando, placing his hand on the hilt of his sword.

"In the royal presence!" ejaculated the Duke of Lerma, with indignation. Philip and the whole of the court attendants rose simultaneously.

"Pardon me, sire! pardon me!" exclaimed Fernando, falling on his knees before his sovereign.

The king motioned to him to leave the chamber. Fernando prepared to obey his command, walked a few paces towards the door, and was about to pass through, when he said in a subdued tone to Count Useda, who was close to him, "Shall I go out alone, sir?" The Count was advancing to follow him, when, having caught the eye of the Duke de Lerma, he desisted from his purpose, and Fernando went away, filled with rage and despair. On his arrival at his hotel, he saw Yesid d'Alberique, his friend, and the companion of his boyhood. Yesid was son of Alaric Delascar d'Alberique, the richest Moor of Grenada and Valencia. Descended from the tribe of Abencerrages and of the royal blood, he was a student at Cordova at the same time as Fernando. Both had taken up their abodes in the beautiful country of Valencia—Fernando at the seat of his ancestors, Yesid in the noble mansion on the estate which his father had cultivated. Fernando, after the manner of the Spanish nobility, chose the army for his profession. Yesid, who was excluded from such a career, had devoted his life to the study of the arts and sciences, which the Arabs his ancestors had pursued with such remarkable success. His father's wealth enabled him to live in splendour, while his own labour and studies had made his life useful, and the enjoyment of friendship had proved an addition to his happiness. Fernando had become as a brother to him; he was beloved by all the Moors of Valencia, for this Spanish nobleman was the friend of Yesid, who was the idol of their worship. He was the descendant of Abderama and Almanzor, and both appeared to live again in him. Yesid, then living at Madrid with his friend, has just received a letter for Fernando from his father, who was in Valencia, and he handed it to him at the very moment in which the latter, with a vivid recollection of the scene which had just passed in the council chamber of the king, related it to Yesid, whilst he was breaking the seal of the letter. It came from his uncle Don Juan d'Aguilar, and ran thus: "I am in Spain, concealed in a place of safety; for I must justify myself and confound my enemies, which I could not do if I fell into their power. The generous and devoted friend who has, in order to serve me, run the risk to which he is exposed by carrying to you this letter, alone knows my hiding-place: depart and seek him."

"This generous friend," said Fernando, "is your father. I will hasten this moment to Valencia, to join him."

"And I also," added Yesid, "I will not leave you."

Fernando pressed his hand, in grateful acknowledgment of his kindness; but recollecting himself, said: "With regard to Useda, whom I have set at defiance, and

who doubtless will call me out, can I leave thus? can I run away secretly, without stating where I am going? Shall I not appear to him to merit myself the appellation of coward, which I bestowed upon him? No, no; I must remain; and yet my uncle calls for and expects me."

At this instant there was a loud knocking at the door of the hotel.

"It is Useda and his friends," said Yesid.

"So much the better; this is most opportune. We will set out after we have fought; all we have to do is to make haste. All I dread is the Spanish gravity of Useda; there is so much ceremony and delay before coming to blows. Ah, first let me tear that letter."

He had just finished its destruction, when the door opened, and an officer of the palace, with a guard of soldiers, entered. The officer, removing his hat with much ceremony, said: "Which of you gentlemen is Baron Fernando d'Albayda?"

Fernando anticipated Yesid, who was about to pass himself off for him, by laying his hand on his breast, and saying: "What is your pleasure, captain?"

"To require you, in the king's name, to give up your sword, and to inform you that you are my prisoner, and must follow me this instant. All resistance is useless," he continued, on observing a look of hesitation and despair on the countenance of his friend, who, understanding the cause of his inquietude, said: "I will set out for you, and what you were to have done, my friend, I swear to perform for you."

Fernando then turned to the officer, and said: "Sir, I am ready to follow you; but I wish to say one word to you. Have you heard from Don Juan d'Aguilar, who commanded the Spanish army in Ireland?"

"I only know, sir knight, the rumours that are afloat."

"And what are they?"

"That the general is condemned to death, and his estate is forfeited."

Overwhelmed with grief at the news, the friends embraced, and Yesid whispered: "While I live, rely upon me; and do not give way to despair, whatever may be the aspect of affairs."

Fernando descended the staircase, escorted by the military guard. The captain got into a carriage with him, which was driven towards the prisons of Valladolid. As to Yesid, followed by his trusty Hassan, he mounted Haled, his valuable Arab steed, and galloped off to Valencia.

Would you touch a nettle without being stung by it? Take hold of it stoutly. Do the same to other annoyances, and hardly will anything annoy you.

WESTERN LITERARY INSTITUTION—MEXICO.

Last night a lecture was delivered in the theatre of the above institution, by Mr. Percy B. St. John, on "Mexico as it is." Mr. St. John is a gentleman well able to discourse on such a subject, from the many opportunities it appears he has had of personally surveying the country. The lecture comprised an interesting account of the constitution, armies, people, commerce, &c., of Mexico. In speaking of the people, the lecturer stated that since the days of their last emperor they had been in a constant state of rebellion; that often a president started, at the head of his army, to war or to quell an insurrection, when the first news he heard would be that the people had revolted, and he was deposed; his place filled in many cases by a mortal enemy; and that he was also extirpated. The people by this means never knew under what government they were; consequently the greater portion of them, according to the lecturer, were little better than thieves, vagrants, and idlers, who spent their time in gambling or basking in the sun; their chief means of subsistence was by begging or stealing, for they would never work; their clothing was usually an old blanket. The passion for gambling was so strongly rooted in them, that they would often play for the blanket which covered them, and the lecturer said that a miserable wretch may be seen at dusk creeping to his loathsome hole, and there lie until he found means of obtaining another blanket. The crime of murder, too, was frequent among them, though it was of a less premeditated character than in many other countries. A powerful contrast to the dirt-begrimed Mexican, who most likely had not used soap and water since his birth, was presented by the Indians who supply the markets; thither they wend their way early in the morning in small canoes, scrupulously neat and clean, and after having disposed of their wares, eggs, fowls, fresh meat, &c., return quietly to their homes. The great cause, however, of this demoralisation among the Mexicans might be traced to the clergy; the priests, instead of teaching, were usually in the gambling shops, and on Sunday, instead of preaching from the pulpit, spent that holy day in gaming. They also professed that it was not lawful for a priest to marry, but nevertheless, they took wives. It was, therefore, hardly to be wondered that the inhabitants were thieves and beggars, when those spiritual guides who ought to have proved checks were themselves participators in the worst of crimes. The army, Mr. St. John stated, consisted of nearly 40,000, mostly volunteers, drawn to the

standard by the inducement of several good meals a day, and a suit of regimentals. There was one redeeming point, however, in the inhabitants, the lecturer said, and that was the ladies, who were in some cases very beautiful, though this was sometimes marred by the habit they have of incessant smoking; they were, however, all tender hearted, kind, and gentle, and the life and property of many an Englishman, Scot, and Irelander, had been saved by their means and intervention. The lecture was pretty well attended.—*Advertiser.*

THE GHOST OF NEW YORK.

BY CORNELIUS MATHEWS.

Whoever has sailed up or down the East River in a fog, or driven to Hallet's Cove, Long Island, on a dusty day, or walked on the Third Avenue in the moonlight, has been beset by the vision of a great white tower, rising, ghost-like, in the air, and holding all the neighbourhood in subjection to its repose and supernatural port. The Shot-Tower is a strange old fellow, to be sure! 'Spite of that incessant buzzing in his head, he holds himself as high and grandly, as though he hadn't the trouble of making shot for the six-and-twenty United States. He never dozes or nods, even in the summer noon; nor does he fall asleep in the most crickety nights, but winks, with that iron top of his, at all the stars, as they come up, one by one; and outwatches them all. There he is, gaunt and clean, as a ghost in a new shroud, every day in the year. Build as you may, old Gotham. Hammer and ding and trowel on all sides of him if you choose, —you cannot stir him an inch, nor sully the whiteness in which he sees himself clothed, in that pure glass of his of Kipp's Bay! If you have seen him once, you know him always. A sturdy Shot-Tower to be sure!—and go where you will, you carry him with you. He is the ghost of New York, gone into the suburbs to meditate on the wickedness of mankind, and haunt the Big City, in many a dream of war, and gun-shot wounds, and pattering carnage, when she falls asleep.

And can you see him from the back steps of the City-Hall? Not with the naked eye; but Lankey Fogle standing there, once on a time, had him present to him, and shook at the very thought. He had just come down from the witness-stand, within, and was pausing at the porch, when he was of a sudden smitten on the shoulder, and he heard, audibly, a voice say to him:

"Meet me by the Shot-Tower, at twelve to-night!"

A voice, but nobody; for he looked about promptly, and down the steps, and back through the Hall. No one visible; but he knew the voice, and had a mind—yes, he was forced to have a mind to obey it. Lankey Fogle had the Shot-Tower in fear; but he must go. His hat pressed close upon his eyes—eye-brow and brim were part each of the other; a faded blue coat, out at elbows, the broad wrists hanging over his hand; shuffling shoes; and Lankey a little man, withal: he descended the steps slowly, struck across the Park, by the angle of the Post-office, and stood on the brow of Chatham-street, towards the square. The Jews were as thick, with their gloomy whiskers, as blackberries; the air smelt of old coats and hats, and the sideways were glutted with dresses and over-coats and little, fat, greasy children. There were countrymen moving up and down the street, horribly harassed and perplexed, and every now and then falling into the hands of one of these fierce-whiskered Jews, carried into a gloomy cavern, and presently sent forth again, in a garment, coat or hat or breeches, in which he might dance and turn his partner, to-boot.

Lankey Fogle plunged down the declivity.

"A coat, sir?"

"Won't you, now, a new under-tog?"

"That 'ere hat!"

"This way, sir, we're the No Mistake!"

And as he slipped out of their hands—

"Cotton-baggin', sir, to fill out?"

"My eyes! there's holes for a ratter!"

"He'll be a wreck, I say, 'fore he reaches the square—he'll never live past Roosevelt—my 'ord for it!"

A soft strain of the flute floated from a back-room, as his figure passed the door, joined by a mellow, low whistle, which are, it is supposed, integral parts of speech in the dialect of Jewry.

Lankey glided along, wrapped up in his coat and inner meditations, for it was nearing night; but it was of a truth as much as he was worth to get himself clear of the young barbarians who hung upon his shirts, as he passed along, and nearly brought them away. It was a bad case certainly, for the sun getting toward a level, shot through and through his apparel, passing in at an elbow and coming out at the hand; or piercing him through, from back to breast, as he turned; till every dusty corner of Lankey was lighted up with a sort of dim splendour.

And when he came by the theatre (the Chatham), the case was worse than all, for he was set upon from the area of the theatre by a swarm of fly-away boys, with—

"Lankey! which way, now?"

"I say, Lankey Fogle, where are you larking to?"

"Come in, will you? Kirby on the top round."

"Yes, yes, he's in the big bellows to-night. We'll treat you to a go!"

"And peanuts besides!"

"Keep off, will you, you young serpents!" And he glanced from under his rim.

"Why, what on earth's the matter now! Lankey in a huff!"

"Three cheers for Lankey in a huff!"

The air was cracked with a small storm of cheers, which blowing over, they renewed their game; but Lankey stood firm; and when they had all run up to him with a question and a close look in his face, and twisted him round on his heels by the arm, he passed on, and reached the square, thinking of the old white Shot-Tower, and the figure it would make by the time he got there, toward the round hour of night.

He was in the elbow, turning to cross the long walk, when he was called by name. He looked up; it was the little Franklin Theatre, abutting the burying-ground, you know, with all its golden letters blotted out, its balcony for the pretty actresses to stand in razed away, its little snug box-office crushed, and the heart and soul of it, in the shape of foot-lights and curtains, taken out; it was a second-hand shop, when Lankey looked up at it, and a mysterious little man standing in an upper window winked at Lankey, and uttered in a low voice:

"All right!"

Lankey looked at him with astonishment written out on his countenance in magnificent large text.

"I say, it's all right!"

The devil it is, thought Lankey; and looked again.

"I say, it's all right," a third time; this time with a knock on the crown of his hat.

Lankey smiled scornfully on the mysterious man, and moved on; he had a new motive for speed.

There was Doyer-street, yet; and if he could get past that once, all would be well. But Doyer-street is a queer street, we all know; so crooked, and gad-about, and whimsical. Ten chances to one if a man enter it at one end with his head on his shoulders it be not turned about by the time he is fairly out at the other. Doyer-street was not born like other streets, in the commissioner's office, but was laid, so to speak, at the door of the square, exposed to the tender mercies, dependant on the charities of chance-comers (for every man is father to this disinterested little by-way,) to give it a stone or a touch of a kerb! The eye of the druggist's red bottle was bloodshot, at the corner, for one thing; and there was a melancholy old woman carrying in a bunch of eels with their heads down for another! But Lankey Fogle had a hop, and as sure as there's white light from the moon, he cleared it at a moderate run.

When Lankey stood fairly at the mouth of the Bowery, he looked far away up its broad path as if he could see, looming up on its line, that ugly old Shot-Tower; that everlasting ghost of a tower, that go where he would, was in Lankey Fogle's eye, without an eyestone to take it out. But he saw instead, this time, how, moved by a patriotism out of bounds, the whole air about this other theatre was indescribably hung with flags; a general hanging out, there seemed to be, of all the bunting of the country. The rope was strong; the flags were thick; and they waved away, shutting out the sky and making a better heaven for the East Bowery gazers to look up at and live under.

And Black Vulture, that marvellous steed, how he came down the great, black, gaping precipice, upon the bills, striking the printer's ink from his heels, like fire! And the patriotic Putnam, how he held on and clinched his teeth and set his hat fiercely a-cock! The bills were huge and yellow, and the type 'uncommon' large; and how the ragamuffins plunged down the steps, and the muffin-eaters rushed up! Lankey Fogle's resolution shook within him; his feet quivered in his shoes with doubt; and he was on the eve of throwing himself in the wake of a chimney-sweeper down the pit-entrance, when, looking straight before him, at the bill, his eye, in spite of itself, fell upon a portentous "Beware."

It was enough: he hurried on as though the devil were at his back. And although now and then accosted by a Bowery boy with a rough hand, and run against in token of affectionate recognition by a big vagabond, Lankey, all things considered, made good speed; and, before he well knew it, was out upon the Avenue; and then he began to quake.

He had not gone many steps in this direction when an arm was quietly thrust into his own; and he found himself marching abreast of a stranger. He looked around. The stranger was a short man in a dusty coat, with a red, blossomy nose. What was the stranger's business with Lankey Fogle?

There was a mighty din upon the Avenue, and it was not easy to tell. The hard riders were coming in from Harlem, and the road roared with the spinning of wheels, and the air was thick with flying dust. There were men, solitary, in little gossamer-built sulkies, who seemed borne

along on the air itself: and men in couples in light waggons; and hard-drinking parties of four in barouches; and gentlemen far gone in close coaches; all in tremendous speed as if some great event were coming off immediately, a mile or two ahead, and they bound to be there at the peril of their lives. Then they were mightily bothered by men on horseback, who taking each the footpath at the side of the road, laid themselves out on their horses and swept everything clean before them. Then by great lumbering butcher-boys, who, on shambling cart-horses, came down the Avenue in troops, allowing themselves to be tossed about the road like so many hulks fallen into an eddy they could not manage; scrambling hay-carts, with the hay off, returning, and running their scraggy poles and shelving into the ribs of travellers, without the slightest reference to utility or ornament.

So, with all they had a hard time of it, Lankey and the stranger. But they had got by this time at the cross-road that strikes off to Cato's; and there began to be prospect of conversation; and happy that there was, for Lankey Fogle was smarting for it.

"Sir!" said the stranger, turning full upon Lankey at a point where they began to have a glimpse of the Tower, "this is the most important event of your life!"

Lankey did not deny it.

"It involves the destiny," continued the stranger, "the destiny, I say, of you and your posterity to the latest generation."

The proposition was laid down, and no one opposed it.

"Whether the hopes of mankind are to be blighted by the course you shall adopt to-night, remains to be seen!"

It did.

"Remains to be seen," he resumed; "And how far you are worthy of the trust reposed in you—"

Their noses were close together; and they watched each other like dogs.

"By the confiding and generous Joseph."

Lankey Fogle seized his hand.

"I understand you," said Lankey—"enough said!"

The stranger buttoned his coat and went into a small pot-house by the road-side. Lankey Fogle took the road again, as far as Cato's, and was forced to go in: it was not the Cato's of infancy, the Cato's governed by that venerable and worthy and dusky man, in his little cropped pate and clean apron: when stages from far countries (Rye, and Sawpitts, and Danbury, and Cross River), came jingling, with their merry chains, to the door; the driver dismounted, and the inside gentlemen dismounted, and there was a mighty bringing out of lemonade and crackers and sugar-biscuit to be tendered in the most gallant style, to the green-veiled beauties within. No, no, that Cato's was gone away; a great grave had been digged for that, a clean white cloth had been spread over it, and it was buried beyond resurrection. That Cato's had been launched on the stream of time and had gone backward, like an ark of peace and comfort, and true jollity, sailing to whence it could not return. But there stood the great white Tower over the way; reproaching it silently for parting company: for tavern and tower they had known each other from the corner stone: and Lankey Fogle hurried in, for he thought the old Tower somehow or other stooped his back to the very door of the new Cato's, to see what kind of nonsense could be going on there now that the old soul was gone.

Lankey called for a small toddy, hot-and-hot.

The landlord brought it himself.

"A queer night this," said the landlord.

Lankey Fogle took a long pull.

"A skimmery shimmery night, sir," pursued the landlord.

Another pull toward the bottom.

"The Shot-Tower has been busy as a bee all day to-day; and such a singing as he's kept up!"

Lankey Fogle admitted it by his manner of setting down the glass.

He went out very quietly, winking at the landlord in a sleepy way; at which the landlord, in turn, shook his head. As he got into the road again, a great hay-cart was passing, so high piled up, that the moon now abroad, seemed to be sleeping in its top among the fresh-mown blades. His heart sunk within him. He entered the great gate at the Mount Vernon school, where the trotting-course used to be. He passed through the orchard. There was a great shout behind him; it was the city leaving off its work, with a cheer. There was a mighty blaze in the sky: the city lighting up for the night. How green the grass was! — how it sparkled and winked and laughed in the clear moonshine! But there was a shadow on it now—a huge shadow, made neither by man, nor house, nor tree: it was the dark side of the old Shot-Tower; and when Lankey looked up, how wickedly and wilfully, cool and self-possessed, that old white ghost of a tower held himself! Not inquisitive, not overbearing, but scandalously calm and indifferent. Lankey Fogle was alarmed, much more than if he had pitched himself head-foremost into Lankey's waistcoat, and offered downright fight; and when he saw in its shadow a figure leaning down and delving the earth —he leaped the fence! Was it to keep his appointment, or fly from it?

Whichever it was, who could blame him?

Reviews.

The Blackgown Papers. By L. Mariotti. Wiley and Putnam.

[From The *Athenæum.*]

Though Signor Mariotti's entire mastery over English—even to the point of writing burlesque verse, in the modern Hudibrastic style of the Ingoldsby Legends—entitles him to take a place among our authors, we observe with pleasure that he has not laid by the Italian. Denationalised persons are apt to lose their own sincerity, as well as their power to interest others. A Heine becomes insufferable when he chooses to trick himself out in all the vagaries of "Young France." Now, except for an occasional resolution to be *too* personal, and to carry out too far sympathies and antipaties which could only be imbibed from the coterie influences of London, Signor Mariotti keeps his individuality as unbroken as heart could desire. He will not thank us for saying so; but his American preamble to his collection of miscellaneous Italian tales, as little approaches anything that American authors have given us, as one of Penry Williams's Campagna scenes resembles a background to one of Audubon's triumphant turkeys, or "Snipes in a leafy solitude." Let us give one extract to show Signor Mariotti's value as a witness to well-known matters. Who would not be glad of a series of pictures of Italian society—in spite of Lord Byron's well-remembered declaration that "the Italians *have* no society"—from the hand which can so vividly paint the humours of the Veglione, or the funeral obsequies of The Carnival, at Parma?—

"Enter: the stage has been joined to the pit, so as to form an immense dancing-hall. This ducal theatre, erected by the royal munificence of the reigning duchess, Maria Louisa, Archduchess of Austria, Ex-Empress of France, is wider than the Italian opera-house in London. It is all glittering with marble and gold, glaring and blazing with ten thousand tapers, flashing and dazzling like the palace of the sun. The moment you enter, you are absorbed and engulphed by the crowd—a mere drop in a vast ocean of life. Whoever ventures into this place is understood to forfeit the use of his legs, of his arms, of his free will. The crowd is divided into two vast currents, the one ascending, the other descending; with the one you must ebb, with the other flow. It takes three or four hours for an able-bodied man to make the tour of the hall, borne by the tide. A steamer of four hundred horse power would not be able to stem it. If you only come here as a spectator, and if a thronged place is not too much to your taste, you will do well to go and take your seat by the side of that fair young countess, whom you see there behind a screen in her box on the ground floor, almost on a level with the pit, and close upon the sorely beset entrance. Who that same lovely countess may be, you shall learn by-and-bye. Meanwhile, thank your stars, and make yourself at home with her. You need no introduction, in carnival. The boxes, six tiers of which encompass the whole building, offer a secure haven from the tempest that is roaring beneath. Females of rank and education are understood, many dutiful daughters and wives solemnly promise their respective parents and consorts, never to set their foot on the heated pit-boards. In those tranquil recesses, secure against all profane intrusion, they sit, like so many Madonnas in their shrines, in all the glory of their charms, stared at, bowed at, fired at by a thousand eye-glasses, and, in their turn, courtseying, coquetting, tittering, and waving their fans—those telegraphic conveyers of female intelligence. Every box-door is wide open. Strangers never seen before, never afterwards to be seen, are entitled, masked or unmasked, to call. Every box is a kind of diminutive drawing-room, in which every lady holds an universal levee. Behind every box is a room ten feet by eight, with tiny sofas, and a tiny table, on which all the luxuries of Italian confectionary are hospitably spread. You find there the rich sponge-cake, the nun's own sweetmeats, and the more fashionable *maringue*, with, perhaps, a couple of bottles of *Vino d'Asti*, a sparkling wine, far more palatable, and not less racy and piquant than the choicest champagne. At last, however, want of air and exercise, *ennui*, curiosity, the excitement of the enrapturing strains of the orchestra, and, above all, the artful insinuations of flattering cavaliers, and the irresistible force of example, have power to shake the determination even of the most reserved prude, and they allow themselves to be tempted, persuaded, and almost carried away by storm, but only for a few seconds, into the hall. Once launched into the surging eddies of that *mare magnum*, willing or unwilling, they are forced away by the stream, and their mammas are lucky enough if they can get them back again safe and sound, though a little the worse for rumpling and tumbling, by daylight. For it is a fact, for which I shall by no means presume to account, that ladies, even the most gentle and delicate, are, in Italy—and if in Italy alone, let the crush-room testify—desperately fond of a squeeze. A mighty squeeze to be sure is here. Your eyes grow dizzy and ache as you look down upon the swarming arena. The whole house is reeling and quaking, throbbing and panting, with the frantic joy of that

giddy carousal. The harsh sound of thousands of voices, the shrill, Punch-like crowing of the *coucous;* the hideous *charviari* of mock pipers and fiddlers, and swelling over all the full notes of a military band; with the occasional rolling and clattering of the iron-wheeled chariot of the *Montagnes Russes;* all this comes to your ears blended in a wild appalling clamour resembling the roar of a hurricane."

'Aurelia' is, we doubt not, to be relied on, in regard to both fact and feeling, as a tale of Carbonarism in the University at Pavia. 'Morello, or the Organ Boy's Progress,' is seasonable, as an appeal in behalf of those melancholy little nuisances, the street musicians,—many of whom, the tale reminds us, are kidnapped, and cruelly treated when brought to England. 'Maria Stella' is a romantic bandit story:—like the above, stamped with a certain impress of nationality, which rescues it from the common-places of melodrama. We could praise more highly yet 'The Legend of San Nicolò de Bari,'—which, indeed, as a piece of English verse in the free-and-easy style, is extraordinary,—but for the intolerable repulsiveness of the catastrophe.

Vital Magnetism. By Mrs. Lavinia Jones. [W. B. Broad and Co., Salisbury.]

We can only say of the writer of this pamphlet that she is either an impostor or a fit inmate for a lunatic asylum. Neither sex nor age will arrest us in an unflinching exposure of impudent quackery, and the greatest quackery of this quackish age is mesmerism. No sane individual will require any further argument upon this pamphlet after the following:—

'*Case of severe Ear-ache.*—I went to a cottage on business, and found a young woman sitting by the fire suffering sadly from violent ear-ache. Her eyes were swollen with crying, her face fevered, and she sat with her hand nursing her ear covered with hot cloths, &c. I went up to her, and after talking a little to her, pointed to the ear. (!!!) She was thoroughly unconscious as to what I was about, having her head turned from me. In less than five minutes she dropped her hand. I asked her what she did that for? She smiled, and I continued. Presently she got up, and said the pain was gone. She went up stairs, and left me wondering if it was true; but she has had no ear-ache since. It is now several months."

If there be a word of truth in this, what had Mrs. Jones's pointing at the ear to do with the cessation of aching?

The Gatherer.

Things Lost for Ever.—Lost wealth may be restored by industry—the wreck of health regained by temperance—forgotten knowledge restored by study—alienated friendship smoothed into forgetfulness—even forfeited reputation won by penitence and virtue. But who ever again looked upon his vanished hours—recalled his slighted years, stamped them with wisdom—or effaced from heaven's record the fearful blot of wasted time!—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

Restoration of Charles II.—The people were so exhausted by the turbulence and increased taxation of the Protector's government, and so disgusted by the moroseness and fanaticism which characterised the Commonwealth, that the royal family's return was unwisely identified with a return of prosperity, cheerfulness, and tranquillity. In the transport of this anticipation, their inconsiderate joy was boundless. Charles's welcome to London was expressed with acclamations more vehement than ever greeted a Roman conqueror in his triumphant procession to the Capitol. The people, however, before long, found that they had only lost one tyrant and got another: to a morose, fanatical usurper, had succeeded a legitimate king, who by sallies of wit masked his tendency to despotism. Gaiety, indeed, had returned; but it was gaiety hand-in-hand with profligacy. The court was audaciously shameless and irreligious; and society, in general, took its tone from the sovereign. Manners, morals, and costumes, copied from the court of France, were everywhere prevalent; and even our national literature became gallicised. Charles, who had learned nothing by adversity, which has been sometimes styled the school of princes, brought home with him from exile a determination to seize the first opportunity of pushing the royal prerogative to as intolerable an extent as it had been carried by the Tudors. Meanwhile, the country was demoralised, and public opinion enervated by luxury.—*Mackinnon's History of Civilisation.*

Backing a Friend.—A New Englander, riding in a railway car, seemed particularly disposed to astonish the other passengers with tough stories about Yankeedom. At last he mentioned that one of his neighbours owned an immense dairy, and made a million pounds of butter and a million of cheese yearly. This story produced some sensation; and the Yankee, perceiving that his veracity was in danger of being questioned, appealed to a friend as follows:—"True, isn't it, Mr. P.? I speak of Deacon Brown—you know Deacon Brown?" "Y-e-s," replied the friend;

"that is, yes; I know Deacon Brown; I don't know as I ever heard precisely how many pounds of butter and cheese he makes a year, but I know that he has twelve saw-mills that go by buttermilk."

Importance of Listening well.—It seems paradoxical to observe that the art of listening well forms a part of the duty of conversation. To give up the whole of your attention to the person who addresses himself to you is sometimes a heavy task; but it is one which we must pay for the privileges of social life, and an early practice will render it almost an involuntary act of good breeding; whilst consideration for others will give this little sacrifice a merit and a charm of which the lowest proof of christian feeling can never be devoid. To listen well is to make an unconscious advancement in the power of conversing. In listening we perceive in what the interest, in what the failure of others consists. We become, too, aware of our own deficiencies, without having them taught through the medium of humiliation. We find ourselves often more ignorant than we could have supposed it possible. We learn, by a very moderate attention to the sort of topics which please to form a style of our own. The "art of conversation" is an unpleasant phrase. The power of conversing well is least agreeable when it assumes the character of an art. In listening, a well-bred gentlewoman will gently sympathise with the speaker; or, if needs must be, differ as gently. Much character is shown in the art of listening. Some people appear to be in a violent hurry whilst another speaks; they hasten on the person who addresses them, as one would urge on a horse, with "Yes, yes. Very good. Ah!" Others sit on the full stare, eyes fixed as those of an owl, upon the speaker. From others, a loud and long laugh is, at intervals, produced, and all the company turns round to see what was the cause of the merriment. But all these vices of manner may be avoided by a gentle attention, and a certain calm dignity of manner, based upon a reflective mind and humble spirit.—*Hints to Young Ladies on their Entrance into Society.*

Wild Honey Gathering.—Wild honey, or as the natives call it, "choogar bag," is collected by a small stingless bee, not so large as the common fly. The honey-nest is generally found at the summit of remarkably high trees. When the lynx-eyed native discovers it from below, there he will stand, with his head up, making a dead point at it until it is attained by his gin, who immediately begins with a small tomahawk, and by a rapid action of the wrist, to cut a notch in the bark of the tree large enough for her great toe to rest upon. Winding her left arm round the body of the tree, she adroitly raises herself to this notch, and there rests the ball of the great toe, of the right foot. She then cuts a notch above her head, and quickly ascends to this; so on in like manner until she reaches the dizzy height to which she is directed from below, exhibiting throughout the most astonishing stretch and pliancy of limb, and the most wonderful absence of all fear of danger. She recklessly advances towards the extremity of a fragile bough which appears ready to break. If she can reach the honey, she seizes it, and places it in a sort of calabash slung round her neck, at the same time holding her hatchet in her mouth. Where she finds it impracticable to reach the honey, she cuts off the branch, which, with its mellifluous appendage, falls to the ground at the feet of her sable lord, who stands below. The honey is of delicious flavour, after it has been carefully separated from the comb, the cells of which are generally filled with small flies.—*T. H. Braim's History of New South Wales.*

Assiduity and Perseverance.—The most usual way among young men who have no resolution of their own, is, first to ask one friend's advice, and follow it for some time; then to ask advice of another, and turn to that; so of a third; still unsteady, always changing. However, be assured that every change of this nature is for the worse. People may tell you of your being unfit for some peculiar occupation in life; but heed them not: whatever employment you follow with perseverance and assiduity will be found fit for you; it will be your support in youth and comfort in age.—*Goldsmith.*

French Finance.—The national debt of France, which, in 1562, under Charles IX, was only 17,000,000f., was, in 1832, 5,417,495,017f. At the present time, it is almost 7,000,000,000f. France has already been bankrupt six times, viz:— Under Sully, who deducted the interest formerly paid on the capital; at the end of Louis XIV's reign, under Desmarat, who paid neither capital nor interest; at the fall of the "systéme law," under Lepelletier; under the Abbé Terrai, who did not pay the assignments; during the revolution, after the creation of 45,000,000 of mortgages; lastly, in 1799, by the reduction of two-thirds of the debt.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We shall have to make a very agreeable announcement next week to our readers, which will explain the delay in the "Red Hand."

"Piquillo Alliaga."—Our correspondent in Nottingham is assured that the forthcoming portions of this romance are admirable. Some of the scenes are exquisite.

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OF

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"VELUTI IN SPECULUM."

No. 26.] SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1846. [Vol. 1, 1846.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

The publication of Mr. Roscoe's valuable and entertaining work upon the kings of England has induced us to present our readers with a portrait of the Norman king. Mr. Roscoe's life of this monarch is a most excellent and admirable production. We see the soldier, the statesman, and the man, which last is generally the very last phase in which renowned names appear before us. How Edward willed the crown of England to William of Normandy; how he treacherously made Harold support his claim by an oath; how, when Edward died, Harold ascended the throne; and how the Norman duke took measures to vindicate his claim; how he landed with a large force, fought and gained the battle of Hastings, in which Harold was killed—are matters familiar to every school-boy. The following character, however, from the Saxon Chronicle, will be found interesting: "He was a very wise man and very rich, and more splendid and stronger than any of his predecessors were. He was mild to the good men who loved God, and beyond all measure severe to the men that gainsayed his will. So stern was he and wrathful, that one durst not do anything against his will. In his time had men much distress and very many sorrows. Castles he let men build, and miserably tried the poor. The king was very stern, and took from his subjects many a mark of gold and many hundred pounds of silver, that he took with right and great unright from his people for little need. He was fallen into covetousness, and greediness he loved withal. He made great deer parks, and therewith made laws that whoso killed a

hart or a hind, that man should be blinded. He forbade the harts, as also the boars; he loved the tall deer as if he were their father." From this it appears, what was the truth, that he was an imperious tyrant, with no merit save ability to recommend him. We again recommend our readers to procure Mr. Roscoe's admirable volumes.

A NIGHT AMONG THE ISLATAS OF THE RIO GRANDE.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

[From the Illuminated Magazine.]

The Rio Grande del Norte, or Great River of the North, is the south-eastern boundary between the republic of Texas and that of Mexico; and it was while out upon one of the many half-military, half-naval expeditions, which are incident to the service of the former government, that I had an opportunity of seeing the famous Rio Bravo—concerning which I had read and heard so much. It was in the fall of 1842, when, in company with some fifty good Texans, whose intention it was to lie hid, subsisting on hunting until the main body of the expedition fitted out against Matamoros arrived, that I camped out upon the borders of this great river at some distance below Dolores. We took up our position in the centre of a woody district of rather mingled prairie and thicket, which afforded excellent pasture for our horses, and rendered our concealment a matter of comparative ease, while deer, buffalo, and turkeys, with now and then a stray ox or cow, gave us nourishment ample and satisfactory.

Few scenes could be imagined more picturesque than the encampment of this Texan predatory company. The spot selected to pitch our tents, or rather erect our huts, since wigwams composed of the boughs of trees were our habitations, was a narrow little valley, at one end completely choked up by a dense thicket, almost as entangled and impassable as those of the Terra del Fuego. On the northern side of the vale was our line of huts, while in the bottom, and on the southern slope, our horses were carefully hoppled, in order that none of these tamed mustangs might seek to join their wild brethren, which on the eastern bank of the Rio Grande exist in vast droves. On the highest point of the little hill, at the foot of which were our habitations, beneath the shelter of a musqueet bush, was posted a sentinel, to give timely notice of the approach either of friend or foe. With the exception of this man and some half dozen indefatigable hunters, no man did scarcely anything but eat, drink, smoke, and sleep. Here might be seen, lounging over a game of cards, a small party of light-hearted Frenchmen, here a grave couple of Dutchmen hammering away at rounce, there the active Yankee and graver Englishmen disputing hotly as to the relative merits of their two native countries, subjects concerning which the two former sets were so well satisfied as not to deign argument. Immense meals, at which more meat, unaccompanied by bread or vegetable of any kind, was consumed, than an English commissariat department would have judged necessary for six times the number, were the chief varieties in the course of the day; though now and then a false alarm would set all on foot, when the languor of inaction disappeared in an instant, nations were forgotten (we were all Texans), muskets and rifles clutched, and the reckless daring and bold front which have ever characterised the war-parties of the young republic, was instantly manifest. Once satisfied that we had been deceived, and all sank into its primitive quiet.

It was on the fifth day of our sojourn in these wilds, after much weary time had been spent in waiting for the expected force, that Captain Karnes, our captain—I being a volunteer from the naval force—proposed a day's fishing on the river, a canoe having been in the said time duly fabricated and prepared for use. I accepted the proffered invitation with much alacrity, as I was peculiarly anxious to see all that could be seen of the river; and entertaining, as I and all my comrades did, very serious doubts whether the five hundred men under General Burleson would ever arrive. I thought the present as excellent an opportunity as any that could present itself, especially as Captain Karnes, having been "out west" for several years in succession, knew the whole district better than any man I ever met while in this part of Texas. Having provided ourselves with fishing tackle, provisions, and a poncho or Mexican blanket a piece, not forgetting our rifles and ample ammunition in case of need, we walked down to our canoe, which lay in a narrow bayou communicating with the Rio Grande. It was from this spot that we took our water; and lower down, between this stream and a larger creek above, were numerous haunts of the deer, so that our hunters had no great distance to travel, a circumstance which to your true Texan is always of vast moment. Why it is, I will not attempt to explain, but laziness and a love for listless inaction are indigenous in this land, and communicate their influence rapidly to all new comers.

Captain Karnes, as guide and cicerone, sat down in the stern sheets and assumed the paddle, which he used with singular alacrity and ease, bringing us in a very

for minutes from beneath the shade of the trees which lined the bayou, into the broad muddy stream of the great river, here about one hundred and fifty yards across. Upon emerging thus suddenly from the gloom of the thickly-timbered grove which overshadows the creek, to the broad sheet of open water, I could not refrain from expressing a cry of delight. There was something noble and imposing in the sight of this magnificent but silent highway, especially when one reflects on the vast numerical force of Indians which inhabited its banks, when, in the days of Cortes's successor, a daring priest performed a journey up that river,—Indians now scattered, destroyed, forgotten.

The Rio Grande del Norte, taking its rise near the sources of the Western Colorado, which flows into the Gulf of California, has an estimated course of eighteen hundred miles, with but few tributaries, of which however one is in itself a vastly important stream—the Puerco, about five hundred miles in length, running parallel to the Rio Grande for nearly its whole length, at a distance of about five and twenty leagues. The two conjoined then seek an outlet into the Gulf of Mexico, where the Rio Grande is about three hundred yards across, that is, before its mixture with salt water makes it a portion of the sea. From thence up to Loredo, a town two hundred miles from the embouchure, its flow is somewhat dull, the stream being deep and smooth. Not so, however, in the part on which we had entered it; here were rapids, shallows, rocks peering above water, with here deep, there scant water—now a still, quiet spot, and there a current almost sufficient to swamp our frail bark canoe.

No sooner had we pushed into the centre of the stream, and were drifting rapidly by the mere force of the water, than Captain Karnes took occasion to remark, that it was in certain deep pools, on the edge of what is called the first ledge of rocks, that we should find fish and there indeed in an abundance amply sufficient to repay our day's journey. I nodded assent, and gazed curiously at the precipitous banks, the scanty timber, and the noble width of this remote and little-visited river, which doubtless some day, when cleared and improved, will be navigated up to Santa Fé, that most extraordinary and important of the American caravan marts, and the object of the most unfortunate of Texan military expeditions. A somewhat unusually rapid motion of our little canoe drew my attention more immediately to our own position; after rounding a point, and leaving behind us a long and noble reach, we had come suddenly upon the ledge in question, which Karnes informed me crossed the whole river in an oblique direction, from bank to bank, causing at a very low ebb a slight fall, and having on it, at the present moment, about ten or eleven inches of water. It is proposed to cut a channel through this at the western point; but of course very considerable changes in the affairs of Texas must take place ere such things be, though nothing could more tend to strengthen peace than making this river to Texas and New Mexico, what the Thames is to England, the Mississippi to Louisiana and the interior states, and the Ganges and Indus to our Indian empire. A log, or "snag," as wood protruding above the water's edge is familiarly called in Texas, rose about the middle of the ledge, and to this Karnes fastened the canoe by its slight painter, and then stepping out upon the rock, proceeded to business. I had a red fish line, while he, aiming only at croakers, and such small fry as were abundant, had tackle of various size and character, which he made fast in different positions along the edge of deep water, while I remained quiet in the canoe, waiting until he should capture a fish suitable for bait, and spending the interval in examining the features of the scene. Above I could see but little, since we were just past a curve in the river, which here presented rather the appearance of a lake into which a kind of narrow promontory run from the west, than of a huge stream which had already run some sixteen hundred miles. This point was loosely covered with trees, amid the boughs of which myriads of birds sang and disported themselves. A rapid motion of the water, with here and there a bubble or a sheet of foam, marked the edge of the ledge, while below, the Rio Grande, at the distance of some half mile or less, appeared to divide and lose itself in numerous narrow and intricate channels, its character of a great river being entirely destroyed to the eye of the cursory observer. Nothing, however, can be conceived more picturesque than the wooded islands which caused this change in the outward guise of the old Rio Bravo, or Rio Grande del Norte, as it is indifferently called.

But Captain Karnes having furnished me with bait, I occupied myself in endeavouring to tempt one of the huge red fish so plentiful in all Mexican rivers to swallow my hook, which was none of the smallest. It was however in vain, for while my companion was rapidly loading the canoe with the result of his piscatory labours, I sat, the representative of patience, getting not even a bite for my pains. It was plain the monsters of the deep were too wide awake by half, and by no means to be caught napping thereabouts; thinking, however, that perchance the locality

was unpropitious, I also stepped out upon the rock, being then not up to my knees; and walking towards the shore, cast my line into a pool which appeared stiller and less influenced by the current, than any I had previously happened on. A nibble, a gorge, a fierce tugging at my strong and sound tackle was the almost instant reward of my change of position; and paying out line as fast as the animal would take it, I soon had him pulling with desperate and not despicable strength at my right wrist, around which a loop, according to custom, was fastened, rendering it necessary for your victim to break the cord or be taken. Turning my back upon the animal and making for the bank, I ran as fast as possible towards the shore, which gained, I transferred the loop to a stump, and pulling in my line, was speedily in possession of a fine red fish, weighing not less than five and twenty pounds. Somewhat fatigued by a struggle which had been violent and sturdy, I sat down upon a log, whence I enjoyed a view of both reaches, that in which we were fishing and that which we had previously left, which with the still animated freshwater American salmon at my feet, formed a very agreeable prospect for one whose eyes had long been fatigued with the sight of prairies, which, however sublime in reality, became monotonous from long habit. Five minutes had scarcely elapsed when the jocund and wild song of Mexican boatmen struck on my ears, and casting my eyes in an upward direction, I caught sight of a flat boat, with two masts, carrying flying topsails to catch the breeze above the trees, and pulled by eight sturdy, swarthy, and merry Mexicans, and manned by as many more. Here was an *evenement*—enemies close to us, well armed, doubtless, and eight to one. The odds were against us, but the oaks on the bank, which screened me from observation, in our favour. In two minutes I was beside Karnes; in an equally small space of time we were in the canoe; our fish carefully stowed; our guns ready, and my comrade's paddle in rapid motion, as well as a spare one, which I handled with equal activity, which, combined with the force of the current, carried us along with wonderful swiftness. It was a caution if we didn't work.

"We must make for *Las Islatas*, I conclude," cried my friend the captain, "and hide until these rascals are passed, though it's considerable agin the grain to let them pass."

"Why, what would you do?" inquired I.

"I should much like to capture 'em,—to circumvent the varmint," replied Karnes, with an awful dig of his paddle in the water, and an anxious glance behind.

"Perhaps they would like to do the same by us," replied I, laughing, and imitating his exertions; "but at all events we can take to cover, and see how things go. Perhaps some chance may turn up."

Las Islatas are a thick cluster of islands which break up the channel of the river, in this place, after the most extraordinary fashion, and creating a very labyrinth of streams, in which any person unacquainted with the locality would lose himself to a certainty, in consequence of the vast number of false channels, bays, inlets, and bights which abound throughout, and affording, at the same time, a very excellent chance of concealment to any small craft which might stand in need of the same shelter that we sought at the present moment. They are of various size, shape, and character, some being mere points jutting out of the water, others assemblages of cane, while others again are wooded and grassy knolls, pleasing to the eye, and peculiarly so to us at this juncture. Leaving the principal channel, which to knowing and experienced pilots leads by a tortuous route through Las Islatas, to our right we entered a small opening between two islands—or what appeared two islands—which ere two minutes had elapsed proved to be a blind bight. To go back, however, was impossible, the Mexicans having turned West Point, and any outward movement of ours would have betrayed our presence. Darting under cover of certain bushes, we drew our canoe close along the shore, landed on a green and grassy bank, grasped our rifles, loosened our powder-horns and bullet-pouches, and waited until the enemy should have passed to return up the river.

"Hang them fellows," said Karnes, energetically, "if they hadn't given us such a confounded pull up stream, I wouldn't a minded half so much. But mum, the varmint have long ears, like any other jackasses."

By crouching beneath the shelter of a live oak thicket, we could observe their motions unseen ourselves, as soon as they came within the cluster of islands; and upon the spot where we expected them to appear we kept our eyes fixed. The delay which ensued was short; a quarter of an hour or thereabouts brought the flat boat within the narrow channel, one side of which was formed by the very island on which we lay in ambush, when in came the flying topsails; the oars were shipped, the helm put hard-a-port, and the Mexicans were motionless on the banks of the Islatas. Karnes cautiously cocked his rifle—I did the same, my companion whispering, "If them fellows is up to mischief, I conclude to shoot him in the white poncho—you pick out another."

No motion, however, was made towards

us, the evidently secure enemy employing themselves in taking ashore such things as were necessary for camping. Karnes' eye lighted up, and his dark brown visage was illumined with pleasurable emotions as he pressed my arm, whispering me to remain where I was in silence, and without motion, while he departed on a bold and daring errand. Knowing well both his intentions and his character, I merely nodded assent, and my companion departed, leaving his rifle beside me, as well as my own, in case I should need arms. So noiseless were his motions I heard not the canoe pushed off, but I felt that I was alone, and turned my head to watch the merry, careless crew of the Mexican flat boat, which, as I heard them plainly say, had been lifted by their united strength over the ledge. Hours passed—their fire blazed cheerfully; they eat, drank, smoked, and laughed, and wondered why a second boat they were waiting to pilot through the Islatas did not arrive. I wondered when Karnes and something eatable would make their joint appearance. Night came on; they slept, not even placing a sentinel, and still I watched, it is true somewhat weary and hungry; but by this time I was a true Texan, and did not mind trifles. It was a lovely night; my warm poncho kept out the cold, and I took my weary watch quite easy. About seven a hand was laid upon my shoulder. I started, my friend said, from a doze, but that I deny—it was Karnes. He was not alone, for twenty stout and well armed volunteers were behind him, having been forded over to the island in his canoe, after a tiresome march down the river's bank. To carry our bark round to the main channel, to ferry over two at a time until at length the whole stood upon the opposite bank, was a few minutes' work, and was done while I devoured an Indian corn cake and a lump of venison. We then paused—gazing upon the little knot of sleepers, we listened to catch the least sound of their taking alarm; —our strength was, of course, sufficient to cope with treble the number of Mexicans, but as we desired to have no bloodshed on either side, we used the caution of serpents. Anxious to prevent a conflict, which would doubtless cost the life of friend or foe, I had informed my companions that a second prize was perhaps within hearing of our rifles, and hence, more than from any other feeling, my pugnacious comrades used discretion. A few minutes well improved sufficed to surround the camp, and to possess ourselves of the arms and accoutrements of the Mexicans, who then, rudely awoke, offered no resistance whatever to the completion of our conquest, suffering themselves to be bound two and two with the characteristic calm of men whose Indian blood was unmixed, though they spoke a rude kind of Spanish.

There was, however, an exception to this rule in the person of the old *ranchero*, a half-bred, who owned the boat and its contents. Drawing himself up to his full height, and wrapping his gay-coloured Mexican blanket around his dark form, he exclaimed:—

"*Madre de Dios*, hidalgos, what are you about to do with me? Take my life if you take my goods."

"We want not your life, friend," replied Captain Karnes; "we are but a foraging party in advance of the Texan army, and being hungry, have concluded to chaw you up. But I reckon this is waste of words, let us take a slantindicular spy at the boat."

An examination was accordingly made, when the unwieldly flat was found to contain ample store of Indian corn, deer hams, and jerked beef in abundance, poultry and eggs, &c., intended for Matamorus, but which, under existing circumstances, and according to the maxim of—

"Let them take who have the power,
And let them keep who can,"

were, we felt it acutely, much more suitably bestowed upon ourselves.

"Texan thieves, robbers, pilfering vagabonds," cried the master of the boat; "do you intend to take all?"

"All," replied the imperturbable Karnes.

"And think yourself mighty lucky, my good fellow," put in a tall Kentuckian volunteer, "we don't pay our debts to Santa Anna, on the body of every catawampous Mexican we spy out in the land."

The Mexican shuddered. The ferocious and cold blooded murders of the military despot who rules the destinies of Mexico were too fresh in the memory of all parties not to excite a fear in the minds of our prisoners, that the mere remembrance of these atrocities might stir up angry passions which blood alone would allay.

"Aye!" said Karnes, addressing the Mexican in a fierce tone, "be silent, and reckon your body in mighty tall case this night, that thim hams can pay ransom for it."

"Come, come, Karnes," interrupted I, beginning to fear the excitement of wild emotions in my companions, "the old gentleman has lost his freight and cargo, ship and crew, and I've known less make a naval officer crusty. You must excuse his temper."

I spoke in Spanish, and both Karnes and his prisoner laughed at my dubbing the latter a brother of the ocean, when the former added:—

"Oh, if you take him under your wing, cap'n—as a brother seaman, I walk my chalks, and am mum."

About an hour elapsed ere the second boat arrived; and this fell into our hands, by a little management, even more quietly than the former, and was found to be equally rich in eatables. The night was passed upon the spot; and next morning, landing our well-bound prisoners—thirty-two in number—we secured them two by two in long double file; on each side of which marched an armed party of ten men, severally commanded by Karnes and your humble servant. Our entrance into the camp was made amid uproarious applause, which having subsided, a party of horsemen were despatched to fetch the provender, which was welcomed with great joy and goodwill, there being not a man in our company who was not heartily tired of the rude fare which had for nearly two months been the general lot.

Three days later a courier from Corpus Christi came in with despatches from General Burleson, informing us that the expedition was given up, as sufficient volunteers had not offered themselves, and warning us that General Woll was out, scouring the frontier with a force far too great for us to cope with. Liberating our prisoners, and loading our horses with as much provisions as they could well carry, we were soon lost to the sight of the free and delighted Mexicans, who stood gazing at us from the hill on which our camp had stood, until the last straggler disappeared within the arches of a forest, through which a trail led to the sea.

THE PRESENT STATE OF SCIENCE.

[From *Topic* No. 12, a very valuable number.]

There are but few works in the world that have that claim to attention which is universally admitted to belong to the "Kosmos"* of the Baron Alexander Von Humboldt, the great Prussian traveller and philosopher. Every stage has the stamp of maturity, every sentence is weighty with thought. Not a paragraph but is a repertory of facts; the pregnant symbol of a long life of scientific labour. For no less than half a century, the plan of the treatise had floated in the author's mind. Continually, though a giant in original intellectual strength, and rich in mental acquisitions, he had shrunk from the self-exposed responsibility, contemplating it for a while as impossible—so vast was its theme, so comprehensive its argument. His purpose, however, had been long known, and in proportion to the difficulty of the subject, was the impatience of the scientific public to learn that the venerable sage of Berlin had overcome his characteristic diffidence, and ventured on an undertaking, for which no other writer was equally well qualified. When, at length, the fact was announced, the intelligence was received not merely with satisfaction, but with a general sense of gratitude, which none was too proud to acknowledge. In proportion to the degree of intellectual eminence attained, was the degree of individual reverence accorded. This, indeed, is generally the case where great genius is in question; the correspondent taste to appreciate it, being only found in minds of cognate excellence, though more passive in their habits of thought and feeling. Some minds are active to create; others take easily the impression of what has been created; but a pre-existent mutual sympathy decides the nature of the objects for which the particular individual has a preference and predilection.

Knowledge is of two sorts—the knowledge of oneself, and the knowledge of other things. Both are called sciences—the latter the science of physics, the former of metaphysics. Philosophy is a term signifying not any amount of knowledge, but simply a state of being—nothing more, in fact, than an affectionate desire for wisdom. The wisdom thus predicated involves, as an antecedent unity, both kinds of knowledge; and produces them, by a progressive development, as opposite forces, the reconcilement of which is the great aim of philosophic inquiry. The scientific man generally confines himself to one of the two branches, and becomes a physician or a metaphysician, either according to the bias or inclination of his mind, or the discretion in which it may have been accidentally educated. If the former, we have the man of genius in his department; if the latter, the laborious compiler.

Baron Humboldt, with that modesty which is the usual concomitant of the highest order of ability, claims credit for being no more than an observer of facts; he is, however, a *reflecting* observer; one who is no slave to mere experience, but its interpreter. In this country, if not in his own, he would be entitled not only to the rank of a scientific man, but to that of a philosopher. Everywhere in describing the system of nature, Humboldt makes reference to transcendental ideas, and implies an acquaintance on the part of the reader with the theories to which they belong. It is this reference, however, which gives that completeness to the picture of nature which, after all, is the charm of his magnificent book.

Baron Humboldt is now seventy-seven years of age, and commenced right early his career as a scientific miner and a traveller; having already, when only twenty-

* Kosmos; a General Survey of the Physical Phenomena of the Universe. By Alexander Von Humboldt. Baillière, Regent-street.

age, delivered himself of an essay "On the Basalts of the Rhine." This was about the year 1790. He comes before us, therefore, as the exponent of the science of half a century—a period fertile beyond all precedent in discoveries in both branches of its development, physical and metaphysical.

Providence just about that period had appointed a revolution in the state of opinion, relatively to every object of thought and interest. In the church, in the state, in schools, there was "strange alteration" apparent. Everything was about to suffer "a sea-change." Billows from "the mighty waters" that are "rolling evermore," had overflowed and overwhelmed entire continents of being, of life and activity, and left traces everywhere of modifying inundation, vestiges of foreign influence. The low spirit of induction (misinterpreted, however, because but partially understood) pervaded every form of inquiry. In religion it claimed the liberty of criticism in relation to holy writ, and undertook the marshalling and correlation of distant texts of scripture in support of doctrine, without reference, or even contradiction, to the authority of the church. People began, at the same time, to investigate the laws by which they were governed, together with the constitution of the several states of which they were members. Poetry too, suddenly as it were, acquired a new character. It despised the formulæ which had long oppressed its power, and almost suppressed its vigour. In a word, the age was critical. The human intellect had learned to resent the bondage in which it was held, and the senses the obscurity to which they had been doomed.

But we must not mistake the nature of the thraldom which excited complaint, much less its origin. Though it had at first taken the shape of authority, it was at first evidence. The spiritual and moral powers of the human being had earliest development, and they who first experienced those divine impulses became, by simply announcing them, the educators of the race. The race received the announcement, recorded it as a revelation, and appointed teachers who should conserve by repetition the truths which the seers themselves had perceived in direct vision. Having done this, all seemed to be done; but all was not done. It was not enough that even such high verities should be received at second hand; to be beneficial to the individual the process of discovery must in each case be repeated, for it is the process which, by exercising, gives strength to the mind, not the indolent reception of a truth. This is, in fact, the main difference between education and instruction, and thus it too frequently happens that the instructed mind is not the educated. The latter is generative, productive; the former learned, but barren. Wise in Homer and Aristotle, it attempts no poetic effort, originates no scientific system. It acquiesces, admires, despairs. The peasant at the plough may catch the mantle of inspiration — the professor of the university will even deny its possibility. With him, miracles have ceased and oracles are dumb. Yes! the mere repetition, without the realisation of truth, leads to this state of stagnancy. The mind of man had become a dead sea — a wide unhealthy lake—instead of a flowing river, an ocean with a living tide in perpetual movement. It was natural to confound this result of an erroneous process with the truths taught thereby. These truths, we have said, are properly the growths of the moral and spiritual powers. As such, they legitimately control the merely intellectual and sensuous processes of the mind. But when, instead of being such growths, they are imposed upon the understanding from without—when the foreign clusters are hung on branches that have long ceased to be active and vital, they themselves soon cease to be so, and serve only, by excluding the sun and air, and by propagating their own mortality, to ruin what else thereunder might germinate of itself, and rise into the higher life to which it by nature tended. Alas! such dead verities had become mischievous; they had not only substituted the living, but had left the inferior productions without the power of life in themselves or the appearance of it in foreign substitution. In struggling after this productivity, men naturally denounced what had impeded it. It is granted that, in doing so, blasphemy was uttered against the highest names; but it was because they had become only names, and the blasphemers had yet to learn that there were possible natures corresponding to them.

Meantime, while the conflict was proceeding against the dead letter, elsewhere perceptions were being gained of the living spirit. If, on the one hand, an analytic science was dissolving and decomposing society itself into its elements, on the other, a synthetic philosophy was constructing; one which demonstrated, at any rate, that a system of spirit was as possible as a system of nature. In the latter, intellect achieved its emancipation; as a sign of that, if not in itself, it was valuable. Occupied in the pursuit of phenomena, and the general laws by which they are governed, it is of course subject to perpetual alterations. The former has simply to reproduce the eternal ideas with which it is necessarily conversant; not, however, as truths received on the dicta of the schools, but as re-creations of a living faculty, capable of self-contemplation.

PIQUILLO ALLIAGA;

OR,

THE MOORS IN THE TIME OF PHILIP III.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

[From the French of M. Eugene Scribe.]

CHAPTER XII.—THE MOOR'S DWELLING.

The old man, Alaric Delascar d'Alberique, occupied a secret underground apartment, which was only known to his son and to himself, and was in the most secluded part of his domain. Near him was seated a noble-looking man, whose grey hair and furrowed cheeks gave evident tokens of his advanced age, whilst the silent tears with which his cheeks were moistened betrayed the grief that overwhelmed him.

"My friend and guest," said Alberique, taking him by the hand, "can I say nothing calculated to assuage your grief, and to inspire hopes for the future. Your nephew will shortly be with you, and you can then consult together as to the best means of forwarding a full justification of your conduct to your sovereign. It is but right that for once in his life the Spanish king should have the truth told him. I fear that will not be the case. Well, if it be only possible, through a miracle, sooner or later it will be brought about. Have patience; what would have become of us if we had been found deficient in that quality —we who are in daily expectation of our deliverance? Away with despondency! remain here with me."

"To shelter a proscribed person will render you and your whole household amenable to the proscription. Your property, if not your life, will be in jeopardy."

"No matter; happen what may, we are willing henceforth to share in common with you your troubles, dangers, and enmities. Your enemies thought to leave you without an asylum — I have provided one; they have confiscated your property—mine is at the service of the old friend who in former times, in El Epujarras, saved my life when a defenceless prisoner in the hands of Don John of Austria. I know little of my son Yesid if he do not say, 'Take all my goods; you are quite welcome to them, for to you I am indebted for the preservation of the life of my father.'"

"Thanks!" exclaimed the old soldier, endeavouring to conceal his emotion; "but my daughter Carmen — what will become of her?"

"She shall be our adopted child. I will undertake to procure an advantageous match for her, and to furnish the marriage portion."

"Will you restore to her the reputation of which her father has been deprived?"

"You will not be deprived of your good name; your innocence will be acknowledged; your sword restored to you; and, moreover, you will be rewarded according to your merits. We will plead your cause. There are judges at Madrid."

"They will be inexorable."

"We will manage to soften their hearts."

"They are all bribed."

"Very well; then we will bid higher than any other person, than even the Duke de Lerma himself."

"That is not my wish."

"What then?"

"To see my nephew Fernando, and to speak to him."

"Listen, listen!" exclaimed the old man; "do you hear overhead a horse gallop? I distinguish the sound of Kaled neighing; Yesid and Fernando have arrived. Keep up your spirits."

The door opened, and Yesid made his appearance alone. He had in less than two days travelled the sixty leagues which Valencia is distant from Madrid, and he related all that had happened in the latter city to the two old men. He concealed from them, however, his latest intelligence, that Fernando d'Albayda was rendered incapable of again entering into the public service, and condemned to an imprisonment in Valladolid, the termination of which it was impossible to predict, for having failed to show sufficient respect to the king in council; for having defended, and perhaps shared, the opinions of a nobleman pronounced to be a traitor to his king and country; and for other reasons not mentioned by the Duke de Lerma and the grand inquisitor, but which will readily occur to us. The latter news would have given the death-blow to Don John d'Aguilar, and Yesid satisfied himself by saying only that his nephew was under close *surveillance* for having, when armed, wished to maintain the honour of his house against all, even the son of the prime minister.

"He will soon," added Yesid, "be free; he will come to you. Meantime, what do you require at his hands, or rather from me? for I represent him, if you will allow me to say so."

D'Aguilar smiled benignantly on the young man, and old Alberique, who fully comprehended him, said,

"I told you Yesid would not fail to be in your good graces. Speak; we are listening."

D'Aguilar gave a narrative of the events that had taken place from the time Tyrone, chief of the insurgents, joined him with only four thousand men. With this weak force, added to the six thousand Spaniards under his command, he had the courage to attack, near Baltimore, thirty thousand English, commanded by the lord lieutenant of

Ireland. The Spanish troops, fighting with their wonted valour, had long maintained the unequal struggle, and rendered doubtful the issue of the contest, but Tyrone and the Irish having abandoned him in the most cowardly manner, he was compelled to retreat, rallying his troops, however, and manœuvring to prevent his being surrounded. He succeeded in entrenching himself in Kinsale and Baltimore, two towns of which he had previously taken possession. Instead of coming to his aid, the Irish, panic-struck, were eager to send in their submission, to escape the vengeance of Elizabeth, without troubling themselves about the situation of the allies who came to their assistance. Thenceforward there was no object to be gained by the expedition, but d'Aguilar wished at least to insure for the service of his king an army whose chances of safety appeared desperate to everybody; attacked by land by the viceroy and his whole army, blockaded at sea by the English fleet, the Spanish general had sent to inform Lord Montjoy that he would bury himself, with his army, in the ruins of Kinsale and Baltimore, and that if that army was lost to Spain, these two towns would be equally lost to England. Lord Montjoy, who was both brave and generous, answered this bold message by offering to accede to such terms of capitulation as d'Aguilar might dictate and which he required, that the honours of war be granted to his army; that English transports be furnished to convey the troops to Spain, with all their artillery and stores; moreover, not wishing to expose the allies who had betrayed and abandoned him to the rage of the victorious army, he stipulated for an amnesty for the inhabitants of Kinsale and Baltimore.

Everything he had stipulated for was granted. "And," exclaimed the old man, with indignation, "it is acts like these that they wish to torture into acts of cowardice and treason: they have caused garbled accounts, which misrepresent the whole of these proceedings, to be circulated. I am accused of having entered into a treaty with heretics, with people who are excommunicated, and they will not listen to my defence until I first surrender myself a prisoner to the Inquisition; and how can I make myself heard from its dungeons? They will take care to suppress my defence, and to publish pretended confessions, as coming from me, the falsehood of which my absence will prevent me from being able to proclaim. I have written a narrative of these occurrences, here it is. It must be read not by the Duke de Lerma, but by the king—the king himself. This is the service I looked forward to my nephew to render me, whose age gives him the privilege of entrée to the council chamber. None other dare, under the present circumstances, to make an attempt which would be the certain means of subjecting him to the enmity of the Duke de Lerma, and the disgrace which would be sure to follow in its train; and no one now in Spain," added the old man, with much emotion, "has courage to do this, not even the Marquis de Miranda, our relation, though he is president of the council of Castile."

"Undoubtedly," replied Yesid, who had listened attentively to him, "there are still to be found in Spain daring spirits who will run all hazards to serve a friend, but they must not be looked for at court."

"That is precisely my opinion," said d'Aguilar, with bitterness.

"Those I allude to cannot approach the king," continued Yesid; "but it is possible by other means to cause your memorial to reach him. Entrust it to me, and within a fortnight, probably, it will be placed in his hands by one whom nobody would suspect, and who would have nothing to fear from the Duke de Lerma; meantime remain concealed in your present hiding-place, where you are sure not to be discovered, and rely on me."

Without any further explanation of his design, the entire risk of which he was willing to encounter, Yesid wished to leave instantly, and to proceed on his journey in the middle of the night; with difficulty he was persuaded to postpone it till daybreak. The interval he employed in questioning d'Aguilar as to the details of the Irish expedition, especially all that related to Lord Montjoy, with whom Yesid had formerly become acquainted at Cadiz, when a secret commercial treaty of much importance had been negociated between Queen Elizabeth and the Moors of Valencia. He again reiterated his exhortations to d'Aguilar to keep up his spirits, promised speedily to return, and tore himself from the embraces of his parent, and from the affectionate marks of solicitude shown by his faithful servants, dejected at again parting with their young master.

Meantime at court, and in the principal Spanish towns, nothing was to be heard of but balls, fetes, and rejoicings, on the occasion of the arrival and approaching marriage of the young queen. Margaret of Austria, the youngest of the Archduke Charles III's daughters, could not be pronounced beautiful, but her manners were graceful, frank, and free from all etiquette, and coming to reign over a people where tyranny, ceremony, and dissimulation were considered essentially necessary in the conduct of affairs, no queen appeared more unsuited to the Spanish nation. Taught, as is the case with most of the German

princesses, to attend to their domestic duties, with little restraint, and easily accessible to their dependants, Margaret had brought from her country those exalted notions which, at a later period, Werther and Margaret ße Faust were destined to cause to become so exceedingly in vogue. Her lively imagination was tinged slightly with melancholy, which, however, did not exclude a mild gaiety of manner, and her character was not easily understood in the new country of her adoption. Her features also formed a contrast no less remarkable with those of the natives, for her blue eyes were as different from the dark eyes of the Andalusians, as were the quiet dreamy movements of the German, when compared with the noisy and animated motions of the castinet dance of the country. The same flotilla that had taken her to Genoa had brought her thence to Valencia, where the king was proceeding to celebrate his nuptials, and where the court had previously assembled. Margaret was not much delighted with Valencia, the beautiful, which, with its narrow, winding, and impenetrable streets, appeared to her to have been completely misnamed. She had made her entrance by the public walk, the Alameda, had been received at the palace of the viceroy, where all the ladies of her household had been presented to her, and where Don John Ribeira, archbishop of Valencia, and patriarch of Antioch, had harangued and given her his blessing. Margaret took but little interest in these proceedings, and that which most added to her anxieties was, that among all the great ladies of the court who had come to do her homage, and among whom she was about to pass her life, there was not one to whom she felt favourably disposed, or inclined to give her confidence; none whom she dared to question upon the many subjects about which she was anxious for information. The following day she was to marry a king, of whom she had no knowledge, except that derived from a sight of his portrait; she had been informed only that for some time past Philip loved her, and made choice of her for his spouse; that even in the lifetime of the late king, the marriage was a matter settled and agreed upon; and in Germany they attached great value and paid much respect to the notions formed of each other by the betrothed parties, to that engagement which is thus said to be made in heaven previous to its realisation on earth. "I am already his," she thought; "I am his affianced bride—the lady of his choice:" and this thought alone was sufficient to fill her heart, if not with love, at least with gratitude towards her royal lover. She would have given the world to know the nature of his character, his tastes, his ideas, and his habits; but to whom could she apply for the information? She sought, in a court composed of parasites who were entire strangers to her; while, moreover, being queen, the natural supposition that occurred was, that every one would either be disinclined, or afraid to speak frankly or truly to her. The ladies of the bedchamber had long since retired to rest, but Margaret neither did nor could she sleep. She opened a glass door which led to the spacious gardens of the palace. It was a beautiful night; balmy and refreshing breezes cooled the atmosphere; nothing was to be seen but lofty umbrageous trees in all directions, and the most profound silence prevailed. Margaret ventured at first only a few paces in the path of one of the groves, then, becoming bolder, she continued her walk till she lost her way among the deep recesses of the grove; presently she fancied she heard female voices proceed from an arbour in the grounds, and was about to retire, when her name, and that of the king, struck her ear; her curiosity was so powerfully excited that she concealed herself behind the branches of some lemon trees and listened; the voices were those of two ladies of the court who were in conversation together.

(To be continued.)

THE LITTLE OLD MAN OF THE WOOD, OR, THE TALE OF A COMICAL STICK.

BY T. H. SEALY.

(Concluded from page 375.)

There was an olden time,—alas!
That e'er those olden times should pass!
Why will not envious fate allow
That olden times be holden now?—
There was a time when England's men
Were not foes to England's oaks;
Axe and bill and pickaxe then
Wearied not echo with ceaseless strokes.
Oh! those Druids were fine old sires,
With their brows in oak-sprigs bound;
They saved our forests from cuts and fires,
From bricks and lime they saved our ground.
They raised their altars amid the trees;
They lived themselves in the oaken hollows;
And in their long beards built the bees,
And 'neath their reverend chins the swallows.

"Oh, and then," said the little old man,
"I remember, in wild green coves
Of the merriest Sherwood's groves,
Robin Hood and all his clan.
A cave in the rock he made his cell,
And not a fairy in bosque or dell
But loved the merry bold outlaw well.
He loved the dells and he loved the groves,
And he loved the cells and he loved the coves,
And he loved the sward and he loved the trees,
And he loved to wander about at ease.
He loved the noon in the broad green shade,
And he loved the moon in the open glade;
And he loved the bower and mossy seat
Where the fays would make retreat;
Whose grassy rings he loved to trace,
For he loved the whole of the fairy race.

But his spirit will fume and fret
Where the houses of men were set:
It made his heart all weary, sick,
To see their walls of stone and brick,
The thick black smoke of their abodes,
Their paved streets and dusty roads.
Robin Hood hath long departed;
But if he could wake and see
How much bricks and mortars be
Where he used to wander free
'Mongst his oaken shadows, he
Would o'my wot be broken-hearted.

"In those days broad hill and plain
Teemed with oaks in green array:
Sorriest remnants now remain;
And the few will pass away,
By the axe and by decay,
Swift as lights and shadows play
Over the ground on a windy day;
So that one will not be found,
In the limits of English ground,
Wherewith foreheads may be bound
On the twenty-ninth of May.

"Ay, the days of the oaks are over,—
Of England's broad, green, monarch oaks!
And the ground that nourished these
Has chimneys now where then were trees;
And beneath them, where the rover
Found repose on moss and clover,
Now is nought but coals and cokes."

Here the little man paused and sighed—
"Hold, my little good man," I cried;
Coals and cokes indeed may be
Not the incentives that produce
Most delight to you or me;
But to lavish this abuse
Can to no end conduce;
Nuisances may have their use.
If we do not like to eye them,
We have nought to do but fly them;
Wherefore with this talk a truce.
My taste quite with your's agrees
In its preferance for green trees;
But we have our woodlands still,
And can wander, at our will,
Flowery vale and mossy hill.
Witness here how many a tree
Yet remains to you and me
In these shadowy bowers of Leigh."

"Heigh ho?" said my little old friend,
"All alack and woe is me!
Out alas! and gloom and sorrow!
All this shade shall have its end,
There's its date to every tree,
Here to-day and gone to-morrow.
Hear you not all tongues enlarge
On one bold wight who hath ta'en in charge
To hang a great suspension bridge,
Over the rocks from ridge to ridge?
He, like a cunning craftsman showed
A method to *abridge* the road,
Which would not need the moon at night,
Because the *links* would make it *light*."
"Oh well," I said, "but then they had
A proper reason for their pains;
The road before was found so bad
It was condemned to hang in chains.
It shows the love the honest folk
Must yet retain for rock and oak,
Since those who live the other side
Will go to such a vast expense,
To make these woods, their boast and pride,
The more accessible from thence."

Again the little old man he sighed,
And grinned a sorrowing sneering grin,
So that all the seams were doubled,
Wherewith erst his face was troubled;
And a wen upon his nose
Like an oakapple arose,
Which the while was all a-tremble,
So that he could not dissemble
What contempt was in his mind,
To hear a cause of such a kind
With this simplicity assigned.
He told me bridges were not made
That solitary men should flee
Into loneliness and shade;
But for purposes of trade:
Serving merchants in their need,
So that goods should be conveyed
With economy and speed.
And what waggons, carts, and gigs,
Horses, donkeys, mules and drays,
Irish cows and Irish pigs,
And Irish drovers dash their wigs,
Above the masts of boats and brigs,
Should come to town by nearer ways;
No poetic troops to be
Hurrying through the woods of Leigh.

Then because he was a sprite
With the power of second sight,
He could look on houses, where,
To my less potential vision,
Cragg and hollow seemed to bear
Only grass and copses fair;
And described, with much precision,
Streets and terraces and rows
Barbarously usurping those
Lovely walks where I had strayed
Many a time in mossy shade.
"Oh," thought I, "that woods like these
Should be without their ferns and cragies;
Lack a daisy! lacking trees,
Lack a daisy! lacking daisies

Yet by picturing matters to him
In a cheerlier light than he,
Somewhat from his woe I drew him:
And I soon was pleased to see
His eye twinkling, his lips wrinkling,
Which expressed a sort of inkling
Yet of better times to be.

At this moment 'mid the copse
We heard a rustling and a bustling,
And observed the nut-tree tops
Move, as though by some one justling
Through the brake under, and were in wonder,
Who could have found our quiet nook,
Or had lost themselves in the wood by blunder
And so were breaking the boughs asunder,
Or came with hook for nuts to look,
Or to sit in the shade with a poet's book.
But the little old woodman gave a groan
Sadder than any I ever had known,
As, through a flaw in the bush, we saw
Two or three men advancing near:
And the first of the band had a rule in his hand,
And the others they followed with line and rod,—
Not to fish, but measure the sod;
And I quickly knew, by his word of command,
That he was an engineer.
He came there measuring rock and ridge,
To see if he could not find a spot
Fitter to build a suspension bridge
Than where Brunel had made his plot.
I looked at him for a moment's space
And saw arithmetic in his face;
His soul was full of calculations
About the heights and about foundations;
And not a single thought had place
Of the moss and hart's-tongue fern;
Of the oaks and yews and birches;
'Stead of trees he could discern
Nothing but rods and poles and perches.
The lime-stone rock, with roots inwoven,
Gave no thought but the lime-kiln oven;
The clink of hammers filled his musing
In every note the birds would utter;
And when the clear fresh drops were oozing
Reminded him of the needful gutter.
So I looked once more against the rock
To see how the little man bore the shock;
But upon the self same spot
Where the little old man of the wood
Just a moment erst had stood,
Now the little old man was not.

He was raised by a spell of verse,
As I sat in the green-boughed lair:
But a hostile magic worse
In the measurer's rod and square,
Spite of book, in a moment's space
Made him vanish from the place.
And where he stood, against the rock,
I only saw a wrinkled branch,
Noded, knobbed, knarr'd and knagged.
Gnarled, knared, knuckled, knurled,
Rough and rugged, rude and ragged,
Crinkled, crook'd, contorted, curled,
Twisted, turned, twined, twirled,
Scaly, scabrous, screw'd and scragged,
Crabbed, crusty, cloven, cragged,
At its time which had been staunch.

THE RED HAND.

A TALE OF LOUISIANA.

BOOK III.—THE EVE OF ST. MICHAEL.

CONCLUSION.

It was some days after the events which occurred at the café Pic-a-Pic. O'Reilly and Pedro were seated at a table, conversing. The former was gay and lively—a hope consistent with his brutal character was animating him; while the latter was pale, anxious, and livid.

"That Marcella Zanetto is slow in coming," said the governor; "she pays little obedience to the wishes of her lord and ruler."

There was a pause of a moment, and then Luke Salem entered.

"A lady to see your lordship."

"Let her enter."

Marcella Zanetto, the lovely dancer who has turned the heads of half New Orleans, entered. One glance at her innocent face showed the falsity of Leone de Chazal's boasting.

"I would speak a word with Don Pedro," said the girl, with downcast eye.

"I am here."

"I bear a letter and a packet for you, my lord," with which words she handed him the documents.

"And now, fair damsel, a word for me, your humble admirer," said the governor.

"Not one!" thundered Don Pedro; "behold, licentious noble, my daughter!" and with a glare like that of a wounded tiger, the Spaniard drew his sword, and placed himself before his child. A letter from the Monk had informed him of the poor notary's emigration to Louisiana, of his death, of the gay but virtuous career of his daughter, and with this letter was a packet, and on it these words:—

"*Palabras Milagrosas!*"

In half an hour Don Pedro and his daughter occupied separate cells in the governor's palace.

* * * * *

Two hours after the above occurrence a messenger entered the chamber of the governor.

"My lord, the people rise in insurrection; in every quarter of the town armed bodies of men parade about, while it is said that the Red Hand with a thousand warriors have secretly entered.

"What day is this?"

"The eve of St. Michael, my lord."

"Ah! say you so. Then to arms, for that accursed monk warned me it was the last night of my power."

"I go, my lord."

"Stay, what have you done with those two women."

"The Visconti, my lord, is guarded carefully in the ladies' apartments of the palace, while Maria Sa attends her as a friend."

"It is well. When these rebels are put down, it will be time to think of gentler passions."

A second messenger entered.

"My lord, the palace is surrounded; every avenue is guarded; not a man can leave. All communication with the guard-house and the barracks is cut off."

"Send hither my body-guard."

"They are disarmed and prisoners, their new chief Luke Salem has joined the insurgents."

"Caramba!" cried the discomfited soldier of fortune, "is not escape left."

"No," said the deep and unnatural tones of the Monk's voice, "escape is not left. You are a prisoner, and Louisiana is once more free."

O'Reilly, furious at the Monk's words, and seeing that he was alone, drew his brave Toledo blade, that had often done him good service in other wars, and aiming a violent blow at the priest, struck him full on the breast.

A clangour of steel against steel was the only result. Ere the governor recovered himself from his astonishment, the Red Hand, followed by a select band of his grim warriors, entered, and guarded every avenue, and O'Reilly, seeing that resistance was useless, gave up the struggle, and handed his sword to the victor.

The monk turned and whispered a few words to Luke Salem, who stood behind him.

"My lord governor," he then said, "you have most foully misgoverned and misruled this free province of Louisiana. The people have risen aginst your tyranny and that of Spain. We disown and deny your authority. To us France is alone a mistress; we own and recognise no other. Your crimes have deserved death."

"What crimes?"

"Your conduct towards these women," replied the Monk, as Marcella Zanetto, Maria Sa, and the Visconti entered, under the charge of Luke Salem, followed by Don

Pedro, "merits a punishment most condign But in consideration of your position and authority, and in consideration that all your foul crimes have fallen to the ground, you are allowed to depart freely whence you came. A ship awaits you in the harbour. Whoever will accompany you is also free to go; Don Pedro—"

"I stay, Sir Monk. This is now my home."

"'Tis well. You, Leone de Chazal," continued the Monk severely to the young noble, who, heavily guarded, now also entered, "are also free to accompany your friend."

"Nay, Sir Monk," said Leone, gaily, glancing at Marietta, and then his eye resting upon Marcella Zanetto, "there is a young lady yonder to whom I owe some reparation for past follies, and it will grieve me much if my sins are not forgiven me."

"Thank God!" said the Monk fervently, while the young girl held down her head and blushed. Don Pedro stroked his moustaches, as if he had not quite made up his mind.

There was a moment of deep silence.

"My friends," said the monk at length, "Louisana is free, the council of state awaits my presence. Before, however, I attend them, there are one or two things to be done, which I would fain perform. I would that on this glorious day not one heart should murmur of regret. Let me see all near me happy."

Marietta glanced faintly around. She alone seemed incapable of consolation.

"Red Hand, my friend," said the Monk, taking the warrior by the hand, and leading him beside Maria Sa, "as you will not speak for yourself, I must. Young girl: your virtuous and modest career, under peculiarly disadvantageous circumstances, deserve a much greater reward than I can give you. Here, however, is one; a great chief, who is willing to forsake his tribe, to become a citizen of New Orleans, to habit towns—where, indeed, he received his education—for your sake. Say, will you take as your husband, Antonio Miramata, commonly called the Red Hand?"

The beautiful Creole bowed her head and said, "I will."

The Monk, whose cowl more than ever concealed his face, looked complacently on the scene.

Leone de Chazal, who, under the charge of the Monk, had been brought to a sense of his follies, had glided beside the pretty Zanetto, and was busily engaged in making his excuses to a willing ear, for the ear of love is always willing, even to be deceived.

The Red Hand also had withdrawn from the group around the Monk, and was explaining how diffidence of his own merits had alone prevented his long since declaring his affection. The young Comanche, though with many Indian characteristics, had, as a boy, always dwelt in the habitations of the whites, and his tastes easily reconciled him to permanent occupation with them. Maria Sa, whose happiness had come upon her most suddenly, listened to his words with breathless delight—the delight of a woman who discovers that her love had not been given unreturned.

The governor gazed with scowling eye upon the scene, while Don Pedro was thoughtful. He was thinking of the poor notary.

"Marietta Visconti," said the Monk, "you are betrothed, I believe, to Maximilian de Chazal; shall this auspicious day be crowned by your union with him?"

"Sir Monk, I will never marry one who has forgot his country in vain pleasures."

"A deputation from the council of state," said Luke Salem, ushering in a venerable body of nobles and citizens.

"Most worthy and noble Monk," said their spokesman, "we could not tarry bringing you our thanks for the glorious way in which you have freed our country. We owe everything to you. It is your intelligence, your activity, your comprehensive views, which have carried out this enterprise to maturity. As a proof of our deep gratitude, as no priest can take office, we leave to you the nomination of the governor-general and commander-in-chief of the forces of the province of Louisiana, under the approval of our most gracious king of France."

"My lords and citizens, I thank you; and if it be I who has caused all you say, I accept the offer, and at once appoint, as governor of Louisiana, in the name of God, and as lieutenant for the king—"

A general movement of deep attention took place among the nobles and officers.

"Maximilian de Chazal, the saviour of his country."

A deep murmur of regret, nearly of indignation, followed.

"If, my lords, you do not in five minutes sanction the appointment, Maximilian de Chazal resigns it into your hands."

The cowl of the Monk fell back, his robe dropped at his feet, and, in the splendid dress he usually wore, the young, the gay Maximilian de Chazal stood confessed the Monk!

"My lords," he said to the astonished, bewildered, and delighted deputation, "as Maximilian de Chazal I could do nothing. I conceived, therefore, the idea of this disguise. The better to conceal myself, I suffered my other self to remain under reproaches I was not conscious of deserving. Assiduity and my wealth did the rest. I found devoted friends, my money procured hundreds of spies and agents. I worked

completely out, and fallen upon treasures of which the most sanguine imagination never dreamt. Among other things, we hear of winged lions, twelve feet high, which, though buried for thousands of years under the sand, now come forth as if they had just left the hand of an accomplished sculptor, with a delicacy of finish which speaks highly of the advancement in the arts of the old Assyrians.

Canning.—One of the best features of Canning's character was his love for his mother. She had been an actress; had humble relations; and was humbly remarried twice, equivocally once. Canning never forsook her throughout his life; mixed kindly with her relations for her sake; visited her frequently; and wrote to her every week, as regularly as the day came round, till she died, which was but a little before himself.

Dogs perspire by the tongue, and the surest way to drive a dog mad is to muzzle it, and prevent its opening its mouth, or lapping water. As to the weather, it is a vulgar error to suppose that heat, under all circumstances, will bring on canine madness. If the animal is free, and has access to water, it will not do so; but if the muzzle is used the animal will be driven mad.

Pill Boxes and Lucifer Matches.—In the committee on the Oldham District Railway bill on Wednesday, Mr. Nightingale, a manufacturer of lucifer matches and pill boxes, at Newton Heath, stated that he uses 600 tons of timber, and that he employs 300 persons, on an average, throughout the year; and he exports to all parts of Europe, North America, and Australia, besides sending large quantities to every part of England, Scotland, and Ireland.

Sailor Bees.—A most remarkable circumstance occurred on board the Lindsay steamer, on her passage from Hull to Gainsborough, on Friday week. When she reached opposite Gunthorpe, a large swarm of bees settled on her, taking up their position near the chimney, where they remained as passengers till she reached her destination; they were then conveyed to Captain Johnson's garden, Little Church-lane, and may now be seen gathering honey "from every opening flower."

Whenever we drink too deeply of pleasure, we find a sediment at the bottom, which pollutes and embitters what we relished at first.

The Tiara of the Pope.—The triple crown which is now used at the coronation of His Holiness, is the same that Napoleon presented to Plus VII; there is also another which was given by Pope Gregory XVI. The tiaras and mitres are kept at Fort St. Angelo, where they are taken back after the ceremony. The tiara given by Napoleon is of white velvet; the three crowns are of sapphires, emeralds, rubies, pearls, and diamonds; on the top is a large emerald surmounted by a diamond cross. This tiara is estimated at 80,000 Roman crowns (about £17,000.)

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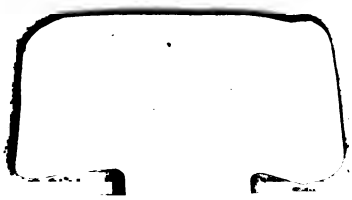
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